WHO'S WHO AND WHY

HAS UNWATERED THE MAINE

General Bixby, chief of the army engineers, who has had charge of the unwatering of the Maine, recently expressed the opinion that the destruction of the battleship was caused by the explosion of her magazines. No external explosion, in his judgment, could have caused the conditions observed in the remains of the vessel. But General Bixby added that the primary cause of the explosion would likely never be known, so the mystery of the Maine, unlike the hull itself, may never be revealed. General Bixby said that unless the fragment of a torpedo could be found there is no way of connecting an outside agency with the blowing up of the vessel.

The destruction to the vessel was such, says General Bixby, and the deterioration has been so great that it is impossible to tell whether the ship was blown up from a force within or without. The greatest force, however, was from the inside, indicating that the forward magazine had exploded. Whether this was from a sympathetic explosion caused by a torpedo from the outside may forever remain a mystery.

Many will persist in believing that the American court of inquiry was right in attributing the awful result to two distinct explosions, the first of which was external and the cause of the second. Washington opinion is that there is no inconsistency between the court's findings and the view of General Bixby, and that the Sampson board, which decided twelve years ago that the battleship Maine was sunk by a torpedo or mine, will be vindicated in the final findings of naval officers is the opinion expressed generally at the navy department.

MAN AT THE CUSTOMS GATE

William Loeb, Jr., is the collector of the Port of New York. He is the Man at the Gate. Against him come yearly 300,000 tourists and a million immigrants in the fleet of 5,000 ships. All manner of merchandise goes through his gate—more than a thousand million dollars worth in a year. This man has to sort it and appraise it and tax it if it is taxable. Of all the people and the merchandise that enter the United States seven-tenths come through the port of New York and Loeb stands there with a staff to take the toll for the government on all that stupendous amount of traffic.

Although he has been no more than 27 months in office he has increased the gettings of the government by more than $15,000,000. He has enforced the commandment. "Thou shalt not smuggle" as fully on the rich as upon the poor. He has locked up nearly a dozen persistent smugglers in Federal prisons and has humbled the pride of a hundred defiant tourists by having them arrested and heavily fined.

Mr. Loeb says smuggling, even by nice people, is a crime—just as much a crime as counterfeiting or passing bad checks. The law that declares it to be a crime is as plain as daylight.

It is this law that was turned over in 1909, in a somewhat dusty and cobwebbed condition, to William Loeb, who had been for ten years secretary and general handy man to Theodore Roosevelt. Loeb was to enforce this, and he was to receive a salary of $12,000 a year for enforcing it.

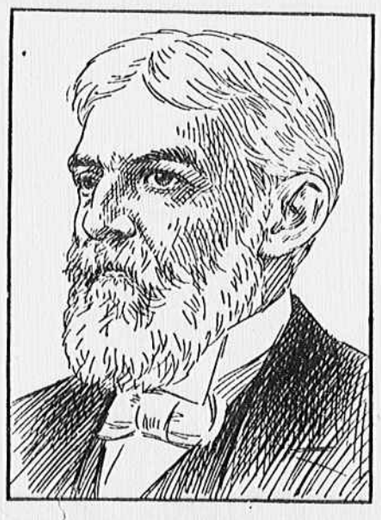
FOSTER AND HIS MODEST FEE

John W. Foster, ex-secretary of state and known the world over through his connection with the diplomatic corps of the United States, has come into the limelight through the publication of alleged facts concerning the collection of a claim against the Chinese government. It was the claim of the heirs of Frederick T. Ward, an American soldier of fortune, who was killed in 1862 while in the military service of China. China paid to the United States more than $24,000,000 indemnity for outrages during the Boxer outbreak. Of this less than $11,000,000 was awarded to claimants by this government and the remainder was returned to China with the exception of $2,000,000 reserved for belated claims.

Mr. Foster received for this work a fee of $180,000. The matter is now in the hands of a congressional committee for investigation. The amount paid the claimants was $368,237.

Through his influence with the state department and our minister to China, as well as with Chinese officials whom he had known when on a diplomatic mission to China in connection with the settlement of the war between China and Japan, Mr. Foster persuaded the Chinese government to consent to the payment of this claim out of the $2,000,000 reserve, though the case was not associated with the Boxer claims.

