TOLD BY THE STUFFED NEWSIE

THE THANKSGIVING FEAST AT THE LODGING HOUSE.

He speaks a Good Word for the Swell Queens Who Passed Around the Layouts of Which He Had Enough and Then Some—It Sure Was a Great Occasion.

Say, mister, me belly's so chocker block full up dat it's all I kin do tuh git me breat'. Sure I'll spiel de hull t'ing tuh yuh if yuh waits aw'ile till I cinches it dat me belly ain't agoin' tuh bust, 'cause—now dis is under yer belt—'cause I rings in t'ree times an' gits t'ree helpin's, an' wid dis ton o' feed I ain't feelin' like runnin' 'round de block.

Yer hep, ain't yuh? Well, we goes up tuh de dinin' room—wot, yuh wants me tuh begin from de beginnin'? All right den, mister, but de feed starts wid me w'en I gits up in de mornin'. Yuh see, down at de Newsie's Lodgin' House we toins out at 6 'clock an' gits a chuck afore we goes tuh git de papes. I ain't takin' no chanct on trowin' a big feed in an' leavin' no room for de toikey blowout tuh-night, so I jest eats a little an' beats it. An' say, mister, from 6 'clock till I pitches intuh de feed was de longest time I ever has in me life. On de level I t'ought 7 'clock 'd never git dere.

Yuh knows w'ere de Newsie's Lodgin' House is, doesn't yuh? Down on Chambers street? Well, I takes me dyin' oat' if dere wasn't de biggest mob yuh ever pipes standin' 'outside de lodge at t'ree 'clock, an' de feed don't come off till seven. I'm one o' de foist blokes in de line, an' talk 'bout yer football gimes wot dose college guys plays, say, dey wasn't in it wid de pushin' an' shovin' b' dose hungry kids. Say, dere was some o' de bulliest scraps yuh ever sees, guys gittin' walloped fer tryin' tuh butt in down near de beginnin' o' de line. But de cops came, an' den dere was nottin' tuh it. Foist on de job foist on de line, an' dat's de way it goes till de doors open an' de rush upstairs begins.

Say, mister, I sells papes fer dis good w'ile an' t'inks I knows most o' de newsies, but me peepers was on de bum tryin' tuh 'member 'bout a t'ousand o' dem blokes wot says dey're newsies. I lives at de lodge meself, but 'taint none o' me funer'l wot guys tries tuh butt in tuh git a feed. Mister Haig, de super, is a good skate an' s'long's he don't bot'er his head 'tain't up tuh me. But I'll put yuh hep tuh dis, most o' de t'ousand blokes wot pitches intuh dat toikey feed ain't newsies an' never was. W'ere'd dey come from? Gee, yuh has me, but it looks like every kid in de hull o' de city was dere.

Yuh see, dere's on'y room fer a couple o' hundred blokes in de dinin' room at once, an' Mister Heig, de super, has tuh git a big gang o' de big blokes wot lives in de lodge tuh stan' at de door an' keep de mob from rushin' up. Snowball Robinson, de dinge, de guy wot stan's all tuh de joy wid de super, gits de job o' bossin' de gang at de door, an' dey all has sticks an' w'acks de blokes wot tries tuh duck in. Yuh'd t'ink every guy in de line was starvin' tuh deat' an' dat if he don't git on de job right off de reel every'ing'd be gobbled up.

Well, w'en a bloke comes downstairs and says dat dey're ready upstairs dere was de awfullest rush yuh ever sees. Snowball an' de odder geezers gits tumbled over an' dere ain't no chanct in de woild o' stoppin' de rush. Gee, dey goes up de stairs faster'n any mob skiddoin' from de cops, an' in dey butts right intuh de dinin' room w'ere swell ladies was standin' at de tables ready tuh be waiters. De supper an' a lot o' de big huskies has tuh push de mob out intuh de hall, 'cause, as I says afore, on'y 'bout a couple o' hundred blokes kin git in at a time.

