

WAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Saves Shoestring Tips to Sell Them for Junk



MILWAUKEE, WIS.—That her husband was so stingy that he saved the tips of his shoestrings and sold them for old iron, was the accusation Mrs. Walter Kaysing, 427 Eighth avenue, made in the district court.

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Judge Neer.

"Yes, sir, your honor," the woman replied. "Once he saved up some scrap iron and sold it to a dealer for eight cents. And would you believe it, your honor, he even had little bits of pieces of iron."

Kaysing was arraigned for abandonment. Mrs. Kaysing had been compelled to appeal to the county poor department for aid. Her husband, she said, worked in a tannery and earned \$11 a week. He seldom gave her any of this money, she told the judge, and when he did it was only a dollar or two a week.

"He put the rest of it in the bank," she testified. "I had to go out washing to support the family. He wouldn't even buy clothes for the children, and every time the rent was due, I thought the man would have a nervous collapse."

Spanking Ends Romance; Girl, 15, Doesn't Elope

CHICAGO.—Susie didn't elope after all. Instead she is now at home, a well-spanked girl, who has no such illusions regarding Joe, the handsome merry-go-round ticket taker, as she formerly had.

Susie, who is only fifteen years old, would have had a perfectly successful elopement, and Joe would not have been arrested if Susie hadn't failed to let one of her little chums in on the secret.

Her whole name is Susie Dovenmuench and she lives—more contentedly now—with her parents at 1831 West Chicago avenue.

It was just after the first merry-go-round of the spring had been set up at West Huron and North Hoyne streets. Susie went. So did Irene Miller, twelve years old, and Marie Comisky, of equal age. It was Marie who threw the monkey wrench in the machinery of the merry-go-round elopement, figuratively speaking.

Joe—he said his name was Haer—thought Susie was pretty and said so. He let her ride free. That very night Joe took Susie home. Irene walked with them, but Marie was left out.

Leaving Marie out was a fatal blunder.

Marie learned that Susie had arranged to elope to Milwaukee with Joe the very next night. Indeed, Marie came to Susie's house as Susie was

hearing a suitcase out of a window and Irene was keeping Susie's mother interested in front of the house. When Susie and Irene slipped away Marie told her mother what she had seen and heard.

Mrs. Comisky told Mrs. Dovenmuench.

At the merry-go-round was Susie and her "whirligig" hero. They had \$11 and quantities of air castles—that is, before Susie's mother arrived. After the mother arrived, they had a ride in the patrol wagon. Susie also had—painful to say—a sound spanking from her father.

Susie's distressing experience with her father, as a result of the otherwise unfruitful experience, leaves her one consolation.

She learned from the police station records that the name she was about to bear was not Haer at all. She would have been Mrs. Joe Borzonarznok.

Mr. Soo Checks Wives Elopement With Her Affinity

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Foo Soo, known in Chinatown circles as Frank H. Soo, Esq., of 522 Third avenue, and a prominent figure there, became highly incensed the other night when he returned home after a visit to the Jess house to discover that his wife Lena, whom he married in Howard, Pa., less than a year ago, had eloped with a former sweetheart.

Foo Soo did not wait to report the elopement to the police, at secured a weapon and started out to recover his wife and an eight-month-old merrinikin, both of which he says he is devoted to. Watch the developments!

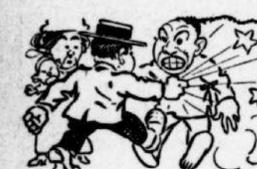
The chase was successful. Foo Soo found his wife and baby at Fourth avenue and Smithfield street. They were accompanied by a young man whom Foo Soo recognized as his wife's sweetheart when she was a coy country

maid. The Chinaman demanded that his rival return his wife and child to him. The best he got was a solar plexus blow, and he went down for the count. Before he was able to regain his feet the man from Howard seized him by the queue and swung him through the air until he grew tired, and then escaped.

Foy Soo revived a few moments later and a battle between him and Mrs. Soo followed over which one would retain possession of the half-celestial-half-American baby. The battle was interesting one and baby was getting the worst of the affair. A great crowd gathered, including a few coppers. They stopped the tug of war and locked up Mr. and Mrs. Soo on a charge of disorderly conduct, also Soo, Jr. A search was made for Mrs. Soo's affinity, but he made a successful getaway.

