

BABY EMPEROR OF CHINA



Pu Yi, emperor of China (standing); his father, Prince Chun, regent and controller of the nation, and his younger brother. Before her death the empress dowager appointed the three-year-old son of Prince Chun emperor and the prince himself regent. When the new emperor was proclaimed he was declared the adopted son of the Emperor Tung Chih, and thus the traditions of the imperial succession, broken by the empress dowager when the late of the emperor came to the throne, were maintained. One of the first acts of the emperor ruler was to canonize his predecessor and to punish nominally the doctors called to the late ruler. For the new reign the little Hsuan Tung ("Promulgating Universality") has been chosen.

IS DANGEROUS SPORT

HUNTING WILD HORSES IN COLORADO MOUNTAIN RANGES.

Ranchmen Have Turned to Business of Trapping Animals and Find It Exciting as Well as Profitable.

Denver, Col.—Thousands of wild horses are running the mountain ranges between the White and the Bear rivers in Rio Blanco county, and as a result there has been developed a business and sport of which little is known in Colorado.

The ranchmen of that section have turned wild horse hunters, and are making it profitable to trap the animals and break them for the market. In addition, it furnishes them a wonderfully exciting, if rather dangerous sport. The wild horses are a decided menace to the settlers in more ways than one, and there are so many of them that it will take a long time to get rid of them.

Edward James of Rangeley, Rio Blanco county, tall, tanned and picturesque, was in Denver recently, and he told the story of how they hunt the wild horses in his country—Rio Blanco county.

James is a deputy game warden, and knows more about the White river region than any man in Colorado. He has lived there for over twenty years.

"There is no other sport which compares with it," declares James, and he has hunted about every wild animal in the category.

There are quite a number of men in Rio Blanco who make a business of hunting the horses for the market. Their work is not only interesting, but decidedly dangerous.

The method of capturing the wild horse is simple enough, and is in many ways similar to that used by the big game trappers of Africa.

A trap, which is really a small-sized corral, is constructed by the hunter on a trail followed by the horses. The trap is usually about thirty feet across, and open at one end. The hunter merely herds the horses into the trap.

Catching the horses is the simplest thing about the whole business. It is disposing of them after they are captured which affords interest to the hunter.

The horses must be cut out of the trap one by one, and broken. The men selected for the work enter the trap foot, and rope, throw and tie a horse, after the custom pursued by horse breakers the world over. Then a saddle is put on and it is up to the breaker to ride and break the horse.

Some of the horses are easily subdued, while others are never broken. It is mighty dangerous business for the men who go into the trap and rope the horses, and afterwards, too, because sometimes the animals will put up a bitter struggle, and many have been badly injured in their efforts to conquer the savage nature of the beasts.

The state of Colorado claims the horses, and the hunters must pay five dollars a head for every horse taken as an inspection fee. The horses, after they are broken, will sell for about \$15 a head. It has been made a fairly profitable business by some, one outfit claiming to have taken 500 head of horses in a single year.

BIG REVENUE IN GUM MACHINES.

Income from New York "L" and Subway Stations is \$2,000 a Day.

New York.—The question so often asked, "I wonder how many pennies the chewing-gum slot machines take in during a day?" is partly answered as a result of legal proceedings instituted here against Stollwerck Bros. and Ludwig Stollwerck, who control the chewing-gum and chocolate vending machines in the New York subway and elevated railway stations.

On complaint of Darwin P. Rudd, to whom the Chatham National bank assigned two notes, Justice Fitzgerald in the supreme court issued an attachment against the Stollwercks which covers every machine they control in all the stations. The attachment was issued to cover a claim of \$25,000, said to be due on two notes. It was disclosed incidentally that the machines bring in daily \$2,000, which makes 200,000 pennies that the New York public expends for chocolate and gum each day in the subway and elevated stations alone.

A deputy sheriff, to whom had been assigned the duty of taking charge of the machines, is wondering whether he will have to place a man on duty at every station in the city.

CHICAGO LANDMARK RAZED.

Carter Harrison Residence to Give Way to Apartment House.

Chicago.—Another landmark is being removed to make way for the modern apartment building. The old home-stand of Carter H. Harrison, at one time considered one of the handsomest homes in the city, is in the hands of the wreckers.

Not only was the old building the home of the Harrisons, but Mrs. Potter Palmer once lived there. It having been built by her father, H. H. Honore, in the early fifties.

The first Carter Harrison purchased the residence from H. H. Honore in 1845, and the family used it almost continuously until 1872. It again became the family home several years after.