It was jest me luck tuh git in on de foist feed, an' say, mister, I doesn't know w'ere tuh begin tuh tell yuh 'bout de feas. Dere was w'ite table cloths on all de tables, an', say, d'yuh want me tuh tell yuh 'bout wot we has tuh eat? Yuh cudn't ahearn yuh-self t'ink wid de noise o' dem hungry blokes. W'en every guy gits his seat de swellest loidies yuh ever sees in yer life, real swells from Fift' avenoo, an' some o' dem wot millions o' money, comes out o' de kitchen wid de grub. In front o' every bloke dere's a big hunk o' pie—all kinds, mince, punkin, apple an' lemin. All de blokes wot I has time tuh see foist starts in wid deir pie, gobblin' it down afore de toikey comes in. I takes a big mout'ful o' mine, but I ain't a-fillin' up an' leavin' no room fer de rest o' de feed an' I waits till de toikey comes on.

Say, mister, de swellest queen yuh ever sees waits on me an' see comes over and she says, jest like dis: "Now, boys, eat all youse wants, 'cause dere's lots more w'ere dis comes from." Say, dose blokes cudn't ahearn nottin', dey was so tied up fillin' deir bellies, an' dey jest kep' on like a bunch o' starvin' cloakmakers. De swell queen at de teble w'ere I was han's me a plate, an' I take me dyin' oat' de richest t'ing de woild cudn't git better. Lem'me tell yuh wot dere was on't. First, dere was turkey wid gravy all over it, and den dere was toinups, mashed p'taters, cramb'ry an' stuffin' an' salary an'—lem'me t'ink—aw, yuh doesn't want me tuh count de bread an' butter an' de tea, does yuh? Dem t'ings ain't 'xactly T'anksgivin' an' we ain't agoin' tuh count dem.

W'en we foist pitches in a dago kid wot sits near me gits so excited over de layout dat he nearly chokes hisself tuh deat'. An' w'ile he's near croakin' some bloke swipes his pie, an' w'en de wop comes tuh git 'is breat' an' fin's dat some guy t'inches de pie, gee, dere's hell tuh pay right off de reel. He was on'y a little kid, but yuh ought tuh hearn de wallia walla he hurts out. He say he'd lick hell out o' de guy wot takes de pie an' dat if he don't git it back he'd git hunk on de hull mob. But dere wasn't no chance o' gitting de pie back, fer 'twes in de belly o' a red-headed guy, wot sits next tuh me. Den one o' de swell lojdies comes 'long an' w'en she gits put hep tuh wot de trubble's 'bout, she up an' says jest like dis: 'Doncha care, sonny, yuh'll git 'anodder hunk.' An' dee de dago gits de biggest hunk o' mince pie yuh ever does see.

It doesn't take none o' us long tuh git on de outside o' de feed, an' w'en I gits under me belt a big mess o' toikey an' de toinups an' de p'taters an' de cramb'ries an' de salary an' de pie an' de tea—say, mister, I doesn't care den wedder I ever sells a rapr. An' w'ile I wipes me mout' on de tablecloth up comes de swell queen, an' she says tuh me, laughin' like, 'D' yuh want anodder helpin'?' Gee, cos I? but afore I says annyt'ing she goes an' comes back wid anodder feed. I was t'rough foist, afore anny guy, an' w'en dey sees me gittin' de secon' chuck dey goes at it like racin' tuh see wot bloke's come in secon' an' git anodder layout. D' yuh know, I t'ink every geezer dere was gittin' up his hunger jest fer dis spread. Sure I does. Dey eats an' eats an' eats till it t'ought dey'd all bust.

An' w'en all de blokes in de foist bunch gits all dey wants an' de loidies an' de surver t'ings dey has all dey wants, we beats it out and de odder gawabes rush in. Goin' down de stairs I sneaks intuh de line wot's goin' up, now dis is under yer belt, mister an' der I am back in de dinin' room. I gits tuh a table w'ere de same queen ain't, an' w'en I doesn't gobble de toikey like de odders she says tuh me, "Ain't yuh feelin' good, little boy?" jest like dat, an' I gits scared dat she was hep an' w'ile me belly is full up I jest gits de toikey, in anyhow. De pie I slips in me pocket an' dee, I sits on it widout t'inkin' it's good all right, all right, at dat.

