

IN THE CITIES

He Learned Operations of the Kangaroo Court

MILWAUKEE.—He wanted to find out how the kangaroo court worked, he said. He was a neat and enterprising student at Marquette Law school in search of experience. He called on Sheriff Meims and Joseph Zuber, jailer, and they explained their duties to him. His name is Joseph Kreuger.



"I'd like to have the experience of being locked up and 'tried' just like a prisoner," he told the sheriff. He was thrust into tier B. Covert glances were directed at him by the other prisoners. Very evidently they didn't like him. "He's a detective," someone said. "Wants to get evidence on some of us." "Arraign the prisoner," shouted the judge of the "kangaroo court," after a conference with the sheriff, district attorney and bailiffs. "You're charged with breaking into tier B without the consent of the inmates," said the judge. "Guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty," said Kreuger. "Did he have your consent, or yours, or yours?" went on the judge, addressing the other prisoners. "No." "Very evidently you're guilty," the judge solemnly said. "Fined 50 cents and a bath."

New York Has Lots of Sharks—in Its Waters

NEW YORK.—In the past summer, sharks have been unusually abundant in the vicinity of New York harbor, and among them have been wanderers from other parts of the ocean which seldom appear here. Except, however, the sand shark, with narrow, white, catlike teeth, which ordinarily grows only to a length of four feet, the only large shark to be found in large numbers near New York is the Milberts Ground shark. Every year many females of this species, six or seven feet long, enter the bays of Long Island to give birth to their young in the untroubled inshore waters. Sometimes one may see the back fin of one of these sharks following the edge of some shoal where she is searching for flat fish and other small fishes on which these sharks feed. In June a 14-foot "hasking" or "bone shark" was taken at Westhampton beach, and Doctor Husakov, the curator of the department of ichthyology of the American Museum of Natural History, made a special trip to examine the rare monster. The report of his observations gives a good idea of this largest of fishes. The hasking shark is a sluggish fish, reaching a length of nearly forty feet. Its large mouth is not used in preying on other fishes, but in gulping barrels of sea water from which the small animals are strained by the highly developed gill rakers, a habit resembling that of the whalebone whales; indeed, the gill rakers of the hasking shark resemble whalebone, hence the name "bone shark," by which it is sometimes known. Again, in September a large tiger shark was captured off Lally, and its head was later sent to the museum by Capt. John C. Doxsee. The tiger shark attains a length of twenty or thirty feet, and is a wanderer from southern waters, where it is greatly feared by the natives, who care very little for ordinary ground sharks. The teeth of this species are unlike those of any other of the sharks—broad, with oblique points, and a wavy, cutting edge.



Nose Gems the Latest Fad in San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO.—If you see a handsomely gowned woman walking down the street with a pair of diamonds sparkling just above where her moustache would be if she were a man, do not be surprised. It's the latest fad. Nose gems as desirable ornaments have just been introduced into this country. It is the latest effort of man—or woman—to achieve good looks. The fad came from northwestern India. That's the country, you know, where people starve themselves to make it rain or to change their luck. Mrs. Mander Kala Bagal brought it from that country to San Francisco, and they do say that some San Franciscans are wearing the nose diamond this very minute. A hole bored through the nose, either above or below the nostrils, and a little gold bar, with a diamond or other jewel at each end, is slipped through, and there you are. When worn with éclat it's said to be very stunning. Mrs. Bagal maintains that the proper place to wear it is above the nostrils, just under the bridge. Not every nose, however, is built to wear a gem. Ladies with blue noses, above all, should not wear a jewel, especially a ruby, for that would accentuate what she doesn't want looked at; and gentlemen with red noses need no further glistening jewel. Hay feverites, too, would be inconvenienced by a diamond or amethyst or other gem on their nose. And a victim of a hold-up would be in grave danger of parting with some of his proboscis if he had it incrustated with jewels and the highwaymen were in a hurry. After all, it's nothing new to the world. The dusky native beauties of the Skegust islands, as well as the Zamzani cannibal belles, have worn rings in their noses ever since they were discovered.

