REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON

NOTABLE EVENTS IN THE CAMPAIGN JUST ENDED.

Hildreth Leading Owner and Trainer—Shilling and Garner Head Jockeys—Novelty, Bashti, Sweep, Olambala and Dalmatian Won Biggest Money.

When the racing season ended at Saratoga last Wednesday fourteen were filled with regret and gloomy thoughts of the future. With ten weeks of sport at the Metropolitan tracks cancelled because of the enforcement of the new anti-betting laws, owners, trainers, jockeys and sportsmen have been forced to turn elsewhere for action, but they will never cease hoping that there will be a revival of racing by the Jockey Club next year.

The season just ended will not soon be forgotten, inasmuch as it bristled with many interesting incidents. The biggest winner among the owners was S. T. Hildreth. The leading jockeys in point of victorious mounts were Carroll Shilling and Guy Garner. Hildreth, James Rowe, Thomas Welsh, George Odom, W. H. Karrick, F. Ernest, D. Woodford and T. J. Healey were the leading trainers. In stake winnings Novelty, Bashti, Olambala, Dalmatian, Sweep, Naushon and others carried off the honors. The champion two-year-old colt was Novelty and the champion two-year-old filly was Bashti. The champion three-year-old colt and filly were Dalmatian and Ocean Bound. The best handicap horses of the older division were Olambala and Fitz Herbert.

The first big race of the year was the Carter Handicap, seven furlongs, run at Aqueduct on the opening day. The winner was John W. Schorr's Gretna Green, a six-year-old gelding, by Ben Brush—Runaway Girl, who was bred by James R. Keene. The price was 15 to 1 and Gretna Green won in a gallop, with Alfred Noble second and Far West third. Jack Atkin and Nealon, coupled favorites, finishing in the ruck. The first two-year-old winner was the Newcastle Stable's Zeus, by Adam—Shaft, who also scored on that day.

Guy Fisher took Fayette's measure in the Excelsior Handicap, one mile and a sixteenth, on April 30, although the Hildreth horse forced him to a hard drive. The Turk easily defeated Mr. Keene's Grasmere in the Williamsburg Stakes on May 2, when he stepped six furlongs in 1:12 4-5.

Mr. Keene's Maskette and Hildreth's three-year-old Dalmatian started for the first time in a handicap at six and a half furlongs on May 5. They carried 122 and 105 pounds respectively. Maskette made all the running and won in a drive by three parts of a length in 1:18, a new track record, but it was generally conceded that if Shilling instead of Garner had ridden Dalmatian the latter would have won.

Fashion Plate won the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont Park on May 13 in sensational fashion, although he was not the favorite. That honor was bestowed upon Hildreth's King James and Restigouche, both of whom finished in the ruck. McGee put up a masterly ride on Fashion Plate, who won in a drive by a length from the three-year-old Prince Imperial in 1:37 4-5, close to the world's record.

The first really important two-year-old stakes, the Juvenile, of which the winner's share was $2,400, was captured the same day by the Newcastle Stable's Seth, by Adam—Purity, who defeated Babbler and R. F. Carman's Semprolus in a thrilling finish. Mr. Wilson's Naushon, by Yankee—Royal Gun, made his début on May 16 and won so easily that the turf sharps instantly predicted a brilliant future for him.

Novelty's first start in Hildreth's name was in the Laureate on May 21, and he was made a hot favorite; but Mr. Belmont's Babbler, a son of Hastings, beat him a head in muddy going and took down $2,425 as his share of the stakes. The famous Withers was run that day, and it afforded a brilliant finish in which The Turk won by a scant length from Prince Imperial, who was a short head in front of Grasmere.

The first of the get of the $125,000 Rock Sand to win a race here was Mr. Belmont's Footprint, who beat Horizon easily in an overnight race on May 22. Mr. Keene's Ballot after a year in England came to the races again on May 25, when, packing 127 pounds, he stepped a mile and a sixteenth in 1:46 and was promptly tabbed as a Suburban possibility; but the following day Hildreth's King James with 129 pounds won the Van Cortlandt Handicap and ran the mile in 1:37 4-5, winning in a breezing gallop.

The last day of the Belmont Park session, Decoration Day, was productive of some splendid racing. Semprolus, showing a startling form reversal, won the National Stallion Stakes, $4,975, with ridiculous ease. Rosefenton, a gray gelding, was triumphant in the Grand National Steeplechase and Sweep enjoyed an exercise gallop for the historic Belmont Stakes, which netted $9,130 for Mr. Keene.

Bashti, in receipt of eleven pounds from C. L. Harrison's Housemaid, beat the latter a head in the Criterion Stakes at Gravesend on May 31. This event preceded the classic Brooklyn Handicap, which was won by Fitz Herbert. The famous Ethelbert, four-year-old, shouldered 130 pounds, made all of his own pace and won quite easily by a length in 2:05 3-5 for a mile and a quarter, his share of the stakes being $4,800. Mr. Wilson's Olambala, by Ormus—Blue and White, received fourteen pounds from Fitz Herbert and took the place by a safe margin from Prince Imperial.