Say, mister, does yuh know if me little sister wot's in de home'll have toikey an' all de good t'ings wot I has tuh-night? She will? Den dat's all tuh de candy. D'yuh know, I was t'inkin' w'en I gits me t'old hep,' an' did jest git way wid it dat if I did on'y slip all de leavin's tuh me sister an'—dat's a cinch, den, mister, dat she'll git toikey an' salary an' pie? An' dere's anodder t'ing if yuh doesn't mind. D'yuh know if dey gits toikey an' all de goodies up in heaven on T'anksgiving'? W'y? 'Cause me mudder an' fadder is up dere an' I was jest a-wonderin' if dey'd git in on anny good feed like dis. Yuh t'inks dey're all right? Well, dat's all tuh de huckleberry.

W'y doesn't dey have T'anksgivin' 'bout onct a week? Gee but it'd be great, wudn't it, dough? Yuh goin' tuh put dis in de pape? Well, say, mister, give de super a boost, will yuh? An' kin yuh write somet'ing nice 'bout dem swell queens? Yuh kin? Well, put in a good one 'bout dat swell dame wot gives me de extry helpin's, will yuh? T'anks. Guess I'll toin in now, but gee, I hates tuh t'ink of gittin' up in de mornin'. W'y? 'Cause I might wake up wid me appetite, an' gee, if I t'inks o' tuh-night an' no more toikey fer me tuh eat—say, wudn't dat make anny bloke weary?

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WAITED ON THE NEWSBOYS.

New York Business Men Help in Providing Entertainment at Orange, N. J.

ORANGE, N. J., Nov. 28.—P. H. Fowler of Berkeley avenue, assisted by the directors of the Boys' Club of the Oranges and several members of the Paint and Powder Club, blew off about 350 Orange newsboys to a Thanksgiving dinner in the Orange Armory this afternoon. Vaudeville was provided by Mr. Fowler, and an address was made by the Rev. Dr. John M. Thomas, pastor of the Arlington Avenue Presbyterian Church, of East Orange. The waiters were members of the board of directors of the club, all well to do New York business men, who did the bidding of the urchins as if they were paid for the job. They did it well, too, and spilled very little.

Those who assisted in getting the boys into their seats and keeping things running smoothly included the Rev. Walter Reid Hunt, A. W. Abbott of the Children's Aid and Protective Society of the Oranges, Charles B. Yardley, Jr., David L. Pierson, Horace Stetson, Jr., Alonzo Keyes, Chief of Police Washer, Frank B. Colton, Dr. William M. Swingle, Albert E. Robinson and James MacDonald.

MUSIC SOOTHED THEM.

Insane Patients of Snake Hill, New Jersey, Enjoy a Turkey Dinner and Dance.

Eighty inmates of the Hudson County Insane Asylum at Snake Hill, Secaucus, enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner and dance yesterday afternoon as the guests of Dr. George W. King, the medical director, and Warden Patrick Fitzpatrick. Turkey, plum pudding and other fixings were served in the main hall and the patients were nearly an hour at the spread. Then the tables and chairs were removed and six volunteer musicians struck up a waltz. The men folks quickly selected their partners and danced three hours.

Some of the more violent prisoners who are kept by themselves heard the music and begged to be allowed to take part in the fun. They were escorted to the hall by guards and manifested keen delight in the festivities. According to the keepers the music seemed to have a soothing effect on the patients and all were on their best behavior. None left the hall until the dance was over, and then most of them were ready for another meal.

Between the dances volunteer entertainers sang and recited. The audience applauded liberally. Several patients caught the fever and assisted in entertaining. One woman patient sang "Love Me and the World Is Mine" and was encored.

"It was a very well behaved party," said a keeper last night. "If a stranger had dropped in on them he would never have guessed that the jolly bunch of dancers had all been officially declared insane."

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

Services Held at Jamestown Exposition—Many Churches Represented.

NORFOLK, Va., Nov. 28.—With addresses by distinguished churchmen and songs of praise from a great chorus national Thanksgiving services were conducted at Jamestown to-day.

The Hon. Harry St. George Tucker, president of the Exposition, presided, and the speakers were Mgr. O'Connell, president of the Catholic University at Washington; Dr. W. W. Moore, president of the Presbyterian Union Theological Seminary at Richmond and Bishop Charles B. Galloway of the Southern Methodist Church.

Helping the Downtown Homeless.