Spook Excites Navy Men at New London Station

NEW LONDON, CONN.—At the local naval station, recently made a base for submarines, the gallant band of navy men have been pestered lately with an apparition, and a newspaper man came to investigate the weird tales. Many of the dark whisperers had said: "See Shoes at the barracks; he knows." So to the barracks, an old, three-story structure, long disused, but now being fitted up for the crews of the submarines, went the correspondent, escorted by the officer of the day. Out of the anteroom Shoes appeared, a robust and muscular young petty officer. "Have you heard of a ghost around those barracks?" the correspondent asked. "I've seen it," said Shoes; "seen it three nights. And, what's more, I saw it three or four times and in three or four places every one of these nights!" "Yes, sir," Shoes went on. "I've walked up against The Thing three times. Afraid of it? Not much!" It was Friday night—evil time—that he felt something was wrong somewhere in the barracks, deserted by all save himself, according to Shoes. For an hour or two he lay awake, listening intently, but could hear no sound. Then he decided to get up and make a round of the building. So he got up and started down a corridor. Near the foot of a stairway he saw a gray form standing. "What are you doing here?" he demanded. There was no reply. Shoes started for the gray shape, but just before reaching it, it vanished. He was startled by the swift and noiseless change in position, but not thinking of ghosts, only of a murderer, he started to grapple with the shape, when it vanished again. The bewildered watchman wheeled around to see The Thing at his right side, and as he reached a powerful arm to clutch it, it was gone.



The Wicked Uncle

By FRANK FILSON

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I was eleven yesterday and I have started a diary. The first thing that must go into it is about my wicked uncle. When father said, casually, to mother, "Ned's written that he's coming East to pay us a visit next week," mother sighed and flung up her hands. "I guess he wants some more money, Jim," she said. "At such a time as this—" "I'm sure Ned's settled down and steadied himself during those seven years," answered father. "It isn't in the man," said mother in a curiously constrained voice, like Bill Buffalo's after he had confessed to the sheriff that he stole the girl to keep her away from his rivals, the outlaw of the plains. I must tell you now that while we live in a magnificent mansion, with four servants, we are fast approaching bankruptcy. Father made some unlucky deals on the stock exchange, and the war has cut off exports, so what is a man to do? As father said to mother yesterday, if those fellows would give him time and his bank would advance him only ten thousand he could keep his head above water and not have to take furnished rooms. More than that, he said, if that shipment comes through from Rotterdam we'll be richer than we've ever been



Was on Guard Day and Night.

In our lives before. But nobody will trust each other in these days of degraded politics, and there hasn't been a man at the helm of the state worth his salt since Grover Cleveland left the White House, said father. "You've lent that fellow Ned at least ten thousand," said mother, in the anguished tones of Dinah, when the outlaw of the plains lay dying. "Yes," said father. "But that was between brothers, you know." "You've started him three or four times over. You've put him on his feet, and now he can't keep there. And he's coming to borrow some more. Promise me you won't let him have it." "The extent of my benefactions to Ned will be measured by chicken feed—dimes and nickels," answered father. Tomorrow our wicked uncle starts East. The wicked uncle has arrived. He is younger than father, and reminds me very strongly of Diamond Dick, the Pathan's woe, though the look in his eyes softens at times like that of Bill Buffalo's when Dinah refuses to become an outlaw's bride. He shook hands with me very frankly. Certainly I have received a not unfavorable impression of my father's brother. Mother was cool toward Ned. Ned—that's what he has instructed me to call him—confessed to me in an after-dinner confidence that she always was cool toward him. "I don't blame Matilda," he added, with a mournful sigh. "She knows I'm no good and never likely to be any good in this world."

I laid my hand with a gentle but significant pressure upon the wicked uncle's arm. "Cheer up, Ned!" I replied. "None of us are wholly bad. There's so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us, that it ain't the job of any of us—" "To hit ourselves on the chest of us," said the wicked uncle. "Yes, yes, I know. Your words are infinitely consoling, my dear boy. But it's hard to bear—hard to bear!" Next morning he had a long conversation with mother. I didn't mean to overhear the first part, but a fellow can't help it if he's making a boat upstairs and people choose to hold a conversation in the passage. Mother was very angry with Uncle Ned. I could tell that by the tone of her voice. "My husband is ruined," she was saying. "I want you to understand that clearly, Ned. I don't insinuate that your visit here is anything more than one of friendship, but the poor man is struggling hard to keep his head above water. He hasn't got a hundred dollars to lend. He hasn't got fifty. I've given up my winter clothes, and we don't even know how Charlie can go back to school next term." My heart stopped beating. It seemed too wonderful to be true. "That's all I have to say to you upon that subject, Ned," she continued, as they moved away. If you understand that, you are more than welcome here."