Half a hundred "chinks" soon appeared at Central station to bail out the Soos. The pair was released on forfeits for hearings, but before they left police headquarters Mrs. Soo and her devoted husband indulged in another hair raising argument in pigeon Chinese. The result was that Mrs. Soo did not return to Chinatown, but was locked up again on a disorderly charge, along with her baby.

Bought Brooklyn Bridge; Couldn't Take It Home



NEW YORK.—On the Holland-American liner Rotterdam, which sailed the other day, there left Karl Hoops, a pleasant little Dutchman, who is going back to Amsterdam. For half an hour before the vessel sailed he murmured, then shouted:

"Rotterdam, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, New York, dam, dam, dam!"

About a month before Hoops left Amsterdam for New York with \$2,000 tucked in his pockets. He had heard that New York was the land of opportunity. Opportunities were thrust upon him. He was here just a week when the Brooklyn bridge was sold to him for the measly sum of \$500.

"I was out walking one night," said Hoops, "when I meets a gentleman. He was glad to see me, and invited me to take a drink. Then he took me over the Brooklyn bridge and showed me all the people coming and going.

"I ought to be taking in \$5,000 a day and I'm not getting more than \$3,000," the gentleman told him. "I'm disgusted with New York," continued the new friend. "I'm going away. I'd sell out the bridge tomorrow for \$500."

In a few hours Hoops was the owner of the Brooklyn bridge. And it did only cost him \$500. Hoops went up to the bridge, and all swelled up

with the thought that he had bought the bridge and would be able to take it home with him.

He was so confident that he had bought the bridge that he had it taken down and loaded on a barge. He was so confident that he had bought the bridge that he had it taken down and loaded on a barge.

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FEAR A DEFECTION

DEMOCRATIC SENATORS THINK FOUR OF THEIR NUMBER MAY BEAT TARIFF BILL.

DOUBTFUL ONES ARE NAMED

Anxiety, However, Seems Unfounded and Senate Probably Will Pass Measure for President Wilson Holds the Whip Hand.

By GEORGE CLINTON.

Washington.—There seems to have been recently a revival of the early fear of the Democratic senators that some of their number may break away from party control on the final vote on the tariff bill and thus defeat it.

When Joseph P. Tumulty first came to Washington as secretary to the president, the wonder of stranger visitors to the White House was how Tumulty knew their names. Now of course a good many cards were presented, and at times it was possible for the secretary to know the card corresponding to the caller, but not always. Tumulty, however, invariably called each man by his right name, and saw eyebrow after eyebrow arch in surprise.

It is a great thing to know a man's name, for it goes some distance along the self-esteem route to help a man bear up against a final, if gently administered, disappointment. How did Tumulty know the names at the outset?

Do They Use an Eye Code?

The suspicion has been that the secretary, and the assistant secretary, Rudolf Forster, who knows the name of every living man between East Cape and Mendocino, had a Morse alphabet which they dotted and dashed out by means of a rapid winking.

Tumulty's desk is at the south side of a goodly sized reception room. Forster's desk is at the west side of a room adjoining, but there is an open doorway between the offices, and the line of vision from Tumulty's desk to Forster's is as straight and unclouded as the daily walk of the upright man. Tumulty knew everybody's name before he spoke to him, and if the information was not conveyed by some subtle, elusive manner which was past the discovery of the curious.

If Forster did the telegraphing, he was himself at a loss for a name, which hardly seems possible, by the way—he had only to call up a base station at his immediate left, where sits Thomas Branahan, who knows the sur, Christian and middle name of nine-tenths of the men born Americans.

Today Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to the president, knows everybody's name and pretty nearly everybody's personality. Joseph is as wise a man as his namesake of the Old Testament, although his name probably was given him in honor of one of the two Josephs of the gospel.

Some people say that of course, Washington correspondents write nice things about presidents' secretaries. It might be suggested that files be searched in order that it may be known that some things not altogether nice have been written about some of them.

Tumulty's Great Success.

Joseph P. Tumulty is a good fellow, and, moreover, he has been astonishingly successful with a new and trying job. He has to send away men who are bent on seeing Mr. Wilson, but he knows how to send them away with their heads up and a pleased light in their eyes. Senators, members, department officials and stranger visitors drop in and drop down into seats of the chaired circle. Tumulty swings round the circle, calls everybody by name, asks what he can do for him, and makes a lightning differentiation. Some men see the president and some do not, but all of them get satisfaction out of their visits. New Jersey must have a good preparatory school for the District of Columbia.

