QUEER ACCIDENTS TO BETS.

LOSSES DUE TO A BABY, A FIGHT AND AN ORANGE PARADE.

A Failure to Win $12,000 Because One Man Became a Father and Another Man Was Arrested—Another Big Wager Prevented by the Battle of the Boyne.

"A curious story of a little betting transaction in France that got into the French courts was recently recounted in THE SUN," said a man who has alternately made book on the horses and "played them from the ground" since Hindoo's sire was a weanling. "A business man of Paris was tipped off on a good thing.

"He was prevented from going to the track to play it by a business engagement. So he hunted up a friend who was going to the races on the day the good thing was to be pulled off. He gave this friend 500 francs and told him to put the money on the good thing straight.

"The friend took the 500 francs and promised to get the bet down. On his way to the track, however, he was summoned back to the city on pressing business. So he, in turn, handed the 500 francs over to a friend of his, with strict instructions to get it down straight on the good thing.

"The third party didn't get the bet down, or said that he didn't. The horse won the race at odds of 12 to 1.

"When the man who had sent the 500 francs out to the track was told this, he promptly entered suit for 6,000 francs against the man to whom he had given the money to be wagered—6,000 francs being the amount he would have won had the transaction been carried through. The suit was tried, and the court allowed the plaintiff the 6,000 francs.

"Now the defendant in that suit is suing the other fellow to whom he transferred the 500 francs for the 6,000 francs, and this suit is soon to be passed upon, with all the chances, according to the out-of-hand French system of jurisprudence, in favor of his getting it. Thus the loss will be up to the man who actually failed to get the money down on the bookmaker's sheet.

"If they had laws like that in this country any time during the last quarter of a century, and I had been born with a natural predisposition to squeal, I hate to think of how much unbet money I'd have been able to collect from fellows who, through no fault of their own, fell down with racetrack and poolroom commissions given to them by me.

"One day, seven or eight years ago, I was set back just $12,000 as easy as whistling through your teeth by a couple of such commonplace circumstances as a man's becoming the father of his first boy and another man's getting pinched by a Brooklyn cop for fighting.

"There was a triple-tined goat named Rappahannock due to smelt down a lot of long overdue ore for his people, and they passed the word of it along to me. They were people who wouldn't bet the sun was down at 11 o'clock of a starless night without having special information to back them up, and so I knew that if the Rappahannock Angora lived from barrier to wire he was going to come pretty close to toting home the coonskins.

"Two days before the melon was to be sliced, I got sick and had to go to bed. On the day before the good thing was to be uncovered I knew that there would be no chance of my making the track, and so I telephoned to a young friend of mine, a regular at the tracks, to dig me up at my rooms.

"He got around, and I stripped him a thousand from the bundle under my pillow and told him to get it down on the following day at the best price he could snag against Rappahannock. He was a perfectly trustworthy young fellow, and I would have had no hesitation in making him the custodian of my whole bankroll, if I'd wanted to bet that much.

"At 1 o'clock on the next afternoon, while I was lying on a lounge and wondering what the thoroughbred game was coming to when the most conservative men in racing counted a horse like Rappahannock a good thing on that particular day, my telephone bell clanged. My young friend with my Rappahannock commission was the ringer.

"'Hey, pal,' he shouted at me through the wire thing, 'the sawbones has just rung me up, and it's an eleven-pound boy. Wow! I guess I ain't a hit or nothin' at this father-of-a-family gag!'

"My young friend had only entered the holy state of matrimony about a year or so before, and so that wire glee of his was not only excusable but fitting.

"'That lets you out on going to the track to-day, hey?' I said to him, after a few congratulatory cracks.

"'Track!' he bawled. 'What track? Say, I'm going to hustle uptown in an airship to take a peek at that eleven-pound pianomover.'

"'Uh-huh,' said I, 'but wait a minute—don't ring off yet. 'Member an animated piece of horse glue named Rappahannock? Recall that we had a bit of a conversation about that one last evening at my rooms?'

"I could hear him slapping his thigh through the 'phone.

"'B'jee, I forgot all about that,' he yelled at me over the wire. 'Say, I'd never have remembered it if you hadn't mentioned it. Wait a minute—let's see. There's no chance for me to make the track, of course—I've just nachully got to have a personally conducted view of that hodcarrier within the next three-quarters of an hour or bust. But, say, I'll just hustle over to the Bridge and I'll be able to nail some pal there who'll get the thousand down all pat.'

"If he'd been able to see me at that, he'd have observed that I looked chopfallen—I've never known one of these third-hand bets to grease through without some kind of a hitch yet.

"But there was no other way out. It was too late for me then to call up some other friend bound for the track, and as near as I knew anything I knew that the ring was as good as around Rappahannock's number.

"'All right,' I said back to my young friend with the new eleven-pounder. 'But, say, don't, in that swelled-up state of yours, hand the duff over to the first Bridge newsboy you meet. Give it to some grown-up fellow that both of us know, if you can land one.'

"'Oh, I'll connect with the right kind,' he replied, and then he rang off to run over to the Bridge to get hold of a man to give the Rappahannock thousand to before chasing uptown to see his baby.

"He called me up a quarter of an hour later.

"'It's all right,' he said to me. 'I slipped the thousand to Jimmy So-and-So,' naming a racing man I knew well, and just as responsible a chap as my young friend with the addition to his family. 'He'll ge it down all right. Sorry, old man, I couldn't have attended to it myself, but, wowee—eleven pounds—going to make a prize fighter of him——' and the rest was incoherent.