Fully two hundred and fifty men gathered at the old John Street Methodist Church last night for the usual nightly meeting held in the basement by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. J. Wesley Johnston. After a brief service each man got a sandwich, a piece of pie, an apple and a cup of coffee. These nightly meetings represent an effort on the part of the oldest Methodist church in America to enter into active missionary work among the homeless men of downtown New York. Dr. Johnston doesn't think much of bread lines and other temporary aids to the unfortunate, and to put his views in practice he commenced these meetings election day night. Since then the nightly attendance has averaged more than a hundred men and more than thirty men have got jobs.

Justice Brewer Makes Thanksgiving Address.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—In an address to-day at the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church Justice David Brewer of the United States Supreme Court said:

"The high and low, rich and poor, should be protected. We can never come to the full measure of this truth so long as we permit any group of financiers, any person or corporation, to crush the individual. Nor can we allow any labor organization to dictate the course we should follow."

Nassau Hospital Patients Made Happy.

MINEOLA, L. I., Nov. 28.—The sixty patients in the Nassau Hospital had Thanksgiving dinner through the generosity of Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who had fifty turkeys sent to the institution, with lots of celery, cranberries and plum pudding. Since the establishment of the Nassau Hospital Mrs. Mackay and Mrs. Belmont have seen to it that all the patients and staff of the hospital have been liberally supplied with turkey on feast days.

At the Cathedral.

Thanksgiving was celebrated at St. Patrick's Cathedral by a solemn high mass for the Catholic Benevolent Legion of New York. The Cathedral chimes rang out national and religious hymns all the morning, and fully 10,000 persons passed in and out of the church to attend the ceremonies. Mgr. M. J. Lavelle, rector of the Cathedral, preached the sermon and spoke of the blessings of the American people of to-day.

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The weight of many of these coats is lighter than heretofore, and more suited to New York winters, which are not so severe as they used to be.

Among the new models originated by us may be mentioned the Knockabout, the Station Coat, and the Shapleigh—all smart and distinctive. Our Chesterfield is the perfection of good form, always a safe coat to wear. Prices range from $16 to $75.

We have besides an unusual assortment of handsome Fur and Fur-lined Overcoats. Also a great number of splendidly made Reefers and Overcoats for boys.

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY

DAY OF DAYS ON THE ISLAND

THE CITY'S INVOLUNTARY GUESTS KEEP OPEN HOUSE.

Vaudeville Show in the Prison Chapel Precedes a Varied and Satisfying "Feed"—A "Trusty" Explains What a Thanksgiving on Blackwell's Means.

If "even Elysium has its seamy side," as some one has said, so, too, the seamy side has its occasional Elysium. For Blackwell's Island Thanksgiving Day is one of those brief and rare occasions. Yesterday in so far as it is practicable in a domicile whose doors swing in but not out the city's involuntary guests were allowed to keep open house.

Commissioner of Correction Coggey had sent out 500 round trip invitations to Manhattanians who hadn't done anything—yet—but who might like to see how they'd fetch up if they did, and such of those as desired to witness the celebration left the foot of Fifty-second street at 10:30 yesterday morning. They landed at the Island just in time to see the show, which was a rattling short stage vaudeville with ten pieces on the bill and twenty-one in the orchestra. The show was held right in the prison chapel. Gay yachting flags were strung about and Japanese lanterns were over the lights, and the Stars and Stripes, together with the green harp of Erin, were upon the walls.

The architect who designed the prison chapel estimated its capacity at about 900. This was a mistake. With a little crowding it can hold 1,200 and then some. It was a great occasion all round, and there were precious few of the boys absent—only Abe Hummel, who is very sick with kidney trouble, and two greengoods men, namely, Jimmy Fitzgerald and Mike Ryan, who didn't relish the idea of facing the newspaper men's cameras.

The 900 prisoners now in the "pen" include 107 women. They were all present, too, and among them one poor creature who carried in her arms a puny, starved looking baby, born in that place—"to the pallor born," as one visitor mournfully put it—and likely to die there too, if the Judge who sentenced its mother doesn't do something.