William Loeb, Jr., talked for Theodore Roosevelt on many occasions. Loeb and Tumulty are absolutely different temperamentally, but they are very much alike in method. Tumulty is not afraid to speak for his chief, and in being unafraid, he shows that he knows his ground, that he rebukes in store, and that he has added just so much to the time which Woodrow Wilson can give to the contemplation of the tariff and the currency.

Joseph P. Tumulty is a "hard worker" if he were not a willing worker he would not be secretary to the president. There are millions of roses in Washington at all seasons of the year, out of doors or in the hothouses; but none of them has ever been plucked to help make a bed of roses for the man who acts as secretary to the president of the United States.

"When I forbid my child to cross the street, and she insists, I permit her to cross it, and then I spank her on the other side." "That's the side I always spank mine on, too."

MAN MUST SAVE TO GET GIFT

Californian Will Receive \$5,000 When He Has Earned and Saved \$1,000.

A Californian man of thirty has been left \$5,000 by his uncle on condition that he first earn and save \$1,000 of his own. Until the thousand is secured in the manner designated the bequest will lie dormant.

One is inclined to commend the judgment of the uncle. If a young man has not sufficient will power to accumulate \$1,000 he is not likely to possess the wisdom necessary to handle five times that amount handed to him as a gift.

The world is full of men whose mental vision extends no further than the next pay day, who have no more notion of saving money than they have of growing tall feathers. Their acquaintance among poolroom habitués is far more extensive than among receiving tellers. A week's idleness means a doubtful account at their grocer's.

This young Californian will either

The Kind He Liked.

I overheard the following conversation between my little brother and his playmate: Jack remarked: "You said you had a 'bad' cold, did you ever have a 'good' one, Herbert?" Herbert answered: "Sure. Once I had one that kept me home from school."

Machine That Blows Bottles.

A glass bottle blowing machine invented in Germany has a speed of 2,000 bottles an hour, equal to the work of 250 expert glass blowers.

How It Happened.

Teller—I see that Hennepeck has developed into a free thinker of late. Grimshaw—Yes; his wife has been away from home for a week.—Puck.

Lucky Horseshoes.

She—Do you believe in horseshoes as an emblem of luck? He—Yes, if they are on the winning horse.

JAIL FUGITIVE IS HOOTED BY MATES

Members of Gay Little Club Dislike Crude Action.

HE VIOLATED A RULE

Besides Being Ostracised, He Was Adorned With a Length of Chain and an Eighteen-Pound Iron Ball to Drag Around.

Minneapolis, N. Y.—Residents of the Nassau county jail were so deeply mortified at the conduct of one of their number that they at once announced their intention of sending a round robin to Sheriff DeMott, repudiating the man and demanding to have no social intercourse with him.

Joseph Grella was the object of their scorn. He had violated all the rules of the pleasant retreat, and had sought to get away from it. When he was captured and brought back not a man would speak to him. It simply "isn't done," you know, to try to get out of that jail. Only insane persons, the guests say, ever wish to get out.

Grella, who was serving a four-months' term for the attempted kidnapping of Mary Cinnello, last November, took advantage of the sista hour and put a plank up against the fifteen-foot wall. He made so much noise that he woke several of the other tenants. They spied him near the top of the plank.

"Hey, what're you tryin' to do?" they called to him.

"Make a getaway," was his answer, as he bestrode the wall.

"Aw, nix, Grella, don't do it!" advised the others. "What's your kick? Ain't the grub all right? Ain't the sleeps all right? Ain't we all little pals together havin' a good time and bein' treated square? Don't do it. You'll get the sheriff in Dutch and queer things all around."

"That's all right, but I'm goin'," answered Grella, and he dropped down on the other side of the wall.

Sheriff DeMott's guests weren't going to stand anything like that, so they ran around the jail until they found Winfield Box, a guard, and told him in sorrowful and ashamed tones what had happened. Box ran outside, cheered by the cries of "Hope you

Turned Their Heads and Cut Him Dead.

turned their heads and cut him dead. The guard commanded the bicyclist down the road about a quarter mile away.

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Box was piled in a heap upon the road. But he retained his presence of mind and his pipe, which he had stuffed still burning, into his pocket when he started the chase. Seeing Grella turn and lessen speed at the sound of the exploding fire, the quick-witted guard grabbed the pipe from his pocket (it was still smoking), and, pointing it at the runaway, yelled: "Stop, or I'll shoot again!"

Grella, ignorant of the ruses of great detectives, halted and put up his hands. Box walked up to him and handcuffed him. The prisoner was in a great rage when he captured merely smiled at him in a superior way and ordered him to march right back to the jail, the hospitality of which he had violated.