"I felt pretty good over the fact that my commission had been transferred to such a solid chap as my young friend had caught at the Bridge, and all that I had to wait for then was the word that Rappahannock had waltzed.

"I got that four minutes after the race. My janitor slipped around to a poolroom at post time for me and brought me back the result, which was that Rappahannock had slid home with an average of 12 to 1 in the chalk.

"My little bunk of sickness seemed pretty soft to me for a couple of hours. Then, all of a sudden, it became as knobby as if it had been filled with pine cones and shinny sticks. The janitor brought me the afternoon papers.

"On the first page of several of them was an account of a rough house on a Brooklyn elevated train between a guard and 'a well known racing man' named Jimmy So-and-So. The guard had attempted to mix it up with Mr. James So-and-So, because the latter had accidentally trod upon his, the conductor's, foot, in hustling on board the car, and my friend James had tossed the guard over the platform lattice work and onto the downtown track. Wherefore, the well known racing man had been pinched, all of this occurring at a quarter of 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

"I was still reading the story when the well known racing man walked in upon me, an expression of the most abject gloom on his face. He had just been bailed out of the Brooklyn clink, where he had been taken on the charge of assaulting the elevated guard, and he walked over to my lounge and handed me my $1,000 note without a cheep.

"'I'm next,' I told him. 'Just been reading about it,' and I pointed to the newspaper stories.

"He'd tried to get them to let him telephone the bet down to a bookmaker while he was waiting for bail at the station, but the police captain wouldn't stand for it. And so I was just $12,000 to the bad that time through a brace of uppercuts that could never have been foreseen and ducked.

"On another occasion the antagonism between the green and the orange put me something like $7,000 on the wrong side of the blackboard. It happened on Orangemen's day.

"I was called out of New York by a telegram that reached me on the morning of that day. Before starting I raced over to the home of a Tammany leader I knew who was then going to the track every day, and I handed him a slip with the names of four horses that I wanted him to parlay $500 on for me.

"He was just about to start out on his morning drive in his trap with his wife when I found him. He said that he'd play the four horses for me, after guying my selections a good bit, and I left him and raced for the train.

"When I reached my destination that evening and got hold of an evening paper the world kind o' swam in rose for me. All four of my horses had copped.

"I figured with a pencil on the margin of the newspaper, and found that at the track odds the parlay paid 14 to 1. That made me just $7,000 worth on the combination. I didn't wire to my friend, the Tammany man, asking him if he had got the coin down, for I was bound back to New York on the following morning, and I had no misgivings about the thing at all.

"Well, again it was a newspaper that caused me to sit back and gurgle. It was all in the newspaper that I bought to read at the breakfast table on the morning after I'd reached my destination. That story, too, was on the front page.

"My friend the Tammany man had been pinched an hour or so after I'd left him in New York, as he was about starting for his trap drive with his wife.

"At the entrance to the Park, on Eighth avenue, the Tammany man had come upon the Orangemen's parade. The sight of it had enraged him so much that he drove a hole through it, thereby nearly precipitating another battle of the Boyne, for the Orangemen recognized him as the Tammany leader, and they became hostile when he drove his horse deliberately through their ranks.

"The Tammany man drove along the line of the Orangemen's march, and at almost every street corner he shot his horse and wagon right through the marching outfit.

"None of the mounted or stationary cops along the line of march had cared to take a chance on pinching the influential Tammany leader, but, after he had made about forty and odd gaps in the procession of the Orangemen he was caught at it by a German police captain who was on the outs with Tammany and had been repeatedly sent to the goats, and he was arrested for disorderly conduct.

"He was bailed out and turned loose in less than a quarter of an hour after his arrest. But his rage over having been corralled on account of a bunch of Orangemen was so intense that he forgot everything else, including my four-horse list that he had in his clothes, together with the $500 I had handed him to play them for me.

"The Tammany man, who was pretty wealthy even then and 'way ahead of the horse game, wanted to make good to me for the amount of the winning combination when I saw him upon my return to New York, but I couldn't see it that way.

"It's a gummed up rule, though, that doesn't work at least two ways. One Brooklyn Handicap day, when I wasn't in shape to go to the track, I gave $2,000 to a clubhouse commissioner to get down on Advance Guard at opening odds to cop.

"The clubhouse commissioner visited his dentist that forenoon to have a snaggy tooth pulled, and he took gas for the operation. The gas affected the clubhouse commissioner's weak heart, and the dentist and three or four doctors had all they could do after several hours work to pull him through.

"He didn't make the track at all, of course. I thought my coin was gone when Reina beat Advance Guard for the Handicap with 100 to 1 against her, but the next morning the clubhouse commissioner dropped in and forked me out my $2,000, remarking that that laughing gas had saved friends of his from losing nearly $18,000 worth of bets on the old Advance Guard horse."

"THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST."

Sam Walter Foss Thinks He Was the First to Give Fame to Benke.

BOSTON, July 30.—Sam Walter Foss, New England's premier all round poet, believes that it was he who discovered Victor H. Benke, the Austrian, who was the original of "The Volunteer Organist." THE SUN of July 16 told of the death of Benke and of how he came to suggest the play, "The Volunteer Organist."

