

ANACONDA, MONTANA, MONDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 9, 1921.

CHAT FOR THE SPORTS

Gossip About the Turf, the Ring and the Diamond.

ATHLETIC CLUB FOR BUTTE

Butte Sports May Have an Opportunity to See Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons and Evan Lewis.

BUTTE, Feb. 8.—Fred Ritchie has received a letter from Parson Davis of Chicago asking that arrangements be made for the appearance in Butte at an early date of Jim Corbett, the great boxer; Bob Fitzsimmons, champion middle-weight of the world, and Evan Lewis, "The Strangler." Mr. Ritchie will try to comply with the request. Should Corbett spar in this city with some good man there is no building large enough to hold the crowd that would assemble to witness the show. Lewis has been seen on the canvas in this city many times. He was formerly a miner in Granite and has had a go with almost every good wrestler in the state.

There is a strong probability of Butte having a first-class athletic club in the near future. There can be little doubt that a first-class athletic club, conducted upon liberal principles, would prove a paying venture in this city. Butte is a great sporting city. It has all the characteristics of a sporting town. Money is more plentiful here than in any city of its size in America. The splendid climate is invigorating and athletes are indigenous to this state. Montana is the home of a hardy race of men, and athletic sports must always be popular in this state. The absence in our people of the prejudice which exists in so many of the puritanical cities of the East against such sports as boxing, horse racing and wrestling should pave the way to opening an athletic association here which would prove one of the most successful in all the union. There are cities in the cultured centers of the East, neither so large or important as Butte where boxing contests are held with full consent of the authorities. When fights to the finish can take place in the Quaker City of Philadelphia, Buffalo, Chicago and other important commercial and educational centers why should Butte be so stringently ruled? I am not pleading that brutalistic encounters be authorized in this city but only that legitimate sport of any kind shall be allowed by the authorities. It is impossible to make Butte superior to all other places in the union in such matters and it would be unwise to do so were it possible. In the largest city of the world a few weeks ago we champion heavy weight fighters met in a ring surrounded by some of the richest and most influential citizens of all England. They fought to a finish without police interference. In New Orleans, one of the principal cities of the union, a few weeks ago, gathered prominent men from all parts of the American union to see a finish fight between Jack Dempsey and Bob Fitzsimmons. Instead of interfering with the contest the police and other city and state officers surrounded the ring to see that no foul work was done. An ex-mayor of the Crescent city refereed the match and one of the most prominent business men in the state was an official on the stage. Is New Orleans any the worse for that match? No one was injured, but the moneyed men of the country who assembled in the city to see the fight spent there it is estimated at least \$20,000. Such contests will take place as long as the human race exists. They took place though in a more brutal form in the ancient empire of Rome when the gladiators contended for each other's life. They have taken place in every generation since the time of Nero. Because Butte will not permit two athletes to spar two minutes with gloves as big as pillows and charge an admission price of two bits, will not prevent men of strength and science from contending for supremacy over each other in sparring contests.

While public sentiment in Butte would not, perhaps, indorse hard and bloody fights, it is not too much to say that the present interpretation of the law relating to boxing contests is offensive to a majority of citizens of Butte. The law in Butte permits boxing contests for a limited number of rounds before the members of legally organized athletic clubs only, and no contest can be held when an admission fee is charged. This law has been offensively inflected at all times since its enactment, but at certain times it has been abused.

Now that the Pastime Athletic club has hung up its dumb-bells, turned its charter face to the wall and gone out of business, it is proposed to inaugurate an athletic club upon broader principles and a more extensive plan, something after the style of the California Athletic club. That body is incorporated under the laws of the state of California. When it started it had only a few members. Now its membership roll contains many hundred names of the best men in the Golden state. Members are required, on joining, to pay an initiation fee of \$10 and monthly dues are now charged of \$5. Membership in the club entitles a man to witness all the contests which take place in the club room. If a good sparring contest is on many new members anxious to see it will join. When Peter Schumacher and Jim Faulkner wrestled before that club three years ago the club gave a purse of \$500 and expenses. At that time ninety-six new members joined at \$10 each. This paid the amount of the purse and left a handsome surplus to be applied in the payment of prizes for future contests. In this club no admission is charged and none but members can witness the contests.

