

PEOPLE AND THINGS AT MONTE CARLO

Only Spot on Earth Where Every One Is a Gambler.

WATCH TWO STEADY WINNERS

Spectators Find Much of Interest in Games—Students of Human Nature Attracted by Stream of Humanity that Constantly Throngs Rooms—Some Players Reckless.

By A LONDONER.

Those people who have doubts that "truth is stranger than fiction" should try Monte Carlo. There they will find plenty of material to confirm the old adage. That, at least, has been my experience.

The Stream of People.

To the student of human nature the greatest attraction of all is the stream of humanity constantly surrounding the gaming tables. Here they come and go all day long, certain never appearing at 11 a. m., when play begins, while others are seen trying their luck to the last moment of closing time, 11:30 p. m.

There do the players come from, and what are they? Why do they play, and what do they get? To answer these queries requires an intimate acquaintance with the gaming rooms and their habits.

Everybody here is a democrat here! You may sit beside a grand duke or a millionaire, which your vis-a-vis may be a Parisian actress or a London shopkeeper.

All sorts and conditions are represented, from the professional gambler to the blase plutocrat and professional gamblers. Many look in to see the crowd and "how it is done," and do not play, but most who enter try their hand with roulette, the minimum stake for which is 5 francs.

When players are tired they adjourn to the beautiful tea room or lounge on one of the luxurious sofas with which the hall and saloons are studded. Here one may see curious scenes of conversation in many tongues and observe the development of petty intrigues.

Two Steady Winners. I was sitting one morning in a quiet corner, when two elderly men sat down beside me.

One remarked: "I have just managed it." This, I discovered, meant a win of 20 francs.

Their daily routine was to appear at the same roulette table at an early hour and take the lowest stake of 3 francs on even chances—that is, on black or red, or on the odd or even numbers. They would lose and win, and win and lose, but they remained calm and self-contained, and persevered until they had each 20 francs to the good.

I observed them daily; some mornings they scooped in the amount in twenty minutes, and some days it was a tough struggle until lunch time, before they managed it. I never saw them fail; once, and I learned that they had pursued the same plan for four months.

One thing was clear, nothing could tempt them to go beyond the modest stake, and they had the will to stop when they won the stipulated amount. It was really one of the best illustrations I will ever have seen, for, for instance, when they entered the Casino, they were able to resist the play, and atmosphere of the tables to play on, and to plunge if winning.

When these two old philosophers were not at play they were in the reading rooms, in the gardens, or sitting on the lounges, discussing problems of all kinds within their visitors.

One day I heard the Casino and gambling discussed from all points of view, and a more exhaustive, fair, and candid consideration of a subject I have seldom listened to. This to happen within the walls of the Casino was a curious experience.

Another day the subject was vegetarianism, and it was really laughable to listen to a heated discussion of the "simple life" in what many persons consider the wickedest place on earth, where everything is on a scale of unstinted luxury and extravagance and money is scattered about in handfuls.

Very Respectable Folks. I had always pictured Monte Carlo as a center of debauchery and villainy, but I found the frequenters for the most part were quite ordinary people, and there was really less appearance of vice and disorderliness than I had seen in any city of the world. There is certainly a considerable sprinkling of high-class criminals hovering around, but these are closely watched by a large force of secret police.

Every visitor must fill up a paper in his hotel or pension giving particulars as to identity, and after ten days a permit must be applied for at a cost of half a franc. I omitted to do this through the formality, and one morning received a summons to attend court at Monaco for residing in the principality without permit.

he reminded one of Lord Roberts; he was grim and concentrated, and only spoke in undertones to the nearest couplet.

There he was to be seen sitting every day until 11 o'clock. Sundays included, his eyes never off the wheel or the table. Before him lay an old-fashioned wheel well filled with gold, and in a loose heap a supply of 5-franc pieces. Sometimes he would sit for hours without undoing his purse strings or venturing a single piece; at other times he seemed to find his game or think his luck had come, and he would play liberally, like an old chess player.

Of hundreds I observed, I think he was the most successful and steadiest gambler in the Casino during my time. I noticed he waited about twenty spins of the wheel before venturing, and if he lost three times he stopped for a considerable interval, resuming if certain numbers appeared.