TO PUBLISH A WORLD PAPER



Another movement is now under to bring the nations of the world closer and more friendly rela- The International Journal, to be published in Paris and will essentially be an interna- organ,, and it is thought will long step in promoting harmony friendship among nations.

promoter of this new step in lism is Theodore Stanton, son late Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the noted women of her time pioneer in the cause of woman e. He has sounded the senti- n the various capitals of Eu- lative to the project and has t favorable.

French will be the language used in the publication, other s will be employed. The pa- have no policy, in the re- sense of the term, but will publish truthfully and accu- th sides of all questions of e interest. A large corps of editors will be employed. Transient will not be dealt with, but everything will be considered from the of international importance.

of the misunderstandings between people are due to partial and information on subjects which a atters of international inter- n both sides of great questions a d feelings d more in accordance with reaso an s aun-

PLAYING DETECTIVE

By CLAUDINE SISSON

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Miss Cleo Gates was visiting her sister, Mrs. George Marshall. Mr. Marshall was general manager of the department store of Moses & Wainright. Therefore, Miss Cleo heard much shop talk. About the only thing that interested her, however, was the talk about shoplifters. The store was constantly troubled with them, and it was only at long intervals that one was caught, although a store detective was supposed to have her eyes everywhere.

One night when the manager came home to say that goods worth $200 had been lifted that day from under the nose of the store watchdog, who was a young woman of 25, and that she would be discharged at the end of the week, Miss Cleo announced, in a very serious tone:

"I am a natural born detective."

A laugh greeted the words.

"I have solved several difficult cases."

More laughing.

"A year ago when this diamond ring was suddenly missing, father and mother said it was a case that would never be solved. After devoting one day to thought I walked into the kitchen and told the cook she was the thief. She broke down at once."

"That is, she confessed?" said Mr. Marshall.

"No, she did not confess. She turned red and white and burst into tears, and within an hour she skipped out."

"And the ring?"

"I found it on the shelf over my lavatory. She, of course, had placed it there on finding that she was suspected. Father said the police couldn't have worked the case better."

"Keenest, brightest thing I ever heard of!" replied the manager. "If

Picked Up One After Another.

we only had you in the store we could fill a police station with shoplifters inside of a week."

The natural born detective felt hurt at the words and would say no more, although invited to relate some of her other cases. Her mind had instantly been made up to a certain thing, however, and next day she proceeded to carry her plan into execution. With no hint to her sister, who would oppose it, she made her way to the store of Moses & Wainright. She wanted to get an eye on the afternoon shoppers. She had a feeling that she could tell a shoplifter on sight. The criminal might be a well dressed woman with diamonds in her ears, and she might pretend to be at ease, but there would be a furtive look, a something in look or walk to give her away.

Miss Cleo passed from counter to counter, looking for guilty parties. She spotted and followed two or three about, but they seemed to receive a mysterious warning and kept hands off. There was one old dame who might have pocketed three yards of lace if she hadn't looked up and caught the girl's eye on her. Miss Cleo finally retired from the store with the feeling that if she had caused no arrest she had at least frightened a number of shoppers into being honest. At dinner that evening, she didn't feel so self-satisfied, however. Mr. Marshall reported that never had the shoplifters been so busy. There had been no less than seven cases right under the noses of the brightest salesgirls.

Should that report discourage a natural born detective? Not in the slightest. It should stimulate her to greater exertions. That's what it did in Miss Cleo Gate's case. She had been put on her mettle, and she would astonish her brother-in-law and others. Very few good looking young women who have set out to astonish folks have made a failure of it. It was back to the store the next afternoon for Miss Cleo. A bright thought struck her as she crossed the threshold. From all she had read a ard the shoplifting business was ed to her sex. The store dete d her e on th ot

face; then she saw he was looking about in what she considered a furtive way. Then he walked up to the jewelry show case and drummed on the glass. Then he went over to the perfumery counter and asked the price of a bottle of cologne. Thence he walked to the door and looked up and down, as if to see whether there was a policeman about or not. Being satisfied on this point, he walked back to the book counter, picked up one book after another, and finally walked off with one in his hand as bold as brass. It was a valuable book.