The Buffalo Athletic club is somewhat different. When it gives athletic exhibitions it hires a big hall and at all the shows held under its auspices an admission fee is charged. The California law requires that in all boxing contests five-ounce gloves shall be used.

Why can't Butte have a first-

class club of this kind? There appears to be no good reason and several prominent men appear to think so as they are putting forth strong efforts to procure it. Something definite is expected to be done shortly.

"The Saunterer" writing in Town Topics of New York says:

It amuses me to hear the condolences and sympathetic utterances of the turf world in general as to what they are pleased to term millionaire Marcus Daly's ill success on the turf. True, his "copper colored" jacket was not many times to the front in 1890, but it must be borne in mind that the past season was the first year of the Anaconda's owner in racing, and that few men in racing expect to secure success at the first time of asking. His colt Montana, by Ban Fox, won at Monmouth in such clear style, that before the shrewd people who are making up slates for Pocomose, Bolevo, Stratmoath and Yosemite, to head the three-year-olds of 1891, get through, they will find that Montana is apt to have a look in at the division of the spoils. And they also forget that away off in the northwest Marcus Daly is wintering two other three-year-olds—Brown Fox, the only two-year-old of last year that started and was never beaten; and Palfena, a filly with a record of only two defeats out of six starts. Both of these youngsters showed creditable form in the west last year, and with Montana and Silver King, are apt to carry the "copper" jacket very prominently in 1891.

"The Saunterer" might have added many more to the string of likely youngsters who are being wintered at Riverside and who will queer the talent on eastern courses during the coming season. In two years Marcus Daly will have the greatest stable of blood horses on earth. That is good enough success for the time Riverside has been in existence.

"TIPPING" THE GUARDS.

A New Feature in the Night Work on the L Road.

From the Washington Star. "Tipping" the guards on the elevated roads would seem to be about the most ridiculous point the system could reach, but it is there; and some of the guards having the night trains tell me that in the course of a year their tips make quite a respectable sum. As a general thing the tips are given by a man who is going some distance and wishes to go to sleep, but does not want to pass a certain station, and so he gives his dime and is awakened at the proper time.

But frequently a man who is pretty "full" will board a train for the purpose of riding off the effects of the liquor, in which event he will give the conductor a fee and fare money, and then take his seat in the extreme end of the first or last car to go to sleep. When the train reaches the end of the road the sleeper is not disturbed, and so continues his ride until he feels able to make a respectable appearance at his home or business place. Conductors of night cars on the surface roads tell me they do very well from this class of riders.

It Wouldn't Work.

From the San Francisco Examiner. "I don't know whether they do it intentionally or not," thoughtfully remarked young Jack Kanebiter at the club the other night, "but somehow these newspapers pass around an awful lot of unreliable information."

"How's that, old chappie?" inquired Freddie Choker, his running mate.

"Why, I saw in the Examiner last week that a poor young fellow in Chicago borrowed an umbrella of a bank president, and the next day returned it."

"A awful lie—that. He walked into the bank the very next day and returned it. The president was so much astonished that he called the young man back and made him his cashier at a thumping salary."

"Because he was so extra honest, eh?" "Exactly. Well, you see, I thought it was a big scheme, and that I'd work the same racket before the other boys got on to it."

"Boss idea."

"So I rushed round to the Nevada bank and asked old Hellman to loan me an umbrella. I heard there was going to be a dinner meeting the next day, and I intended to return the umbrella right in the midst of it, so as to paralyze the entire outfit; did I?"

"What did old moneybags say?" "Why, he said that it did not look a bit like rain. 'I know my business,' said I; 'just you produce your gingham.' So he told a clerk to let me have an old one and take \$5 for security at regular bank interest."

"Great Scott!" "But that wasn't the worst of it. When I looked at the umbrella, I'll be hanged if it wasn't one that Hellman had borrowed from me himself down at Los Angeles during the boom."

"Sure, and if that ain't just like Ameriky! 'United we stand and divided we fall,' as the sayin' is."