A paragraph relating the incident of Benke's volunteering to play the piano at the Bowery mission was printed in a New York paper at the time, and Mr. Foss, seeing it, realized there was in it a theme for a poem, and within a few days had written a poem which he entitled "The Volunteer Organist." He was at that time writing in the dialect of the New England farmers, and it was in dialect that he wrote "The Volunteer Organist."

Mr. Foss is now the librarian of the Somerville public library, and he said a day or two ago that he had no doubt that Benke was the original of his poem, as he knows that his poem was the basis for the song and also the play called "The Volunteer Organist."

Mr. Foss laid the scene of his poem in a country church, where at meeting time Brother Moore arose and announced that the organist was ill and the congregation would be without music that day unless, as the poem quotes him as saying: "Some un in the congregation'll be so kind as to volunteer," whereupon, as the poem tells us—the old

> Red nosed, drunken tramp,
> Of low tuned, rowdy style,
> Give an' interductry hiccup,
> An' then staggered up the aisle.
> * * * * * * *
> And then he tried a tender strain
> That melted in our ears,
> That brought up blessed memories,
> And drenched 'em down 'ith tears.
> An' we dreamed o' ol'-time kitchens,
> 'Ith tabby on the mat;
> Of home and love an' baby days,
> An' mother an' all that.
> An' then a wall of deep despair
> An' darkness came again,
> An' long, black crape hung on the doors
> Of all the homes of men.
> No love, no light, no joy, no hope,
> No songs, no glad delight—
> An' then the tramp he staggered down
> An' reeled into the night.
> But we knew he's tol' his story,
> Though he never spoke a word,
> An' it was the saddest story
> That our ears had ever heard.
> He'd tol' his own life history,
> An' no eye was dry that day,
> W'en the elder rose an' simply said:
> "My brethren, let us pray."

Mr. Foss fixes the time at which he wrote the poem as about fifteen years ago, which antedates the publication of the song of the same title and the production of the play.

Her Retort.

From the Washington Star.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," said the young woman who boasts.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Packinham of Chicago; "I understand that travel was very cheap on that boat."

WEIRD FILIPINO BELIEF.

THE WOK-WOK MOST DREADED OF THE ISLANDS' DEVILS.

He's a Baboon Ghost and Runs Away With Folks at Night—Trial by Ordeal Still Practised—Healing a Sick Child by the Offer of Gifts to a Cranky Spirit.

ZAMBOANGA, P. I., May 8.—The wok-wok is a hairy ghost devil. He is a baboon, huge, long limbed, irresistibly strong, who comes out only in the dark to carry one off for murder. He is invulnerable to wounds and immortal. He lives altogether in the southern islands, and principally loves to hide in wait in the darkest corners of the cocoanut grove at night.

There is only one thing that can really baffle a wok-wok, and that is water. That is one reason why the Moros love to build their houses on tiny piers above the sea. No one cares to have wok-woks prowling about.

Now and then you can see a line of torches, made of bundles of grass tied on a pole, bobbing along through the darkness. The palms cast ghostly shadows, dancing across the trail ahead. A little moon shows the shapes of unnamed horrors against the sky. Often the torches halt and huddle, wavering in a bunch. You know what that means. A belated party of Moros is hurrying homeward, and far off, weird, mysterious in the underbrush some rustling sends shivers of fear through the loneliness. Allah knows it is a wild pig, but how can mortal tell that it is not the warning of a wok-wok, crawling nearer and nearer through the gloom on his prey?

In Siassi they have flags flying to frighten away wok-woks. Siassi is a very wok-woky spot indeed. At most places they only guess that there are wok-woks, but at Siassi they know it. For this is the certain proof: A wise man decided ages ago that if there must be devils it is better to have them good humored than not. So he ordered that each week bowls of food be set out at a point in the forest. A hungry wok-wok is naturally worse tempered than one who has eaten.

Each seventh day ever since has the offering been put out. Hence the proof. For in the morning when the slaves go tiptoeing forth to bring in the empty bowls they find that all the fish and rice are gone. Never once have the wok-woks failed to devour it overnight.

It is not alone in the matter of wok woks that our small brown brothers involve Providence in their daily affairs. Among them, as in Europe in the Middle Ages, and in our own New England, the judgment of God is invoked in matters of justice. There are certain crimes in which innocence or guilt is determined by throwing a coin in a pot of boiling water, and making the prisoner pick it out with his naked hand. If he is guilty, he is scalded, but if he is innocent he escapes unharmed.

In murder cases where two men are suspected their names are written on two similiar pieces of parchment. These pieces are then folded up and placed in watertight boxes. Two divers of equal skill are selected, and each takes one of the boxes. They dive together at a given signal, remaining under water as long as possible. The box carried by the first man to come to the surface contains the name of the guilty man.

Among the Moros, as among the Indians, certain sicknesses are believed to be evil spirits. In the last cholera epidemic at Siassi a little boy was very ill. His parents and their friends were wailing and sobbing about the house when an old villain of a Hajji hove in sight, and offered to work on the evil one who was tormenting the child. The parents were overjoyed, and after wild movements and whispered incantations the Hajji went into a trance.

He sat immovable for a few minutes. Then he spoke, dreamily, his eyes fixed on far off mysteries. The spirit, he said, was in him. It was a pretty tough old spirit, but he thought that if it were put in a good humor something might be done with it. It wanted chow now. It was no use fooling with a spirit that had not dined for nine months.