Miss Cleo should have stepped forward at this moment and laid her heavy hand on the shoplifter and made an arrest but her heart failed her. He would deny and resist. She would let him go and trail him and then report to her brother-in-law. She hadn't far to trail. With a quick glance up and down the street, the young man crossed. At the entrance to a stairway he paused a moment to look back, and then climbed the stairs. The girl had the criminal run to earth. She re-entered the store, was taken up to the manager's office, and astonished him with announcing:

"George, I have been doing detective work downstairs unbeknown to you or Sarah, and I have caught a shoplifter. He may be the head of the gang!"

"You don't tell me! Where is he?"

"I didn't want to create excitement in the store, and so I trailed him to his lair."

"Good girl! Where is it?"

"Right across the road and upstairs. He can be arrested in five minutes."

"You'll have to come along and point him out."

"Oh, I'll do that."

At the store doors they picked up a detective. When the trio had crossed the street and the stairway had been pointed out, Mr. Marshall said to the girl:

"There are a dozen offices up there, and a studio or two, and we mustn't bungle this case. Sure you can identify your man again?"

"In an instant."

"I can't believe that any of these people are shoplifters. We'll look in on Paul first and ask him what he thinks. Right in here."

Th ered a studio. At a desk sat a man with an open book before him. There were paintings on easels and paintings on the walls.

"Hello, George!" from the young man to Mr. Marshall.

"Hello, Paul."

"That is the man and there is the book!" exclaimed the natural born detective as she stood erect and pointed an accusing finger.

Ten seconds of intense silence, and then they broke into laughter.

"What—what does this mean?" demanded Miss Cleo.

"Mr. Paul Wainwright, this is my wife's sister, Miss Cleo Gates, in town on a visit. Mr. Wainwright is the son of his father, who is the Wainwright of our firm."

It took five long minutes to make it clear that Mr. Paul Wainwright had borrowed instead of shoplifted, and that there was nothing coming to him in the way of punishment, and there were apologies and "don't mention its" and somehow Mr. Paul got the idea that he must call on the young lady and talk the case over. He is calling yet.

Something About Dreams.

Dreams are due to an increase of sensation and circulation over that which exists in profound sleep. Observations made upon patients with cranial defects show that when we are dreaming the brain is greater in volume than in deep sleep, and less than when we are awake. Thus this intermediate volume of blood would indicate that dreams are an intermediate stage between unconsciousness and wakefulness, and their incomplete and irregular intelligence would indicate the same thing. This increased circulation is usually due to sensory stimulation affecting the vasomotor center and causing a return of blood to the head, with resultant increased consciousness. Contrary to popular belief, dreams in themselves do not contribute to light or broken sleep in which they are present. Such a condition is due to the ever-present stimuli which, according to their strength or the degree of irritability of the cells, maintain even in sleep a varying degree of consciousness of which the dreams are merely a manifestation. Therefore the fatiguing effect often also attributed to dreams is not due to them, but to the lighter degree of sleep and less complete cell-restoration which they accompany, and which are due to some irritation.—Fred W. Eastman, in the Atlantic.

Well Applied.

William Dean Howells, the noted novelist, was talking at the Authors' club in New York about a charge of plagiarism that had been brought against Mark Twain.

"A big man like Twain stealing from a little man like Blank!" said Mr. Howells. "This, surely, is a case for applying the old Hindoo proverb: 'The plagarist.'"

an

TOWN NAMED TAFT

Only Three Residents in This Indiana Burg.

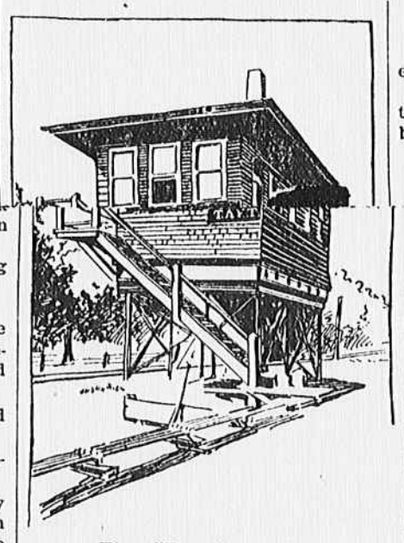
Signal Tower That Is On the Map and Has Politicians As Neighbors—Telegraph Operators Total Population.