"Well, here I am again," Grella announced with a grin, as he was taken back within the inclosure.

"Don't speak to him, fellows," whispered one of the most prominent guests. So nobody did. His former associates simply turned their heads away and cut him dead.

"Serves him perfectly well right," said the other. They think he must be unbalanced anyway, for his term would have been up soon. That is the only excuse—mental flatness—that would, in their opinion, justify a man in leaving the lovely jail at any time until he had to do so.

Millennium Guild's Plan.

Boston.—To wear no kid gloves, no leather shoes or slippers or belts nothing in fact that is produced by torture or death of a living thing—these are fundamental principles of the Millennium Guild, here, a new organization devoted to spreading the principles of universal love.

Japan in Lead.

London.—According to the report of the British museum, 41,620 books were published last year in Japan, while Germany, the most "bookish" nation of Europe, put out 31,281.

PORCUPINE CAUSES A PANIC IN MID-OCEAN

Escaped From Cage on Steamer and There Was Something Doing Every Minute.

Landed Fairly on Porcupine No. 1.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—A porcupine panic in mid-ocean, with 409 passengers thrown into wild excitement over the prospect of being pierced with quills, was described the other day by an under officer of the steamship Pretoria, when she docked in South Brooklyn with a great load of animals from Hamburg.

According to the voracious narrator, one of the animal tenders forgot to latch the door on a cage full of porcupines and a few minutes later wild shrieks from the main saloon announced the appearance of the first of the be-queilled wanderers. There was a rush of officers to the companionway and in his excitement Second Officer Herman Stiefender slipped on the top step and bumped his way down, landing fairly and squarely upon

on porcupine No. 1. The porcupine was crushed beyond identification, but it did not without glory. Hours later the ship's doctor was still busy fixing up the officer.

This was but the beginning. There were nine of the sticky little animals at large and there was something doing every minute. By nightfall all but one had been captured, when piercing wails from below decks floated up through an open hatchway. Investigation brought to light one Otto Schultz, man in waiting on the herd of three elephants. It also disclosed a rumpled and disgusted porcupine, Otto, having watered his big charges and seen them safe for the night, had thrown himself heavily upon a stack of hay that was his accustomed couch. The missing porcupine was under the hay. Every one except Otto was greatly relieved by the incident.

Besides the elephants and porcupines there were five crates of wildcats, two panthers, four zebras, twelve crates of monkeys, fourteen crates of birds and two crates of squirrels. The most unusual animal in the collection was an Australian "antelope ape," a strange simian that gallops and looks much like an antelope when on the ground, but has a long prehensile tail, by aid of which it can gallop straight up a tree and hang from the branches to mock the pursuing banana hounds.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Risking her life in an attempt to save her home from destruction by fire the other night, Mrs. Pearl Williams, of 826 North Nineteenth street, carried a blazing oil stove to a second-story window, and in her efforts to hurl it out lost her balance and toppled into the street, miraculously escaping serious injury. The flame from the stove painfully burned her hands and seared her neck as it was blown back in the rush to the window, but the fall failed to produce more than a slight shock.

Mrs. Williams started the stove shortly after nightfall, when a change of weather brought a chill breeze from the northwest. She was busy with her sewing, when the stove exploded and became enveloped in flame. Without an instant's hesitation she grabbed it up in her arms and with oil burning her hands and neck rushed to the window. She thrust it against the glass and burst out the sash, but in her haste to drop her perilous burden she leaned too far out and followed the stove to the ground. Policeman Clapper, of the Ninth district, saw Mrs. Williams as she fell and ran to her assistance, later summoning Policeman Elliott to his assistance. After examining the house to see that no blaze had been started they sent Mrs. Williams to the German hospital, where her condition was reported as not serious.

Boys Bury Skeleton and Profound Discussions by Learned Savants Follow.

Newton, N. J.—The Sussex County Historical society acknowledges it has been hoaxed by a band of schoolboys. Learned members of the society has held many profound discussions over an excavation dug up by workmen at an excavation near the Barrett homestead in Main street.

The amateur archaeologists had about decided the skeleton was that of an Indian. Preparations were being made to have it set up in a private museum.

The boys who perpetrated the joke, however, whispered their secret to their friends. Soon it was common property that they had found the skeleton in the garret of the Barrett house and buried it so that the laborers would dig it up.