Some Reckless Players. He seldom played on the even chances, but generally on favorite combinations of numbers, especially the second dozen—13 to 24. Of single numbers, 7 was his favorite, and one morning it turned up twice in succession, when he scooped in 175 francs each time. At the same sitting he was large sacker on the second dozen, and in a few minutes 5,000 francs.

Many players carry and consult elaborate notebooks containing average sequences of numbers, but this man carried everything in his head. He was a professional gambler and spent his time between Monte Carlo, Nice, and Ostend. He seemed very lonely, and to have no friends.

There were many terribly reckless players. A Russian nobleman, an Italian count, a wealthy American, an aristocratic French lady, and another mysterious Britisher were among those who made things hum. Each had a system which they backed daily with thousands of dollars, only to see their money shovelled away by the inexorable croupiers.

After some of these had lost heavily, evidently all they could risk, they gave up the game, and some of them were so important necessary, and looked on at the game in a wistful, melancholy way. I heard one of them borrow 20 francs to pay for his lunch, though counting a thousand franc notes.

A pretty Parisian actress attracted my attention; she had come for a month, and was evidently well known to the officials, and a favorite. She also had her own system, and she played it to the point, when good fortune came to her. Seated with a wooden disc before her, with 37 carved on it, she played a varied, complicated system, and in three days she was back with her original 250 francs; the good; and, wise woman, she smilingly bade adieu to her acquaintances, giving a good dinner to some of the croupiers.

These men are above suspicion, and, besides, they are chased every hour by the police, but some players give little presents to officials, who are often helpful to newcomers, the short-sighted and the absent-minded.

One day a commotion was caused, and all rushed to the table I happened to be sitting at. A stout, military-looking German stood with great bundles of large notes in both hands, and at every turn of the wheel he played the maximum stake, and he was back with his original 250 francs, and eight times he won; and when he changed to red, so did the wheel. This man must have won many thousands of dollars that day, but he never appeared again.

Moved to Monte Carlo. Very different was another player, who, carrying all before him during his first week, continued his reckless course until I saw him latterly playing with the minimum 5 francs. Like others, he took it as a matter of course, and so long as he had money could not resist the temptation to try his luck.

Frau X was an attractive Austrian lady. Their daily routine was to appear at the same roulette table at an early hour and take her and the children home, but he never came. He lost a fortune at Monte Carlo, and his affairs getting into serious shape, he had to leave the city. His children removed to the vicinity of Monte Carlo, and each month when the remittance came bills were paid and the balance used for gambling.

The excitement of that part of her life, and a sort of consolation she said she could not resist. Sometimes she made a tour or a visit to Paris; but often it was a case of waiting in penurious anxiety for the next remittance.

One day while I was at lunch the waiter brought me the card of a stranger, who wished an interview. He was a young gentleman from Berlin, who had got into sore trouble. His tourist's ticket was a circular one, taking him round half-Europe, but he had only covered a quarter of the tour before getting "stuck" in Monte Carlo.

It was his first visit, and, winning a little at first, he lost his head and his money, too. He then telegraphed for cash, and again he played and lost all. He next borrowed from a friend by letter, as he wished to conceal his condition, and when the next \$500 came he could not resist the temptation to try to repair his losses. So he spent another day at roulette, and by evening he had parted with his last franc.

They Sent Him Away. He now wished to sell his ticket and part of his luggage, but I counseled him to ask the Casino bureau to pay his expenses on an Italian tour (which they did handsomely), and there await the help of his friends. There was no use getting more money sent here, I said.

He took my advice. I fear that month's holiday was the least pleasant in his experience, but, as he remarked on departing, he had learned a lesson. There was more than was possible in human nature. A good-looking young lady, evidently a good family, appeared one morning. She was unaccompanied, and properly reserved, but feverishly watched the play. Then, in a fit of the Casino fever, she placed her silver piece on the cloth, and it won an equal amount. Again she tried and won, and I saw her eyes grow big and her cheeks flush with nervous excitement.

She certainly had luck that day, and she came again, this time with a supply of gold. Like others, she already imagined she knew how to do it, and had some rough idea of playing certain numbers, but she was unable to follow them. But she was making no mistake, and, as if in desperation, she pushed the heap of money in front of her and emptied the contents of her purse onto red, and red won.

Soon Loses All. What an expression of triumph came over her countenance! But she turned deadly pale, and with an effort regained the tranquillity of the tea room. There she was followed by one or two old roués, who tried to attract her attention, but in vain. Next day she took her seat, looking confident and at ease. She got change for a thousand-franc note, and forthwith commenced to play; but soon her stock of notes and gold was gone.

