

LOST BURIAL MONEY GAMBLING. Protected Games Get Cash Sent to Pay for Wife's Funeral.

Denver, Col.—Another victim of the gambling hells of Denver has reaped the rewards of the system. The gamblers' syndicate has unblushingly taken the very money from his victim which was to pay the last cost for conveying the dead body of a woman to its grave.

MODEL HUSBANDS TO ORDER. Aim of New Benedictine Club Just Formed in Gotham.

New York.—Model husbands are to be made while you wait (you may have to wait a long while) by the Benedictine club, which has just been formed. It is called the Benedictine club, but is really a training school for matrimony. At present it numbers 20 members, who have banded themselves together for the purpose of studying how to make themselves into ideal husbands for their ideal women.

SMALL BOY SHOOT'S BIG WOLF. Is Only 11 Years Old, But He Protects Farm with Parents Away.

Crookston, Minn.—For cool-headed heroism Henry Just, the 11-year-old son of a farmer living southeast of St. Hilarie, deserves a medal. As proof of his bravery and prowess he has the carcass of a big timber wolf which he will have mounted. When his parents drove to town he was left on the farm alone to keep the fire going and look after things generally. Toward nightfall he heard the shepherd dog making a big fuss back of the stable, and upon investigation saw a big timber wolf in a small pasture fenced in with woven wire. The wolf had retreated to one corner where it was being worried by the dog.

Marriage by Mail Fails. Marysville, O.—A mail order wedding, which took place in Columbus on December 17, 1907, uniting Frank L. Denman of this city and Corneila Doud of New Jersey, came to grief the other day. When Denman secured a divorce from his wife on the ground of extreme cruelty and gross neglect of duty.

Shovel Snow on Ship. New York.—The first marine corps of white wings in the history of transatlantic travel was organized on the Hamburg-American liner Graf Waldorsee, which arrived here after a trying experience with wind and snow storms.

Shovel Snow on Ship. At the suggestion of a New Yorker the captain asked the Italians who were in the steerage if they would not like to shovel off the snow. They said they would, and in a short time 900 men were digging up the snow from the steamer's decks and pitching it into the sea.

ELDER POORLY PAID

MISSOURI PREACHER TOILED 45 YEARS AT \$20.

Traveled 35,000 Miles on Horseback or Foot Officiating at Weddings, Funerals and Services with Practically No Remuneration.

Elmer, Mo.—How many young theological students would line up today if confronted at the age of 24 with the prospect of a 45-year job of preaching, in not one single year of which would their salary exceed \$20? Elder J. W. Cook, aged 69, white haired and feeble, has just written a book in which he describes such a ministry. No cathedral chimes ever called the shirt-sleeved worshippers to whom Mr. Cook preached. No organ was used to add melody to the songs his people of the hills and prairies sang. Not a line of manuscript fluttered on the stump or goods box from which he preached. On this point he says in his book:

"Dear reader, I want to say a few words in regard to these sermons, which numbered far into the thousands. Listen—not one of them was written before it was delivered. I believed in a call to the ministry and went to God for knowledge. The sermons were scattered sometimes, but the Lord blessed them just the same. I fired 'em off as He directed, and He attended to the targets!"

Elder Cook toiled like a galley slave 4 1/2 decades for an annual wage that wouldn't have contented a self-respecting janitor or a capable office boy for a month. And he was glad to do it.

How did he live? He plowed, raised corn on a little patch. Here's the way he was sometimes rewarded: "A good brother lost his wife and I was called to preach the funeral. I was very sick and not really able to go, but the friends insisted so that I rallied what little strength I had and made the trip—14 long, hot miles and back.

"I preached the sermon in the forest, as there was no church. When it was all over the bereaved brother came to me with tears in his eyes and wanted to know what that long journey and my work was worth. I told him that that was for him to say. He gave me 50 cents. I took it because I needed it.

"Sometimes I would get a pair of socks for a trip like that, sometimes a pair of gloves, but more frequently nothing. Many times we would run out of provisions and have no money with which to buy them.

"Then I would run my face for a few groceries until I could plow the corn over or haul a load of ties, or perhaps do a few days' work for a neighbor at 50 cents a day, knowing that Saturday would be meeting day and that during that some member would pay me a dollar so I could settle with the grocer. Saturday would come, I would hold meeting as usual, but that badly needed dollar would not come. Then I couldn't look the merchant in the face for fear he would think me dishonest."