Well, after the show the boys all filed down stairs, where they loaded up "clear to the Plimsoll mark and more," said a nautical brother, with chicken, 1,200 pounds of it, Thanksgiving fixin's, which included "coffee, sweet or colored"; the fixin's all coming from the island farm, even to the celery and the "Cape Cod" cranberries. The chicken wasn't roasted, of course, for they haven't the facilities, but it was steamed, which did as well; while the bread—"of number one flour, mind," warned Steward Murphy—came from the new prison ovens, which can bake 2,400 loaves of bread in an hour. Altogether yesterday's feed was considerably in advance of the average dog-up, which ordinarily runs to corn beef, with an issue of "The Review of Reviews," or corned beef hash, on alternate days.

It was at meal time that the only tragedy of the day occurred, and even that turned out to be only a near tragedy after all. A fellow named "Red" something or other, who had been doing a bit for some temporary obsession as to the relations of mine and thine, got his discharge papers in the morning about a quarter of an hour before dinner time. He came up to Deputy Warden Murtha pulling a mighty long face.

"Say, Dep," he began, "ye know me time's up?"

"Yes; good-by Red, and good luck," smiled the Deputy, putting out his hand.

But Red only used his to wipe his mouth with.

"But say, Dep," he wailed, "it ain't dinner time yet."

Murtha couldn't see what that had to do with the price of eggs and said so.

"Wot, ye wouldn't toin off a poor guy on T'anksgivin', would ye," he whined. "Ah, be a good skate, Dep, an' lemme stay over dinner."

"Oh, very well," answered Murtha. I guess we can miss the boat for you, if that's what you want."

Which was how Red came to eat "on the city" as an invited guest.

For the invited guests, who also ate "on the city," dinner was served upstairs in the keeper's room, where they had turkey which was roasted. And from this quarter came the best appreciation of all that the boys in stripes had to offer in acknowledgment of their holiday. Of course, the rank and file couldn't daily much with interviewers, but the "trusty" who waited on table where Deputy Warden Murtha had been good enough to seat the SUN man, could talk and did. Here is the substance of his remarks:

"Say, don't get de idea," he confided—"gee, did I spill dat soup on youse? Oh, a' right, den—dat us fellers don't feel for what dey does fer us. Say, a little blow like dis does more fer discipline in dis woiks dan clubbin' a man's head into a Hamboig steak. Dat's right. Why, de boys look ahead t' T'anksgivin', counts de days, marks 'em off on de calendar, like a kid come Christmas. Listen; if one of de bad ones gets gay, ye know all de keeper's got t' do is just tip him off dat it 'll let him out of de T'anksgivin' doin's, an' say, den it's all off. Ye'd take dis place fer a Sunday-school just before de picnic, dat's right. Good? You bet dey're good—before; an' grateful after."

Goulash à la Warden Flynn, cranberry sauce and mince pie were served yesterday noon to the 732 prisoners in the Tombs. Toward the making of the goulash the city contributed 650 pounds of chicken, 150 pounds of turkey, 2 barrels of pork and 2 barrels of sweet potatoes. The Rev. Dr. John A. Wade, Episcopal chaplain of the Tombs, gave in addition oranges to the women and children and cigars and pipe tobacco to the men. The dinner was served to the prisoners in their cells.

GETTING OUT OF WISCONSIN.

Insurance Companies Not Willing to Pay New Tax Imposed by Law.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 28.—The retirement from Wisconsin of practically all the foreign life insurance companies seems assured. The announcement yesterday that the Germania would withdraw from the State was followed to-day by a similar announcement by J. S. Morris, general agent of the Phœnix Mutual Life of Hartford.

Several other agents admit that their home offices have advised them of intention to leave, but say that they have not received the final orders to pack up.

The New York Life and the Mutual are not expected to leave and the Northwestern Mutual of this city cannot get out, because it has a Wisconsin charter. The companies will not cancel the policies already held, but will arrange to move to Chicago or Marquette, Mich., and transact their business from those points.

The companies under the new law must pay a 2 per cent. tax on all the premiums collected in Wisconsin.

CONVICTS MAKE MERRY.