She left the table hurriedly, but in half an hour returned with more money, with which she maintained a desperate three hours' play, when she gave in, looking exhausted and exasperated. At this point one of the croupiers referred to offered her some gold, saying he would be glad to be of service to her, but she turned from him without replying, and a good thing for her, too.

She observed him and his cronies following her out of the Casino, and the railway station. I could not feel sorry, when I learned that two of this gang were excluded from the Casino that very evening.

ing, the secret police having discovered they were old offenders and wanted elsewhere.

Needless to say, gamblers are the most superstitious of people, and a very small sign, indeed, before a game, will change their plans. You will see them examining the number of their cloak-room checks and begin their play with it, or it may be the number of their bedroom doors, or like the Spanish gipsy, born in, or some chance mention of a number that gives them the cue to start from.

All Are Superstitious. A story is told of Col. Z., who had just heavily, in fact, was waiting for a visitance from London to meet his hotel bill. He went to church on Sunday morning and the number of the last hymn was 36, the words of which seemed to haunt him. Sauntering aimlessly into the Casino the first thing he heard was 26 shouted by a croupier at the first table, and, taking that as a good omen, he put down his last 5-franc piece, which he kept for luck; again 26 turned up, and he won 15 francs before he had made enough to pay his bill ten times over.

A young Frenchman confided to me that he would show me how he played. Well, it so happened that I had a spare room in my favorite forty times in succession, it did not turn up, and when it did come at the forty-first turn of the wheel and won, he was out of pocket.

But now he interrupted his stake and his number counting on the third, seventh, and tenth rounds he made a large sum. His rule was to stop when he made 500 francs at a sitting, and his wife, who carried the purse, got the winnings.

They had a small business in a provincial town, and this was how they spent their monthly week-end holidays. Many are like the German gentleman I made friends with, who on his departure remarked, "I need the rest cure badly after my two months' play, and I am going to Germany for it."

WHAT IS YOUR TEMPERATURE?

While Most Persons Know Answer, They Cannot Explain It.

From the Technical World. What is a person's normal temperature? Is a question often asked of every physician.

When the answer—98.6 degrees F.—is given to the query, very few people understand the physiological significance of this fact, or how a degree of systemic heat is subserved by the body.

Now, in accepting the statement that the body temperature is 98.6 degrees F., it must be borne in mind that to some extent it is a variable figure, for the warmth of the exterior varies markedly from that of the interior.

In New South Wales it has been observed that Nomesus gronovii, a fish reared for its enormous ventral fins, which fold in a ventral groove, is found only on the coast when the physalis, or "Portuguese man-of-war," are driven ashore, the fish swimming beneath them.

A "fatly" sea fish along our Atlantic coast is the hag fish, or borer. The second of these names indicates one of stand on tiptoe, their brawny muscles contracted to the utmost. Then comes a crash, the borer cries "Hurrah!" and they all know that every joint has slipped into the socket of the beam lying in the foundation wall.

A 100-foot barn requires at least four or five such operations, and the center ones are even heavier than the others, for they contain the ladders, made of heavy timbers, where the farmer climbs to the third story, called by them "overhead."

As soon as all the sides are erected the longer and heavier beams have to be placed along the length of the structure, and with farmers in mind, with one hand holding their balance and with the other pulling with all their might at a rope, while others below are pushing, the poles are put in place as they are laying them on the level.

The work goes on until the sun stands directly overhead, with only now and then a minute or two of rest, to tap the applejack keg or pull the cork from the eye demijohn. There is no overindulgence of drinking. Barn-raising in zero weather not only demands an appetizer, but a good stimulant, and the men know just how much to drink and drink no more than they feel they can carry and erect their warm and dry building. It keeps them busy and it keeps them happy. But then comes the call for dinner. Oh, what a dinner! If you would judge the art of cookery at its best on a Pennsylvania farm, you must simply drop in on a crew putting up a barn.

Here is everything the good housewife can think of. Her neighbors help her all the week, and, of course, those men who do not get sick from hanging in midair if they do not carry home overloaded stomachs.

They can't help themselves, however, they just eat. There is a delicious turkey, the beefsteak, the toothsome mutton, the smoked sausage, the mackerel, the pork, the tripe, and it makes a fellow dizzy to mention all the other things these farmers have to eat at such an occasion.

