

FAMOUS BAY NAMED AFTER HENRY HUDSON



WHILE America has just finished celebrating the tercentenary of Henry Hudson, whose name it has immortalized in the Hudson river it is interesting to remember that Canada, too, has a permanent monument to his memory in the shape of Hudson's Bay, the Mecca of the fur-hunter. The geographical position of Canada causes it, together with Siberia, to be the chief fur-producing country in the world, for the wild beasts there are endowed by nature with the richest furs as protection against the extreme cold, and Hudson's Bay is the true center of the fur hunting-grounds, whence the hunters start, and whither they return with their precious spoils. We shall see in this article what immense resources are necessary, both in men and material, and what dangers and hardships have to be undergone to obtain these furs, the high price of which is thus naturally explained.

During the long winter months Hudson's Bay, which only communicates with the open sea by the long Hudson Strait to the north of Labrador, is cut off from the world; for this reason Revillon Freres have created towards the most central part of the bay, in the Straiton islands, a vast depot, where two steamers of their fleet bring huge quantities of every description of stores at the beginning of each summer, making their way through the drift-ice from Montreal to James Bay, and arrived there, rapidly unloading their cargo. On their spacious holds are emptied, their great hardships have to be undergone, and the posts dotted along the bay, and commence their return voyage to Montreal before the ice closes the only maritime route.

The grand depot at James Bay communicates with the posts by small steamships, such as the *Violette* and the steaming-schooner *Pourvoyeuse*, whilst sailing barges of about ten tons are attached to the various posts, affording a means of communication along the coast or up the rivers to the secondary posts and outposts. The chief posts are called base posts, and here are concentrated all the provisions for the ordinary posts, all their accounts and their collections of skins, leathers, oils, walrus teeth (ivory), etc. The ordinary posts, installed further inland, serve as go-betweens for the base posts, and the outposts, or flying posts, opened temporarily under the direction of a half-breed or an Indian, establish direct contact with the hunters and trappers.

The European agents, located at the base posts or in the ordinary posts, usually remain for three years in the solitude. The climate is healthy, although very severe in the winter, and sickness is rare. Under the orders of this staff are numerous auxiliaries, either Canadians (the old wood-rangers) or natives, half-breeds, Indians and Eskimos.

The ranger is gradually disappearing, this wandering, exciting and entirely independent life, with its perpetual struggle against the elements, wild beasts and men, no longer tempting the bolder and more adventurous spirits. They are succeeded by their children, however, who are half-breeds, and are more intelligent than the Indians. These are usefully employed in the posts, or even take charge occasionally of an outpost. Up to the fiftieth degree of latitude north—that is to say, the southern limit of Hudson's Bay—an abundant supply of furs is brought to the posts by the Indians. They are cunning hunters, but, unfortunately, often lazy, and suffer much from the ravages of consumption, to which their degenerate frames oppose but a poor resistance.

The game, of course, varies, as the Indian either hunts the woods on foot or the rivers in the canoe; the sable, mink, ermine, fisher, red and silver fox, lynx, wolf, beaver, musquash, otter, bear, wolverine, elk and



White fox is rare game, while the white bear is a formidable adversary, who must be shot from a distance, and who frequently attacks the hunters, should he be only slightly wounded. The most productive and the least dangerous animal to hunt, although great hardships have to be undergone, is the half-seal, or phoque. This animal, when the thaw comes, congregates on the dislodged icebergs in shoals of 20,000 to 30,000 at a time. The young animals (the most valuable) can oppose no resistance to their slayers. In most cases the only weapon used is a club; a vigorous blow on the nose of a half-seal is sufficient to kill it at once. The older animals, however, who occasionally attack the hunters, and weigh from 14 to 16 cwt., have to be killed by a rifle bullet.

The slaughtered animals are cut up then and there, and the skins and the blubber only are dragged to the camps, and thence sold to the outposts, who forward them to the Straton islands.