The Expectation Stakes was run on June 2, and Naushon, in receipt of seven pounds from Babbler, easily defeated the latter and earned $3,050. At his best Prince Imperial trimmed The Turk and Grasmere in the Broadway Stakes on June 3, running a mile and a sixteenth with 112 pounds in 1:46 3-5.

The Great American Stakes, run on June 11, was a distinct triumph for Mr. Belmont, whose Babbler and Trap Rock ran first and second, respectively, the former's share being $7,120. Housemaid ran third.

Bashti galloped off with the Astoria Stakes on June 13, beating Horizon by a wide margin at even weights. Dalmatian displayed his best form when he captured the Brooklyn Derby, $2,300, the following day. The distance was a mile and a quarter and Hildreth's three-year-old, coming from behind with the pluck of a bulldog, beat Prince Imperial three parts of a length in 2:07.

Footprint won the Tremont Stakes, $6,900, for Mr. Belmont on June 15, and Babbler ran third, with F. E. Hitchcock's Blackfoot, by Yankee, in the place. In this event C. L. Harrison's Meridian was knocked down and E. Dugan, who rode the winner, was indirectly blamed for the collision.

The gates of the Sheepshead Bay track were opened on June 17 according to schedule. That was Suburban Day of course, and nearly 20,000 persons gathered at the picturesque racecourse to see the famous event decided. Ballot was the favorite and carried 129 pounds, while King James with 131 was second choice. The race was run in sloppy going and after Ballot had set a terrific pace, only to stop in the last furlong, Olambala, who was last on the far turn, came with a wonderful burst of speed and won in a gallop in 2:04 2-5. Olambala carried 113 pounds and had half a dozen lengths over Prince Imperial, who beat Ballot a head. King James was badly beaten. Olambala's winnings amounted to $6,400.

Ocean Bound made the best three-year-old filly, was victorious in the Swift Stakes at seven furlongs. She packed 125 pounds, made all the running and won in a big gallop, in 1:25 1-5. Strange to relate, Fountlinny took the place from Dalmatian, who carried 130 pounds and ran far below his best form. Dalmatian, ridden with cattle herded judgment by Dugan, was also beaten by The Turk in the Tidal Stakes, one mile and a quarter. The Turk had a world of speed and rolled home with four lengths to spare in 2:01 4-5.

The running of the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, one mile, on June 22 caused a scandal. Dugan cut out the pace with Sir John Johnson and at the head of the stretch he carried Maskette wide in such a manner that the heavily backed King James got through on the rail. Then in a red hot finish King James beat Maskette by half a length, in 1:37 3-5. Vincent Powers, who rode the Keene mare, went before the stewards with the statement that Shilling, who rode King James, had struck Maskette over the nose with his whip. Powers also declared that he had been interfered with by Dugan. The stewards took no action on Powers's protest but Trainer Rowe of the Keene stable lodged a formal complaint against Dugan which was later dismissed. A few days later Dugan was suspended by the stewards for alleged rough riding and his case was referred to the Jockey Club with the result that the boy remained out of the saddle until August 12.

Having won three straight races W. G. Yanke's Round the World started in the Great Trial on June 25 with much prestige. She was pitted against Mr. Keene's Iron Mask, a Disguise colt; Naushon, Trap Rock, Textile, Meridian, Seth, Watervale and Shackleton. Carrying 122 pounds Round the World led all the way by a small margin and won in a sensational drive by a nose in fast time. Iron Mask raced with her all the way and took the place by a couple of lengths from Naushon, who ran a great race considering the fact that he was undoubtedly short of work. Round the World's share of the stakes was $7,000. Another feature that day was Dalmatian's easy victory in the Coney Island Jockey Club Stakes, one mile and a half, which he ran in 2:33.

Ballot and King James, carrying weight for age, 129 pounds, were the only starters in the Advance Stakes at a mile and five-sixteenths on June 27, and the Keene horse, leading all the way, breezed home on the bit in 2:10.

Bashti proved her right to the two-year-old filly championship when she beat Round the World with consummate ease in the Vernal Stakes on July 2. They met at even weights and Bashti made a show of the Western crack. On the same day Olambala ran a phenomenal race in the Commonwealth Handicap, at a mile and a quarter. He picked up 122 pounds, six less than King James's burden, and beat the latter by two lengths in 2:02 4-5, equalling the world's record hung up by Broomstick in the Brighton Handicap of 1904.

On July 4 Footprint, with 130 pounds, won the Second Double Event from Meridian, Naushon, Novelty and others and earned $3,785. Sweep ran off with the Realization, worth $9,150, and his stable companion, Suffragist, who was in England last year, was second.

