BABY HIPPO GETS SEVERE SPANKING

Caliph 11 Was Naughty, So His Mother, Miss Murphy, Acts.

YOUNGSTER BIT MOTHER

WHILE THEY WERE HAVING THEIR MORNING BATH AND THE OLD LADY TOOK PROMPT AND SEVERE ACTION.

New York, Aug. 18.—Caliph II, first born of Miss Murphy and the late Caliph I, got up in bad humor. Perhaps he had heard vague rumors of the depopulation a certain person is causing among his home folks out in Africa—for Caliph and Miss Murphy are hippopotumuses in Central Park Zoo, or maybe he simply tumbled out of the wrong side of the hay when he arose, just like any other youngster, but whatever the cause he was very naughty and his mother had to punish him.

Caliph II has not yet reached his full growth, although he weighs a ton, but if he keeps on growing pretty soon his mother will not be able to manage him. At the present she is quite capable, as today's little incident showed.

Dip in the Tank.

The mother and son were taking a morning dip in the tank and everything seemed peaceful when suddenly there was a roar from Miss Murphy. Keeper Bill Snyder ran over to the cage and saw that Caliph had seized Miss Murphy by the lower jaw and would not let go. The mother was gentle at first, but she finally gave her head a shake that made the bars rattle, and Master Caliph released his hold.

But that was not all. She reached down, grabbing her young hopeful by the neck, and lifted him high in the air so that he was almost entirely out of the water. There she held him a few seconds while he let out a squeal that woke echoes all over Central park waved his immense feet and lashed his tail against his fat sides.

Miss Murphy then dropped her baby and great was the fall thereof. The water was churned to the consistency of soapsuds, and there was a half portion tidal wave in the tank that overflowed and soaked Police Captain Farrell, sitting at his desk at the Arsenal.

The squealing of Caliph had set the whole menagerie by the ears, and the place rang with the horrible din of the roaring of lions, chattering of monkeys and squawking of cockatoos, while the hyenas outside gave them all the ha, ha. Snyder thought that maybe Miss Murphy and Caliph would prolong their battle, and he got a pole and poked the mother as she swam about in the water. She waddled out of the tank as docile as you please and went up close to the rail. In a minute or two Caliph joined her and there were no more signs of a fight.

MRS. PENNY DEAD

Well Known Resident of East Germantown, Died Yesterday.

MOTHER OF COUNTY CLERK

Mrs. Eleanor Penny, mother of County Clerk Harry E. Penny, of this city, died yesterday morning at her home in East Germantown, after a long illness, at the age of 74 years, 11 months and 8 days. Mrs. Penny had been a resident of East Germantown since she was 12 years of age and was very well known.

Besides her son, H. E. Penny, she is survived by three other sons and one daughter, including Joseph of New Castle, Frank of Columbus, John W. Martin of Chamberville, Ill.; Mrs. David Templeton of New Castle; also one sister, Mrs. Dr. Rider of Anderson. Mr. Martin is a son by her first husband. The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Albright church, East Germantown. Rev. Hawley, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Cambridge City, will officiate. Burial will be at the Evangelical cemetery near East Germantown.

Mrs. Penny was born in York county Pennsylvania, and when 12 years of age came to East Germantown. She was married twice, her second husband, Robert L. Penny, dying three years ago next October.

AN HONOR PARTY.

Milton, Ind., Aug. 18.—A very pretty honor party was given with Mrs. Wilbur Elwell, on North Central avenue, Monday evening. It was given as a parting reception for Miss Lena Myers, of Huntington, Pa., who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. P. Jones and family. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Manlove, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frazee, Mrs. Barton, Frank Daniels, of Indianapolis, the Misses Lena Myers, Bertha Frazee and Rachel Thomas. The evening was happily passed in music and games. Miss Myers left yesterday for her home accompanied by her niece, Miss Mary Jones.

CHEESE VERY HIGH

It Is Predicted It Will Soon Be Selling at 30 Cents A Pound.