Black bear are very numerous in all parts of the country; they grow to a large size and carry finer pelts than in any other part of the American continent. I saw a skin which had been well over eight feet, very large size for this species. Some of these bears have a large white patch on the chest, others have only a small white spot, while in most cases the general pelage is a rich glossy black all over. On the Upper Stikine there is a local variety which has at all times smoke grey hair over the whole of the back. It is only a local variety and not a subspecies, since cubs may be seen with the mother, who is often jet black all over. The general habits of the black bear are so well known that I need only say a few words as they apply to the animal in Cassiar. In this district they leave their hibernating holes early in May, and if the weather is bad return to them until the young grass springs up on the hillsides. Here they feed greedily for a month, and are generally in poor condition, but in fine fur. At this season the Indians hunt them a little and kill a few, for whose hides they get about \$15.

JAMES H. WEAVER.

A Modern Croesus.
Algernon looked at Cholly with an awestruck gaze.
"Cholly," he murmured, "Augustus must be awful rich."
"Why?" asked Cholly, with wide wonder in his baby blue eyes.
"I saw him yesterday lending a man five dollars, and he's just home from his vacation!"

Gossip of Washington

What is Going On at the National Capital.

Machine Counts Uncle Sam's Money



WASHINGTON.—Uncle Sam is now too big, too prosperous and too busy in a hurry even to count his money, and instead of counting his coins by hand he simply runs them through a sort of hopper, operated by electricity, and an automatic register shows how many go through. The coins fall into a bag and are tied up and sealed, the government guaranteeing that the correct number are in the bag.

The machine can make no mistake, hence Uncle Sam feels safe in making his guaranty. In this way all the money now being counted out at Washington, to go to the subtreasuries and banks throughout the country. The treasury does a great deal of counting of money, and for the purpose women are employed rather than men, as it has been found after long experience that the women make fewer mistakes. Hence the operators who sit at the electric machines and pour the silver stream into the hoppers are of the female sex.

But there is one place in the life of the coin where it must be counted by hand, and that is when it comes back to the treasury for redemption.

The money then must be gone over by hand to separate the foreign, mu-

tilated, worn out and counterfeit pieces, a work that requires very quick precision, and women have been found to do it exceedingly well. Usually they can detect a counterfeit coin by its color as it lies among the others on the table, but if not then, the operator captures it when she tosses it from one hand to another, for there is a false ring in its click as it leaps into her palm. "It is remarkable," said a treasury employe recently, "how many counterfeit copper cents come in, especially when one calls to mind how little profit there is in making them. Of course, as they are of such small denomination, they can be passed without much chance of suspicion being aroused, as few people trouble themselves to examine a penny. It has been found that most of the counterfeit pennies are made by Italians in New York city, and they put them into circulation to a great extent through peddlers and small store keepers.

There are, by the way, some interesting facts connected with copper cents. The Philadelphia mint during the fiscal year coined more than 1,000,000 cents, or more than 2,000,000 nickels. Up to just recently the cents and nickels have been made in Philadelphia, but according to a new law, passed by congress not long ago, these coins may be made at any of the mints, and as a result the mint at San Francisco last autumn put out 1,000,000 copper cents. Just a very few years ago pennies had no circulation at all west of the Mississippi. In fact California did not recognize them as legal tender, said an official.

Odd Provisions in Old Mail Rules



A GENERAL clean-up of the records of the postoffice department in Washington recently brought to light a list of postal rules existing in the United States in 1809, together with a schedule of the time in which those rules should be covered. The pamphlets were issued by Gleason Granger, who was postmaster general under Jefferson in 1801 and continued under Madison in 1809. They are the earliest records of their kind now in the possession of the department.

In front of each pamphlet is a list of the rules and regulations which governed the distribution of the mails just 100 years ago. They were brief and to the point, and contained some curious stipulations. In addition, the pamphlet contained fines levied upon mail carriers for delivering wet mails and for other shortcomings.

The general rules were as follows:

"1. The postmaster general may expedite the mails and after the time of arrival and departure at any time, he may stipulate what the carrier receives to be an adequate compensation for any extra expense that may be occasioned thereby.

all offices where no particular time is specified.

"3. For every 30 minutes delay (unavoidable accidents excepted) in arriving after the time prescribed in any contract, the contractor shall forfeit \$1; and if the delay continues until the departure of any depending mail whereby the mails destined for such depending mail lose a trip, an additional forfeiture of \$5 shall be incurred, and whenever a lost trip ensues, from whatever circumstance, the amount to be paid to the contractor for a regular trip is to be deducted from his pay.

