Where It Happened.

"He loved her, but never made it known, and remained a bachelor because she was very rich and he was poor."

"Where did that happen? In this town?"

"No; in a book."

Growing Our Own Fruit.

The imports of fruit into the country have shown a steady decrease in the last few years, and it is said to be due to the fact that our orchard products are increasing in quantity and variety.

It's Nature.

"One industry in Australia is raising kangaroos."

"I should think that would keep those engaged in it on the jump."

Only Hotel in the World for Horses

What is believed to be the world's only hotel for horses, is in Charlottenburg, near Berlin, and it not only provides luxurious quarters for the horses of the Berlin Bus company, but rents many "rooms" for horses brought into the city. It is four stories high in back and three in front, with a basement. On each floor there is a roomy "porch" running the full length of the building. These "porches" are used with an inclined runway for entering or leaving the "hotel." A regular hotel service is provided for the "guests."

Rush to Silver Mines on Again

Mining Camps Long Asleep Are Threatening Renewal of Former Activity.

SCARCITY OF METAL IS CAUSE

Salt Lake City Thronged With Prospectors on Way to Mountains—Demand Is Greater Than Available Supply.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—The quest of silver, which played so important a part in the development of this country, is again attracting large numbers of fortune-seekers to the West. For the first time in many quiet years, Salt Lake City is thronged with prospectors on their way back and forth from the mountains, where mining camps that have slumbered longer than Rip Van Winkle are stirring in their sleep and threatening a renewal of their former activity.

Silver is once more coming into its own. The reason is that the world's demand for it is much greater than the present available supply, which condition is sufficient to keep the price of silver at a fair figure for years to come.

One hears much excited conjecture as to the future of the metal here in Salt Lake City, which is the greatest smelting center in the world. As such, it receives practically all of the silver ore produced on this continent—ore from Mexico and Canada as well as that from Utah, Nevada and Montana mines. The largest silver mines are in Mexico; the largest silver mine in this country is in Montana, and the second largest in Utah. Some of this product is shipped by way of San Francisco to the Orient, but the greater part goes to London.

The history of silver, of its rise and fall, is curiously romantic. Once a king among metals, fought for by potentates and pirates, and capable of drawing an army of fortune-hunters across a continent, silver tottered and fell, after demonetization in 1873, until dozens of silver mines were compelled to close down. Before the late war the owner of a silver mine was not to be envied. He was in the same position as so many owners of gold claims today, who cannot afford to operate them. Mining costs were too high, and the price of silver too low.

The greatest demand for silver has always been in the Orient. There are only two great countries in the world which are not on a gold basis, and these are China and India. They are the chief so-called silver nations. This is because they are heavily in debt to other nations, and must trade with them on whatever terms their creditors see fit. If China could succeed in developing its splendid natural resources so that it could get out of debt, it could demand payment for its goods in gold. But until then it will have to take silver.

India, the Silver Sink.

In India the coinage is entirely of silver, which is mined by the British government. The demand for silver for personal adornment is also very great in that country, owing to the preference of the people for carrying their wealth about with them. Thievery flourishes so successfully in India that this is an almost necessary precaution. At the cry of "thief!" in the night, the average native family merely gets up and runs, carrying its riches in the form of bracelets, rings and chains. The same custom is observed in certain parts of our own West, where the men carry their wealth not in the form of silver, but of diamonds.

The silver authorities in Salt Lake City speak of India as the silver sink. They say they don't know what becomes of all of it, but that no silver which ever goes into India ever comes out. While this is a slight exaggeration, of course, it is true that a great deal of metal is hoarded from generation to generation, through which it is passed down much in the same form as the families of other nations pass down their real estate. Widows in India, for instance, have no dower rights, but they are permitted to keep their ornaments, which naturally causes the native women to demand as many silver necklaces as possible.

All of the Indian supply of silver coinage is provided by the British government, which therefore has always been interested in keeping the price of silver down. For when the price of silver rises above the value of the Indian roupee, which is 94 cents, everybody immediately melts his supply of roupees and sells them for bullion. There is one group of four brokers in London which has been setting the price of silver for the rest of the world for a long period of years. One firm is in its sixth generation. They meet at 11 o'clock every morning, and exchange orders. Some have buying orders and some selling orders, and on the basis of these orders they fix the price of silver for the day.