The Editor's Confession.

From the New Orleans States. Other drinks generally give you some kind of warning that you are getting drunk, but egg-nog never does. Even while your smile is gay, your mind is bright and eye is clear, it comes down upon you with all the force of a trip-hammer and crushes you into a condition of helplessness and idiotic limberness. The drunk which it produces comes with the swiftness of an avalanche, and is the most thorough, the profoundest, the most painful, and says longer than any other known to civilized men, and the truth of this statement will be cheerfully attested by hundreds of men who have been in temporary retirement since Christmas eve.

WAS HE JEKYL OR HYDE?

Inside Facts of the Dual Life of the Late Kalakaua.

THE KING'S GREAT AMBITION

The Famous Board of Genealogy and Its Purpose—The Mystic Order of Kilo-Kilo and Its Ambitious Aims.

KALAKAUA, King of Hawaii, whose funeral procession formed such a splendid pageant on January 22, was a very notable man. A great deal has been written and published about him since and before his death, but little has been said of the mainspring of his ambition and hope, although whole volumes might be filled on the subject. The purpose of this article, however, is not to present a critical analysis of his character, but simply to depict a few incidents in his career which may possibly furnish a key to it, says the San Francisco Examiner. For David Kalakaua had a dual life, and the reality in his case is far more fascinating than the improbable and revolting creation of Stevenson's brain, which has taken such a hold upon readers of sensational literature.

David Kalakaua was an *alii* or high chief of the Hawaiian islands. His ancestors, once powerful in their own day, had become completely overshadowed by Kamehameha and his followers, and he inherited little beyond the pride of birth and capacity for animal enjoyment for which his family had been noted for ages, according to Hawaiian tradition. It never once entered into his head that one day he should be called upon to rule the kingdom created by the genius of Kamehameha and consolidated by the patriotism and talents of his descendants. If such a dream had ever been presented to Kalakaua's brain it might have modified his character and awakened his ambition at an early period. But as it was he simply lived to enjoy life in an undignified way until his own and his wife's patrimony had been dissipated. Even when the lightning of a purchased legislature struck him and he began to rule the kingdom by the grace of God, his credit did not readily improve, and he was driven to a great many ingenious shifts to gratify his appetites and keep up appearances.

To the day of his death, during every vicissitude of chance and fortune, David Kalakaua was preferred as close to the old life of his people as was possible under the fierce puritanism of the missionary fathers and their descendants. After ascending the throne he took special pains to appear as a refined and patriotic ruler. His foreign travel, which gave him a fair shine of outside polish, was undertaken in a measure to this end, and to inform himself of the methods of foreign rulers that he might conform to the requirements of the modern world. He was exalted station, while secretly indulging his tastes according to the usages of his fathers.

The ancient Hawaiian chiefs were priests as well as kings. Their will was absolute, and their power was untrammelled. Power of divination, could read omens and forecast the future far more accurately than was common among professional soothsayers and prophets for the reason that they had the power of life and death, and could bestow riches and prosperity, in their own hands. When a prophet is able to verify his predictions he has an immense advantage over one who has to take chances on its fulfillment. Hence it happened that the *alii* of the past when they sacrificed and read the omens, seldom received a lying message from the gods.

The common people stood in awe of them. To cross their shadow was death; to touch their sacred persons was death by torture. The life of a *kanaka* was the most hopeless and miserable slavery. The common people were living under a system of *kapa* or taboo which rendered existence a daily and nightly terror for fear of its breach. They had no property and no rights, not even a right of life or death. Life was at the discretion of the chief, who was nearly always crafty, cruel and sensual.

The family from which Kalakaua was descended was noted among the Hawaiians for the possession, in an exaggerated form, of the vices and cruelties of the tribal nobility. If Kalakaua inherited these faults, the opportunity was wanting for their exercise. *Kapa* was a thing of the past when they sacrificed and abolished. The common people were endowed with lands. Forced service was no longer exacted by the chiefs, and the king, the supreme ruler, was no more sacred than his servant in the eye of the law. A new and a new theology imposed upon the people by the superior intelligence of foreigners who had come to stay.