So the parents brought eggs and fish and rice and tapioca cakes, and the Hajji kindly ate them for the spirit's sake. Then he went into another trance. The spirit was no longer hungry, but was still cross. It wanted presents, it said. There were several pearls that the father owned that would please it immensely, and a pony, and a fine gold handled kriss. The spirit said that the Hajji could take those presents and guard them for it.

The father hesitated, but his little son was groaning in agony. He gave up to the spirit his pearls and his pony and his kriss.

The spirit was pretty cheerful after that. It desired sleep, though. After it woke up it would talk. So it went off with the Hajji and slept under a banana tree until supper time. Then it had another meal. The child was still alive. The Hajji had a personally conducted spasm, and the spirit left him panting on the ground in the twilight.

He said that the spirit was a good deal appeased. He had never seen such a change in a spirit in all his experience. But still it had not made up its mind definitely. It might spare the boy—and it might not. The Hajji could not say certainly. But anyhow he would advise certain treatment. This he did, and then departed, followed by the prayers and gratitude of the parents and mounted on the spirit's pony.

Yet, somehow, as a matter of fact, the boy lived.

Among these people there are many prophets. In Pata Island an old chap, Tungalon by name, had some months back a vast following. He made a number of impressive statements, such as that he could turn aside a Krag bullet with his breath and sink American vessels by pointing at them with his barong. A small but select aggregation of unbelievers in khaki and blue flannel descended on Tungalon one day and carried him off from the midst of a band of hundreds of his spearmen and riflemen and bolomen without a shot being fired, but with a very superior kind of magic, indeed.

He came away on one of the very ships he might have sunk if he had only pointed his barong. His people waited on the beach expectant of some dreadful miracle and inspired by a sort of savage pity for those ignorant Americans. But the boat went cheerfully sailing on until it disappeared behind the sky line.

When Tungalon comes home again he will find his warriors planting rice. His graft will be gone with last year's monsoon. He will have to give up spirits and take to raising tapioca, and there will be seen on the island of Pata the sorrowful spectacle of a prophet without honor in his own country.

At Balabac there is a famous haunted rock called the Diamond Stone. There is a tradition that long ago the English Government offered Spain £1,000,000 sterling for it. But Spain refused to sell.

It is a curious rock, of a rough round shape, about ten feet in diameter. It is composed chiefly of quartz, but there are no traces of precious metals or stones about it. There is a hole some three inches deep in one side, where a man once started to drill with the purpose of blasting. The story goes that he was immediately made ill by the spirit that guards the rock, and that he died three days later. No one has dared to follow his example since.

There is, however, in Balabac a vast deal of mineral wealth without the drawbacks of evil spirits. In a brief ramble back into the hills I found some gold bearing quartz, though I saw no traces of gold. There were also rich markings of copper, chiefly in the form of cuprite and of green hydrous copper carbonate. There were, too, traces of a very poor form of brown coal, but it is reported that back in the forests are Spanish mines which in old times furnished an excellent quality of coal.

But over the copper and coal of Balabac, as over all the forests and wealth of the Philippines, hangs a spirit more deadly to development than all the wok-woks that ever existed—the spirit of the laws of the islands, and the duties the laws entail.

PROFIT FOR THE PAWNBROKER.

Racetrack Pikers Make a Harvest for Him When the Ponies Are Here.

"If we could control the matter," said a pawnbroker one day last week, "we would keep the races around New York all the year. When they are here we have a time of harvest.

"I have a hundred or more customers whom I see at least once a week when the races are around here, some of them two or three times a week, not counting the times they come to get their things out. This means that the money we lend at 3 per cent. a month, the legal rate for us, doesn't stay away long when they borrow it—and we never charge less than a month's interest for our money, no matter how short a time may elapse between borrowing and returning.

"You noticed that man who just got his watch out? Yes. He borrowed $30 on it to go to the races.

"That was yesterday. To-day, less than twenty-four hours after, he comes back, gets his watch and pays us 90 cents for the use of the money. He won on the races and we didn't lose.

"Since a whole lot of men are doing this, and it is not unusual for many men to do that twice or three times a week, our profit is considerable. Just figure for a minute and see what it means.

"Take it by the year. Ninety cents for 365 days amounts to $328.50, and that is 5 per cent. interest on $6,570 for a year.

"You can readily see that if the money always came back to us as quickly as that and we could lend the same $30 every day, that small amount would profit us as much as the $6,570 profits a capitalist who takes a mortgage on a house as security.

"Of course, we don't get all our loans back with such lightning rapidity. If we did we could retire from business very soon. But when the races are here there are so many pikers who play tips at the tracks that the season is most profitable.

"They pawn their diamonds, watches, rings or other pieces of jewelry and bet the money. If they win they come right back and fit themselves out again with their good lookers.

"If they don't win they come in with something else and try as long as they can for a killing. The men who do this we see at this time of the year and at no other.

"And I'll tell you what may seem a strange thing to you—it does to me. We are likely to laugh at men who, at the end of the racing season here, say they came out about even. My experience, judging from the actions of the class of customers about whom I have been talking, is that there is a great deal of truth in this.

"Seldom, when the season closes here, have we a single piece of jewelry stored away which has been pawned by a racegoer. The business does not seem to fall off in the last week, to indicate that they were saving their money, either; but within a few days after the final getaway day out come the pieces, and they don't get back until the next year.