Olambala, with 119 pounds, breezed home in the Brighton Handicap, $4,800, at Empire City on July 9, running a mile and a quarter in 2:06 3-5. Hampton Court, 40 to 1, ran second and Czar was third, the disappointments being Prince Imperial and Hilarious. On July 13 Dalmatian won the Seagate Stakes. He carried 126 pounds and was timed for a mile and a furlong in 1:53. He followed with another easy win in the Iroquois Stakes, one mile and a quarter, in 2:06 2-5.

Dalmatian ran a sterling race in the Yonkers Handicap on July 21. Although shut off on the paddock turn and then ridden into a pocket the champion three-year-old finally moved up swiftly on the far turn and won easily. The distance was a mile and a sixteenth and the time, 1:45 1-5, was a new track record. Dalmatian's greatest achievement occurred in the Empire City Handicap, $4,850, one mile and a furlong, run two days later. As Shilling was on the ground Dalmatian was ridden by Archibald and packed 118 pounds. The Hildreth colt dropped back to last place in the run to the three-quarter pole. Then Archibald got busy and Dalmatian closed with marvellous speed. He caught the pacemaker at the last furlong pole and won breezing in 1:51, a new track record and a second slower than the world's record hung up by Vox Populi at Los Angeles in 1908.

Yanke brought Round the World down from Saratoga to win the Demoiselle Stakes on July 30, but the crack filly was a trifle short and came within a few inches of suffering defeat, for Horizon would have beaten her in another jump.

Semprolus, after a long rest, was in fine trim on the opening day at the Spa, for he picked up 127 pounds and ran off with the Flash Stakes, $4,125. The race was run in muddy going and preceded the Saratoga Handicap, $5,800, to the winner. This was the medium for another great performance by Olambala. Fitz Herbert declined the issue, but Mr. Keene was not afraid to start Ballot with 133 pounds. Olambala, with five pounds less, however, beat the Keene horse in a big gallop, his time for the mile and a quarter being 2:08 3-5.

Bound had no trouble winning the Alabama Stakes, $3,850, from Cherryola, Marigot, Amelia Jenks and others, but the race was not a true test of Amelia Jenks, who stumbled at the start. The Hurricane Stakes, worth $9,700 to the winner, was decided on August 6 and provided a stunning surprise. Textile, a son of Inflexible, rushed to the front at the half and with 10 to 1 about him he won by half a length from Mr. Belmont's Whist, a colt by Singleton, who beat Semprolus a head.

Naushon, Iron Mask and Novelty clashed in the United States Hotel Stakes on August 10. Naushon, who won easily, carried 122 pounds and gave eight pounds to the Keene and Hildreth colts. The track was heavy, and Iron Mask, who led for nearly five furlongs, tired because of it, although he had no trouble taking second money from Novelty. The latter, ridden by Archibald instead of Shilling, was always third, but could never improve his position.

Textile came right back with another victory in the Albany Handicap, for two-year-olds, on August 11, although, strangely enough, he was not a favorite, the wise men showing a striking preference for Semprolus, who shouldered 130 pounds, but Textile won galloping, with Zeus and Hectagon in the money and Semprolus a head out of it.

Right on top of this event came another fine race by Olambala, who took down $2,315 in the Champlain Handicap, from which Fitz Herbert was among those scratched. Olambala packed 130 pounds and galloped a mile and a furlong in 1:55.

The running of the rich Saratoga Special was a shock to those who had passed Novelty up as a first class colt. Novelty again met Iron Mask and Naushon, each with 122 pounds. The track was slow and Naushon was an odds on favorite, with Iron Mask also at a short price, while 12 to 1 about Novelty went begging. Shilling instead of Archibald rode Novelty this time and the colt seemed to undergo a transformation when the barrier was released. He rushed to the front with meteoric speed, attended by Iron Mask, while Naushon, caught napping, was taken up at the start. Novelty never was headed by the Keene colt and won ridden out by a length and a half in 1:14 2-5, Hildreth's share of the stakes being $9,750 in cash and a $2,500 gold cup. Iron Mask beat Naushon a head for the place and many thought that the latter would have won with an even break.

In addition to this success Hildreth also won the Travers Stakes with Dalmatian the same afternoon, the winner's share being $4,825. Dalmatian, with 126 pounds, ran a mile and a quarter in 2:10 hard held. James E. Gaffney's Burleythorpe, 100 to 1, finished second.

The Spinaway, $7,820, was a cakewalk for Bashti. She had dazzling speed and left a big field behind her as soon as the start was affected. With Shilling taking her up at the end she ran five and a half furlongs in 1:08 4-5 and won by a wide margin. Mr. Keene's Love Not and Sweepaway were second and third respectively.

The longest priced winner of the season was Stargowan, who showed a form reversal on August 17 and came home with 60 to 1 about him. That was the forerunner of two memorable events the same afternoon. Iron Mask, receiving sixteen pounds from Footprint, won the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, $6,000, without turning a hair. The track was fast and the Keene colt stepped six furlongs in 1:12 4-5, with Footprint eight lengths back, beating his stable companion, Watervale, by half a length. A match or sweepstakes between Novelty and Thomas Monahan's Textile, which was decided immediately after the Grand Union, resulted in a farce. Novelty, the hottest kind of a favorite, beat the carrier and galloped in front all the way to win by three lengths, his time for six furlongs being 1:13 1-5.