David Kalakaua secretly surrounded himself with *kahunas*, or prophets, who taught him the traditions of olden times, and established what might be styled a school for prophets. He entered into this study with great earnestness, and soon became one of the most potent and profitable rascals of his time. He was especially absorbed by the idea that he was destined to restore the ancient ways, and yet while secretly practicing heathen rites and encouraging debasing superstition, he was posing in the eyes of the world as a civilized ruler and a shining example of the elevating influence of Christianity. From the Christian sacrament at the altar in the Episcopal cathedral to the heathen ceremonial in the privacy of the palace was said to be an unusual change of scene in the dual life of this remarkable man.

As far as possible *kapa* was enforced, and as instances of his power as a *kahuna* became noised abroad the *kanakas* began to fear him. In this way his influence and authority gradually extended. One of his first public measures to carry out his policy was to establish what he styled the Board of Genealogy of Hawaiian chiefs, presided over by his favorite sister-in-law, who was heart and soul in sympathy with him in his reactionary plans, which she hoped would rid them of the foreigners. The officers of the society were natives, and mostly females, for it is a remarkable fact that the Hawaiian women fell most readily into his plans and methods.

The board of genealogy was supported by public money, but it never accomplished anything noteworthy except a supposed identification of the chief's bones by the aid of a divining pig, which appears to have been a sacred animal of superior intelligence and held in high esteem by the king and his superstitious associates. Indeed, a black pig figured

prominently in this school of divination, and probably was entitled to quite as much respect as the human beings who use it for such purposes.

The board of genealogy was followed by the founding of a mystic society called the Kilo-Kilo society, of which Kalakaua was the sacred chief. This society was the outcome of his own brain, aided by an old adventurer from the coast, whose occupation of peddling lottery tickets had been rendered unprofitable by police vigilance in San Francisco, and who pretended to have discovered the statutes of the ancient Hebrew records, several million years before the flood, if not, indeed, prior to the creation itself. Night after night Joseph Rosenberg read and translated this apocryphal Hebrew lore to Kalakaua, and day after day Joseph became sleeker and lazier, while his royal duke threw off all disguise and prepared to play the role of the Emperor Julian on a small scale. In other words, he thought the time had come when he could restore the ancient customs if not the ancient virtues of his race.

The Kilo-Kilo was organized and incorporated as a benevolent society. Officers were appointed and members enrolled, and for several weeks the palace was the scene of nightly orgies, which were flaunted or syncretized of the order was flying from the tower. Kalakaua had prepared a treatise showing its antiquity as practised by Hawaiian chiefs about 97,000 years before the Christian era. These proceedings were soon known throughout the islands. An uneasy feeling disturbed the foreigners, while a spirit of unrest and expectation of some great change took possession of the natives. The hula was revived. Feasting and dissipation, music and dancing went on without ceasing within the palace, the gates of which were closed to foreigners, loopholed and fortified and guarded by soldiers.

The death of the king's sister, Princess Liho, such as she was, added to the feeling of exasperation with which the foreigners in Honolulu viewed these proceedings, because it was notorious that she indignantly refused to join or countenance the Kilo-Kilo, and expressed her preference for her friends, and her entire sympathy with Christian teaching and doctrine. Her death was attributed to the *kahunas*, who intimated that one of the royal family must die to propitiate the gods and stop the flow from Mauna Loa. Since died, rumor had it, as the sacrifice to Pele and the lava flow stopped. Certain it is that her death was at once a shock and surprise, and had its influence upon the revolutionary movement, which shortly after followed the board of genealogy, trampled upon the Kilo-Kilo, whipped Kalakaua into constitutional traces and destroyed forever his ambition to restore the ancient faith, customs and traditions of the Hawaiian race.

CONNUBIALITIES.

There is a bill before the Oregon legislature prohibiting the marriage of a divorcee with a third party within one year after the divorce is granted.

Chicago has again been discredited in a domestic way. A judge in that city has just granted a man a divorce because his wife preferred life in New York to living in Chicago with her husband.