It was in the broad hallway that Mr. Harrison, then mayor, was shot down by Pendergast in October, 1893.

FINDS BIG CAVE IN ADIRONDACKS.

Cavern on "W" Mountain May rival the Wonder of Kentucky.

Saranac Lake, N. Y.—Capt. E. E. Thomas, an old-time woodsman, has discovered a great cave in a secluded part of the Adirondacks, which may rival the famous Mammoth cave of Kentucky. With a companion Thomas entered the cavern for a thousand feet, but did not reach the end. The cave is situated on what is known as "W" mountain, not far from Standish, N. Y. The mouth of the cave is about fifty feet wide. The first room is 60 feet long, 20 feet wide and 30 feet high. It is filled with bats. There is a smell of sulphur. There are passages branching in many directions.

Hates to See His Mens Chew. North Brookfield, Mass.—Albert W. Boland, who breeds a few fancy fowls, says his three hens have lately taken to chewing tobacco. "I am much opposed to the use of tobacco in any form, but I hardly know how to combat the tendency in my fowls," says Mr. Boland. "I can't watch them all the time."

JEST OF THE NATURE FAKER.

Remarkable Fish Was Whiffletit, According to Facetious Waiter.

Seating himself at a restaurant table a Chicago man said: "Walter, what kind of fish have you?"

"O," said the waiter, "all kinds—whitefish, bluefish, gaylings, sea bass, weakfish, perch—"

"Pshaw!" yawned the customer, "cut that out. I'm tired of those common fishes. Ain't you got some new kind of fish, some kind I never ate before?"

"Well," said the waiter, "the whiffletit is very fine this morning."

"What is whiffletit?"

"Why, don't a fish sharp like you know what a whiffletit is? Common enough here. You see, the whiffletit lives only in circular lakes. You go out and find a circular lake and hire a boat. Then you row out all alone to the middle of the lake, about a mile or so, and anchor. Then you take an auger and bore a hole in the water, and bait it by putting a piece of cheese on the edge of the hole. The whiffletit comes up to get the cheese, eats it and it makes him swell up so that he can't get back down the hole."

"Well," said the customer, breathless, "what then?"

"Why," replied the waiter, as he filled a glass of water, "you lean over the side of the boat and laugh the whiffletit to death. Want a few?"—Cleveland Leader.

PECULIAR WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

Breton Peasants Ascribe Miraculous Powers to Odd Contrivance.

In the village church of Comfort (near Pont-Croix), in western Brittany, is a very good specimen of the now rare "wheel of fortune." It is made of wood, with a row of bells on its outer rim and pivoted between a couple of rough beams—altogether very primitive workmanship. By means of a cord attached to a crank the wheels can be made to revolve and set all the bells a-jangling. I have often heard that the peasants believe that it has miraculous power of healing when run over the head of a sufferer who has placed a sou in the box to which the rope is padded. I received remarkable confirmation of this belief, for while making a photograph a well-to-do sailor's wife and her husband came into the church and looked round. The woman asked me if I thought there could be any truth in this belief, as her child was very backward in learning to talk. Her nurse, who came from those parts, had advised her to bring the baby and ring the bells of Comfort over his head, when he would be sure to talk. As she was passing she had looked in to see if it was worth trying.

Not Supposed to See or Know.

On the relief train that had been rushed to the scene of the railway wreck was a newspaper reporter, remarks the Chicago Tribune. The first victim he saw was a man whose eyes were in mourning and whose left arm was in a sling. With his hair full of dirt, one end of his shirt collar flying loose, and his coat ripped up the back, the victim was sitting on the grass and serenely contemplating the landscape. "How many people are hurt?" asked the reporter, hurrying up to him. "I haven't heard of anybody being hurt, young man," said the other. "How did this wreck happen?" "I haven't heard of any wreck." "You haven't? Who are you, anyhow?" "I don't know that it's any of your business, but I'm the claim agent of the road."

Oldtime Treatment of Maniacs.

Vienna's "Fools' tower," which is to be replaced by a more modern building, was remarkable for its extraordinary collection of strange instruments and fetters used in the treatment of the insane of past ages. There was a curious machine in which unruly maniacs were swung until they were in a state of stupefaction and therefore quiet. And the same idea caused the invention of a wheel that revolved like that in a modern squirrel cage. There was a narrow upright box called an "English coffin," from which the patient could look out, but could not move. When it was built in 1794, the "Fools' tower" marked a great change for the better. In the housing of the insane. From 200 to 250 patients occupied its 139 cells.