After a good smoke from their corn-cob pipes the farmers and carpenters feel refreshed, and, in the remainder of the afternoon in following the framework of the good fellow's barn. The hardest task is still to be accomplished, the long pieces of timber, firmly fitted together, have to be raised along each side of the long structure upon which the rafters must rest. The farmer calls, "Der dach stoo!" and the rafters are quickly placed upon the roof stools and the long beam, and before the sun sets the farmer's barn skeleton stands complete in midair.

There is no cost for the work of erecting a barn for a Pennsylvania German farmer. Every neighbor does the work willingly; but if there should be one man enough not to be present or send his farmhand, why, he can rest assured that the farmers will have "a return compliment" for him.

ABODES OF MARINE ANIMALS

Mollusk Hollows a House in Sea Urchin's Spine. Jellyfish Umbrella Shelter.

"Many of the marine animals," remarked a well-known naturalist to the New York Tribune reporter, "either construct very odd homes, or else utilize extraordinary objects, either animate or inanimate, as such."

"One of the oddest of homes inhabited by a marine animal is that of Pteraster, a small, sea-urchin-like, generally white in color, but so translucent that its internal organs can be distinctly seen through the walls of its body. It is noted for its very singular habit of living chiefly in the interior of other animals, especially holothurians.

The latter animal is also known as the sea cucumber, as it somewhat resembles the vegetable of the same name, and is found in pretty much all seas. When free in the water the fish swims head downward, with tail curved toward the back, by undulatory movements of the anal fin. Coming to a holothurian lying at the bottom, it eagerly seeks the posterior aperture of the animal, through which the holothurian expels and sucks in water. Taking advantage of this, the fish, during the act of expulsion by the animal, pushes its head into the orifice and, curving its tail to one side, by a rapid recoil movement induces itself, tail foremost, into the intestinal canal, pushing further and further in with every suction of its involuntary host.

At last the fish has its whole body lodged in its new home, and with its head near the anus of the host, it is in position to protrude it in search of food when hunger impels. Occasionally it leaves its host for short periods, looking like a veritable ghost of the sea with its peculiar color and transparency.

Fish Imbedded in Oyster.

"Occasionally this fish makes its home within the shell of the pearl oyster. The Mather's bay oyster, which is found at Cape Cod, Mass., has a pearl oyster shell in which can be seen imbedded in the substance of the shell a fresser. In this case the fish probably made the fatal error of penetrating between the mantle and the shell of the oyster instead of introducing itself between the two halves of the mantle. This caused irritation to the mollusk, which it resented by immediately secreting the substance with which the intruder is now covered. In the specimen in question the fish is covered with a thin layer of pearls, through which not only the general outlines of the body, but even the eye and mouth, are clearly visible. The time required to imbed the fish must have been very short, as decomposition did not have time to set in.

In New South Wales it has been observed that Nomesus gronovii, a fish reared for its enormous ventral fins, which fold in a ventral groove, is found only on the coast when the physalis, or "Portuguese man-of-war," are driven ashore, the fish swimming beneath them.

The physalis has tentacles which attain a length of ten to twelve feet, and which have such powerful stinging properties that any animal coming in contact with them is instantly paralyzed. Nomesus seems to be immune to their influence, however, as it always enters and among them with impunity, which is most remarkable when it is considered that other fishes do not seem to possess this immunity.

A "fatly" sea fish along our Atlantic coast is the hag fish, or borer. The second of these names indicates one of the most marked peculiarities of these animals. They are generally found in the vicinity of the shore, in which they frequently live as internal parasites for a portion of their life. They attach themselves to the outside of the body and scrape away the flesh with their teeth until finally a hole is made through the wall of the body, and then they creep into the abdominal cavity. This fish has the power of secreting slime in almost incredible quantities. Kept in confinement for a short time in a small jar of water, it will secrete so much of the mucus as to convert the whole into a mass of jelly.

"On the Grand Banks halibut are sometimes taken by the fishermen with pug-nose cells burrowed in their flesh. In the Andean region of South America are found small catfishes which live in the gill cavities of larger catfishes. They are not parasites, seeming to enter these cavities for protection merely. A very rare fish, Tetragonurus euvet, has been observed to live, when young, in the respiratory cavity of large Salpae, while another species takes up its residence in a starfish.