After a Wholesome Meal and Vaudeville Each Man Gets a Mince Pie and Cigars.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 28.—The convicts at Sing Sing were well fed to-day. For breakfast, which was served at 8 o'clock, they had fricasseed chicken, vegetables and biscuits. After the meal a company composed of inmates of the prison gave a minstrel and vaudeville entertainment. Jokes old and new were sprung, but the conundrum which made a hit was: "Why are the dark cells so much colder now than they were formerly?" The answer was: "This is always a Frost annual." None laughed more heartily at this than Warden Frost.

At the end of the performance each man received a bag containing a whole mince pie, apples, crackers, buns and two cigars, which they enjoyed in their cells.

CRUSH AT MOVING PICTURE SHOW.

False Alarm of Fire Causes Rush for Doors—Quick Action of Police Restores Calm.

GLOUCESTER CITY, N. J., Nov. 28.—At an entertainment in the City Hall to-night, while the lights were out and as a moving picture show was going on, a flash of light was seen in the apparatus and some one shouted "Fire!" Instantly every one arose and a scramble for the exits began. Women and children were thrown down and trampled.

Chief of Police Davidson, Sergt. Graham and four patrolmen forced their way in, mounted the stage, turned up the lights and stopped the rush. The action if the officers calmed the audience and after a delay of about twenty minutes the performance was resumed. There were about 1,000 persons in the hall.

FIRE SOUGHT BREWERIES ONLY.

Skips Other Buildings and Jumps a Block From One Plant to Another.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—Fire which jumped a block in a spectacular leap from one brewery to another practically wiped out the plants of the Tosetti and Mullen brewing companies, with a loss of $300,000 this afternoon, while it did comparatively little damage to the warehouses and factories between these plants.

Four firemen had a narrow escape from death, being entrapped in a wing of the Mullen plant when the cupola collapsed.

The Mullen plant, in which the fire started, is at Wallace and Fortieth streets and the Tosetti plant is at Butler and Fortieth streets.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA ILL.

Laid Up in Chicago Hotel With an Attack of Ptomaine Poisoning.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, is at the Auditorium Hotel suffering from a dangerous attack of ptomaine poisoning, contracted in Milwaukee on Tuesday evening after he had eaten heartily of prairie chicken.

To-night the prospects for early recovery are favorable.

Mgr. O'Hare Marries 26 Couples.

Mgr. P. F. O'Hare, pastor of St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church, at Manhattan avenue and Milton street, Greenpoint, and his three assistants put in a strenuous day Wednesday, when they married twenty-six couples. One of the weddings was that of Joseph Barton, brother of Alderman-elect Thomas F. Barton of Greenpoint, to Miss Rosemary Morgan, also of Greenpoint. St. Anthony's is one of the largest Catholic churches in the Brooklyn diocese, having about 8,000 parishioners.

Auto Runs Down Boy and Breaks His Legs.

Frederick Gabriel, 12 years old, whose parents live at 53 Stockton street, Williamsburg, was badly hurt yesterday at Marcy avenue and Stockton street by being struck by an automobile operated by Charles Auer of 552 Decatur street. The boy was crossing Stockton street when he was hit. His legs were broken and he was injured internally. He was taken to the Eastern District Hospital, where it was said he might die. Auer was arrested and held at the Vernon avenue police station.

MOTOR CYCLIST HIT BY AUTO.

Injured Man Helped into the Machine by Owner and Taken to Hospital.

William Ball, 20 years of age, of 34 Ridgewood avenue, Brooklyn, was returning to that borough through Queens borough last night on a motorcycle after a trip out on Long Island when he had to stop to relight his lamp. He was in a dark spot and A. S. Beckstein of 50 Water street, Manhattan, did not see him when he came along in an automobile. Ball was knocked down when the larger machine hit the smaller. He was helped into the automobile and taken to the Jamaica Hospital.

Made Japanese Pass Right On.

VICTORIA, B. C., Nov. 28.—The steamer Tosamarus has arrived here from Yokohama and the immigration officials forced all the Japanese ticketed to this port with passports for United States points to proceed direct to Seattle. One hundred and eleven who intended to debark here were forced to continue, the total for the United States being 222.

FIGHT BETWEEN ELKS.

Struggle to the Death of Two Bulls for Leadership of the Herd.

Alberta correspondence Forest and Stream.