He Knew the Folks.

An amusing comment was made by a miner at an ambulance lecture in Elphinstone, East Lothian, Scotland, recently. The lecturer had stated that if suffocation from choking was likely to ensue, the simplest remedy to give relief till medical aid arrived was to take a fine-pointed penknife and make a small incision in the throat. One of the miners then shouted: "I was down in the mine, here's what happened. If that man died his folk would have me prosecuted for murder, and if he got better he himself would be the first to prosecute me for cutting his throat."

Warned of Father's Death.

There was a peculiar coincidence in connection with the sudden death of the Alkham (Kent, England) village blacksmith, Mrs. James Pay. His daughter, who was in service with a doctor in a neighboring village, went to her mistress on the day of her father's death, stating that she had a feeling that she must go home. As the girl seemed anxious, her mistress allowed her to go, and she arrived home in time to witness the death of her father. 20 minutes after he had been working at his forge.

WILLIAM WANTED NO LAWYER.

Reason Assigned Was Something of a Blur on the Profession.

When Justice Buffum opened court in a small town in southern Georgia one morning last week, he called loudly: "Jones against Johnson!"

A dignified gentleman came to the bar, and said: "I am Dr. Jones, your honor, the complaining witness. My chickens were stolen and found in the possession of—"

"One moment, doctor," the judge interrupted. "We must have the defendant at the bar. Jones against Johnson! Jones against Johnson! Is the defendant present? Is William Johnson in court?"

A tall and shambling negro shuffled to the bar, ducked his head, pulled his woolly forelock in token of respect, and grinned a propitiatory grin.

"Ah's Willium Johnson, please sur, judge," he said. "Ah doan' know nuffin' 'bout no 'fendant, sub. Ah'm jes' de man wot took de chickens."

"Don't talk like that," the court warned William. "You ought to have a lawyer to speak for you. Where's your lawyer?"

"Ah ain't got no lawyer, judge—"

"Very well, then," said his honor. "I'll assign a lawyer to defend you."

"Oh, no, sub; no, sub! Please-ease don' do dat!" William begged.

"Why not?" asked the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, ah'll tell yo', sah," said William, waving his tattered old hat confidentially. "Hit's jes' dis-away—ah wan' tuh enjoy dem chickens masef."—Harper's Weekly

ARTIFICIAL LIGHT FOR BIRDS.

Lengthens Their Day, Giving Them More Time for Feeding.

Winter has always proved a trying time for rare and delicate birds in the zoological gardens. One interesting theory has been advanced, that owing to the long nights in these latitudes in winter the poor birds do not feed long enough during the day to "keep body and soul together." In the old insect house some good was effected by inducing the birds to feed before dawn with the aid of a powerful motor lamp which was placed there an hour in the winter.

In the new small birdhouse, says the London Daily Mail, an elaborate incandescent gaslight installation has just been completed. It is controlled from outside and at six o'clock in the morning a watchman switches on the lights.

Immediately a chorus of songs breaks out from the aroused birds, which start breakfast immediately. This extra feeding time has already produced good results in the shape of improved condition of the birds of paradise, mynahs and other rare tropical birds in the house.

A Handy Library.

Many of the new books come out in serial form in the magazines and papers. Cut out the installments as they appear and glue them together—book fashion, if from a magazine, or in one long strip if taken from a newspaper. Take a long, stout envelope, paste the name of the story on the back, fold the sheets or strips of clippings and place in the envelope. This is a book which takes only a small space on the shelves, and the name is easily seen from the outside. These envelope books are invaluable for sick people, as frail hands are not tired by holding a light slip of paper when it would be impossible to hold a heavy book. As a bit of cheer for all invalids they might be aptly termed the sunbeam library.—Housekeeper.

Work for the Unemployed.

Lack of employment is not a new question. Says the Liverpool Mercury of February 14, 1912: "It is of the highest importance that a committee of the legislature should immediately inquire into the causes of the present want of employment among the laboring classes, and whether means might not be found in a nation of which the revenue is immense by which a succession of public works," etc., etc. There were at that time, nearly 100 years ago, 16,000 unemployed in Liverpool. The same writer, after asking: "Is war the only employment that the state has to give the poor?" goes on to show that the pyramids of Egypt and the "elegant edifices of Greece" were built with the object of "giving continual employment to the laborer."

How High a Tiger Can Jump.