"4. Newspapers, as well as letters, are to be sent in the mail; and if any person making proposals declares to carry newspapers, other than those conveyed in the mail, for his own emolument, he must state in his proposals for what sum he will carry, with the amount, and for what sum without that amount, and the contractor for a regular trip is to be deducted from his pay.

"5. Should any person making proposals desire an alteration of the time of arrival and departure above specified he must state in his proposals the alteration desired and the difference they will make in the terms of the contract.

"6. Persons making proposals are desired to state their prices by the year. Those who contract will receive their pay quarterly, in the months of August, November, February and May, in equal parts after the expiration of each quarter.

"7. No other than a free white person shall be employed to convey the mail."

Friends Amused by Taft Bath Story



WASHINGTON has a good laugh at the story from Glenwood Springs, Col., about the bath President Taft didn't take, knowing how the people do some awfully funny things in their efforts to entertain the nation's chief. At Glenwood Springs, on his trip west, which station he reached at six o'clock in the morning, there were several thousand people who greeted the stoppage of the train with a whoop. "Cap 'Alfie' Butts, the president's military aide, landed on the floor with one bound from the bed, and speedily appeared upon the rear platform of the train, wrapped in a military coat and not much else, excepting just straight mad. His cream-colored pajamas projected about a foot below the great coat and his shoes displayed the lack of hostery as he faced the reception committee, headed by the bishop of the church and the mayor of Glenwood.

He informed them that the president would be out presently, and then, as the mountain breezes were spreading his coat-tails so that you could play checkers on them, he liked to summon the presidential valet. The president finally appeared on the platform, and explained smilingly but haughtily that his program hadn't any notice of a six o'clock reception. The crowd stated that whether it did or didn't he was there, and they were going to have him, and off they rushed to the Glenwood Springs hotel to show him the wonderful public bath with the town's famous warm springs. Now, a bath before breakfast is a very pleasurable thing to take, but the way the president was to take this did not suit him in the least. The thoughtful people of Glenwood had prepared a specially-constructed bathing suit for the president, and a dozen or so for the members of the party, and the program was that the president was to patter down into the pool on one side, while the multitude watched from the other side. The president positively declined this courtesy, and reluctantly the people of Glenwood Springs gave up their promised presidential pleasure.

Chickens Adopted by a Police Cat



From time to time their pitiful chirps could be heard, and as night came with these increased in frequency and plaintiveness. The chirps came from under a stable in the rear of the station, where the two little foundlings had sought shelter.

Members of the precinct command say that during the evening the cat appeared to be acting strangely. Instead of roaming about the station room, as was her usual custom, she wandered about the rooms on the lower floor of the station, and occasionally made visits to the basement. No significance was given her queer actions, but many of the policemen wondered why their feline mascot did not visit them and get her usual evening pettings.

The next morning the cause of the cat's strange actions was explained, when the strange little bundles of feathers were discovered, but within a few minutes she put in her appearance. She immediately started to attend to her motherly duties. The little fellows were true to their adopted mother from the very first.

TALK OF NEW YORK

Gossip of People and Events Told in Interesting Manner.

Liquor at \$4.00 a Gallon for Horses



NEW YORK.—While few men would be willing to change places with camels because of the known propensity of that animal to go eight days without a drink, there are many who might willingly change into horses, with jobs in the park department.

Comptroller Metz some time ago reached the conclusion that the city should pay horses' whisky bills, which had been held up for months pending an investigation. The comptroller so informed the dealers who supply the department, and stated:

"It seems to me that whisky at four dollars a gallon is pretty high for horses. We have not questioned the quality, and I have ordered the bill paid. I will take up with the park commissioner the question of what kind of whisky is to be kept for the horses.

"How is it served?"
"With or without and in milk punches," answered the commissi-

oner.
"Do you ever serve horses' necks?"
"That's what we do serve," responded the commissioner, laughing and smiling. "This bill has been held up eight months, and they are good enough judges of whisky in the comptroller's office to decide in less time than that whether it is good."

When the comptroller was informed of this he declared he had never heard of whisky that was not good.

The commissioner may have been excited, but his state was peaceful as compared with that of the horses in the park stable. There was much worry over whether the four gallons referred to by the comptroller was for each horse or all the horses.

One horse was being manured and was plainly irritated. He wished to register a kick against those who had held up the bills. He is one of the blue ribbon horses of the park department force.