Yesterday afternoon my cousin and I were on our way back from the buffalo range when as we were riding along the road we saw a man standing near the fence looking through it into the enclosure for the moose and elk and evidently very much interested in what he saw. We stopped to see what he was looking at, and when we reached the point where we could see there, not six feet from the fence, was a huge bull elk. Not far from the bull but partly hidden by the bushes were several cows.

The bull was walking up and down whistling, screaming and making a number of very extraordinary noises. He was greatly excited and his eyes were staring and bloodshot. Presently we noticed that every time he whistled another whistle answered in the distance and that this whistle kept growing louder. It came nearer and nearer, until we could hear some animal crashing through the bushes, and a moment later another huge bull elk walked out into the little opening.

The one near the fence rushed toward the newcomer, which at first had no courage to await the charge. The first bull did not follow him far but came back and continued to walk up and down whistling, and presently the other bull returned, when he was again charged and again ran away. This happened three times, and then the newcomer seemed to screw his courage to the the fighting point, and the two charged each other and came together at a run, their antlers clashing loudly as they met. The man who had been watching them took out his watch and timed them, and for thirty-five minutes they fought with great fury. They seemed very evenly matched and for the most part simply pushed head to head, though once or twice one pushed the other back a little way or twisted him about in the effort to reach a point from which he could thrust his horns into the other's side. When this happened the one that was being turned would jump nimbly back and get a fresh grip with his horns.

Not long after the fight began an interested spectator appeared on the scene in the shape of a young bull. He came out of the bushes and stood watching the battle, but every time the fighting pair worked over toward him the young bull turned and trotted off.

The fight was the most thrilling thing I ever saw, and it seemed hardly five minutes before one of the two was tired out. He jumped back, turned and tried to run away, but slipped a little, and in a second the other had knocked him down with his horns. I saw the conqueror jump on the victim, and we started for the keeper. When we returned with him, we found that the victor had gone away and the other was dying. A point of the antler had passed through his windpipe.

We rode on a little further and saw the victorious elk standing in an open space with the cows. He was panting hard, his antlers were covered with blood, and the prong of one of them was broken. His mouth was open, his tongue hanging out, and his eyes were bloodshot. He presented quite a horrible appearance. He was wild with rage, and as soon as he saw us he rushed toward us but brought up against the fence. Then he would retire and charge the fence again and again. Once, when the young bull put his head out of the bushes, the big bull dashed after him and chased him away.

A PROFESSIONAL SWOONER.

Her Strict Regard for Time Led to Loss of a Job.

From the London Telegraph.

Hard put to it to dress properly on her husband's salary, the wife of an assistant stage manager in Paris hit upon an ingenious scheme.

In the small theatres in that city plays in which horrors, murders and suicides predominate are the favorites, and for ladies to faint during the performance is to the managers the surest sign of success. The assistant stage manager's wife saw her opportunity and hired herself out to faint in theatres at the proper moment. Spectators would go home saying the play was so bloodcurdling that a lady was overcome and had to be carried out. Such an advertisement is enough to fill a house.

The professional swooner began her engagement at a theatre which plays a sandwich bill of horrors and farces. The first horror left her cold, and the second slice of terror was swallowed, and still she did not faint. "If she does not hurry up she won't get her fee," thought the manager. Next was played a farce. The lady had hardly heard the third joke before she swooned dead away. The doctor was called in, and the lady was doing the thing so well that she had to be borne out stark and stiff to a vestibule, where the manager was foaming.

"You fainted in the wrong place!" he roared. She came to at once.

"I thought I had to faint at 9:40 o'clock," she pleaded.

"Never mind about the time," he answered in a frenzy. "You should have fainted during the horrors, of course. What are you good for?" Her engagement was thereupon cancelled.

Winter Tans
Young Men
home from school or college for Thanksgiving are invited to inspect our stock of Grain, Russia and Norwegian Calf and Moose, in Oxfords, Bluchers and High Cut Shoes. Special attention is directed to the
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This (Friday) Evening at 8 o'Clock,
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Valuable Paintings
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THE LAND OF OPHIR.

Where Was It? In Mashonaland, South Arabia or India.

From the Homiletic Review.