For the benefit of the prospective big game hunters a correspondent finally disposes of the theory that a tiger is unable to jump to any height from all fours. He records that he took refuge in a tree from a particular tiger. The beast, however, jumped up to him, "like an India rubber ball, a good seven feet," and it was only by letting go with my right and ramming both barrels down his mouth that I did not have a very bad time of it.

The moral evidently is that when avoiding a tiger it is necessary to find a tree with its lowest branch at least 16 feet from the ground.

Apology Due and Forthcoming.

An illiterate young man once got a friend to write a letter for him to his sweetheart. The letter was rather prosaic for a love letter, and he felt that an apology was due to his sweetheart for its lack of tender nothings. It was as follows:

"Please excuse the mildness of this here letter, as the chap wot's writin' it is a married man, and he says he can't bide no soft soapings; it allus gives him the spazzums."

THE YOUNG MAN COULD TALK.

To the Chagrin of Two Who Thought He Was a Deaf Mute.

It isn't always safe to trust appearances, as two young women learned to their chagrin on a trolley trip.

Two other young women with a man between them were seated on the opposite side of the car. They were a silent three; the young women and the man, but they talked excitedly—with their fingers. Deaf mutes, evidently, the other young women thought, and after they had got a little used to the novelty they began to talk out loud about the young man and his companions.

"Isn't it a pity," said one, "that such a nice young man should be deaf and dumb?"

The other agreed audibly, and the talk went on. As is the way with the sex, there was little commiseration for the young women afflicted as the young man was.

The young man got his revenge for himself and his friends. Arriving at the point he wished to embark, he raised his hand to the conductor and said in a loud voice:

"Stop at — street, please."

The young women who trusted to appearances looked mighty sheepish as the three left the car. The young man wasn't deaf and dumb at all. His companions were, and he was simply talking to them in their own language.

DINERS ATE BROILED WHALE.

Also Roast Monkey, Boa Constrictor Cutlets, Etc.

Broiled Pacific whale, grilled blubber from Nootka, roast Amazon monkey, baked Winnipeg porcupine and boa constrictor cutlets were among the more remarkable features of the annual dinner of the Canadian camp at the Hotel Astor at New York. These delicacies came at the end of the menu, the diners' appetites being whetted earlier in the feast by more ordinary viands, such as Martindale one-eyed trout, mountain lamb (with horns), Newfoundland rabbit pie, spitted Vancouver pigeons and "African sorbet a la White."

Col. C. J. ("Buffalo") Jones was the guest of honor and the principal speaker. His address, which the toastmaster described in advance as a "challenge to nature fakers and molly-coddies," was illustrated by a series of stereoscopic pictures thrown on a white curtain at one end of the hall. Not the least interesting part of the discourse were imitations by "Buffalo" Jones of the cries of the coyote, bear, mountain lion, buffalo and other animals of the plains, enabling any of the diners, the speaker said, "to recognize these specimens easily by ear, whenever they chanced to get within speaking distance."

Fight Against "Treating Habit."

The Anti-Treat league is gaining many new members, says Theodore Sutro in a letter to a man who inquired as to the objects of the organization. Besides being a step toward intemperance, he says, "the foolish custom cannot be indulged in by men in moderate circumstances without entailing an unnecessary expense. We are opposed also to the American barroom, where people stand up in droves and gulp down strong liquors in lightning haste and in indefinite quantities. The association is working toward the introduction of the barless barroom, where guests will be served at little tables. There people may sit down quietly and sip their drinks as one would tea or coffee, each man paying for what he consumes, regardless of the thirst of the man who may sit at the same table with him. Not many men would become intoxicated in barrooms of that kind."

As to Humility.

Philosophers have quarreled over the question of humility, whether or not it is a virtue. Since humility is so rare it would seem scarcely to be worth discussion. It is said that Epictetus in five places preaches humility: "If thou passest for a person of consequence in the opinion of some people, distrust thyself. No lifting up of the eyebrow. Be nothing in thine own eyes—if thou seekest to please thou art lost. Give place to all men; prefer them to thyself; assist them all." Theologians have contended that humility cost nothing to Epictetus, who was a slave. He was humble by station as the learned scholar might be proud by station. Voltaire calls humility "the modesty of the soul." These gentlemen did not live in the twentieth century.

Mark of a Thoroughbred.

As an old horseman who has bred and handled horses of many types, says a writer in Outing, I have frequently been surprised at the answers given by the majority of people when asked the question, "What constitutes the most striking difference between the thoroughbred and the common horse?"