Then came the Hopeful Stakes on August 20 and another quest of shrewd calculations. This event was worth $21,400 to the winner. Mr. Keene started Iron Mask, Sweepaway and Heatherbloom, the entry ruling favorite at evens. Naushon was at 4 to 1 while Novelty was again spurned at 12. Novelty carried 130 pounds and was ridden by Thomas, an eighty six pound halfbreed, as Shilling was under suspension. Iron Mask and Naushon each picked up 125 pounds and the track was slow. Iron Mask beat the barrier and set a terrific pace to the back of the stretch, where the cuppy going began to get in its work. Then little Thomas, who had kept Novelty in a contending position all the way, cut loose and the son of Kingston—Curiosity, to the amazement of everybody, won easily by a length and a half, the six furlongs being run in 1:14. Iron Mask beat Naushon a head for the place, with Textile a length away.

Following the Hopeful was the crushing defeat of both Olambala and Dalmatian in the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, at a mile and three sixteenths. Olambala carried 130 pounds and Dalmatian 122, and they closed equal favorites. But when it came to racing Sir John Johnson, essentially a sprinter, cut out the pace from start to finish and won in a drive by half a length from the Sanford mare Danoscara. Olambala was in several pockets and altogether was ridden in a most unsatisfactory manner by Butwell, but the Wilson horse managed to finish a poor third at that. Dalmatian, bumped and knocked back at the start, had speed enough to race up to even terms with the winner at the three quarter pole, after which Dugan rode him all over the track and the Ethelbert colt soon died away to nothing.

Having purchased for $4,500 at the dispersal sale of the Newcastle Stable the two-year-old Zeus, a colt by Adam—Shaft, Hildreth proceeded to improve the youngster in such a manner that at 12 to 1 he won the Adirondack Handicap, running six furlongs in 1:11 3-5, equalling the track record. Zeus beat Round the World, Iron Mask and other crack colts and fillies in this race and earned exactly $4,500, his purchase price.

The Futurity, worth more than $24,655 to the winner, was the climax of the season, being run last Wednesday, the final day. Novelty, with 127 pounds, was victorious, chiefly because of good racing luck and a superb ride from Shilling. He got away well and following the pace set for five furlongs by E. R. Bradley's Love Not, a filly by Voter—True Love, he took command and won in a drive by three parts of a length. H. P. Whitney's $30,000 filly Bashti, after being poorly handled by Glass, came through an opening at the head of the stretch and would have won in a few more yards. As it was she took the place by a length and a half from Love Not. The race attracted one of the largest crowds of the year and the largest that ever passed through the gates of Saratoga's beautiful course.

STRANGE FERNS.

Walking and Climbing Varieties, and Others Shaped Like Tongues.

The fronds of the walking fern are severely plain and usually not more than eight to twelve inches long. Some of them are short and blunt; others are prolonged into a long, slender tip, which bends over to the ground, and at this point if conditions are favorable a tiny plant begins to form.

After a time as the young plant grows larger it becomes detached from the parent, though sometimes the connections remain through two or three generations.

It is in this sense, says *St. Nicholas*, that the walking fern "walks," though its steps are short and not often taken. It grows in rocky woods, chiefly in limestone regions, forming dense mats.

The climbing fern has long, vinelike stems too weak to hold themselves erect, and therefore has developed a twining habit, depending on neighboring objects for support. The frondlets much resemble a small hand with chubby fingers and are arranged in pairs.

The spore bearing part is borne at the tip of the stem in a sort of branching cluster. This fern grows throughout the eastern part of the United States, chiefly near the coast. It is sometimes called the Hartford fern, named for the capital of Connecticut, and a law was passed making it a misdemeanor to pull or uproot a plant in that State.

The adder's tongue fern has a single stem, usually less than one foot in height, with the spore bearing portion at the tip and a single, undivided, elliptical leaf about midway. It grows in wet, boggy places and is considered a particularly interesting find by fern collectors.

Closely related to the adder's tongue are the grape ferns and the rare moonwort. Most of these plants are too small and inconspicuous to be noticed by the average person, but they are of unusual interest and a source of perplexity to the botanist because of their tendency to produce many different forms.

The moonwort is seldom found south of the Canadian border. In more superstitious days it was believed to have miraculous powers. An old time botanist wrote of it: "Moonwort is a herb which they say will open locks and unshoe such horses as tread upon it."

Vying with the adder's tongue in point of simple unaffectedness is the curly grass, another small and unassuming species of fern, so utterly devoid of the usual fernlike characters as to be hardly worthy of the name. The unbotanical person would place it among the grasses. The sterile fronds are grasslike and are but one or two inches long. Above these rise several erect stalks, three to five inches in height, with the spore bearing portion at the top. In this country the only stations known for this plant are in certain boggy lands of New Jersey.