"The poolrooms? Oh, that's a different class of trade altogether. The racetrack crowd is made up of good people. The poolroom players who come to pawnbrokers are not to be compared with them.

"It doesn't pay any too well to lend to poolroom players, and a great many of the things they pawn for money to fatten the keepers' pockets stay with us until they have to be sold at public auction. They're a cheap class and we have to scan the articles they offer very carefully, for they'll stick us if they can.

"Can't stick a pawnbroker? Don't fool yourself. There are people who are a great deal sharper than we are, and they get into us too often to make our life altogether pleasant.

"Not a few of the things that are sold at pawnbrokers' sales go for less than the money lent on them. The pawnbroker doesn't always have a sure thing."

WHY THE MOTORMAN RAN.

Incident in the Travels of a Naval Officer Just Home From Abroad.

"I had an amusing experience to-day," said a naval officer just home from a foreign cruise. "I crossed one of the New Jersey ferries—no matter which—on a 'business trip and stepped on a trolley car.

"As I did so, I had a vague impression that the motorman resembled some one I knew or that I had seen him before, but I didn't dwell on it even for a second. I sat down and my thoughts drifted off to something else.

"But, presently, I began to wonder what was causing the delay. The car filled up, and the cars on the other tracks to the right and left pulled out, but there we stood.

"I was getting a little impatient, when I noticed there was some sort of disturbance outside. The starter seemed to be excited and I thought it funny that a dozen or so employees of the company—waiting conductors and motormen—were staring at me, as near as I could make out.

"I was going to get off and ask what in thunder was the matter, when another motorman ran alongside and boarded the car. Then we got under way and I was forgetting all about it again when the conductor came for my fare.

"'You didn't recognize Jake, did you, sir?' he remarked to me.

"'Jake?' said I. 'Who is Jake? What are you talking about?'

"'Why, Jake,' said he again. 'Jake Lanyard, the motorman what ran 's soon 's he see you. He says he sailed in a man-'o-war with you last year, and he says it would be two years sure if you spotted him.'

"Then the face came back to me. He was never in my division so I wasn't specially familiar with his appearance, and of course the change of rig made a great difference. The scoundrel deserted in Rio.

"'He's had a hard time of it since he quit the ship,' said the conductor. 'He was 'most cryin' when he gave up his badge and controller. He's got a girl, and was goin' to be married, but he said he dassn't stay around here now. Yes, he was almost cryin'. He says a man who deserts ain't safe nowhere.'

"'Serves him right, the scoundrel,' said I; but I was much obliged to him all the same for getting out of the way. I'd have hated to have it come back to me where I had seen him while I was riding on the car with him."

Left His "Buddy" as Security.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Two weary countrymen entered a pawnbroker's establishment near the Broad Street Station yesterday morning. Each had hold of one end of a very cheap looking trunk.

"We want $2," said the spokesman of the pair. "What's in the trunk?" they were asked. "Oh, nothing worth anything," was the reply. "But we are broke, and one of us must get to Lancaster after money and get back with it this afternoon for sure. If the trunk is not worth $2 this buddy of mine will sit on it here until I get back, and you can hold him as security." The pawnbroker was so astonished at this proposition that he broke all the rules of his establishment and gave up the sum demanded.

One of the countrymen at once made a rapid break for the railroad station, while the other, despite the broker's protest that it wasn't necessary, sat phlegmatically on the trunk until seven hours had passed and his friend came in triumphantly with a fat roll of bills.

Two Million Kegs of Horseshoes.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Two million kegs, containing 160,000,000 horseshoes, are used annually in the United States and Canada, approximately speaking," said S. L. Martin of Boston, who represents an iron manufacturing concern of the East.

"That was about the number used last year, and all the hue and cry about rubber shoes and automobiles is raised in the face of a constantly increasing sale of horseshoes. As a matter of fact, the use of rubber horseshoes, which is confined almost altogether to the large cities, is a help to manufacturers. The sale of the old-fashioned shoes goes on increasing, and in addition to that the manufacturers have an opportunity to make the steel portion of rubber shoes. All so called rubber shoes have a rim of steel in them, and it is usually of better metal and gives the manufacturer a wider berth for profits than the old-fashioned shoe."

THE BIRD WARDEN'S HARD LIFE

DANGERS OF THE MEN WHO GUARD THE BREEDING PLACES.

The Hunters for Plumage Hate Them, and Their Lives Are in Danger—Bird Species That Are Now Almost Extinct—Colonies of Some Rare Kinds.

"That man Bradley is going to be killed some time," said Frank M. Chapman, the ornithologist of the American Museum of Natural History.

Mr. Chapman had just returned from a trip to Florida, and the Bradley he meant is G. M. Bradley, the warden of the American Ornithological Union in Monroe county, of that State.

"Bradley has been shot at more than once, and some day they will get him," added Mr. Chapman.

"Monroe county stretches along the southwestern side of Florida from Whitewater Bay and the Everglades southward to the coast and on the mangrove keys from Card's Sound to Indian Key and Cape Sable. It is a wild country of mangrove islands, impenetrable jungles of saw grass, treacherous mudholes, apparently bottomless creeks of soft mud, and almost impassable morasses. One would think that in this sort of country the birds would be safe.