"The little oyster crab, found in the common oyster of our coast, is well known to all, although it is not generally known that it is the female crab alone who thus serves her host, the male living a life of freedom and being rarely seen. One member of the family, when young, enters the water lungs of the sea cucumber, and there spends its life. The crab is familiar to the oyster fisherman, who, when the young crab settles down, in the center of a young polyp, kills it, while the surrounding polyps, continuing to grow, soon build a tubular dwelling for the crab.

Hermit Crab a Host.

"Another hermit crab, which is found in deep water off the New England coast, is the host of a sea anemone. The latter, by budding, gradually covers the entire shell of the crab, and not only this, but it possesses the power of dissolving the crab's shell so that no trace of it can be found. As this polyp increases in size with the growth of the crab, there is no possibility of the crab, there on the latter's part—his home grows as he does. Even more remarkable still is the case of a Chinese hermit crab, which always bears upon the outside of the large claw a small anemone, which, when the hermit retreats into its shell, closes the aperture.

"The hermit crab of our coast is nearly always associated with the cloak anemone, which, when the latter exhibits sympathies almost inexplicable. The anemone attaches itself almost always to the shell, which serves as the dwelling of the crab, and it may be looked upon as certain, since the hermit crab is there, will the anemone be found. These two animals seem to have a mutual affection for each other. When the crab outgrows its temporary home he necessarily must seek a more commodious one, and after such has been found he detaches the sponge, the anemone, from the old shell, transports it with every care and precaution, and places it comfortably upon the new shell and home, and then with his large pincers gives it many little taps in order to attach it to the more firmly. Sometimes the anemone does not like the new home, and then there is a hurry and scurry on the part of the crab to obtain a shell which will satisfy its companion.

Voluntarily Immures Himself. "For years occasional specimens of the beautiful sponge called 'Venus flower basket,' which contained a curious little shrimp, were received from the Philippines and Japan, and it was at first supposed that these small crustaceans had been inserted in the sponge and the opening closed by the ingenious and crafty people of the East. Other, and later, observers believed that the sponge was a wonderful silicious habitation constructed by the shrimp itself. As no one has yet been able to discover the opening which it is necessary for the sponge to insert the shrimp into, while every specimen thus imprisoned belongs to the same species—a fact which would hardly be, probably were we inclined to put in for the arrangement—scientists are now agreed that the imprisonment of the shrimp is voluntary on its part.

Among the molluscs the genus Rhizotha is remarkable from the fact that the young of one species has a well formed shell, but as the adult condition is reached it contents the shell branches of coral, or other shells, or both, until at length all means of communication with the exterior is by means of the siphonal canal alone, the aperture being completely closed. While the cause of this peculiar self-immurement no one has yet been able to decide. Another interesting genus is Magilus, the species of which all belong to the Eastern seas, and it is an excellent example of that degeneracy which occurs in certain mollusks. The young Magilus begins life as a well behaved mollusk, with a regular spiral shell, but shortly it settles down on some growing coral, and then a race begins between the two slow growing forms. If the mollusk kept quiet and grew no further a short time would suffice to completely envelop it in the stony coral; but as soon as he is partly covered the whorls of the shell leave their spiral course, and grow out as an irregular tube. As the coral grows, new additions are made to the shell, and the neck-and-aperture is kept up until one or the other dies. After this it becomes too long for the mollusk he leaves the spiral portion and comes out to live in the outer straight tube, filling up the deserted whorls with a solid deposit of lime.

In Sea Urchin's Spine.

"The sea urchin is protected by a bony envelop, and this is covered with numerous sharp spines which project in all directions. Strange to relate, a small mollusk frequently hollows out the interior of one of the spines and uses it as a home, thus providing for its own safety, as but few denizens of the seas would be hardy enough to attack the armored sea urchin.

"Along the shores of the North Atlantic Ocean is found a worm (Phascolosoma), which takes possession of a dead shell of some small mollusk like the hermit crab, but as the aperture is always too large for its body, it builds out the rim of the aperture, until only a small, round opening is left through which the worm can stretch forth the anterior extremity of its body, or withdraw into the shell if he has appropriated for its dwelling. It lives permanently in its borrowed home, drawing its food by the powerful contractions of its body. The material with which the worm so skillfully patches out the shell so as to restrict the mouth thereof is a hard and durable composition of lime and mud, cemented together by a secretion of its animal. The worm grows too large for its habitation, instead of exchanging it for a larger shell, as do the hermit crabs, it gradually enlarges its tube outward from the mouth of the shell.