War Prices of Silver.

The custom suffered a severe check with the war. Then the British government and the other allied governments were in need of unusually large quantities of the metal with which to pay China and India for war supplies. Most of this silver they had to buy from the United States. There was not nearly sufficient metal on hand in this country to supply the demand, and the price started rising. As an ally in the war, the United States government was compelled to interfere and set an export price on silver at $1.01 1-8 an ounce, which was higher than Great Britain had ever permitted it to go, but not as high as American mine owners liked.

Then, as the demand for the metal became acute, and it was also needed to meet our own adverse trade balance with India, congress passed what is known as the Pittman act, authorizing the secretary of the treasury to melt down 350,000,000 silver dollars held in the vaults of the treasury and to sell the bullion. The silver certificates outstanding against these dollars were to be previously retired and their place in the circulation to be taken by notes issued by the federal reserve banks, secured by special deposits of United States treasury certificates.

This kept the price of silver steady for the period of the war, but upon the signing of the armistice the export restriction was removed. Immediately the price of silver started soaring until last December it reached the unprecedented figure of $1.33 an ounce. Everybody began melting down his silver heirlooms for bullion, which sold at a tremendous profit. Silver plate and ornaments bought in the years 1904 and 1905 when silver was selling at from 52 to 60 cents an ounce, suddenly became worth twice as much. It looked as if whole fortunes were to be made in old spoons and knives and forks. But in a short time the silver bubble burst.

The Flood of Bullion.

For Europe also had plenty of silver heirlooms and coins, and every country, including Germany, started flooding the market with bullion from these sources. Then came the Japanese panic, which hit the market hard, because a good deal of trade through China and India is handled by Japan. The price of silver once more declined until it reached $1. Here the United States government once more interfered and guaranteed it to remain at this figure by agreeing to buy the silver necessary to replace the dollars taken from the treasury during the war.

Thus, today there are two prices for silver—one in this country, and one for the rest of the world, set by the same old group of brokers in London. London no longer controls the price for American silver, however, which it must buy at a loss.

With this government guaranty, the production of silver is now profitable enough to cause the old mines to resume operation and new sources to be sought. Throughout Utah and Nevada whole villages which have slept peacefully for decades are coming back to life with renewed vitality. Camps whose names would have been forgotten but for Mark Twain, are now receiving daily notices in the mining press; people are again seen about their streets, and houses so long deserted are receiving new coats of paint. Eureka, Tuscarora, Pioche, Cherry Creek, the Bellerophon, the Silver Wave and other mining enterprises are once more names to conjure with.—Frederick J. Haskin in the Chicago News.

Marriage Was a Custom When He Needed Money

New York.—Marriage was a custom with Harry Schuster, he told police when arrested on charges of bigamy. "They're all nice girls," he said of his three wives. "I like them all and I think they like me. I never had a fight, but whenever I got broke I had to marry some one else with some money."

Last of the Mohicans in Washington

Lemuel Oocum Fielding, the "Last of the Mohicans," surviving chief of that tribe, in Washington with his son and daughter, to confer with Cato Sells, commissioner of Indian affairs, regarding the title to land in Norwich, Conn., which he says belongs to his tribe.

BABY SAVES GEN. BUDENNY

American Flyers Refuse to Bomb Bolshevik Train Because Child Was Aboard.

Warsaw, Poland.—American flyers composing the Kosciuzsko squadron of the Polish army have had many opportunities to bomb the train of six cars which Gen. Budenny, the Bolshevist cavalry leader, used as headquarters at the front, but they always refused to do so, because they knew his wife and baby lived on board the train. On several occasions when the Budenny special was located by the Americans they knew pretty well that the cavalry commander was at his traveling home for a visit with his wife and youngster, but they always let pass the chance to do him or his train damage.

Gen. Budenny is a Kuban Cossack and was a sergeant-major in the old imperial Russian army. He has been seen many times from the air by Americans and is described as short, stocky man with quite an intelligent countenance.