One of the most interesting and important questions concerning Biblical sites perpetually invites research and persistently evades solution. "Where is the land of Ophir?" Dr. Karl Peters at a recent public meeting in Berlin declared emphatically that this famous Biblical region is located between the Zambesi and Limpopo rivers. He told his German audience how he has discovered many shafts of ancient gold mines, 300 temples, fortifications and other ruins of Phœnician origin. Dr. Peters affirms that the coins recently unearthed in Mashonaland belong undoubtedly to the time of King Solomon. His opinion is that no other part of Africa could have exported the ivory, silver and precious stones which are recorded in the Bible as coming from Ophir.

Against this theory, founded as it undoubtedly is on very plausible evidence, Bible students are still likely to maintain, on the testimony of Gen. x., 29, that Ophir was a section of South Arabia. Here down to the time of Ezekiel the Phœnicians still landed to procure gold and gems with which those famous sailors and merchants of the ancient world traded in many countries distant from their Syrian shores.

Many erudite writers have attempted to identify Sofala, on the east coast of Africa, with Ophir, while yet others have located it in India. One of the most learned essays written on the subject is from the pen of Prof. Hommel, who argued that the ancient land of gold was Arabia Felix.

How the Landlord Went Up in a Balloon.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A group of aeronauts were talking aeronautics.

"Did you ever hear of Strohschneider?" said a German. "He did a dreadful thing once. I'll tell you about it.

"Strohschneider appeared in a certain village and advertised that he would take the landlord of the village inn up with him on a trapeze hanging from the car of his balloon.

"Though the landlord's wife made a kick and the authorities, upholding her, forbade the man to accompany Strohschneider, the landlord sat in state on the trapeze beside the famous aeronaut when the ascension began.

"But those nearest to him noticed that he was paler than a ghost, and that his arm was thrown around Strohschneider's neck, as if in terror. And noting these things the people nodded ominously to one another.

"Up and up went the balloon, and now a murmur of horror rose among the multitude. The aeronaut and the landlord were quarrelling; they were fighting. High up there in the clouds, perched on the swaying trapeze, they struggled, thumped and kicked.

"Suddenly the aeronaut, in a mad burst of rage, seized the landlord by the throat, thrust him backward and flung him into space. Down the poor fellow dropped like a stone, turning over and over. He alighted on his head.

"The people, mad with horror and rage, rushed to the spot. And there, to their amazement, stood the landlord, laughing heartily. The figure that had fallen was a manikin dressed up in his clothes.

"And this," the speaker concluded, "is the only practical joke that has even been played from a balloon."

GRAPE-NUTS.
SHORT STORY
Food That Changed His Life.

Many level headed business men pay no little attention to what they eat until sickness attacks them.

Sedentary occupation, improper food and daily resort to drugs, coffee or liquors to "smother" the disease has put many a good man away.

"For many years my labors have been entirely indoors," writes a N. Y. man.

"Naturally, want of exercise, coupled with hasty eating of lunch with more or less greasy food and pastry told on my digestion.

"For a long period I tried scores of remedies without avail, and finally I was compelled to resign my position as secretary of an important business association. My weight had run down from 145 to 118 lbs. I was unable to sleep naturally, rose unfreshed and without ambition, simply dragged about, feeling more dead than alive.

"About a year ago, at a meeting of the Royal Arcanum of which I am Orator, I was advised by a fellow member to try Grape-Nuts. But I had no faith in treating the matter with such a method, and said so.

"He really won my promise to give it a fair trial. I began the following day and, to make a long story short, in less than a year I have revolutionized my physical and mental condition, now weigh close to 150 lbs., and can digest all my food, which is eaten with relish. This change is due to Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "the famous booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

"There's a Reason."

Unexpected Results of War on Rats.

From the Seattle Times.

Sea gulls take to the small cubes of bread with a coating of rat poison like a pup to warm milk, and as a result of the campaign against rats and fleas and plague, the eddies in Elliott Bay are harboring a lot of dead birds.

The gulls, it is supposed, are getting hold of the poison planted on the garbage dumps, and the unusual number of dead ones found floating in the bay has attracted considerable attention.

Seafaring men regard gulls as valuable scavengers, and they express some regret that they are diminished through the medium of poison. However, the gulls and the plague belong to the sea coast communities, and there has not been nearly as much profession over the loss of the sea gulls as some housewives have presented over the unexpected death of some of their chickens.

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