A Maine man being sued for alienating the affections of another man's wife contests the charge on the ground that there were no affections to alienate, and consequently the claim for damages is based upon a mere fiction.

Delaware is coming to the front as a divorce state, as decrees are granted there by legislative enactment and without publicity. Fashionable people take up a residence there to free themselves of irksome home ties. Already there are 55 applications before the legislature.

Mrs. Mary Macejko of Passaic, N. J., is entitled to the belt as a champion eloper. She has run away from her husband and been forgiven six times, and is now engaged in a vain effort to effect a seventh reconciliation. Macejko's patience has at last worn out, and she has decided to forgo him, and the cruel man positively refuses to take her back again.

Cora May Ellison was granted a divorce from James H. Ellison in Cincinnati on the ground of neglect. He asked her to pose for an artist which she refused to do. She threatened to submit to the proposed Clemenceau like unveiling and they quarreled. As a consequence he failed to properly provide for her, whereupon she sued for divorce.

L. B. Nichols of Cold Spring and Mrs. Sarah A. Gross of Huntington, L. I., several months ago, taking with them Mrs. Gross's three children, Nichols left a wife and family. A few weeks ago he wrote a letter from Denver to his wife asking her to forgive him and let him return home. Friends subscribed money to pay his way back. Mrs. Gross has been heard from, too. She is now in a hospital, but promises to make things lively when she returns.

Mrs. John Rand, the wife of a well known fisherman of Essex, Conn., recently eloped with a young man, "a Parker," about 15 years ago, for an operation in a wealthy family resident near New York. The case was a real goitre, a rare affliction in the United States, at least among native Americans, although far from uncommon in France and Switzerland. From the side of the face and the neck hung a large fleshy sack, hideously disfiguring and making life a burden to the heir of several fortunes. He carried the outgrowth in a black silk bag, which hid it from view, but did not render less conspicuous the fact of its presence. The young man applied to the surgeons of the highest reputation in France and London, but they made an examination and concluded that an operation would result fatally. Then he turned to the well-known American surgeon, who consented. It is said to have been a most arduous task of surgery. But the patient lived, and without the deformity. Under the circumstances the fee does not appear to have been too large.

But if New York leading physicians and surgeons receive large fees from the rich, they more than make up for this good fortune by free attendance on the poor, not only at medical institutions, but also at the houses of patients.

A Time-Entered Joke.

"This clock that Cousin Joe sent me for a wedding present runs slow all the time," said a Chicago bride to her husband. "I can't regulate it, no matter how I try." "Your cousin Joe lives in Philadelphia, doesn't he?" "Yes; why?" "The clock hasn't got over its Philadelphia peculiarities yet, that's all."

IS THE EARTH FULL?

Plenty of Room for All for Some Centuries to Come.

The official census bulletin, which reveals the aggregate population of the United States as nearly 62,500,000, reports the rate of increase during the past decade as only 24.57 per cent., and aside from immigration gives the natural increase as not far from 14 per cent.

In a widely quoted paper, read by Mr. Ravenstein before the British association recently, he estimated that with an annual rate of increase of only 8 per cent. per decade the population of the world in 182 years would overreach it, as it could not maintain more than about 6,000,000,000 persons, and would have more than that number in A. D. 2072.

The rate of increase in the United States, says Frank Leslie's, has been twice as rapid as that of the world's population—credit to the estimate of Mr. Ravenstein. In 1870 we had but 38,203,000 people; in 1880 we had over 50,000,000, and now we have 62,500,000. Of course immigration has had much to do with this, but deducting the number of immigrants, the rate of increase of this country has still been about twice as rapid as Mr. Ravenstein's estimate. He calculates that the world will be uncomfortable when the population exceeds more than 230 persons to the square mile of cultivable area. But his figures regarding the increase of population, as well as those regarding the world's area, must, in the nature of things, be largely the result of estimate, rather than of precise calculation.

The world does not grow at a regular rate of progression. Wars and pestilence have their effect in diminishing populations; but natural causes, climatic influences and various laws of selection and mutation have much to do with the birth-rate. In all the world's existence there has never been a land that has been destroyed by overcrowding; an outlet has always been found for the surplus population.