The rarest of the tongue ferns is the hart's tongue, found in shaded ravines in the States of New York and Tennessee. The fronds are from six inches to two feet in length, somewhat heart shaped at the base, and undivided. While there is little in their general appearance to suggest a fern, the spore bearing organs on the backs of the fronds show at once their true relationship.

A Missouri Zinc Mine.

From the Washington Post.

"This hole in the ground down at Staunton reminds me of an accident at a zinc mine near Webb City, Mo.," said S. B. Coons of Omaha. "As a result of that accident they are now taking out zinc by daylight. The mine was formerly closed and the workings extended through a big hill.

"The excavations, however, approached too near the surface and the whole side of the hill caved in. The cavein left a hole at least 300 feet across. Of course a large part of the mine was badly damaged by the accident, but the hole in the ground is still being worked. Instead of going into the mine by a shaft the miners go up and down inside a huge scaffold. The zinc is taken out by the same means. The workings look more like an ordinary quarry on a large scale than a mine."

THE DEMAND FOR FRESH HUMOR

A MAN WHO SAT BETWEEN IT AND THE SUPPLY TALKS.

Some of the Reasons Why His Beliefs for Side Splitting Jokes Is Not Especially Keen. His Present Idea of What Is Most Likely to Produce a Smile.

"Every man thinks there are two things he can do, if he can't do anything else—edit a newspaper and run a hotel," said one of the men at the table. "Perhaps this remark is not original. I am not quite sure that I haven't read something like it somewhere."

"Well, then, be sure you have," some one said.

"But there is no one thing," the man continued, not at all put out by the interruption, "that every man, woman and child thinks he or she can do, and that it to supply the current demand for humorous literature."

The man sighed deeply and stared at the opposite wall.

"Well, you needn't take it so seriously," one of the party remarked. "What's that to you?"

"Oh, not much," replied the man, passing his hand across his brow. "I shall be myself again as soon as the various periods of incubation have passed and I have had time to brace up a little."

"Incubation!" exclaimed the man directly across the table.

"Sh!" whispered another. "He's going to run amuck and it's up to us to look out that he doesn't murder some of us or himself."

"I said periods of incubation," the man continued, not having heard the aside remark, "and that's what's on my mind."

"Let him go on and keep a watch on him," said one of the group under his breath.

"I have been studying up the periods of incubation of scarlet fever, smallpox, diphtheria, consumption and various other contagious and infectious diseases," the man resumed, "until I am considerably balled up, but I think that in another week or two the danger to my family and myself will have passed."

"What has that got to do with your observation about current humor?" some one ventured.

"Only this," the man replied. "You don't know it, but I have been the editor of the humorous department of a popular magazine. I have been released at my request and most willingly by the editor. The period of incubation of tuberculosis germs has not yet passed and——"

"Do you think it's going to rain, or snow?" asked one of the party, moving uneasily in his chair.

"Don't interrupt the gentleman," said the doctor, evidently interested.

"The period of incubation for tuberculosis, according to the best authorities, has not yet passed," the man persisted, "but thank God the children are safe from scarlet fever, diphtheria and some other perils of having a literary father."

Noting the man's rational aspect, the doctor said:

"Well, go on and tell us about it."

"You see," said the man, "I was the humorous editor of a pop——"

"You told us that," somebody broke in.

"And twice a month I got a consignment of 6,000 humorous productions," the man continued, "sent to my home. These humorous offerings came from many countries, many cities and villages and crossroads—from Mexico, East Houston street, Morningside Heights, Alaska, China, Pittsburg, the Philippines, Great Bend, Boston, Ceylon, Walker's Corners, Cork, the Hudson Terminal, Stamboul, New Dorp, the Isthmus and—but I can name only a few of them.

"One envelope would come from a widow with seven children, of whom three were in a hospital in Scranton, Pa., with scarlet fever. She would request that the enclosed humorous anecdotes be accepted at once and check sent her in care of the night superintendent of the wing for contagious diseases as she needed the money right away."

The listeners seemed to be getting interested, and the man was permitted to go on.

"My little Johnny," another woman wrote, "has unfortunately contracted smallpox. We are quarantined on the farm and are getting short of funds. I hope you will send money for enclosed jokes in registered letter, as we have no way at present of cashing checks. I want to buy grease to keep him from being pitted and God will bless you if you respond without unnecessary delay. I have already had it in the old country and you needn't worry about me. I write this from his bedside—poor thing."

"From a clergyman in Missouri, with the address of the parsonage on the corner of the envelope, I received an anecdote telling what his youngest son, while delirious from the measles having failed to come out, said to his eldest sister convalescing in the next room. It was very humorous, but I have forgotten just what it was.

"But not all of the humorous contributions were infected," the man said, brightening up, "and I shall get to them after telling about the letter that read like this as nearly as I can remember:

"I am a widow whose husband is in Sing Sing with four small children and am in the last stage of consumption. Excuse pencil and condition of paper and kindly send check at earliest convenience for enclosed eleven jokes in care of my mother-in-law to enclosed address.