A REASON IS ASSIGNED

According to local grocerymen the price of cheese at present is higher than it has been for years and it is predicted that before the summer is over cheese will be selling for 30 cents a pound. This remarkable increase is due to the fact that the condensed milk companies are buying up all the milk from the farmers in this section of the country and can afford to pay a better price than the creameries and cheese manufacturers.

During the hot summer months when it is practically impossible to keep anything from spoiling, evaporated cream put up in small tin cans has taken the place of milk and cream in great measure, especially among the poorer classes of the city. For the past few years the sale of condensed or evaporated cream as it is sometimes called has had an enormous increase. It can be bought cheaply, is an excellent substitute for the real article and may be kept for weeks without fear of spoiling. Realizing its need and great sale the manufacturers of this now indispensable article have sent out agents among the farmers in this vicinity to buy up the milk, authorizing them to pay a higher price than the cheese makers can afford. As a result cheese has jumped from 20 to 24 cents a pound within the course of the last few days and will attain the 30 cent mark without a doubt, it is said. But good, old fashioned Limburger remains the same and it is presumed that lovers of cheese will have to fall back on this rather strengthy variety.

DAMAGES WANTED BY MRS. HARTMAN

She Brings Suit for $5,000 Against the T. H., I. & E. Company.

IN A RUNAWAY ACCIDENT

PLAINTIFF AVERS IN COMPLAINT THAT THE CAR WAS BEING OPERATED WITHOUT USE OF A HEADLIGHT.

In a suit filed in the circuit court this morning Mrs. Mary P. Hartman asks damages to the amount of 5,000 from the Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern Traction company and the Richmond Street and Interurban railway company for injuries received while buggy riding April 15 last, at East Germantown, which injuries she claims were due to the carelessness and negligence on the part of the operators of an interurban east bound car, in allowing the headlight to become extinguished. The horse became frightened at the car and in the resulting runaway the plaintiff was thrown from the buggy and sustained permanent injuries, it is averred.

With Her Nephew.

Mrs. Hartman and her nephew, Emmet Kimmel, were on their way from East Germantown to Cambridge City and when they arrived at the east corporation line of East Germantown the rapidly moving interurban car frightened the horse and threw the occupants of the buggy into the ditch. The horse is a gentle animal, as a rule, and it is averred it would not have ran away had the lights been turned on. The car was run into East Germantown before the lights were turned on again.

As a result of the accident, Mrs. Hartman sustained injuries to her back and internal organs which compelled her to remain in bed for one week, it is alleged. The physician's bill was $200. Mrs. Hartman avers in the complaint that she has not been able to attend to her household duties as before the accident.

FATAL CUPIDITY.

A Tragic Case of Treasure Hunting In Egypt.

A certain Egyptian native discovered the entrance of a tomb in the floor of his stable and at once proceeded to work his way down the tunnel. This was the end of the man. His wife, finding that he had not returned two hours or so later, went down the newly found tunnel after him. That was the end of her also. In turn three other members of the family went down into the darkness, and that was the end of them.

A native official was then called, and, lighting his way with a candle, penetrated down the winding passage. The air was so foul that he was soon obliged to retreat, but he stated that he was just able to see in the distance ahead the bodies of the unfortunate peasants, all of whom had been overcome by what he quaintly described as "the evil lighting and bad climate." Various attempts at the rescue of the bodies having failed, we gave orders that this tomb should be regarded as their sepulcher and that its mouth should be sealed up.

According to the natives there was evidently a vast hoard of wealth stored at the bottom of this tomb, and the would be robbers had met their death at the hands of the demon in charge of it, who had seized each man by the throat as he came down the tunnel and had strangled him.—A. E. P. Weigall in Putnam's.

IS BOOTH'S BODY NOW AT ENID, OKLA.

Remains of Lincoln's Assassin Property of an Undertaker?

EXHIBITION IS ASKED FOR

F. L. BATES WRITES TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT ASKING THAT UNITED STATES SOLDIERS GUARD THE BODY.