During all these years Elder Cook endured such privations. He was the regular minister for a number of churches and kept his appointments regularly, whether they paid him or not. Half of his time he was out on the road or at preaching appointments.

This record will be his passport to the better world: Sermons preached, 5,784; miles traveled, 35,840; weddings performed, 780; miles traveled to officiate at weddings, 15,600—all on horseback or on foot; funeral sermons preached, 936; miles traveled for funerals, 18,720.

Turning to the lighter side of the book one finds the following: "Some 25 years ago, one Sunday afternoon, as I was traveling along the road, I chanced to meet a young couple who were carrying a bucket of provender to the hogs. I knew they had been neighbors and sweethearts for years, and as I came up I could see he was urging her to do something which she appeared to bashfully oppose.

"Sally's just said 'Yes,' parson; how'd it do to fine us right where we're at?"

"I suggested perhaps we'd better go in the house, but he seemed to be afraid she'd change her mind. So I called a horseman—a stranger—to act as witness.

"The bride and bridegroom wiped their hands on their clothes and stood up there, with a lot full of hogs for a background, and a wayfarer whom nobody knew as a witness, and were married as safely as if in the homes of wealth. The young man said 'thank you,' kissed his bride. They picked up their bucket and resumed their errand."

Greek Poddler Makes \$100,000. St. Louis.—From pushcart man to bank president is the leap Charles Menas, a Greek, who has forsaken St. Louis for his native land, made in ten years. Menas came to America as an immigrant, and when he arrived in St. Louis he was practically penniless.

When he started for Greece he had a bank account exceeding \$100,000 and a prosperous business here that is bringing a handsome revenue. "I'm going back to realize a dream I have cherished all my life," Menas said. "I am going to open a bank and be its president."

The bank, according to Menas, is to be known as the Olympia National bank, and capitalized at \$100,000 or more.

HERE'S IDEAL MODEL CITIZEN.

The Coming Man as Seen by Admirers of Socialism.

To describe an ideal modern citizen now is at best to make a guess and a suggestion as to what must be built in reality by the efforts of a thousand minds. But he will be a very different creature from that indifferent, well-behaved business man who passes for a good citizen to-day. He will be neither under the slave tradition nor a rebel, nor a vehement elemental man. Essentially he will be aristocratic; aristocratic not in the sense that he has slaves or class inferiorities, because probably he will have nothing of the sort, but aristocratic in the sense that he will feel that the state belongs to him and he to the state. He will probably be a public servant; at any rate he will be a man doing some work in the complicated machinery of the modern community for a salary and not for speculative gain. Typically he will be a professional man. I do not think the ideal modern citizen can be a person living chiefly by buying for as little as he can get; indeed, most of what he will regard with very considerable contempt. But then I am a Socialist and look forward to the time when the economic machinery of the community will not be a field for private enrichment but for public service.—Everybody's Magazine.

CAN ALWAYS TRUST CHINAMEN.

Customs in Celestial Empire Have Made Dishonesty Scarce.

"You soon learn in China that you can trust a Chinaman to carry through anything he agrees to do for you," says Samuel Merwin in Success.

"When I reached Tai Yuan-fu I handed my interpreter a Chinese draft for \$200 (Mexican), payable to bearer, and told him to go to the bank and bring back the money. I had known John a little more than a week, yet any one who knows China will understand that I was running no appreciable risk. The individual Chinaman is simply a part of a family, the family is part of a neighborhood, the neighborhood is part of a village or district, and so on. If John had disappeared with my money after cashing the draft and afterward been caught, punishment would have been swift and severe. Very likely he would have lost his head. If the authorities had been unable to find John they would have punished his family. Punishment would surely have fallen on somebody."

A Lithuanian Funeral.

On Sunday morning a strange funeral cortege passed through the Mission streets. The hearse was followed by a procession of women walking in the middle of the street. They wore dark skirts trimmed with bands of lace, embroidery, or colored strips, and all wore aprons, some of black silk or cloth, but more of sheer white embroidered corners, and fringed shawls were over their shoulders. It was not a uniform, but more in the nature of holiday attire such as one sees in Italy and France on carnival occasions or fete days. The men in the procession wore conventional dress, but their bearded faces were not American. Inquiring as to the nationality of these odd figures who made such a strange picture in San Francisco, I found they were Lithuanians, and that there is a large colony of them here, mostly employed at a laundry over toward the Potrero.—San Francisco Call.

Driving a Good Bargain.

