

# Money No Good at This Resort



You might have beauty, position, wealth and charm, and still strive in vain to get in right with the people at this summer resort. One of the tests is being able to tell a dinosaur from a dinosaur, and a member of the Miohippus family from each of these.

**B**ONE CITY, they call it—and it is one of the most exclusive summer and fall resorts in the world. It is located away off in the Bad Lands country of northwestern Nebraska, not far from the Wyoming and South Dakota boundary lines. It is some twenty miles from a railroad, with no stage to take one to the station. Neither are there any restaurants or hotels. There is only a group of tents and shanties set out among the scraggy grass of the Bad Lands.

For all that, it is a summer resort, and a very exclusive one. You could try for

months to get in with the people there, and your money wouldn't help you a bit. But it's all very easy to become a member of the colony when you have the password; in fact, answering one or two pointed questions will give you social standing enough. For instance, can you tell a prehistoric rhinoceros from a member of the Miohippus family, or maybe a dinosaur from a queer-looking cat that lived several million years ago? If you can, and are able to talk about those things, the people of Bone City will readily find you a bunk in one of the tents or shanties.

You see, it is a scientists' playground, and not a place for the millionaire who would sit around on a hotel veranda. Captain James Henry Cook, who owns a big ranch in the Bad Lands, has given a standing invitation to all the paleontologists in the United States to spend their summers there. Every year twenty or more professors from such institutions as the American Museum of Natural History, Carnegie Museum, and Yale University forget all about their winter lectures, pack their grips, and hie them to Bone City.

## The Scientists' Playground

**A**LL summer and well into the fall they wield sledges, and pry away at the rocky hills near their camp, expecting every minute to turn up a giant dog or cat, or some other strange animal that roamed about the Middle West millions of years ago. It's great fun, say the scientists, digging into the hills, and later on fitting up their museums with all sorts of queer skeletons. Vacation hunting in this spot has furnished a large number of the animal skeletons exhibited in Eastern museums.

The scientists shout with glee when they uncover the skeleton of an ancestor of the modern horse, or that of the pig that lived a few million years ago—he could have swallowed two or three of the ordinary barn-yard hogs and still have had room for more, say the cheery vacationists of Bone City.

# This House Was Built with Biscuits



This is Annie Fisher, and beside her is the house she built with her beaten biscuits. Both are to be found in Columbia, Missouri. Mrs. Fisher owns fourteen other houses besides the house she lives in, not to mention a good-sized farm.

**M**RS. ANNIE FISHER couldn't (consistently) get cross if some one did tell her that her beaten biscuit were like bricks, because she lives in a house built with them. Moreover, she collects the rent from fourteen others also built with them.

Mrs. Fisher's biscuit always just naturally melted in the mouth. No one in Columbia ever has been able to describe them, any more than a rainbow or a bird-song or any other natural wonder can be described. The only outlet for the emotion which the eating of one of Mrs. Fisher's biscuits evoked was telling the next person one met: "You certainly ought to taste those biscuits."

And, of course, that was how it all started, this biscuit business that bought so much real estate and solid independence. One person told about them, and another fellow did likewise; and so Mrs. Fisher's fame grew and grew, and flowed over the State line, and trickled into the four corners of the States, and finally went meandering across the ocean.

## She Keeps Her Sleeves Rolled Up

**A**S the receipts from grateful diners kept coming in, Mrs. Fisher turned them all into real estate, and stayed right on the job, only rolling down her sleeves long enough to have her picture taken the other morning. Another odd thing about Mrs. Fisher is that she doesn't raise her

prices "on account of the war" or the high cost of living, or even for the commonest reason of all—success. Those biscuits of hers started their career at twelve and a half cents per dozen, and at twelve and a half cents they have stayed.

While her biscuits are her mainstay, on

the side Mrs. Fisher makes fruit cake and wedding cake and other symbolic and dangerous concoctions, and also on the side she carries on quite a large catering business.

This pleasant home of Mrs. Fisher's has fourteen rooms, and is equipped with all the modern conveniences.

## Professions for Colored Women

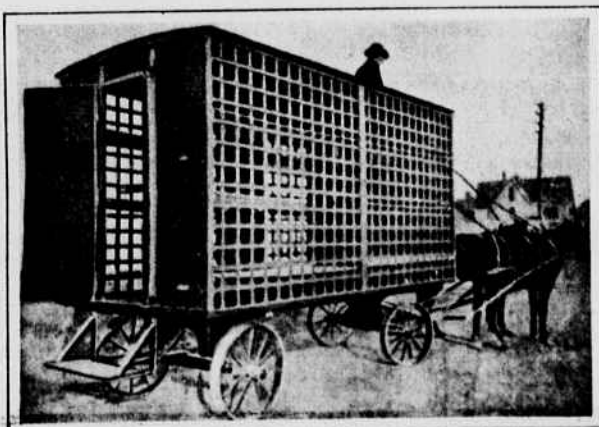
**O**F course colored women are the traditional "best cooks," and it isn't strange that numbers of them have very successfully entered the catering business. Another profession for which their race traditionally fits them is that of nursing; but, so far at least, ambitious young colored nurses have had a hard row to hoe in our hospitals, because of the race antagonism they meet there.

A colored woman who has broken all precedents and walked successfully into an unusual profession is Mrs. Maggie B. Walker of Richmond, Virginia, who is the president of the St. Luke's Savings Bank. Her bank is largely supported by the Industrial Insurance Society, and is capitalized at \$50,000.

# Mobilizing the Jail

**E**AST POINT, a suburb of Atlanta, Georgia, has gained the distinction of being the most accommodating little city in the South. Besides having all

the conveniences of city life, East Point has provided the law-breaking element with a jail on wheels; and, instead of dragging an obstreperous drunk to prison, the town constable hitches a couple of mules to the prison, and drives over and loads up. On trial day the load of malefactors is towed over to the court-room. This portable prison has accommodations for twelve prisoners, and is seven feet wide, seven feet four inches high, and thirteen feet long. Georgia works its convicts on the road, and this cage conveys them from place to place.



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