"But as a matter of fact this whole region is infested with outlaws, white and black. They make their living hunting and fishing and selling plumage to millinery dealers. There are excellent laws in Florida for the protection of birds, but laws are obeyed only when there is a warden on hand. Bradley has been a most active and efficient warden, and that's the reason I'm afraid they're going to kill him some time. They have sent him word that they will.

"The plume hunters are, of course, the worst depredators. There are laws covering the dealers in plumes, but Bradley is warden only in one county, and the plumes are sent to stores in the next county, where they are collected for the city trade.

"The white egret, abundant twenty years ago, is so nearly exterminated that it does not pay to hunt it any more. The special purpose of my visit to Florida was to get material for a paroquet group for the museum. Early in the last century all the Southwestern States, as far north as Virginia, were full of paroquets.

"I traversed the entire Kissimmee River region and camped seven days on the edge of the Okeechobee swamp and saw but twelve of the birds. From talk with residents I found that the bird is practically extinct. No one in the world has ever seen its nest, so far as reported. I did not find one, and when I found how scarce the bird was I made no attempt to get specimens."

The birds have towns and cities of their own throughout Monroe county, where they collect at the nesting season. The warden makes special efforts to protect these rookeries. Just before Mr. Chapman's visit a white heron rookery which had been guarded with care was invaded and every bird killed.

Some of these rookeries are exceedingly remote. There is one of the wood ibis two miles inland on Bear Lake. To reach this the warden has to pack his canoe on his back for two miles through a thick tangle of mangrove swamp. There are only about twenty nests in this rookery. To visit the big rookery at Cuthbert Lake, seven miles inland, one has to pole and scull a small skiff through a chain of six lakes connected by narrow, tortuous creeks overgrown with a tangle of red mangrove.

The big rookery itself is on a mangrove island two acres in extent. On this 4,000 birds have their nesting places. About half the colony are Louisiana herons. Even this great rookery is surpassed by one discovered in an almost impassable morass at Alligator Lake, four miles inland from Cape Sable. The mangrove islands on which the birds were nesting were surrounded by an almost impenetrable jungle. The area was too vast and travel too difficult to permit the taking of a census.

The American egret and snowy heron, both of them "birds of the bonnet," are almost exterminated. The white ibis and roseate spoonbill, sought for food and sport, are rapidly decreasing. Other birds, like the Louisiana and little blue herons, the plumes of which are not fashionable, still exist in great numbers.

On Pelican Island, in Indian River, Warden Paul Kroegel watches over the welfare of the young pelican. This interesting infant is one of the characters of the bird world. He begins to talk before he leaves the egg, in a tone resembling that of an unintelligent puppy, and keeps it up incessantly until he begins to learn to fly. He fights from the first time he leaves the nest, and waddles over to the next one to whip the occupants, at whom he has been squawking defiance for days. Three or four thousand of these agreeable youngsters are coming to maturity each season at Pelican Island.

At the Sand Key Lighthouse the lighthouse keeper protects a colony of least tern. This colony now numbers more than 3,000 birds. On Bird Key, a little island among the Dry Tortugas, an A. O. U. warden protects a large colony of sooty and noddy terns. They arrive about the middle of April and leave late in August, all departing at one time and in the night.

Up in Virginia, eight wardens guard the great breeding grounds which run from the mouth of the Chesapeake to the Maryland line. Here the danger is from egging. Not many of the birds are now shot; a change from a few years ago, when three men killed 2,800 in three days.

Ten of the society's wardens watch the Maine coast. So well do they do their work that a colony of night herons, occupying twenty acres of woodland at Falmouth, within ten minutes walk of an electric car line, enjoy perfect security. On Bluff Island near by a colony of terns increases about 600 a year. Their eggs are so plenty that one must walk with care to avoid treading on them.

At Metinic Green Island the only laughing gulls that breed in Maine find a home during the nesting season. Thousands of Arctic and common terns breed there, also, together with sea pigeons and Leach's petrels, all very tame. The laughing gull was nearly extinct in Maine, but is now slowly increasing in this refuge.

About this time of year the wardens are taking the bird census with an exactitude astonishing to the lay mind. The fact that four pairs of puffins have nested at a given point instead of three, as the year before; that six laughing gulls have appeared instead of four, is noted with pride.

Burglars Preferred the Frame.

From the Boston Post.

An American has brought from Paris a story of Rodin, the sculptor.

"Rodin," he says, "was presented with a raw daub of a painting a month or two ago by a conceited young student. He accepted the painting gracefully, but he was much annoyed a week later to hear that the student was going about declaring:

"'Rodin says the painting I gave him is better than the Degas over his chimney.'

"Rodin decided to take down this conceited young liar. So, meeting him one day at the Café de la Paix, he said, in the hearing of a good many mutual acquaintances:

"'My house was robbed on Sunday night. Did you hear about it?'

"'No,' said the youth. 'Was much taken?'

"'A half dozen suits of clothes, some silver, and—you know that painting of yours? Well, they cut it out of the frame and ——'

"'Hurrah!' the youth interrupted, excited and pleased. 'Why, my fortune's made. The newspapers——'

"'They cut the picture out,' Rodin continued, 'and went off with the frame.'"

Real Daughter of the Revolution.

From the Lewiston Journal.