The barber's small son was in the habit of playing around his father's shop, and he was always keenly interested in the patrons. Many a stray penny found its way into the little chubby hand, and sticks of gum were dropped in quite as though by accident. Judge Williams drifted into the shop the other afternoon for a hair cut. The lad recognized the fact that the judge was a new patron, and so was more than ordinarily interested in him. He hung at the foot of the chair and looked musingly at the judge's bald head. Then he walked slowly to the back of the chair and surveyed the scanty fringe of hair from that point of vantage. He could contain himself no longer and burst out impudently: "Father, do you get a quarter for cutting that?"—Lippincott's.

Must Charge to Get Crowd.

The Ladies' guild of a certain New York church had planned an evening entertainment and reception, and asked the rector to make announcement of it on the Sunday preceding. "This is all right," he said, "but you must charge admission." "Why this is just a social evening," they protested. "We are inviting people." "They won't come," said the rector, "because they will think it is not worth while. But charge a small admission and you will have a good crowd." So the women gave in, and subsequent events proved the rector was right.

Daniel Up to Date.

Jimmy, aged five, was told the story of Daniel in the lions' den, by his grandmother. When she had finished the story she asked Jimmy what he thought Daniel did the very first thing when he found he was saved from the lions. "Oh, I guess he telephoned home to his wife to tell her he was all right," answered Jimmy.

SOMETHING HE NEEDN'T KNOW.

Purchase Not Likely to Have Interested Him, Anyway.

A condition when it is a temptation to patronize the exchange desk of the store is brought about by the receipt of a gift that is a duplicate of something already possessed. One girl was made miserable by receiving a most beautiful inlaid desk simply because she had two desks already. After giving the subject deliberate thought she decided to lay the matter before the young man who sent her the desk. She felt he would not be so unreasonable as to be offended.

And he wasn't. "Get it exchanged for whatever you want," he said. "Of course, I want to see you pleased." So she sallied forth. "It was difficult to find anything that just fitted the price. The first thing selected was a dainty effect in cameo; then came a belt buckle; then a pair of gloves.

After making these purchases with the exchange check there was still a goodly sum over. The girl could not make up her mind what she wanted. Then she thought very deeply, and decided to herself once or twice and completed her shopping tour on the desk proceeds.

What she bought was flimsy and lacy. And she never includes it in the list she gives the young man of his "various" gifts to her.

CHINAMAN CAN BE SARCASTIC.

Many of Their Sayings in Common Use Have Real Wit.

Once in a while you meet a common Chinaman who has some of the wit of Mr. Wu. One such has a laundry in Lexington avenue, not far from Twenty-third street. The other day I heard him yell at a recalcitrant customer: "You no pay?" Then you paper tiger!" I asked what he meant by a "paper tiger," and he replied: "Oh, in China a paper tiger is blackguard who blows much but is harmless." He added: "When a man is very proud of himself, what Americans call 'stuck up,' we compare to a rat, falling into a scale and weighing itself. When a Chinaman overdoes a thing we say he is a hunchback making a bow. The rich son who quickly spends his father's money we call a rocket which goes off at once. We say of you rich Americans who send money to healthens by missionaries and neglect their family at home: 'They hang their lantern on a pole, which is seen from afar, but gives no light below.'"—New York Press.

Queer Ad.

"An Italian with a piano organ was turning the handle of his machine rapidly, but not a note was to be heard. I stopped at once. What on earth could be the matter?"

The speaker, an advertising agent, smiled.

"Finally," he said, "I went up close to the man.

"A breakdown," I asked. "He pointed to a small placard on the organ's front, and I read: 'The interior of the instrument has been removed. The relief that in consequence you experience is as nothing compared with that which immediately follows a dose of Surecure Cough Mixture.'

"It was an original ad," the expert ended, and I followed it up. From what the Surecure people told me, I found that the same ingenuity and money put in legitimate newspaper advertising would have brought 50 per cent. more returns."—Exchange.

Getting His Own Back.

An ironworker, having had the worst of an argument with a friend, decided to get even with him.

Waiting, therefore, until his enemy had retired to rest one night, he approached his street door, and knocked loudly in order to wake him. Opening the bedroom window, the other hurriedly inquired what the noise was all about.

"Why," replied the outside one, "one of your windows is wide open."

"Which one?"

"Why, the one you have your head through," chuckled the other, as he went away satisfied with the success of his plot.—Illustrated Bits.

Skating or Swimming.

Some one once asked "Tim" Sullivan of New York for information as to the prospects of a politician who was popularly supposed to be "on the ragged edge."