"By the great Pegasus, nevah have I heard such a fuss made over a little rum!" he explained. "The park horse's inalienable right is ten quarts of oats a day, with a Saturday night bran mash and a nip or two when it's hot or cold to give one a little spirit."

Novelties in Gotham's Street Music



STREET MUSIC in New York city is rarely picturesque. The Italian girls who played the tambourines just as naturally as they used to on the old-fashioned wall-paper have disappeared, and possibly the taste of the day has inclined their successors to be noisier rather than interesting to look at.

Certainly the quartet that has recently appeared in the residential streets up town is the noisiest group that ever conspired against the ears of harmless humanity. It gives forth such a torrent of sound that its leader is prompt to observe the law. The first sign of protest from the householder in whose neighborhood it begins operations quiets the quartet and starts it off for another stand.

They are four as husky specimens as Italy ever sent here. Two carry tambourines, and two small organs which they hold on their knees as they turn them. Each of these men has over his shoulder a wicker chair which he deposits in the street as near as possible to the curb before the music begins. The two men on the end with their tambourines are not satisfied with the racket created by the drumming of their heavy knuckles on the skin.

They have a species of drumstick with a ball at one end which is in turn covered with skin. This they pound with fearful ferocity against the tambourines which they hold up in the left hand on a level with their

shoulders. Their sudden start converts a quiet street into a hell of cacophony. They find profit in the streets further to the east and west of town, where the spirit of their music is enjoyed and its volume does not fall on such fastidious ears. You rarely see men so young as these or so well able to do their work.

Another novelty of the street bands is a complete contrast to this stentorian quartet. She is a French woman well past middle age, whose appearance carries with it every detail her years suggest. She is more than plump, and her white hair is drawn into a tight knot at the back of her head. She has a clear, bronze skin, not unlike a winter apple in its look of crisp health.

Her plain alpaca dress shows the effects of exposure to wind and rain, for its black has faded in many places to green and brown; but she looks as happy as if she had on a new tailor-made and a hat from Fifth avenue to cover her silver hair.

Another set of distributors of street melody have no personal responsibility. They are hired for their job and it isn't necessary for the public to contribute that they may live. It is quite true that unless the public do not continue to live for them at the expense of the person who is supporting them now; yet at all events they do not have to sing for their supper every night.

These new troubadours travel in a wagon drawn by a horse that need not look so tired in view of the length of time that he stands still. But when he does move he has to pull the upright piano inside the wagon, the organ on the back who sings through a megaphone, and the pianist; then occasionally the sidewalk Barker climbs up into the wagon if the trip is going to be long.

Dan Cupid Hides in the Type Cases



ANY girl who wishes her chances of marriage immeasurably enhanced can go to Roslyn, L. I., and apply to William McCarthy, publisher of the Roslyn News, for a job as compositor. The News is printed in a little shop in the village, down below Harbor Hill, the estate of Mrs. Clarence H. Mahony. She is said to have exhibited an interest in the outcome of several affairs of the heart that originated there.

For years past the News office has borne the reputation of being a place where Cupid is kept busy. Girl after girl has been led from the ink-smeared walls to the altar and couple after couple have blessed the little country weekly for making them happy by bringing them together.

The recent marriage of Miss Millie West and William Magee at Ros-

lyn was proof, if such were needed, that the News is an exceptionally fine matrimonial bureau.

Within the last four years there have been six weddings all traceable to the News office. Harvey A. Brown wedded Miss Bronzon of Warwick, N. Y., and the couple are now living in New York, formerly the manager of the News and now associate editor of the Long Island Democrat of Jamaica, followed Brown's example by marrying Miss Ethel Van Sise of Huntington. Miss Maud Tilly resigned her place two years ago to become the bride of Elbert White of Jamaica. Miss Blanche Latourette succeeded her and was soon engaged to marry Henry Wallace of Port Washington, L. I. Within a few months she left the News to keep house. William F. Lynch recently took as a bride Miss Louise Jaeger of Hanksin, N. Y., who taught the school in Glenwood for two years.

Another compositor on the staff is now said to blush violently when the word marriage is in copy, and the publisher is looking for some one to fill her place when the expected resignation is handed to him.