"One of the cheerful things about the job," the former humorous editor continued, "was the way some of the contributors took the magazine into their confidence. 'I am not sure,' wrote a man who signed himself as a clergyman in a Pennsylvania city, 'whether I dreamed this or read it in some paper long ago,' and then he went on to tell what Pat in this country said to Mike, who had just come over, about having nothing to do for his money but to carry a hod of bricks to the top of the building, where another man up there did all the work. A young woman wrote:

"I enclose fifty-seven first class jokes for your valuable magazine. If I do not receive check by return mail I shall know that the reason is because they are not typewritten and shall have them typewritten and forward them again in time for your next issue of your valuable magazine.

"Written in what seemed to be a schoolboy's hand on both sides of several sheets of paper I received in one lot of humorous contributions about a dozen quite lengthy anecdotes copied from various publications, accompanied by a note that ran:

"These stories are all originally and are composed by me. If you do not want the one about the goat you needn't take it. There are 1,342 words in the others, which are yours at 10 cents a word and I can give you all you need every month. Thanking you in advance, I am

"I came into much valuable information concerning humor," the man went on in a matter of fact way. "Between 20 and 30 per cent. of it is what Pat said to Mike and the resultant observation of Mike. The old colored woman and the equally old and also colored man came in for about 5 per cent. of it.

"Copious sources are little Johnny and little Willie. There is an interesting difference between these two. Little Johnny is the sort of youngster who makes bad breaks when the family have the preacher at dinner. The little Willies ask if the stars are the moon's babies.

"Now you are getting dreary," some one remarked.

"I know it," the man replied. "Henceforth dreariness is my lot and my only work must be in the line of dreariness. I shun humor and find comfort in reading the market reports and the proceedings of grand juries and common councils. My wife sees me smiling over my paper and asks me what's the joke. I tell her that I am pleased because the weather man predicts rain; the lawns need it."

HULL HOUSE LABOR MUSEUM.

Result of Seeing an Old Italian Woman Spinning in the Sun.

"What has come to be called the Hull House Labor Museum was first suggested to my mind," writes Jane Addams in the *American Magazine*, "when I saw an old Italian woman sitting in her doorway, her distaff against her homesick face, patiently spinning a thread by the simple stick spindle which had certainly been used in the days when David tended his sheep at Bethlehem.

"I was walking down Polk street perturbed in spirit because it seemed so difficult to come into genuine relations with the Italian women and because they themselves so often lost their hold upon their Americanized children.

"It seemed to me that Hull House ought to be able to devise some educational enterprise which should bridge over European and American experiences in such wise as to give them both more meaning and a sense of relation.

"Suddenly I looked up and saw the old woman with her distaff sitting in the sun on the steps of a tenement house. She might have served as a model for one of Michael Angelo's Fates, but her face brightened as I passed, and holding up her spindle for me to see she called out that when she had spun a little more yarn she would knit a pair of stockings for her goddaughter.

"The occupation of the old woman gave me the clue that was needed. Could we not interest the young people working in the neighboring factories in these older forms of industry? If these young people could actually see that the complicated machinery of the factory had been evolved from simple tools they might at least understand the machines which they were tending and thus make a beginning toward that education which Dr. Dewey has defined as 'a continuing reconstruction of experience.'

"My exciting walk on Polk street was followed by many talks with Dr. Dewey and with one of the teachers of his school, who was a resident at Hull House. Within a month a room was fitted up to which we might invite those of our neighborhood who were possessed of old crafts and who were eager to use them.

"We found in the immediate neighborhood at least four varieties of these most primitive methods of spinning and at least three distinct variations of the same spindle put in connection with wheels. It was possible to arrange these seven into historic sequence and order and to connect the whole with the present method of factory spinning. The same thing was done for weaving, and on every Saturday evening a little exhibit is made of these 'various forms of labor' on the textile industry.

"And then we grew more ambitious and arranged lectures upon industrial history. Perhaps the sincerest tribute we have ever received as to the success of the Labor Museum was from a club of necktie workers, formerly meeting at Hull House, who persistently resented any attempt on the part of their director to improve their minds. The president once said that she 'wouldn't be caught dead at a lecture,' that she came to the club 'to get some fun out of it,' and indeed it was most natural that she should crave recreation after a hard day's work.

"One evening I saw the entire club listening to quite a stiff lecture in the Labor Museum, and to my rather wicked remark to the president that I was surprised to see her enjoying a lecture she replied that she did not call this a lecture; she called this 'getting next to the stuff you work with all the time.'

"Although the textile museum is connected directly with the sewing, millinery, embroidery and dressmaking constantly being taught at Hull House and so far as possible with the other educational departments, such as the classes in drawing and designing, yet the educational values of a museum for the members of the Hull House classes and for the pupils from the many schools who are constantly brought to visit it seem to us less important than its reaction upon the immigrants.