Washington, Aug. 18.—Declaring that the body of John Wilkes Booth, the slayer of President Abraham Lincoln, is actually in an undertaker's shop in Enid, Oklahoma, and not occupying an unknown grave, he has long been generally believed, a reputable attorney of Memphis, Tenn., Finis L. Bates, recently wrote to a prominent official of the District of Columbia to arrange for the exhibition of the body of the famous assassin in Washington.

The plan has progressed so far that the district officials in question have been negotiating for the rental of a room not far from Ford's theater, where Booth fired the shot that ended the life of the martyred president, and within a short distance of the Lincoln museum, where are kept for exhibition many Lincoln relics.

Officials Reticent.

Mr. Bates also wrote to the war department asking that he be furnished an escort of United States troops to guard the body from the undertakers in Enid, Okla., to its exhibition place here and to also prevent any possible attempt on the part of the excitable individuals to attack the remains when placed on exhibition. The war department refuses to say whether or not the request will be granted. Officials of the department are extremely reticent concerning the Bates letter.

Strange and wild as the project of the Tennessee lawyer appears on its face there is plenty of evidence to back up his assertions in regard to the Booth story.

Mr. Bates says: "I have long hesitated to give the world the true story of the assassination of President Lincoln as related to me in 1872 by one who called himself John St. Helen, but who in reality was John Wilkes Booth. Of the truth of what he told me I am convinced beyond a doubt.

"I first met John Wilkes Booth, or John St. Helen, as he then called himself, while practicing law in Hood county, Texas, in 1872. St. Helen was keeping a country store at a place called Glen Rose Mills. He was my client in a case in the federal court. Our acquaintance grew into warm friendship. St. Helen fell sick, and sent for me. He believed he was dying. On, as he then thought, his death bed, he confessed to me that he was John Wilkes Booth. Strange and as improbable as this may seem, later events and a long and painstaking examination on my part convinced me that his story was absolutely true.

Under Name of "George."

St. Helen, instead of dying, recovered and moved to Enid, Okla., where he went under the name of D. E. George. On July 13, 1903, St. Helen, or George Booth, committed suicide in an Enid hotel by means of arsenic. I had kept his secret, for he was my client and besides before he had divulged his identity to me at Glen Rose Mills he had pledged me to silence. As soon as he was dead I went to Enid and identified the body."

The body of Booth, preserved by an embalming process, has been lying in the undertakers' shop in Enid, ever since. It is there now, according to Mr. Bates. It was afterwards identified at various times by the late celebrated actor, Joseph Jefferson, Junius Brutus Booth, a nephew of John Wilkes Booth and other reliable persons, who could not have been mistaken, so Mr. Bates declares.

According to the story, St. Helen, or Booth, told Mr. Bates, after shooting President Lincoln, he escaped to the far southwest while another man who resembled him was killed by Sergeant Boston Corbett at the Garrett home, when the soldiers overtook, as they thought, Booth in the barn where it has always been claimed the assassin was killed.

It is not known whether the District of Columbia health authorities will permit the body of Booth, if such it is, to be placed on exhibition here. It is also thought for reasons of public policy the federal government will not permit the body in question to be placed on public exhibition anywhere.

Caught Her.

"I am looking for something nice for a young man," said the young and pretty shopper.

"Why don't you look in the mirror?" asked the gallant clerk.

And she was so flustered that he managed to sell her four different things that she did not want before she knew what she was doing.

Misgivings.

"That was a very lucid document you prepared," said the friend.

"Yes," answered the statesman dubiously. "I made it so lucid that I am afraid the public will fail to regard it as able and profound."—Washington Star.

A Reminder.

Mrs. B.—If I should die would you ever forget me? Mr. B.—I think not. The doctor said that I will suffer from dyspepsia all my life.—Kansas City Journal.

Refuse to worry and you have accomplished one of the greatest things in the world.—Atchison Globe.