Hospital Maid Victim of Odd Accident



CAUGHT between the floor of the electric elevator and a steel beam, with the certainty of being crushed to death if her rescuers moved the car up or down by the slightest inadvertence, Miss Margaret Daly, a "green horn" doormaid, had a thrilling half-hour's experience in the Baby's hospital, at Lexington avenue and Fifty-fifth street, New York city. It was necessary to chisel the heads off the bolts in the steel beam and take the beam out of the elevator shaft before the young woman's life could be saved.

Miss Daly, who is 18 years old, has been in this country but a few weeks, and got her position in the hospital only recently, owed her perilous predicament to her irrepressible curiosity to find out how the elevator worked. She had never seen an elevator be-

fore, and came mighty near never seeing one again.

Mrs. Frank, the hospital housekeeper, and the ten nurses (the institution were at dinner when Miss Daly, who had been assigned to answer the front door bell, took advantage of a dull season to take a forbidden peep at the fascinating elevator, the door of which was invitingly open.

Miss Daly unexpectedly moved the lever far enough to start the car slow-ly upward. Realizing that she had broken the rules against her meddling with the elevator, the young woman tried to jump into the car to stop it. She slipped and fell with her legs extending beyond the body of the car. Before she could get to her feet the top of the elevator had reached the entrance door on the ground floor. Just above the door there was a steel girder extending across the elevator shaft, with about five inches space between the floor of the car and the girder. Miss Daly was crushed in this place and held about the waist.

"People don't accomplish anything by being crooked,"
"Corkscrews do."

FORTUNES IN EAST VANISHING WALNUT



ONE day recently a man in a buggy stopped at a farm in eastern Jackson county, Kansas, hitched his horse to the fence and climbed over into a field where several big stumps protruded from the plowed earth. He bent over the stumps and examined them closely. Then he crossed another fence into another field and examined some walnut trees that grew there.

A few minutes later he went to the farmhouse and was talking to the owner. He told the farmer that he was buying walnut timber, and that there were a half dozen trees in the walnut grove on his place that he would like to buy. They agreed upon a price and then the stranger said:

"Now, I'll give you \$10 more for three stumps in the plowed field and will dig them out for you and carry them away."

The farmer snapped at the proposition. For 40 years he had been plowing around those massive stumps and a thousand times he had "cussed" when the point of his plow or a corner of his harrow had caught them. He had an idea that the man who offered \$10 into the bargain must be a little bit insane, but, anyway, he was glad to get rid of them.

A few days later three men came to the farm and cut down the walnut trees and dug out the three old stumps and hauled them all away.

One of those old stumps was worth \$300. The others were worth not much more than the expense of digging them up and hauling them to Kansas City.

The stumps came to the mill of a walnut corporation on the bank of the Blue River near Sheffield. There the stumps will be trimmed and steamed for hours and then fastened into a veneer machine, where they will revolve against the cutting edge of a great knife that will slice off a thin veneer as the stumps turn.

This veneer will be used for covering pianos, the finest kinds of furniture and cabinet work, and the inside finish of railroad cars.

The veneer sliced from it would have a beautiful waving grain with bird's eyes and all sorts of curious convolutions. The more of these a veneer has the more valuable it is.

There is not one walnut stump in a hundred that is worth anything to the veneer mills. There is not one in a thousand that is worth \$300. And there is not one man in a million who knows the value of a stump by looking at it in the ground. The men who do know this and who spend their time looking for these stumps are called "crusaders." They drive all over the states of Missouri and Kansas looking for walnut timber and stumps that are good for veneer.

The men who buy these stumps and cut them up that stumps of young trees are of no value. The best ones are of trees centuries old. The more aged and gnarled the tree the richer the stump will be in birds and bird's eyes. Some of the most valuable stumps are of trees that were cut 50 years ago by the pioneers of this country. The best of them are found along the rivers, where the lands were too tough to be cultivated. From these tracts the trees were cut for lumber or firewood and the stumps remained to be dug up a half century later and used to decorate some particular in a modern house.

The men who cut these stumps into veneer do not always get them for a small price. Many farmers know their value and demand it. In the yard of the mill near Sheffield are stumps for which the owners paid from \$50 to \$100 and there is one for which the man who dug it out demands \$300. This stump is nine feet in diameter at the butt of the tree. This mill has been sawing walnut



lumber for 15 years. In that time it has cut 90,000,000 feet of walnut lumber, the greater part of which has been sent to Europe. But shipments have gone from here to Australia, Russia and China.