"We are especially delighted when it puts them into the position of teachers and occasionally of entertainers. This must be a pleasant change for them from the attitude of tutelage in which all Americans, including their own children, are so apt to hold them.

"I recall a number of Russian women working in a sewing room near Hull House who heard one Christmas week that the house was going to give a party to which they might come. They arrived one afternoon when unfortunately there was no party on hand, and although the residents did their best to entertain them with impromptu music and refreshments, it was quite evident that they were greatly disappointed.

"Finally it was suggested that they be shown the Labor Museum, where gradually the thirty sodden tired women were transformed. They knew how to use the spindles and were delighted to find the Russian spinning frame. Many of them had never seen the spinning wheel, which has not penetrated to certain parts of Russia, and they regarded it as a new and wonderful invention. They turned up their dresses to show their homespun petticoats, they tried the looms, they explained the difficulty of the old patterns.

"Because of a direct appeal to former experiences the immigrant visitors were able for the moment to instruct their American hostesses in an old and honored craft, revivifying something of the poesy and charm inherent in woman's traditional household labor."

PRISONERS TREATED AS GUESTS.

A Vermont Sheriff's Effort at Practical Reform.

From the Boston Post.

A jail where prisoners are encouraged to go forth without guards and earn money for themselves, and where they are not only allowed to attend circuses and other entertainments, but also occasionally given tickets by the Sheriff, is the unique institution of Montpelier, Vt., in which Sheriff Frank H. Tracy of Washington county is practising his theory of "correction and encouragement instead of punishment."

The very latest example of Sheriff Tracy's application of this theory was on "circus day" in Montpelier when he gave circus tickets to eleven of "the boys," as he calls his guests, and told them to go out and enjoy themselves, but to be sure to be back in time for supper. There was to be a particularly good supper that night and besides the rest of "the boys" were away working and wanted to hear all about the big show. These others could have gone also, but they were busy having for farmers near the city and wanted the money.

This incident of the circus is only an example of the spirit of the Washington county jail. Also it is a proof of what Sheriff Tracy has predicted ever since the passing by the Vermont State Legislature of the prison labor law. This law permits the working of prisoners outside the jails on the stipulation that all that a man makes over a dollar a day is his own.

The dollar is abstracted to go to the prison board as payment for the clothing, shoes, dinner pails, car fare and similar things furnished the men. The men receive these as well as their food and lodging free, and so it is that to-day there are many prisoners at Montpelier saving $9 to $10 a week. This is more than a majority of them could save if they were not in jail, and their enthusiasm and added interest in hard work and economy bears out Sheriff Tracy's belief that reformation is obtained by this system rather than by keeping the men locked up at indoor tasks without remuneration.

THE AUSTRALIAN DESERT.

Explorer's Remarkable Journey—Treachery of the Natives.

Having spent most of an adventurous life in the exploration of the "back" of western Australia, A. W. Canning, tall, bronzed, now in his prime, has come to London to enjoy a well merited holiday. In April of this year Mr. Canning successfully concluded his task of making a stock route across 850 miles of unknown country, extending from the southwest to the northeast of western Australia.

Having toiled for months in a temperature of 120 degrees in the shade and been forced to place his trust in treacherous natives, the returned explorer, says the London *Standard*, has now the satisfaction of having accomplished not only what had been hitherto declared impossible in finding sufficient water right across Australia to supply both man and beast but he has opened to the white man a country which may in ten years time be regarded as among the most valuable in the empire.

The result of the expedition was a complete vindication of the theory held by the explorer before he started that there must be supplies of water at easy stages right across the country. Aborigines were known to exist in the centre, he argued, and how could they live without water? Therefore Mr. Canning, with seven white men, started from Wiluna, in the south, in May, 1906. To find the water springs the party had to rely upon the natives. One man would be obtained from one tribe or family to take the expedition about fifty miles until another native who could give information of the water in the new district was forthcoming. The natives were fairly friendly, though treacherous and hostile at times. There was little fear of danger if the party travelled quickly, as the natives, who were in every way exceptionally cunning, were anxious to talk the matter over among themselves before making an attack.

"We lost one of our men on the preliminary expedition," pursued the explorer. "This poor fellow was named Tobin. He had gone to speak to a native by one of the wells with regard to the water and had told him that we were very friendly and wished him no harm. The native agreed to tell him what he wanted to know. But while Tobin was talking he happened to look away for an instant and at that moment the native thrust a spear into the side of his face. Poor Tobin fell, but though dazed was able to fire his gun. Instead of aiming at the native, however, he intentionally fired over his head to frighten him. The native ran away, and Tobin scrambled to his feet and followed.

"When I heard the report I was about half a mile away without a rifle. I ran toward the two men and shouted to Tobin to halt, as I noticed the native had his spear poised. Tobin could not have understood and continued chasing the native. Suddenly Tobin stopped, realizing the position, and put his rifle to his shoulder and fired. As he did so the native hurled his spear, which tore its way right through our comrade's chest. Tobin died next day. Strangely enough, as he was struck by the spear he pulled the trigger of his rifle and the native dropped dead."