State Capitol News Notes

DEPARTMENT ISSUES REPORT

Important Figures Given on Crop Conditions.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Baton Rouge.—The following spring condition has just been issued by the Louisiana Department of Agriculture and Immigration, E. O. Bruner, commissioner:

The department is much gratified to note a splendid agricultural prospect for the year 1912.

We want to state that the parishes of Allen, Assumption, Calcasieu, Iberville, Lafourche, St. Charles and St. Landry failed to make any report at all, and as the law positively requires the assessors to make these reports, we cannot understand why it is not done for every one.

Forty-five parishes report the cotton crop at 118 per cent compared with last year, and the general condition at 100 per cent, with 108 1/2 fertilizers used.

Corn.—Fifty-five parishes report the increase of corn planted at 107 5/11 per cent, condition at 107 5/11 and fertilizer used 102 2/5.

Rice.—Twenty-five parishes report the area of rice planted at 194 4/5, with a stand and condition at 100 2/7 reported by 21 parishes, while the fertilizer used was practically about the same as last year.

Sugar Cane.—Thirty-two parishes report the fall plant at 109 3/4 per cent, and the spring plant is placed by 39 parishes at 96 1/2. The real sugar parishes, though, are reporting both area and general condition as satisfactory, and prospects seem to be pleasing to nearly all. Sorghum is reported by 19 parishes at 91 3/4, with conditions about the same as last year.

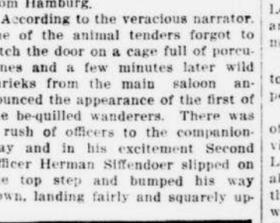
Forty-five report Irish potatoes 102 5/9 per cent and sweet potatoes 106 4/11. Fourteen report oats at 102 3/5 per cent. Twenty-two parishes report peanuts at 125 4/5 per cent. Thirty report peaches at 99 3/5 per cent, with all other fruits comparing fairly well with last year—except strawberries, which are reported by 17 parishes at 114 1/2. Four parishes shipped 2,021 carloads. Tangipaha alone shipped 1,937 cars or 1,550,000 cases, which brought more than \$2,125,000.

Eight parishes report the orange crop at 102 1/2 per cent. Forty-eight report garden vegetables at 104 3/3 per cent, with general conditions at 102 5/22. Forty report clover and grasses at 107 per cent. Labor is reported by fifty-four parishes at 98 1/2 per cent as to supply.

Twenty-nine parishes report that they had on hand May 1 over 23 per cent of the corn that was made in 1912. Forty-seven parishes report corn selling at an average of 85 cents cash, while the credit price is an average of \$1.02.

It seems so unreasonable that a country that can produce such splendid crops of corn will not plant enough for home consumption, when they know that such prices as those will prevail in the spring.

Thirty-five parishes report the season during April at 111 5/7 per cent compared with last year. Fifty-one place the live stock condition at 104 1/2 per cent. Only a few parishes report diseases in stock. De Soto reports some blind staggers. Sabine, that nearly all hogs died. St. Helena, distemper. Evangeline reports some hog disease. Webster reported red measles in hogs, which killed about 25 per cent in the parish.



Landed Fairly on Porcupine No. 1.

Order Proceedings Brought.

Lafayette.—The Parish School Board, in special session, authorized District Attorney De Bellevue to institute proceedings if necessary against the city to recover \$1,500 balance due for the regular three-mile school tax for 1912. The board also completed arrangements for the location of Carnevo Agricultural High School on ten acres of ground bought from the Brown place.

Florien.—The new mill two miles south of here is progressing nicely. It is being built by the Wyatt Lumber Company and when completed will be one of the largest pine mills in the state.

Plaquemine.—The dredge-boat Delatour, belonging to the United States Government, at work removing silt from Bayou Plaquemine, sprang a leak during the night and sank in 12 feet of water near the Texas and Pacific bridge. The crew were asleep at the time, but all escaped without injury. Divers arrived from New Orleans to ascertain the cause of the trouble, and raising of the boat will begin at once. Captain Sam Powers, a government man, was in charge of the Delatour.

Old-Fashioned Cake.

Into a dish put one cupful of sugar and one and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with one rounding teaspoonful of baking powder. Into a measuring cup put the whites of two eggs, add butter till the cup is half full and then fill it full of sweet milk. Beat five minutes and bake in a loaf tin in a moderate oven. Frost it with white icing sprinkled over with some of the red and blue sugar our grandmother used on the Christmas cakes of old-fashioned days.

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