"Hey, Waiter," Gets a Judge.

Hamilton, O.—Because he and other Democratic members lost election bets Judge Clarence Murphy acted as a waiter at a dinner to Republicans Saturday night. Whenever any of the lucky winners wanted anything they'd say "Hey, waiter," and draw a judge or some other prominent citizen. Incidentally the Republicans demanded a lot of service.

Drawing the Line.

"Dancing," remarked Mr. Lightfoot "is the poetry of motion."

"Possibly," answered Miss Cayenne: "but it is not the kind of poetry that can properly be associated with hymns."

ALASKA APPEALS TO YOUTH

Newspaper in Great Northern Territory Promises Fortune to the Young and Adventurous.

The sage advice of Greeley was never more applicable than it is today in Alaska, observes the Alaska Capital. What the country needs is the optimism of youth, coupled with an adherence to the advice of Doctor Kilgor of Trinity college, North Carolina, when he said: "Young men, the sages will tell you to be prudent; prudence belongs to the daring of youth—the spirit of adventure that will develop individuality."

Reduce this philosophy to Alaskan terms, and we find that the territory just now needs youth to finish the structure upon the foundation laid by those wonderful pioneers whom we reverence and admire. The raw materials are here, materially and ethically all that is needed is for the next generation succeeding the pioneers to step into the trails blazed for them and finish the job.

Reason for Gratitude.

Little Edna was visiting the museum with her aunt. In the Egyptian room the child saw the desiccated remains of an ancient queen and asked what it was.

"That is someone's mummy, dear," replied auntie.

"Goodness!" said Edna. "I'm glad my mummy doesn't look like that."—Boston Transcript.

BALL PLAYED BY PRISONERS

Eastern Penitentiaries Have Teams That Put Up Good Exhibitions of the National Game.

Many prisons and penitentiaries have baseball teams composed of inmates, and the national sport has done much to revive the health and spirits of prisoners. These baseball teams are uniformed and play a regular schedule of games, but of necessity these games are always played on the prison home grounds.

One of the best known prison teams is that of Sing Sing. It is known as the Mutual Welfare league team, and last season it won more than 95 per cent of games played with visiting nines. The prison baseball field has a splendidly graded surface, and there are bleachers for spectators. The team plays Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Visiting teams come from New Jersey and Connecticut. The prison team has won from some of the best semi-professional nines in these states. The Eastern penitentiary in Philadelphia has long maintained a baseball team, and has developed many good players.

Their Choice.

The children were going to have a stepfather. Mother had just made the announcement and was waiting to hear their opinions of her choice. Nine-year-old Ruth's came first. "But, mother, he hasn't any hair," she protested.

Mother smiled. She had been afraid they might offer worse ones than this. "But your own daddy didn't have much," she smiled.

For a minute Ruth was silenced, but she was thinking. "I know, mother," she admitted, "but you were young when you chose him. Now you know more and it does seem like you ought to be a better chooser."

Out of Place.

A book-lover was seated in his library, surrounded by scattered volumes. Encouraged by the reports of discoveries of valuable fragments of manuscripts in other people's books, he was having a little search of his own. His small son was on the floor assisting the enterprise.

"Father," said the child solemnly, suddenly breaking the silence, "does every book have a flyleaf?"

"Certainly," replied the father, "unless it has been torn out."

"Well," said the child, in a tone of deep concern, "I've just found a fly squashed on the wrong page!"

Practice and Theory.

"Jubbs was a crank about the simple life.' "Naturally; he is now in a home for the feeble-minded."

Unprofitable.

Tommy—Out of a job?

Jimmy—Yes. The boss said he was losin' money on the things I was making.

Tommy—Wasn't there anything else you could do around the place?

Jimmy—I think not. Anyhow he said, I didn't seem to be able to do anything else.

Tommy—And what was you making?

Jimmy—Mistakes.

Under Fire.

"What sort of a speaker is he?"

"I don't know. He seems to be all right for plain talking, but I don't know how he'd be if they started to heckle him."