I understood, Matilda. You always did think the worst of me," said Uncle Ned. That set me thinking. What was the purpose of uncle's visit? I knew he had been a desperate man in his day. Could he have come to rob us, and had mother suspected his designs and uttered a friendly warning that they would not be tolerated? For a day or two after that mother trailed the wicked uncle like a shadow, especially when he was with father. As for me, I repaired the old pistol I had found in the empty room, and was on guard day and night. I loved Uncle Ned, but I would not suffer him to rob those who had befriended him. The mystery was explained about a week after Ned's arrival. Mother and I had seen him go out; but a few minutes later he sneaked in by the back way and went straight to father in his library. I had spotted him. A man does not inform his womenfolk when danger is imminent. I simply waited under the stairs, the empty pistol in my hands. I knew that Bill Buffalo had cowed the Outlaw of the Plains with a tobacco pipe, and I would not scruple to intimidate Uncle Ned with an empty weapon. I could not hear what the men were saying, but all at once mother came hurriedly into the room. Her woman's instinct, never at fault—Dinah knew—had told her that the crucial moment had arrived. She went in and left the door unfastened. Her voice was angrier than I had ever heard it before. The men covered before her feminine fury. "I knew when you came here," she cried, "that you were going to try to induce Jim to start you in life again. Start you in life, at forty-five!" "Only forty-three, Matilda!" said Ned in a pained voice. "At forty-three, then! My husband has done more for you than any broth-er need do! And you shall not take his last penny in the world!" "Do you think I came to borrow money, Tilly?" asked the wicked uncle. "I do, if I know you." "Why, Tilly, what an idea!" protested the wicked uncle. "I made my pile in Nevada last year, and I came home to pay back what I had borrowed. But I knew a black sheep never turned white, and I—well, my dear, I had a little fun with you. That's all. Here's Jim's twelve thousand four hundred and nineteen cents. The nineteen cents I borrowed from him to buy a rabbit when we were at school together." Then followed a silence that might be felt. Then I heard somebody kissing somebody else. "You're still the same, Ned," said father, in an odd, choked voice. "What pleases me best is that that little chap will be able to go back to school," said Uncle Ned. I sheathed my weapon, I gritted my teeth with baffled rage, and sought the seclusion of my lair. I hate my wicked uncle.

NECKLACE OF HUMAN FINGERS

Remarkable and Gruesome Exhibit at Present in New National Museum at Washington.

At the new National museum at Washington there are many kinds of necklaces, and among the most curious and gruesome are three made of human fingers. Two are made almost entirely of the first joints of fingers. The third is much more pretentious. It is elaborately beaded, and hanging stiffly from the collar of the necklace are eight fingers. These are eight middle fingers cut from the left hand of hostile Indian warriors by their Indian enemies. The bone was deftly withdrawn from the fingers, the flesh cured, and a stick, in lieu of bone, was inserted in each finger. Appended to the necklace are four or five tiny bags. This uncouth adornment was a medicine necklace, and was once the property of the Cheyennes and Sioux Indians. Its loss was attended with great lamentation on the part of the Indians. The necklace was captured in a campaign against the Sioux and Cheyennes, in 1876-77. In the old National museum, among the leather goods, is a pair of boots made from human skin. Nothing definite can be learned concerning this unusual footgear.

City's Lighting to Cost Less.

According to the annual report of William Williams, commissioner of the department of water supply, gas and electricity of the city of New York, for 1914, the street lighting bill for 1915 will be \$400,000 less than for 1914. A good portion of the saving is said to have been effected by the use of nitrogen-filled tungsten lamps in place of the arc lamps. The former are being rapidly introduced all over the city. In fact, before the end of the year it is expected that 15,000 gas lamps will be replaced by the electric incandescent lamps. An interesting comparison between the relative cost of operating nitrogen-filled tungsten lamps and arc lamps is presented in the following figures: 300-watt nitrogen-filled tungsten lamps cost \$70 a year each to operate, while the 400-watt lamps cost \$77. The cost of operating arc lamps was \$85 each; a reduction of \$5 having been effected in the course of the current year.

Preparedness.

"Ye have turned very industrious lately, Tim," said one Tipperary man to another. "That I have, bodad," replied the other. "I was up before the magistrate last week for betherin' Cassidy, and the judge tould me if I came back on the same charge he would fine me tin dollars." "Did he?" said the first speaker. "And ye're working hard so as to keep yer hands off Cassidy?" "Don't ye believe it," said the industrious man. "I'm working ha-r-r-r-d to save up the tin dollars."—Buffalo Courier.

Many London Pawnbrokers.

There are 622 pawnbrokers' shops within a radius of ten miles from the Royal Exchange in London.