Indianapolis, Ind.—President Taft on his recent trip to this city passed through or rather by Taft, Ind., for the first time. He, however, probably did not know it unless he was reminded of it.

There was only one inhabitant of Taft out of bed the night President Taft whizzed by the original station of Taft. That one inhabitant was C. A. Newlin, a telegraph operator, who had out a green light, which meant a clear track for the President.

The President, in all his travels, had never before been through Taft, Ind. While conducting his presidential campaign he visited Anderson one October evening, going in from the east, and was then routed by way of Rushville to Indianapolis. His recent trip was the first time the President has ever traveled over the Big Four railroad between Anderson and Indianapolis, and that is why he always missed Taft, Ind.

This Taft, Ind., is not a joke or a creation since William H. Taft became President. The place or station was named while Mr. Taft was a resident of Cincinnati and preparing to go to the Philippines as governor of the islands. Some one in the general offices of the Big Four soon after the Spanish-American war, when it became necessary to give names to new towers for interlocking signals and other devices for safety along the Big Four railroad between Anderson and Indianapolis, chose names of persons and ships then in the public eye. First one tower was named Taft. Then one between Pendelton and Ingalls was named after one of Dewey's good ships of war, Raleigh. Dickey Wainwright, who had not then become a rear admiral, but was making history while fighting the Spanish, was honored with the name of a tower at the southwest corner of Anderson. Wainwright and Taft are next



The "Town" of Taft.

door neighbors as towers. At the east end of the Big Four yards in Anderson another tower was named Gridley.

It is well known that the first town west of Pendleton is Ingalls, named after M. E. Ingalls, but that was before Taft was named. J. Q. VanWinkle, formerly of Anderson, was general superintendent of the Big Four road at that time and it has always been surmised that Mr. VanWinkle named the towns Taft, Gridley and Raleigh.

Taft, Ind., is on the official railroad map as issued by the Indiana railroad commission. Taft is important to the Big Four road. It is a guard, a sentry against any danger of collision of trains or loss of time in switching and passing.

Taft is a twenty-four-hour place, that is, it is never depopulated. Three telegraph operators work eight-hour shifts. S. D. Solomon has the first "trick" from 12 m. to 4 a. m. J. W. Stephens takes the second "trick," as they call it, from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m., and C. A. Newlin from 4 p. m. to 12 m. M. W. Hummel, repair man for the tower interlocking switches and semaphore signals in the vicinity of Anderson, is an occasional visitor to Taft, Ind. Mr. Stephens and Mr. Hummel were at Taft when a correspondent visited Taft, Ind., for a picture of the place.

Jerome Brown, former county commissioner, and Dory Biddle, who quit newspaper editing to turn farmer, are among the nearest residents of Taft. Brown is a Republican and Biddle is a Democrat. Sid Conger visited Taft frequently while he owned a farm that adjoins Taft. He recently sold the farm to Carl von Hake, of the Marion county board of commissioners. Former Governor W. T. Durbin owned the farm before Conger bought it, so there has been more or less of an atmosphere of politics about Taft ever since it was established.

Doff Coats in Church.

Pittsburg, Pa.—The Rev. Charles L. E. Cartwright, pastor of the North Avenue Methodist Episcopal church, has notified his congregation it will be "good form" during the warm weather for women to come to Sunday evening services without their hats and for

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Disappointed.

Knicker—Was Subbubs disappointed in his house?

Bocker—Yes; what he thought would be the henhouse turned out to be the bungalow.

"Boy Scout" Movement.

The "boy scouts" has reached the Malay Peninsula and Singapore is to have a fine organization under the patronage of the governor and chief justice. It is a thing in many ways, aside from military training, and bids fair to become one of the permanent and most popular institutions of the peninsula. All through the British dominions "boy scout" organizations are being formed.

DECIDED NOT TO OPEN

Caller—I was thinking about opening a drug store in this neighborhood. Do you think one is needed around here?

Resident—Great idea. There's no place within ten blocks where a man can buy stamps or see the city directory.

A Triumph Of Cookery—
Post Toasties
Many delicious dishes have been made from Indian Corn by the skill and ingenuity of the expert cook.
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