Bath has discovered that the city has one real daughter of the American Revolution in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence, widow of the late William Lawrence, who was shot by murderer Wilkinson. Mrs. Lawrence is the daughter of the late George Williams of Bowdoin, who served through the Revolution from Dorchester Heights to Yorktown.

HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE.

Eloquence Misunderstood.

From the Boston Post.

When Senator Newlands of Nevada was debating his resolution to annex Cuba he exclaimed dramatically:

"This argument furnishes every kind of fuel that eloquence needs."

He sent down for the transcript of his speech. The young woman typewriter who took the dictation of the stenographer from the phonograph had made it:

"This argument furnishes every kind of food that elephants need."

"I doubt," said Senator Hale, when he heard it, "if even elephants could digest it."

Could Eat Until He Starved.

From the Denver Republican.

Congressman Wade of the Second Iowa district, and the only Democrat in the House from that State, tells a story about a young man who took a sack of grain to an old-fashioned mill to have it ground into meal.

The ponderous wheels revolved so slowly that only a tiny stream of meal trickled feebly, while the young man patiently waited. Finally his patience was exhausted and he complained to the miller. "Do you know," he said, "I could eat that meal faster than your old mill can grind it." "Yes," replied the miller; "but how long could you keep on eating it?" "I could keep on eating it until I starved," was the conclusive answer of the young man.

In the Deepest Mourning.

From the Nashville Banner.

"Who was at the party, Aunt Jenny?" we asked of an old colored woman who came by not long since.

"Wellum, dey 'uz a lot o' folks. Dar 'uz Billie, an' Nez, an' Kate, an' de Widder Jones."

"The widow? Why her husband has just died."

"Sholy, marm; an' I tell yo', her mo'nin' hit 'uz mighty black."

What the Lion Tamer Feared.

From the Louisville Herald.

L. Y. Minnick of Potsdam, Ohio, who once travelled ahead of a circus, has many stories to tell of the tricks and manners of the show folk and of the wild animals they carry about with them.

"Along in the days just before his death Col. Dan Boone, the famous tamer and trainer," he said, "developed a fear of bronchitis which grew to be a regular nervous mania. He would go into the cage with a snarling lioness with young cubs without the slightest fear, but was scared to death of a breeze. One day, after an exhibition fight with the fiercest lion we had he came out of the cage and said to me:

"'Louis, this will prove the end of me yet.'

"'Good Lord, Colonel,' I said, 'you aren't losing your nerve? You surely are not getting afraid of that brute?'

"'Afraid of that dog!' he said, disgustedly. 'Afraid of my hat! Nothing of the sort. But these cages are the worst places for draughts in the country. I know I'll catch a cough some day that'll prove my death.'"

A Daniel Come to Judgment.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Eugene Ware was arrested by City Detective Lockhart while he was trying to dispose of a pair of trousers in a pawnshop. Lockhart sized up the negro and then sized up the trousers. He decided the original owner had not been a person the size of Ware, and the negro was arrested.

In the police court Ware stuck to the story that the trousers belonged to him.

"Put those things on," said Judge Broyles.

"'Tain't no use, Jedge. I knows dey is mine," reluctantly replied the prisoner.

"Put them on. Let's see how they fit."

Ware, apparently with much difficulty, got into the trousers, putting them on over the ones he already had on, and they were found to be so large that they closely resembled an inflated balloon with a bean pole in the middle.

"No use, Ware. You have not told the truth. You stole those trousers," said the Judge. "Twenty-one days, or $10.75, and I'll have you returned because the owner of those balloon trousers may be located."

No Freak After All.

From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The sidewalk inspectors of the Alaska Building were thrown into a fever of excitement the other day when they saw the blacksmith working at a forge on one of the upper floors throwing red hot pieces of iron to a workman some distance away, who caught the metal with as much indifference as he would an apple. The curbstone architects held a caucus at once, but they could not figure out how an ordinary mortal could catch red hot iron without burning his fingers.

"Guess he wears asbestos gloves," said one.

"There it goes agin," said another. "Now watch 'im. He's comin' over this way. W'y he ain't got nothin' on 'is hands. Must be a freak, like a glass-eater."

"What's that you say about a freak?" demanded a man in a loud check suit, with tan shoes at one end and a shiny silk "lid" at the other, who was just going by. The catcher of molten iron was pointed out to him and explained the situation. He grew excited at once. He said:

"I'm managing a show at the carnival, and I can use another freak. If that fellow can finger red hot iron, I can pay him more money than he can get on that job he's got."

The theatrical manager crossed the street, and a few minutes later was seen on the floor where the phenomenon was at work. He soon came down and as he was moving away with a disgusted look on his face, one of the amateur architects hurried after him and asked what he had learned. Then the architect went back to his fellows and explained:

"He says the feller ketches 'em in a tin can."

How the Waiter Lost a Tip.

From the Kansas City Journal.

At one of the Kansas City hotels where the colored waiters give especially good service, but always expect adequate remuneration for the same from the guests, a waiter was especially officious the other day in serving a man from whom he expected a liberal tip. When the meal had been served and he was standing off at one side, eagerly looking for an opportunity to be of service, he said to the guest:

"Didn't yo' have 'a brothah heah last week, sah?"

"No," said the one addressed, "I believe not."

"Well," continued the waiter, "theh was a gem'man heah at mah table what looked ve'y much like you, and he was so well pleased with the service that he gave me 50 cents when he left."