WANDERS OF NORTH SIBERIA

AN INTERESTING account of the travels of the Siberian expedition promoted by the Oxford university's school of anthropology and the Philadelphia museum is given by Caspica in the London Times. He tells of experiences among the Tungus, strange and primitive nomad people of the Mongolian type, who live along the Yenisei river, far within the arctic circle, saying: The few Russian traders who venture as much as three hundred or four hundred versts (a verst is about two-thirds of a mile) into the tundra between the Yenisei and the Lena follow the so-called "Russian route," starting eastward from a little river settlement known as Dudinka, on the Yenisei, in about 68 degrees north. But the prospect of finding, along the route, natives who have not come into contact with Europeans was small, and consequently the idea which I had at first entertained of reaching by this means the Tungus, who were the objective of the journey, was abandoned. Another route—the one which we finally decided to follow—was suggested to me by a Tungus. The starting point was the village of Monastir (Turukhansk), also on the Yenisei. This is the most northerly point in the Russian empire where there is a post office, to and from which mails are sent at more or less—rather more than less—lengthy intervals. Into Far Tungusland. Russian settlers and the few Tungus who live within two or three days' jour-



TUNGU FAMILY AND TENT

ney from Monastir, and who came in with the first heavy snowfall, strongly advised me to abandon my plan of spending the winter in the tundra; we should find no gold there—certainly not in the winter, at any rate—so that I should bring out nothing more than I took in. Indeed, we should probably return—if we did return—diminished in respect of some of our most essential personal belongings—a finger or a nose or an ear. When the first Tungus—who had made their camps for the winter fairly near the village—began to come in for supplies, I made haste to begin negotiations for sledges and reindeer for the journey. It was difficult to make them understand what exactly I wished to do. But at last I found a man to whom I was able to make it clear that I wished to go into the heart of Tungusland, to visit and talk with the Tungus, passing from tent to tent across the limitless tundra that stretches for some thousand versts between Turukhansk and Yenisei—the latter lying about 800 versts within the arctic circle to the northeast of Monastir, which is just south of that parallel. Tents Are Like Wigwams. The Tungus are nomad reindeer breeders, and the conditions of their life as such make it necessary for each family to live at a comfortable distance from its nearest neighbors. A reindeer herd in its search for moss ranges over a large extent of territory, so that the distance between two encampments is hardly less than fifty, and may be as much as one hundred versts. An encampment comprises one or two tents of shape and construction similar to an American Indian wigwam. When the moss in the neighborhood of the camping place is exhausted the family moves on to another feeding ground, tents and household goods being carried on sledges, or

my "foreign accent" in speaking Tungus. They are a cheerful people, and though not apt to be communicative about the things I wanted to learn, a lively story or an opportune jest would usually put them in the right humor to relate a legend, tell of tribal custom, or subject to be measured—anthropologically. The use of more than a single cupful of water for washing is held as great an extravagance as a bath in champagne would be among us. Water in winter is precious stuff; it has to be obtained by the tedious process of melting ice or snow. Strong Love of Country. The attachment of the Tungus to their native land, strong and ardent as it is, cannot be said to be inspired by, or to inspire, any visible appreciation of its beauty. When the northern lights turn one-half of the sky into a field of pulsing flames, the Tungus herdsmen turn an indifferent glance northward and sum up a casual "it burns"—his only expression for this phenomenon which, in spite of its frequency, always filled us with a new sense of wonder and mystery. The shadow ravines, the vast frozen-moors bounded on all sides by sheer precipices, the towering peaks, the frowning crags appeal to him only from the point of view of the trapper or the herdsman; here the moss is plentiful, this is a good place for Arctic foxes, last season the hunters got many wild reindeer in this valley. It is all an economic question with him. His environment is his opportunity or his foe. This is the land he has won for himself against the slightest encroachment of the wilderness, immemorial enemies of man, and he clings to his hard-won foothold with a tenacity inveterate and unshakable.

NEW PALACE OF INDUSTRY

Steps are being taken in England toward the establishment of a permanent British empire fair, representing all the industries and natural resources of the empire, says an exchange. Influential manufacturers are now arranging a combination, through their trade associations, to erect a building at Willesden Green to be called the Palace of Industry, which it is hoped to have ready for opening in the spring of 1917. A site of about fifty acres has been chosen, and it is planned that the exhibition will occupy 500,000 square feet and will be three times the size of the largest exhibition building at present in London. The object is to facilitate for the British empire a fair equal in size and scope to the well-known Leipzig fair. Being a co-operative movement among British firms there are to be no profits. A fixed charge for the use of space, based on an estimate of the total expense, will be possible on the total expense, and it is a condition that any profit realized shall be returned to exhibitors in proportion to the area occupied by each. Ventilation Experiments. Experiments conducted by the New York commission on the ventilation of the city of New York, which are now being conducted in an unventilated room where the humidity is kept constant but no direct effects on the pulse, blood pressure, body temperature, respiration or metabolism, though the desire for food is appreciably diminished. Snowed-Out Sermon. It might be a good idea for some people to hold their tongues occasionally and give their thoughts a chance to catch up. Galloway's Debt to the Allies. The independence of Greece was gained in 1830, when it was declared a kingdom under the protection of Great Britain, France, and Russia.