"In Indian seas are frequently dredged little 'solitary' corals. These corals are shaped something like small, thick disks, and in the base of them there is usually embedded and concealed a dead mollusk shell which serves as a home for an active little worm. This arrangement is of mutual advantage as the worm by thrusting out one end of its muscular body as a lever is able to twist itself and the coral about from place to place.

"The large jelly fishes, which are found in almost all seas, and which float at or near the surface in almost countless numbers, shelter many marine animals under their umbrella and among their numerous tentacles. A small Caranx fish, numerous crustaceans, several species of mollusks, and, in some cases, even other jelly fishes, find refuge under this floating house. One of the most curious of these denizens is a little, white shrimp, which lives and feeds in the sheltering arms of its host. The jelly fish kills more food than it can devour, the shrimp lives on the remnants. In the East Indian seas branching zoophytes, creatures resembling the men's fingers of our New England coasts, are common. This animal runs what might be termed a 'lodging house,' as hidden among numerous bright pink branches may be found in alternate bands of crustaceans, in every instance the lodger being colored similarly to its host, and so long as it remains quiet is perfectly invisible to its numerous enemies. The sea lily, which is striped in alternate bands of yellow and purple, also gives shelter to similarly striped crustaceans and worms.

"How old are you?" asked a pension officer. "Shure, your honor's lordship," said the cheerful applicant, "anny age that's pleasing to ye." "But, how old are you?" "Faith, I am that, sorr." "When were you born?" "In the year of the big wind—so me grandmother tells me."

PENSION FRAUDS WORRY ENGLAND

Cost of New Scheme Annoys Taxpayers and Officials.

ALL CALCULATIONS ARE UPSET

Applications for Old-age Pensions Deluge the Government—Frauds Practiced in Ireland in Order to Procure Aid—Many Schemes Reported by Would-be Pensioners.

London, March 20.—Old age pensions have become so popular that the taxpayers who have to provide the money to pay them are viewing the prospect with anxiety, and even the government, which admittedly has instituted these pensions without properly counting the cost, is growing uneasy over the extent of its miscalculations.

Mr. Asquith made provisions in the 1908 budget for the expenditure of \$6,000,000 for the first three months' operation of the act, from January to March, 1909. This has been spent, and a supplementary sum of \$4,500,000 has had to be voted by Parliament.

In estimating the cost of the pensions Mr. Asquith thought that for the first year many persons eligible to receive them would be deterred by shyness from applying. Results have shown him to be an exceedingly poor judge of human nature in this respect.

Slipped Up in Ireland. In Ireland especially did Mr. Asquith misjudge the modesty of elderly humanity. The total number of persons of seventy and over in Ireland, according to official statistics, is 154,000. Of these 32,000 are in receipt of poor relief, and therefore, disqualified, leaving 122,000 eligible for pensions. The actual number of pensions granted to the end of February had reached 182,174, and in addition there were something like 25,000 applications still under consideration.

These figures leave no doubt that extensive frauds have been carried out; in fact, one authority who has analyzed the statistics is of the opinion that between 50,000 and 70,000 persons are in Ireland who are to-day receiving old age pensions who are not qualified under the act. This discovery has forced the government to order a thorough investigation to be made.

But it will be no easy task to bring the guilty ones to justice. The registration of births in Ireland seventy years ago was neglected, and where a "stealing record" was taken by parish priests, the book have, in many cases, long been lost or the entries in them are undecipherable.

Archbishop Appeals for Honesty. Archbishop Healy, of Tuam, in his Lenten pastoral made an appeal to his people to act honestly with regard to old age pension claims. He said: "We sincerely hope that there will be no attempt at fraud, either in stating the age or the means of the applicant, and that none of the money will find its way to the public house. Fraudulent statements would be not only sinful and disgraceful in themselves, but would involve making restitution for the grants obtained thereby, which would be the wages of iniquity earned by the commission of crime."

The difficulty of the task of fixing the age of the claimant can be judged by the following bit of conversation, which is typical of what happens in many cases. "How old are you?" asked a pension officer. "Shure, your honor's lordship," said the cheerful applicant, "anny age that's pleasing to ye."