HOT WEATHER SIGN

Local Tobacco Dealer, States That His Customers Are Thermometers.

CRANKY WHEN IT'S WARM

A prominent tobacco dealer of this city states that he is able to tell that the hot weather is here not only by the beads of perspiration that roll off his brow at regular intervals, or by glancing at the mercury in the little round tubes or even by receiving his ice bill. It is by studying his customers.

"How's that?" was asked.

"When warm weather begins tobacco users are hard to please," he said. "We have more calls then for brands of tobacco and cigars we do not handle than at any other season of the year.

"A man who uses chewing tobacco comes in and instead of buying his old stand-by, whatever it is, begins to look over our stock, searching for something else. Cigarette users are the same, and many men continually change their cigars through the warm season."

This tobacco vender says he attributes the fact of the weather principally. The user's stomach gets out of order; small things irritate him; his tobacco, cigar or cigarette doesn't taste good and he lays it to the fault of the tobacco.

"Just as soon as warm weather is over and the cool days come," said the tobacconist, "they all go back to their old brands, often remarking that the product seems to be of better quality than it used to be."

MAKING WIRE.

The Method of Rolling and Drawing the Iron Bars.

Bars of metal four inches square are heated and passed while hot and plastic through rapidly revolving rolls, reducing them to wire rods which vary from one-quarter of an inch to an inch or more in diameter, depending upon the finished size of wire wanted.

These rods, which are formed into coils as they pass through the rolls, are dipped in acid baths to remove loose scale and provide a lubricant for drawing. Drawing consists of pulling rods while cold through holes of gradually increasing diameter drilled in steel plates. During this process the particles of metal become elongated and strained, making the wire harder and more brittle. To restore it to a proper temper it is necessary to heat or anneal it.

When a fine diameter is required there must be repeated annealings and drawings. This may be done until the bar, which originally was four inches square and four feet long, becomes reduced to a diameter of a single thousandth of an inch and extended 13,000 miles in length. Before so fine a size is reached the wire will cut into the steel of the die plate, so the usual die plates must be discarded and the drawing continued through holes drilled in diamonds, the diameter of these diamond dies decreasing by fractional parts of a thousandth of an inch. This wire affords a striking illustration of a material made more valuable by the application of labor.

From the time the bar of metal enters the furnace nothing is added to it. All the work is done with one article, which is passed through rolls and drawn through die plates until it is finished.—Chicago Tribune.

MODERN MARTYRS.

Those Who Entertain, but Who Suffer While Doing It.

"In a periodical the other day," says the amateur philosopher of the Providence Tribune, "I ran across a picture of what had evidently been a musical entertainment or musicale—I took it to have been a musicale for choice.

"The fiddlers had gone, and so had the soloist or soloists and guests. There remained in the foreground the deserted room and a waste of empty chairs, along with the open grand piano.

"The host's head was resting on his arms on a table. The hostess had removed her shoes and was on the verge of collapse. In the background a butler was looking on commiseratingly.

"Now, there's a good deal of that sort of thing first and last the country over. It was true to life, but I never could understand it—that is, nobody has ever explained to me why people who don't enjoy entertaining or being entertained persist in making martyrs of themselves, why anybody does something for pleasure that invariably gives pain?

"A person who puts himself out and wears himself out in the line of duty is comprehensible, but why you should sacrifice yourself when you're pretending to be looking for fun is beyond me.

"The woman who said that her idea of a perfect life from the social point of view would be to be asked everywhere and to go nowhere doubtless expressed the sentiments of thousands, but why go anywhere if you feel that way?"

Corroded by Water.

In a German village an underground lead water pipe was found greatly corroded and perforated. Investigation showed that the soil in which the pipe had lain was permeated by very impure water and consequently contained large quantites of ammonia, ammonium nitrate and other compounds, which had attacked the lead pipe, forming lead carbonate, nitrate, nitrite and chloride. All of these lead salts, except the carbonate, are more or less soluble in water. The carbonate is insoluble in pure water, but is soluble in water containing carbon dioxide. Iron pipes coated with asphalt should be employed for underground conduits. If lead pipes are used they should be imbedded in asphalt.—Scientific American.