WAGONS... MAY BE...
We are apt to see the words "wanderer" and "vagrant" interchangeably, though there is a degree of difference in their meaning, says the Detroit Free Press. The wanderer is a wanderer, an irresponsible person without visible means of support, preferring the open road to an occupation because of an unconventional dislike to the embarrassment of possession. The vagrant is also a wanderer, but the element of viciousness enters; given opportunity he may commit a crime. We usually lump the two together as tramps, hobos, weary Wilkes, and are told there are about half a million of them in our country. Economists complain that their maintenance costs about \$100,000,000 annually—only \$200 apiece—and that if they could be made wage earners they might enrich the community by about \$300,000,000. The wanderer, now the vagrant in our nomenclature, was once quite a respectable fellow, even an honored guest. The troubadours, the traveling friars of medieval days, the ancient harpists who brought their songs and stories to castles and halls, Richard Plantagenet, the post Villon, George Borrow, were tramps of one kind or another. History and romance abound in them, and we love to read of them because of our innate fellow feeling and sympathy. The vagrant wanders from somewhere to nowhere for love of the journey. His real reason is that he cannot hold it, having more wanderlust in his blood than has fallen to the share of the majority. After all, he merely gratifies to an unusual extent a general instinct which centuries of human institutions have not subdued in humanity. He casts off the limitations of civilization because they cost him more than he is willing to pay. He will pay meagerness and sleep uncontentedly that he may be free. No one owns him; he calls no man master; he is subtly, indifferently responsible. And who among us has not felt a passionate desire at times to man the chains that bind and chain, and live our lives as we wish? In spite of our respect for the exemplary virtues we recognize the charm of irresponsible ability. We like the vagrant in fiction even if we scorn him at our back doors, and regard him gravely as an economic problem. The tramp is more honest than most of us; he despises work and scorns the tasks we would impose on him. Most of us pretend to like it and stung its practice. He is moreover, a mysteriously appealing figure; there is something about his heroism in his contempt of what other men so prize, and we wonder, if we pause to think of him at all, what in his story, what woman remembers him and longs for news of him. There is always at least one—his mother.

Liked "Misty" Ale.

Some Harvard students with a flair for ale as great as great men possess, they, their thirst for knowledge, will be a body upon a Boston bywater. Resounding "Ale!" Miss has informed his guests, with punctilious propriety, that the only ale he had "drank" was "misty." This mellow suggestion appealed to the college youths who, smacking their lips in anticipation, ordered "Glasses round." Thus the good man brought up some triplicate ale, but the students, wagging their heads like true connoisseurs, ordered more, until closing time compelled them to wend their uncertain ways Cambridgeward. Returning the next night, before the night was over the editor of Harvard had broached and emptied the first barrel of "misty" ale. Our notice, equal to the emergency, ordered from his brewer an ale made "misty" in brewing—which today is an inconsiderable commercial commodity in the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Food That Doesn't Show Dirt.

One day I visited a delicatessen shop to ask the owner to cover the floor. His reply was: "I can't keep all my food in a glass case." A survey of the store showed me that he had a glass case in which he had carefully placed all of his canned goods, while on the top of the case there was a display of salads and cooked meats. I asked him why he didn't reverse the situation and he said, "I hadn't thought of it." Probably he hadn't, but to my mind came this thought: Canned goods would have to be dusted every morning, but mayonnaise and potato salad and luncheon pies do not have to be dusted.—Housewife's League Magazine.

Old Center of Civilization.

Prof. Marshall H. Saville, director of the Museum of the American Indian, New York, announces the discovery of an ancient city in Honduras which was the center of a high civilization. Many relics were found, principally pottery, and ornaments of stone and jade. "The remarkable fact about the pottery and other objects," said Professor Saville, "is that they represent at least six kinds of civilization. We have not the facilities at present to dig down 15 feet, which seems necessary, but if in evidence there is an opportunity for vast research."

No Mist Coming.

First Traveler—How do you feel business for your line?
Second Traveler—Well, I have no time for complaint. I'm doing a roaring business.
First Traveler—What's your line?
Second Traveler—Ties and the end of the end in a moment, here.

Fast Traveling.

The fastest of the English wigwags are the fastest over the ground at the rate of 77 yards a second.