The guest had by this time finished his meal, and as he arose he said to the expectant servitor:

"Come to think of it, Sam, that was my brother that was here, and I guess he paid you for the whole family. He may be back again in a week or two."

OLD ALE HOUSE TREASURES.

STORE OF PEWTER MUGS IN THE LAST OF ITS KIND.

Type of New York Drinking Place That Has All But Disappeared—Fine Old Furniture, Too, but the Proprietor Stoutly Refuses to Sell Any of It.

Ale houses are a rarity in New York to-day. Brewers say that the demand for domestic ale has decreased until there is little profit left in the business. Ale is still drunk in large amounts in New York, but it is the higher priced English ale.

For fifty years McSorley's old house in East Seventh street has been the best known ale house in New York. It still looks to-day as it did to men who first made its acquaintance twenty years ago.

A copy of a Buffalo newspaper announcing President McKinley's death is the most recent ornament. It hangs with a number of other framed newspapers containing the news of similar tragedies.

When John McSorley decided half a century ago to supply ale to the Seventh Ward he started in business at 9 Third avenue. Then the old market over which the Sixty-ninth Regiment had its armory for so many years was still standing. The new market, built less than fifty years ago, seems to Mr. McSorley rather a recent occurrence in the neighborhood.

"They opened it in '57," he said, as if the incident had taken place yesterday. "I remember the day well. Took a long time to build it. Times were bad that year and there was a panic. The man who put it up failed."

There are few things that have happened in that neighborhood of which Mr. McSorley cannot supply similar details.

The ale house now occupies the first story of an old red brick house. The barroom looks every year of its age. Nothing but time could have mellowed and subdued every color to its present tint of comfort and repose. The walnut tables that have stood so long in their places are dark with years.

Under the low ceiling, smoked almost to blackness, one hears only English. It used to be said that to hear German spoken in McSorley's was a sure sign that some man had got into the wrong place. There is nothing there to attract a German. There is no beer. Never since the place was opened has beer been sold there. Whiskey and sherry can be had and so can cider. But a mixed drink never passed over the old bar.

The external aspect of the place is as little like the New York bar of the day as its interior. A door in the middle of the building leads directly from the street. On either side are ordinary windows. The small bar stands in a corner of the room. It is less than half the size that a modern establishment would possess. Otherwise there would never have been room for the big tables that fill the room nor the substantial old chairs. In the rear is a second room identical with that in the front, save that it has no bar. There are the same dark hued tables and comfortable chairs. On the mantel is a swinging mirror and drawer dressing stand that would delight the heart of any lover of old furniture.

There are other bits of old time furniture in the barroom which any collector would long to take in their present condition and restore to beauty. They are mahogany mirrors, one of them with three lights. They were put in the places above the bar on that opening day in 1854, and there they have remained.

But it is what stands on the sideboard and under the mirrors that most delights the pilgrims who journey down to the ale house for a sight of its treasures.

There are two long rows of pewter mugs stretched across the back of the bar. Some of them are battered and all of them are very old. Some that he still possesses were bought by the proprietor from a man who had used them for years before. Then there are some pewter bowls. Years of use have imparted to the metal the mellow sheen that collectors love and that can come only from use.

"Yes," Mr. McSorley says, "there are lots of people who come down to see them and then they want to buy them. They talk about the wonderful lustre and the color. If those come from use, they've had the use all right. Some of them have been doing duty for more than sixty years that I know of. Then they want to buy them. But I'll keep them now as long as I'm in the business, for I want the old house to stay just as it has always been."

Mr. McSorley no longer stands behind the little black bar. But he is to be found nearly always at one of the tables. There is never a time that two or three of the tables are not occupied. The room is darkened by the long awnings that hang over the windows, and the cool breeze reaches the spot when there is any breeze at all.

Some of the other decorations of the front room are as old in appearance as the pewter, although not so beautiful. There are old theatrical programmes, pictures such as "The Public Room of the Greenwich Avenue Hotel in 1864," photographs of Harrigan and Hart when they were boyish beginners and of Edwin Booth. Then there is a picture of the guests at a McSorley chowder, for there once was a political end to the McSorley interests in the district that was as long ago as 1877. Mr. McSorley, white haired, red skinned and speaking with a brogue like Ed Harrigan's, has left politics.

"It's changing too much up in this district," he said, "It's not the buildings and the streets that are changing so much as the people. When I came here first it was only three people, Americans, Irish and Germans, that were known in this country or in this ward. Now they've more races right on this block than you can count. And they're piling in more of 'em every day."

Then Mr. McSorley sweeps his eye down the block with an expression that shows plainly his opinion of the other races.

Not Much in a Name.

From the Louisville Herald.

"His name is J. U. Fussey, and he lives in Detroit," said Clerk Tandy at the Louisville Hotel last night, as a well dressed, affable guest asked politely for his key and courteously said good night. "But he is a mighty nice man. Never got a kick from him in my life, and he has been coming here for years.

"You can't tell anything about a man from his name. There is one who used to come here several times a year—sells pickles—and his name is D. X. Smiley. He's the worst old sorehead in the world. Every time a boy takes him a pitcher of ice water he registers a kick, and so on down the line—nothing suits him. He is Smiley by name, but far from it by nature, and I am glad to say that they have changed his territory."

If food distresses you

Why not take half a teaspoonful of Horsford's Acid Phosphate in half a glass of water? It will give immediate relief; but it must be

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.