In these days, and particularly in countries that boast of the highest civilization, the birth-rate has shown a constant tendency to decrease. The progress of medical and surgical research, and the development of medical science, have greatly decreased the death-rate; but the diminution has not been greater than that of the birth-rate, for we live at a time when, more than ever before, small families are fashionable. There need be no fear that the earth will be overcrowded in the next or any other century. Certainly, there need be no fear so far as our own country is concerned.

The calculation was recently published that the state of Texas alone would accommodate the entire population of the globe, estimating it at 1,500,000,000 persons, and then have a population of only seven or eight to the acre.

The reclamation of vast areas of what have been called arid and deserts lands has added, and is still adding enormously to the cultivable acreage of the United States, and though Uncle Sam no longer has a farm to offer every man, there is sufficient left of the public domain and of railroad lands to offer every person an opportunity to engage in agricultural pursuits.

A WOMAN'S WIT.

She Was Sure the House Was on Fire and Was Afraid of a Panic.

From the Detroit Free Press. It was 11 o'clock at night and I was going to my room in a Florida hotel, when a woman came out of her room, fully dressed, and asked:

"Do you belong to the hotel?" "No, ma'am."

"Are there many people here to-night?" "It is crowded."

"And it won't do to start a panic. Let me say quietly to you that the hotel is on fire. I have known it for 10 minutes, but did not want to create an excitement."

"Are you sure, ma'am?" I asked. "Entirely sure, sir. I smelled the smoke when I went to bed. You go quietly down and tell the clerk, and I will knock on all the doors on this floor."

She was wonderfully cool and collected, and I never thought of doubting her assertion. Going down by the stairway, I beckoned the clerk aside and told him of the fire. He went to the elevator with me and ascended to the third floor, where we found about 20 half-dressed people in the halls. The woman who had given me orders came up and said:

"This is what it is. I don't think the fire has much of a start yet."

We followed her to her room and began to sniff and sniff. There was certainly a strong odor of something burning, but the clerk had taken only one look at her and went out and rapped on the next door.

"Hello!" called a voice. "Are you smoking?" "Yes."

"Smoking Florida tobacco?" "Yes."

"Nothing, ma'am, you can go back to bed. Much obliged to you for your sagacity and wit, but both were a little too keen this time. The stinky old cuss in the room is smoking swamp tobacco, and it always smells like a fire eating its way under a pine floor."

Large Fee for Medical Attendance.

Probably the largest fee for medical or surgical attendance ever paid in New York was the sum of \$100,000 to Dr. William Parker, about 15 years ago, for an operation in a wealthy family resident near New York. The case was a real goitre, a rare affliction in the United States, at least among native Americans, although far from uncommon in France and Switzerland. From the side of the face and the neck hung a large fleshy sack, hideously disfiguring and making life a burden to the heir of several fortunes. He carried the outgrowth in a black silk bag, which hid it from view, but did not render less conspicuous the fact of its presence. The young man applied to the surgeons of the highest reputation in France and London, but they made an examination and concluded that an operation would result fatally. Then he turned to the well-known American surgeon, who consented. It is said to have been a most arduous task of surgery. But the patient lived, and without the deformity. Under the circumstances the fee does not appear to have been too large.

But if New York leading physicians and surgeons receive large fees from the rich, they more than make up for this good fortune by free attendance on the poor, not only at medical institutions, but also at the houses of patients.

If fools did not laugh at their own folly a man would have to travel a long and tiresome day's journey before he was cheered by the sound of a laugh.—Athenian Globe.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

Topics of General Interest in the New States and Elsewhere.

THE WIDOW REFUSED HIM

Frederick Pfeffer Blows Out His Brains in a Spokane Hotel—Mysterious Shooting Affair in Seattle.

Last week while Mrs. W. P. Cummins, of Touche, Wash., with her little child was driving along, the horses became frightened, ran away, upsetting the vehicle, throwing the lady and child to the ground. In the fall to the ground the child's neck was broken, while the lady sustained a few slight bruises.