QUAKER COEDS TO SEEK RANCH LIFE

Seven Young Ladies, Students At Earlham, Are Bound For Colorado.

EXPECT HAVE JOLLY TIME

WHEN THEY ARRIVE THERE THEY EXPECT TO WORK IN ORCHARDS, COOK OWN MEALS AND JUST ROUGH IT.

Indianapolis, Aug. 18.—Spherical trig and minor logic hold no dread for a certain jolly crowd of Indiana college girls. When the September bells begin to ring for the first day's chapel exercises and all their friends are giving up canoe rides and hammock siestas for brown covered books, these young women will be breathing the pure mountain air of western Colorado wrapping sheets of tissue around luscious fruit by day, cooking over camp fires and sleeping in the open by night. For two months the young women will give up the conveniences of civilization and "rough it" in true ranch fashion, and they are all impatient because it's a week yet before they can start.

Members of Party.

The seven young women, all of whom are college students, will spend a month sight-seeing in Colorado before taking up their ranch life. They are to be chaperoned by Miss Osie Hadley of Plainfield, Ind., and will visit at Miss Hadley's brother's ranch at Paonia, Col., one of the largest fruit ranches in the west. The names of only five of the young women could be obtained yesterday. They are besides Miss Dadley: Miss Miriam Funras, 585 Middle Drive, Woodruff Place; Miss Margaret Barr, 569 Middle Drive, Woodruff Place, and Misses Evelyn and Malinda Reevs of Plainfield, Ind. All of the young women except Miss Furnas, are Earlham college students. Miss Furnas is a student at Butler college.

Will Depart Tuesday.

Next Tuesday the party will depart for Denver. A month will be spent visiting most of the places of interest, including Colorado Springs, Pikes Peak and numerous other beauty spots in Colorado. The young women will arrive at PaPonia September 6 and will go at once to the ranch, where they will see to the erection of their quarters and get instructions from their "ranch boss." It is even rumored that some of them have already been wrapping oranges on their back porches to take off most of the indications of tenderfootedness.

The young women will live an outdoor life until the latter part of October. They will occupy tents at the ranch and will have their own "mess" quarters. Each day they will spend a certain time wrapping fruit that is to be shipped to eastern and northern points. They will cook their own food and at night, when the weather is fair, will lie down to sleep with only the clear sky for a roof.

"A jolly good time with some experience and lots of fun," is the characterization of the trip by the young women.

ORIENTAL SERVANTS.

All Around Ability of the Indispensable "Boy" in India.

In these days of loud wailing about the haughty domestic, exorbitant wages and small returns it is soothing to recall the efficiency and submissive service of the oriental servant.

In India the indispensable "boy" does everything—"boy" being a generic name regardless of age or native dignity—receiving in remuneration the equivalent of $12 to $14 a month at the most. He buys your railroad tickets, checks your luggage, settles the clamors of luggage coolies, gives your tips and shoos away the hordes of beggars, telegraphs to hotels for your rooms and takes care of them when you get there, makes the bed, brings the afternoon tea, stands behind your chair at table and serves you, brings your account when you leave and wrangles for you over its inevitable extortions.

At the dak bungalows he forages for your meals and, if necessary, cooks them. He produces washmen, sewing men and all sorts of dealers in everything on demand. He makes up your bed on sleeping cars and replenishes your supply of ice and soda. He runs your errands, cleans your boots and hats, darns your stockings and mends your clothes.

When you walk abroad, he attends you and directs you to the bazaars where you will be robbed least, receiving his commission later from an appreciative proprietor.

For every rupee intrusted to him for general expenditure he renders an account, and though he doubtless robs you gently he does not let others do it (and it is distinctly advantageous to be robbed by one person rather than a score).

He is silent and noiseless, salaams whenever you speak to him and never enters your presence with his shoes on or his turban off.