Nineteen out of twenty will name the beauty or the speed of the thoroughbred; but important as are both of these qualities, neither answer is correct. It is simply that the thoroughbred when he is tired will keep on with an undiminished courage and ambition, while a common horse under the same circumstances will quit.

Looking to the Future.

She—Anything that is worth winning is worth working for. He—Yes, but the question is, will your father (that is, you) will I have to keep on working for you after I've won you?

MEN AND THEIR WOMEN FRIENDS.

Stern Sex Declared to Be Stupid in Their Selections.

Chivalry is an old-fashioned word; but the thing itself, though less in evidence, was never so much in action as in our very own time. Men show it in their whole attitude toward their women friends. They handle our feelings with their lightest touch, they walk among our prejudices on tiptoe, they take off their hats to our bigotry if we call it religion; they accept our squeamishness for refinement; and they grow gray before they discover that with certain women a fit of tears means no more than a fit of profanity from some men. They surely are patient in their own way. But neither can it be denied that in their choice of friends they are sometimes stupid to a heart-rendering degree.

In the main, an Anglo-Saxon's man's friends are as little of his choosing as the shape of his nose. One can run over the list in the dark. His family friends, his wife's friends, the wives of his friends. Then come the inconsiderable residuum (in size), the friends whom he has chosen for himself. Here will be where blunders will show, but the worst are like to be birds of passage. Perhaps he made them during his college days when the haze was over every pretty girl whom he met. It is too much to expect a lad to pick the girl of really fine nature and sweetness. Nor does he; he admires the girl all the other fellows admire—a pretty flippant little creature who isn't afraid to talk (usually he is!) and can dance like a dream. But will men continue missy? I row not.—Octave Thanet in Harper's Bazar.

FRIENDLY WITH THE SPARROWS.

Little Feathered Pirates Show Attachment for Canary.

An odd story of bird friendship, vouchered for as true, was told by a friend the other day:

"My sister," said the friend, "has a canary. Every day, when the weather is fine, she puts its cage out on the porch where it can enjoy the sunlight and the air. She has kept this up for so many months, putting the cage always in the same place, that the canary has made friends with the sparrows who live near by.

"In nesting time, I myself have seen the canary tear bits of paper from the floor of its house and push them out to the sparrows, who use them in building their nests. When the winter is at its height, and food is scarce, I have seen the sparrows hop familiarly up on the outside of the canary's cage, and help themselves from its seed cups. In return they bring bits of string and horsehair which they have gathered, and push them through the wire bars to the canary. These are quite useless to the little yellow singer, but it seems to appreciate the spirit in which they are given just the same."

Fat Foods and Their Uses.

It is impossible to say what will please in the way of fat food. The only way is to experiment, feeling sure that the right thing will eventually appear. When commonplace fat offends something new and strange will often inspire respect and be received with delight. Children who scorn fat in the abstract seldom refuse a light, well-made suet pudding. Toast and dripping is a combination that has been known to charm when less humble fare is declined. Toffee, which is a combination of equal parts of sugar and melted butter, is a highly nutritious substance that is a general favorite among children. Given at the end of a meal it can seldom do harm. Equal parts of chopped fat meat, lean meat and bread crumbs, the whole lightly seasoned with pepper and salt and a dash of powdered sugar, make an agreeable filling for sandwiches that are often acceptable to those who insist that they do not like fat.—Dr. L. F. Bryson in Harper's Bazar.

Moving Stairs for Waiters.

It is a strange fact that one of the greatest conveniences possible in the working mechanism of a hotel is being successfully introduced in foreign hotels, and although manufactured in New York is only beginning to be heard of in the United States. It is known as an escalator, and is a moving runway of stairs for carrying the waiters from the level of the kitchen to upper dining rooms. Less than a year ago one of them was shipped to a leading hotel in Stockholm, Sweden, and some time later another to a hotel in Buenos Ayres. Others are being prepared for shipment to hotels in Europe.—Popular Mechanics.

What Fletcher Says.

Mr. Fletcher is credited with asserting that if intoxicants are cautiously sipped they lose all their baleful effects.

Unhappily, it may be claimed that they lose all their pleasing effects as well.

We Scream Too Much.

George Riddle of Boston, a distinguished public speaker, is afraid that Americans are tending to become a race of sopranos. The politician makes his announcements in a high falsetto voice and Juliet shrieks her part in the thinnest of sopranos. Nervous breakdowns are traceable, he says, in many cases, to our high-pitched voices. This may be obviated by speaking slowly and in a low tone.

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