J. H. Wood, formerly bookkeeper for the Snohomish Manufacturing company, was sandbagged some time Thursday morning in South Snohomish and robbed of about \$40. He is severely hurt and his mind is completely unbalanced. He was a sober, industrious young man and a prominent member of the Knights of Pythias. There is no clue to his assailant.

The dead body of an unknown man was found last Saturday about one hundred yards above the old target house near the Catholic cemetery, Portland. The dead man was from 30 to 35 years old, was about 5 feet 8 inches high, with black hair, blue eyes and brown moustache and beard, and evidently an Italian. A bottle of strychnine and an empty whisky flask were found near the body. The clothes were a grayish check coat and vest, blue overalls, black hat and No. 7 brogan shoes. No papers of any kind were found in his pockets.

At 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon Frederick Pfeffer, a young man 23 years of age, stepped into his room at the Home hotel, Spokane Falls, placed a 32-calibre revolver to his head and blew his brains out. Pfeffer has been despondent for several days, and had been keeping company with a charming widow, who is to be married soon. He said to a friend that he would never live to see her married to another. He died almost instantly and his death struggles were not seen by anyone. A chambermaid heard the shot and entering the room found him dead.

Mrs. Samuel Dunbar several months ago accidentally broke a needle off in her wrist. The piece, about three-fourths of an inch long, was so deeply imbedded it could not be removed without a painful surgical operation. It remained; but it was noticed that it shifted its position, and, in an irregular curved course, traveled about four and one-half inches, and finally was seen just under the surface on the inside of the hand near the base of the thumb. Her husband made an incision with a razor and easily removed it to-day. She had suffered little or no inconvenience from its presence, however.—Fort Benton Press.

Charles Leonhardt, bookkeeper of the Washington National bank at Seattle shot himself in the bank at 3 o'clock Thursday morning. He had been working nearly all night balancing his books, in company with another bookkeeper named Thomas S. Beals. Suddenly Beals heard a pistol shot, and heard Leonhardt cry out, "I've shot myself." A physician was called in and found Leonhardt had shot himself through the left breast with a 32-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver, the bullet passing through his left lung. Leonhardt insisted that the shooting was accidental, but later told other stories, as Beals has also done. It is said that both the young man had been out in company with an unknown young woman as such as 2 o'clock, and that when they went into the bank at 2:30 o'clock both were evidently excited. Both Leonhardt and Beals now refuse to make a statement, and the affair is shrouded in mystery. Leonhardt is 23 years of age.

NERVY AMERICAN GIRLS.

She Got Rid of the Man Who Was Crowding Her.

From the New York Telegram. "The fact that American girls go anywhere and almost everywhere without escorts has long been a matter of wonderment to me," said a member of the French nobility to me the other day. "I was coming down in an elevated train yesterday, and the reason was made evident to me. As we neared City Hall Station almost every passenger made a rush for the door and stood for five minutes, each anxious to get ahead of the other in leaving the train."

"One of the crowd was a very pretty young woman carrying a long-handled umbrella in one hand and a bag bundle in the other. Just behind her was a short, very fat man, who was rudely crowding the pretty girl. As I had not left my seat I saw the performance that followed. "Once the girl looked over her shoulder and the fat man stood for five minutes, each anxious to get ahead of the other in leaving the train. "The long handled umbrella assumed a horizontal position and she backed up, point first, catching the fat man just about the bottom of his vest. He gave a gasp of terror and caught his breath just as the pretty girl looked over her shoulder, smiled sweetly and said: 'Oh, pardon me; but you are on my skirt.' "Then she smiled even more sweetly, and the fat man dropped into a seat and groped about as though the air in the car was suffocating him. The girl marched complacently out of the car, head up, the mainy feathers in her hat nodding defiance to all masculine humanity."

The Boy Knew It Well.

From the Detroit Free Press. He had a sealed envelope in his hand, and he stopped a newsboy and asked: "Sonny, do you know where the Moffat block is?"

"Noap."

"You don't? How long have you lived here?"

"Ten years."

"Well you must be a smart one! What's that building upon that corner?" "The Calamy block."