Now the sawing of walnut into lumber is to be abandoned and the mill will cut only veneers. The reason is that nearly all the large walnut timber has been cut. There is plenty of small walnut timber in Missouri and Kansas, but it does not pay to cut it, the black heart is too small and the white sap is of no value. It is the black heart of the tree that has the fine grain and takes the rich, black polish.

Owing to the scarcity of big walnut logs and the small lumber that has gone to the European market it has fallen off and it has been supplanted by mahogany.

There are other reasons why mahogany has taken the place of walnut. Mahogany is 30 per cent. cheaper in Europe than walnut. It is much larger, too. Walnut logs from which segments four inches thick may be cut are scarce, and walnut logs from which such segments 25 feet long may be cut are almost impossible to get now.

Another factor in the disappearance of walnut lumber is that mahogany is much softer and easier to cut. The Sheffield mill can cut 35,000 feet of mahogany a day, but it will cut only 20,000 feet of walnut. A mahogany log will cut nearly three times as much lumber as a walnut log of the same size, and therefore it is more economical to cut mahogany.

Although mahogany is taking the place of walnut over all the world, it is not nearly so good as walnut. There is no wood so good as walnut for fine furniture and cabinet work. The reason is that it is hard, it will never warp and it takes a beautiful polish. It has a more varied and beautiful grain and the older it grows the richer it looks.

Instead of being sawed into boards and posts the walnut will hereafter be cut into veneers not much thicker than a piece of blotting paper, and it is only the gnarled trunks that will do for this.

In hundreds of homes in Missouri walnut wood is still used for firewood. But when a man burns walnut lumber he is truly burning money, for while the market price of the logs is less now than it was ten years ago, the demand is less, thereby is a time coming when the lumber will be worth 20 times what it is now. When the walnut trees that are now a foot in diameter grow to several feet through they will be worth more than any timber that grows in North America. There will always be a good demand for timber of that size and the larger the tree the more value it will have.

Teeth-Cleaning for Cows.

"Sterilize the cow, and the milk will take care of itself." This theory inspired Mr. Kelsey of the School of Experimental Farming in Cincinnati, owner of \$15,000 worth of Jerseys, who declares, in a report just published, that he has largely increased the quantity and quality of his milk, because the cows are bathed every day, their teeth are cleaned with a brush three times daily, and during the hot weather the animals are protected by linen coats, which keep off the flies and mosquitoes and prevent them from being worried.

Reformed.

"Now, Tommy," cautioned the embarrassed suitor, "don't say anything about my kissing Susie in the ham-mock and I'll give you a nickel!"
"Can't promise," responded Tommy, with a solemn shake of his head.
"But you used to keep quiet on such occasions."
"Yes, I know; but with all these investigations and reform leagues these days it is dangerous to take rash money."

The Opposite.

"Please, mum," said the humble wayfarer, "why did you give me this bitter coffee?"
"For revenge," snapped the crabbed housewife. "You laughed at my pies."

"But dis coffee don't resemble revenge, lady?"
"It don't, hey?"
"No; revenge is sweet. Pass over the sugar bowl."

Half Call.

The Long-Suffering One—What is this, dear?

The One of Great Goodness—It's a pie I made out of my own cookery book.

The L. S. O.—Then this leathery part, I presume, is the binding.—The Sketch.

The Wrong Switch.

"Little boy," said the big electrician, as he unpacked his tool kit, "your mother sent for me to fix her switch. Where will I find it?"
"The little boy's eyes grew round."
"She," he whispered, cautiously, "Mamma doesn't want everybody to know she wears a switch, but I guess you'll find it either on the bureau or on her head."

And ten minutes later the sounds that emanated from the woodshed told that there are other kinds of switches besides electrical and hair.

Too Conspicuous.

The rich sausage king was going, for a special sports.

"Ah, Louey," gushed his wife, "don't buy one of them dot lugs aeroplane. Buy a nice airship mit a long gas bag overhead."
The king of the wienerswursta frowned.
"For vot you dalk, Lena?" he said, gruffly. "Me buy an airship mit a long gas bag overhead dot lugs like a sausage! Vy! beoples would dink I was advertising my business voice."