"Well," said Sullivan, "he seems to think he's getting on all right; but there are other who entertain a different opinion. The situation reminds me of the story of the old woman up in Maine. Being asked as to the whereabouts of her husband, she replied:

"If the ice is as thick as Jim thinks it is, he is skating; if it is as thick as I think it is, he is swimming."—Sunday Magazine.

Simple Home Remedy.

Often it is inconvenient to get a doctor for a cut or abrasion where there might be danger of blood poisoning. In such case try this simple home remedy: After the wound is thoroughly washed with some antiseptic solution and the poison removed the cut will often heal nicely if cloths wet in sweet oil are kept on the place until the flesh has perfectly healed. One young woman, who this last summer tore her head badly on a barbed-wire fence, used nothing else on it but these sweet oil cloths, kept renewed whenever they grew dry, and has not even a scar to show for her injury.

WHERE MR. SPOONER LOST OUT.

Next Time, Maybe, He Will Be More Chary of Compliments.

"Do you really mean it, Mr. Spooner, when you say I am the best girl in the world?" asked Miss Flypp, after the young man had suggested that she should become Mrs. Spooner.

"Indeed, I do, Miss Flypp," asserted the young man. "I say it again—you are the best girl in the world."

"And the loveliest, I think you said?"

"The loveliest, without doubt."

"I think you said something about my accomplishments, too?"

"I did. I said they excelled those of any other girl."

"I believe you called me sweet?"

"A sweeter woman never drew breath," quoted the ardent lover.

"You used the word 'perfect,' too, did you not?"

"I did. I also pronounce you the pink of perfection, propriety, and modesty; the empress of my heart; the peerless one among the beautiful creatures of your sex; a maiden adorable, enchanting and worthy of the hand of the best man on earth. Say the word that will make me the happiest man, my own Doris!"

"Before I give you an answer, Mr. Spooner, I should like to ask you one question."

"A dozen if you like."

"One will be enough. Don't you think you have a good deal of assurance to expect a woman with all those excellent qualities to marry you?" Then Mr. Spooner went home.

FORGOT AN IMPORTANT POINT.

Boston Carpenter Overlooked Davy Crockett's Immortal Advice.

Appropos of the fat man who built his wife a table in the cellar too big to go through the door, a reader declares that he knows of a man who did very much the same trick. The man in question, a Boston carpenter, was having a dull season, and as spring was coming on he decided to build himself a boat for use in historic Boston bay. After due consideration the carpenter decided to use his own cellar as a workshop, as he had plenty of room and all materials were handy. He did not once think of getting the boat out until after weeks of hard work he had finished a fine 18-foot vessel. Of course it would not go through a mere door, and as there was no double door entrance the carpenter was up against it. He was determined to have his boat, though, and he tore out the entire end of his house to get it out of his cellar. He got his boat, and also had more hard work to do in his dull season, for it was several weeks before he finished repairing the house.

Deadly Insult.

A New York youngster was caught literally wiping up the street with another boy with whom he was supposed to be on especially friendly terms. The detector of his pugilistic encounter was his mother, who after she had yanked him into the house, proceeded to deliver a lecture on the sin of fighting. The boy listened for a while in silence.

"That's all right," he broke out at last in uncontrollable indignation. "It's all right for you to talk, but if you just knew what he said about you!" The pause was significant. The mother took alarm.

"About me?" she said. "Why, what on earth did he say about me?"

"He said," blubbered the small boy in impotent wrath, "that you—wear—petticoats."

When Learning Is Jocular.

The Yale students' attitude toward the faculty, though jocular, is not antagonistic, and as a rule the Record laughs with the professor at his unfortunate pupil, as instance:

Dyett Punker—But I do not think I deserve an absolute zero.

Professor—Neither do I, but that is the lowest mark I am allowed to give.

Among the stage settings of the campus the lunch-rooms, called "dog wagons," because of their remarkable output of bologna sandwiches, or "hot dogs," are well patronized and contribute their share of fun.

"Shay, Jack, come on over and have a dog."

"No, I just had a rabbit."

"Well, when, come on over and have a dog for a chaser."—The Bohemian.

Too Much Idealized.

"He was at one time the leading photographer, wasn't he?"

"Yes. But after Bella's experience his business dropped off."

"Tell me about it."

"Bella had some pictures taken there and they certainly were swell. A multimillionaire from Pittsburg saw one in the showcase and fell in love at first sight."

"With Bella?"

"With Bella's picture. Of course, he was wild to be introduced. Then he saw the actual Bella."

"And then?"