"But, how old are you?" "Faith, I am that, sorr." "When were you born?" "In the year of the big wind—so me grandmother tells me."

Year of "Big Wind" a Record. The year of the big wind was 1817, when a great storm swept over Ireland. This is generally known to be over seventy years ago, and it is remarkable how most of the applicants have heard their mothers tell that they (the applicants) were babies in the cradle at the time the angry elements were raging without.

One man insisted upon describing himself as "seventy English years" of age. When pressed for his meaning, he said: "It's plain to see that in Irish miles equal fourteen English miles."

His course of reasoning was cut short by the overworked officer curtly informing him that he was not eligible. There again, however, a pension officer one day a big, healthy man, who might have been seventy, but looked no more than fifty, "you're no seventy."

"I am that, sorr," said Flynn. "You must bring proof of some kind," said the officer, and Flynn went away.

Newspaper as Evidence. The next day he came back in triumph with a torn newspaper cutting. It was dated 1881 and ran: "Thomas Flynn, aged forty-three, was charged at twenty petty sessions, with shooting with intent to kill a man. Flynn was sentenced to nine months imprisonment with hard labor."

"That's me, sorr," said the old man, complacently, as he handed the document which disqualified him forever from the benefits of a pension. Not that it matters, he said, for it was found that the applicant had a farm which produced \$3,000 yearly.

One ragged individual confidentially informed an officer that the pension, small as it was, would be a godsend, because it would just pay the man's income tax. As a matter of fact, the man's income worked out at something like \$250 yearly.

Ignorance Often Causes Mistakes. Ignorance has been responsible for the making of many claims which have proved preposterous on examination. For instance, an ex-police officer quite honestly returned his annual income as nothing. He frankly admitted that he received a police pension which, with other earnings, amounted to \$200 a year. "But," he added, "when I have provided for myself and wife and children, there is nothing left."

It is to be feared that the Bible itself has been put to base uses by some, for an examination by official scrutineers has brought to light curious instances of incontestable frauds. In one case, although the entry of the claimant's birth was or purported to be made in the year 1838, the date on which the volume was published was discovered to be many years later. In another case the entry of the claimant's birth was made in his own handwriting, which is truly described as an instance of unusual precocity, even for Ireland.

Perhaps the most convincing disclosure of fraud, however, was that mentioned a few days ago by Sir Edward Carson. He had heard, he said, of an old age pensioner in Ireland who had presented her husband with twins.

MANY AID IN BARN-RAISING

Farmers of Berks County Make the Occasion a Day of Fun and Feasting.

From the Philadelphia Record. The excitement of that part of her life, and a sort of consolation she said she could not resist. Sometimes she made a tour or a visit to Paris; but often it was a case of waiting in penurious anxiety for the next remittance.

One day while I was at lunch the waiter brought me the card of a stranger, who wished an interview. He was a young gentleman from Berlin, who had got into sore trouble. His tourist's ticket was a circular one, taking him round half-Europe, but he had only covered a quarter of the tour before getting "stuck" in Monte Carlo.

It was his first visit, and, winning a little at first, he lost his head and his money, too. He then telegraphed for cash, and again he played and lost all. He next borrowed from a friend by letter, as he wished to conceal his condition, and when the next \$500 came he could not resist the temptation to try to repair his losses. So he spent another day at roulette, and by evening he had parted with his last franc.

They Sent Him Away. He now wished to sell his ticket and part of his luggage, but I counseled him to ask the Casino bureau to pay his expenses on an Italian tour (which they did handsomely), and there await the help of his friends. There was no use getting more money sent here, I said.

He took my advice. I fear that month's holiday was the least pleasant in his experience, but, as he remarked on departing, he had learned a lesson. There was more than was possible in human nature. A good-looking young lady, evidently a good family, appeared one morning. She was unaccompanied, and properly reserved, but feverishly watched the play. Then, in a fit of the Casino fever, she placed her silver piece on the cloth, and it won an equal amount. Again she tried and won, and I saw her eyes grow big and her cheeks flush with nervous excitement.

She certainly had luck that day, and she came again, this time with a supply of gold. Like others, she already imagined she knew how to do it, and had some rough idea of playing certain numbers, but she was unable to follow them. But she was making no mistake, and, as if in desperation, she pushed the heap of money in front of her and emptied the contents of her purse onto red, and red won.

Soon Loses All. What an expression of triumph came over her countenance! But she