When Mr. Canning again visited the spot—574 miles from any town—he carried with him a marble cross inscribed in memory of his unfortunate colleague and erected it over the spot where the body was buried.

Other experiences of the treacherous nature of the natives were recalled by Mr. Canning. Once he crawled with a guide into a narrow cave in search of water when he discovered that the native was evidently trying to wriggle back to the entrance apparently for the purpose of closing in the exit. The explorer prevented this by seizing the native's foot and forcing his guide before him until the water was found.

The remarkable characteristics about the natives of Central Australia, Mr. Canning discovered, was their ability to track by footmarks. A native could tell by whom a footmark had been made, even though its possessor had not been seen by him for years. On one occasion a band of natives had discovered the footprints of the exploring party and, fully armed, awaited the appearance of Mr. Canning, accompanied by his guide, at one of the natural springs. Fortunately the guide discovered that the armed band were members of his own tribe. After considerable parley they appeared hesitant as to the attitude they should adopt toward the explorer.

At that moment three cockatoos flew through the air above them. These Mr. Canning brought down with one shot. The overawing effect of this was soon evident, and four of the armed men consented to act as guides to the explorer while he pursued his investigations. Fortunately, however, he was able to obtain possession of their spears, but toward evening the guides became restless and demanded their return. Mr. Canning refused, whereupon a native quietly walked past where they were lying and dragged one of the weapons with him along the ground. Another moment and it would have been in the explorer's body. Quickly raising his rifle Mr. Canning ordered the guide to drop his spear. The order was sullenly obeyed.

How to protect himself that night until he could return to the remainder of the party from whom he was temporarily separated was a serious question for the explorer. Finally he ordered his guides into a small cave and commanded them to stay there until daybreak. In the middle of the night nevertheless Mr. Canning awakened to see one of them creeping out of the cave and making in the direction of the sheaf of spears. The explorer sprang to his feet and so startled his guide by pointing the gun at him that there was no further attempt at treachery that night. In the morning Mr. Canning, having hidden the spears, departed on his camel, leaving his disconsolate guides to search for their vanished weapons.

The country is not thickly populated with aborigines, for the expedition did not meet with more than fifty natives to every hundred miles traversed. Their language was noticed to differ considerably in every forty miles in latitude, though the same dialect was used to a much greater extent in longitude. The natives were not grouped so much in tribes as in families. While there were no chiefs the old men were found to be regarded with reverential respect. They had no code of morality, and apparently no religion.

The old women were found to be little respected by the men, who allowed them to provide for themselves. Hunting is the only occupation in which the men indulge, and any other manual work must be done by the women. No clothing is worn by the women and only a few of the men use any form of covering. The explorers also discovered a peculiar type of animal, like a dog in appearance, but only as large as a rat.

Definition of a Gentleman.

From the London Chronicle.

There is only one strictly technical definition of gentleman, a man entitled to bear coat armor. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was used with this significance, and the second hand bookstall hunter will occasionally find Soandso, gentleman," written on dusty and stained flyleaves.

But this definition has dropped out, for now any one may use arms who chooses to pay an arms license. The inland revenue takes your guinea or two guineas without inquiring as to your right to bear arms. And though the Herald's College has the right to grant arms to those who can afford to pay the necessary fees it cannot prevent people from using arms to which they have no right.

DISHONEST TOOTH TINKERS

"COME INTO MY DENTAL PARLOR," SAYS THE SPIDER.

But Highway Robbery Is Pleasanter and Cheaper Than What Befalls the Unlucky Fly—Some of the Frauds That Are Perpetrated by the Swindlers.

The ways of swindling tooth tinkers are set forth at some length by a writer in *Hampton's*. According to his harrowing tale the tricks of the fake dental parlor quacks are too numerous to mention in detail. The New York Dental Association in the course of about 300 prosecutions for unlicensed dentistry has collected a mass of data, much of it volunteered by the very men who have been employed with these criminal concerns.

"We were expected to get all the money possible," said one of these operators in his sworn confession. "If there wasn't much work to be done we had to find defects in the patient's teeth anyhow. I had a smattering of dentistry, having attended a dental college for a year, but was not a graduate. I got fairly good pay, but only on the understanding that I must do something to every patient sent to me.

"If the contractor made one estimate I had to 'raise the contract' by finding new defects that had to be remedied. If nothing else could be done I told the patient that the gums needed hardening or that the mouth was too full of acid and I made people come back day after day when I did nothing except what is professionally known as 'turn cotton.' That is, I would clean out a tooth for filling, plug it with cotton and tell the patient I didn't dare fill it until I knew whether the roots could stand filling.

"Every time the patient returned it meant another deposit. We wouldn't bother with a patient who didn't make a deposit every visit. If a patient tried to get out of paying we would inject something to make the tooth hurt or remove a filling, and no matter what the work was we always collected in advance."

"Under the newer laws affecting dental practice in nearly every State the dentist actually operating on a