And finally, his multifarious day ended, he wraps himself in his shawl and sleeps across your threshold.—New York Tribune.

When He Missed It.

The baldheaded man was asked if he missed his hair much.

"Only when some fool question makes me so mad I want to pull it," he replied pleasantly.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The rain falls on the just and unjust, but the latter nearly always have the former's umbrellas.—Town Topics.

GRATITUDE OF THIEVES.

Their Longing For Association With Honest Men.

The thief in the community is very much like the boy whose meanness or ruffianism has caused the other little children to band together to ostracize him. He may move about with a sullen swagger, carry a chip on his shoulder and a vicious gleam in his eye, but there is always a sob in his throat. So the thief is longing and aching to get back in the circle out of which he has been ruled.

If any honest man wants to meet lively gratitude let him knowingly give the countenance of his company to a crook. It will be a favor never forgotten. Every lawyer practicing at the criminal bar knows this. One very well known practitioner of genial personality and large tolerance occasionally takes a client to dinner at a good restaurant or braves an appearance with him at a theater. There have been embarrassing results, due to the criminal's gratitude.

"After one of these evenings," the lawyer laughingly told me, "I'm kept for days dodging and returning presents sent by the crook—watches, scarfpins, cuff links, now and then a valuable painting or a Persian rug—all belonging to somebody else."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Wolf in Disguise.

Once upon a time a wolf who was going after the farmer's chickens took the advice of a fox and disguised himself in sheep's clothing.

"For," said the fox, "if the dogs see you they will take you for a harmless lamb and let you pass."

When the disguised wolf was near the chicken house he heard the dogs bark and saw them running toward him at the top of their speed.

"I am a fool," said the wolf. "For now the dogs think I am a lamb and have no fear of me. I will change my mind, get out of this incumbering clothing and make a winning fight."

But before he could get the garment off the dogs were upon him and took his life.

Moral.—It is easier to change your mind than your clothing.—New York Herald.

The Regimental Barber.

A major in an English regiment has a great contempt for incapacity of any kind and is somewhat impatient. A sergeant complained to him that he could get no man to undertake the duty of barber to the company.

"Is there no gardener in the company?" asked the major testily. "See if you can find one, and send him to me."

The man was duly sent, but on receiving orders to act as barber ventured to expostulate.

"Great guns!" cried the major. "If you can cut grass you can cut hair! Go and do it!"

Very Red Tape.

A burglar entering a house by a ladder in a small Prussian town fell and broke his leg when making off with his booty. An inquiry into the accident revealed that, contrary to the bylaws of the town, the house owner's ladder was not provided with strong iron spikes at its base. The house owner was therefore ordered to pay all the hospital costs and further to give the burglar a substantial sum.—London Standard.

Broad Minded.

"So your husband is in the pageant, Mrs. Jones. I didn't know he belonged to the Church of England."

"No, mum, he don't. But there, he's very broad minded, and he don't mind being an ancient bishop in the cause of charity."—Punch.

An Opportunity For Him.

Mose Foreace (ardently)—Tell me, Miss Angie, may I contribute to yo'r future happiness? Miss Angie—Well, Mr. Foreace, as I accepted Abe Gingerbread last ebenin' dere is weddin' presents to be thought ob, to be shuah.—Judge.

His Order.

"Does your husband belong to any clubs, Mrs. Dubbley?"

"None but the Knights of Mystic Stairway."

"The Mystic Stairway? I never heard of that order."

"You're lucky. The members are pledged to assist the brother who needs help to reach home and to carry him upstairs, provided they are able to trust themselves on stairs that go round and round, and after that to try to make his wife believe that he was seized with sudden illness and that they administered an overdose of brandy or something of the kind for the purpose of reviving him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

They were alone in the parlor, and she had the sofa all to herself.

"I thought," she said, "you were something of a mind reader."

"So I am," he rejoined.

"Well," she said as her eyes rested on the unoccupied end of the sofa, "I don't believe it."