"And then he took the first train back to Pittsburg."

A Poor Scholar.

The other day a professor leaving the university was approached by a seedy individual, who pathetically asked:

"Won't you help a poor scholar with a dime?"

The coin bestowed, the learned man said:

"You tell me you are a poor scholar?"

"Sure," answered the other. "I never went to school in my life. So long."—Philadelphia Ledger.

HAVE MANY NARROW ESCAPES.

Yet Cowboys Are Rarely Killed or Injured in Accidents.

Now, after the day's work was practically over, we had our first accident, says a writer in Outing Magazine. The horse ridden by a young fellow from Dos Cabezas slipped, fell and roiled quite over his rider. At once the animal lunged to his feet, only to be immediately seized by the nearest rider. But the Dos Cabezas man lay still, his arms and legs spread abroad, his head doubled sideways in a horribly suggestive manner. We hopped off. Two men straightened him out, while two more looked carefully over the indications on the ground.

"All right," sang out one of these, "the horn didn't catch him."

He pointed to the indentation left by the pommel. Indeed, five minutes brought the man to his senses. He complained of a very twisted back. Homer sent one of the men in after the bed-wagon, by means of which the sufferer was shortly transported to camp. By the end of the week he was again in the saddle. How men escape from this common accident with injuries so slight has always puzzled me. The horse rolls completely over his rider, and yet it seems to be the rarest thing in the world for the latter to be either killed or permanently injured.

WHEN SMALLPOX WAS COMMON

A Century or So Ago Every One Expected to Have Disease.

"All our ancestors," said a physician, "were pockmarked, and smallpox was a recommendation if you were looking for work."

"What I mean is that you couldn't get a job if you had not had smallpox. No one wanted a servant who was liable at any moment to be stricken down with the loathsome disease. Hence—"

He opened a newspaper volume of 1774.

"Hence 'help wanted' ads read like this:

"Wanted, a man between 20 and 30 years of age, to be footman and under-butler in a great family. He must have had smallpox in the natural way. Also a woman, middle-aged, to wait upon a young lady of great fortune and fashion. The woman must have had the smallpox in the natural way."

Birds Shot with Water.

Shooting a hummingbird with the smallest birdshot made is out of the question, for the slightest touch of lead would destroy his coat. The only way in which the bird can be captured for commercial purposes is to shoot him with a drop of water from a blowgun, or a fine jet from a small syringe. Skillfully directed, the water stuns him. He falls into a silken net and before he recovers consciousness is suspended over a cyanide jar. This must be done quickly, for if he comes to his senses before the cyanide whiff snuffs out his life he is sure to ruin his plumage in his struggles to escape. Hummingbirds vary in size from specimens perhaps half as large as a sparrow to those scarcely bigger than a bee. The quickest eye cannot follow them in full flight. It is only when, though still flying furiously, they are practically motionless over flowers that the best marksmen can bring them to earth.

Japanese Hotels.

Barring the bath, and perhaps the beds, Japanese hotels are delightful. All during your stay in their spotless precincts you are made to feel that you are an honored guest, Japanese etiquette is lavished upon you, and when you depart you are always given a token to remember your visit, usually a white, coarse cotton towel with blue pictures printed on it.

You must thank the little maid for this with an elaborate bow when you go, and the chorus of "Sayo Nara" from all the hotel forces gathered in the doorway will seem to have in it, not only the regret of good-by, as we interpret the words, but the deeper feeling which they really mean: "It must be that we must part."—Travel Magazine.

A Servants' Paradise.

"Every kitchen has a window with one pane out in the Brazilian town of Rio Grande do Sul," said a cook. "That town is a servants' paradise."

"Servants live in their own homes there, as they should everywhere. They come to work at seven in the morning and they quit at seven at night. A 12-hour day. Quite long enough."

"The paneless window is for the milkman, the baker, the butcher, so that these traders can leave their supplies—they usually come early—in a safe place. The Rio Grande servant is, of course, not there to receive them. She is in bed at her own home."

To Match His Coat.

Robert Walton Golech at a meeting of the Astor Trust company's directors, in New York, said of a certain broker:

"The man's nerve is amazing. It shocks me. It reminds me of a money lender to whom a friend of mine, a great rider to hounds, once resorted."

"Yes," said the money lender to my embarrassed friend, "I will render you note, but only on one condition, sir—namely, that during the next paper chase at Lenox you scatter from your bag these 5,000 pink slips bearing my name and the words, 'Money advanced on easy terms.' Is it a go, sir?"