

STRADS MADE IN A FACTORY

Germany Turns Out "Priceless" Violins by the Hundreds Daily—Occasionally Genuine One Found.

London. Every now and again there appears in the newspapers a paragraph announcing the discovery of a new work by an old master. Occasionally the inquirer ascertains that the find is indeed a genuine one, but this is probably not more than once in a thousand cases. In some way or other, however, the picture generally leaves the possession of its "discoverer" with great profit to the latter, while the purchaser proudly hugs the belief that he has acquired a masterpiece.

It is not only in the matter of pictures that this very remunerative industry of faking is carried on, but spurious antique furniture, old silver, and Cremona violins are made the basis of various ingenious schemes. It appears that a Sunderland mining village has within recent years been the scene of the disposal of hundreds of so-called Stradivarius violins, the chief victims being the collectors of the neighborhood, who paid gold for instruments that had been sold in bulk by the dealer, though in many cases the "Strads" were sent further afield and brought in much higher prices.

A violin expert interviewed on the subject said: "I know several violin factories, two or three in Germany and one near Brussels. Planks of the requisite thickness are steamed for hours, cut up and stamped into shape. There is no time for the loving use of tool that marked the old artists of Cremona. Inside is pasted the imitation parchment label of the alleged maker, and then all the parts are clamped and planed and glued together. I must say they use the very best glue. It dries them. There follows a necessary period of drying; but the sun, being a slow and uncertain old fellow, gives way to the modern oven. Very clever is the varnishing stage. We have lost the secret of the varnish of the old Italian makers, have we? These people have rediscovered and improved upon it. Instead of having to wait for years of resonance with the bow to shake down the oil into the cells, leaving that soft surface color which sends connoisseurs into raptures, the modern makers turn out masterpieces by the hundred per day, and the places where the chin and the hands have worn the surface bare are plain proofs of authentic old age."

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HOLDS CUCUMBER IS A FRUIT

New York Magistrate's Decision May Revolutionize Menus in Hotels and Restaurants.

New York.—As a result of a novel decision just rendered here by one of the city's magistrates, epicures and chefs have been thrown into a panic, while the keepers of hotels and restaurants are confronted with the possibility of having to rearrange their menus and bills of fare along lines which according to present methods would be simply idiotic. The decision to cause all this excitement is to the effect that the cucumber is a fruit within the meaning of the law.

In reaching this opinion the learned judge apparently disregarded the well-known Mr. Webster of dictionary fame who notes that the succulent promoter of indigestion has been cultivated as a vegetable "since the days of Moses."

Magistrate Kemper, however, reasons from the analogy of the watermelon and others of its class that anything growing on a vine is a fruit. His decision, therefore, elevates the pumpkin, squash, tomato, egg plant and even the lowly gourd from the vegetable to the fruit class.

The question came up in the interpretation of the law requiring sellers of fruits and other articles to have a license from the city.

If the decision is to be generally accepted it will involve a rearrangement of hotel menus so that pumpkin, and egg plant may be placed along with cantaloupe among the pre-breakfast delicacies on the bill of fare.

It is pointed out that some other judge is likely to be called upon to wrestle with the problem of whether peanuts and potatoes are fruits, since these also grow on vines, though not above the surface.

Wins Battle With Python.

Dallas, Tex.—E. W. Copley saved himself from death in the folds of a python by breaking the snake's neck.

The snake was sixteen feet long, weighing 250 pounds and was angry. Copley had had the snake on exhibition in a museum and took it to his home to give it fresh air.

The owner and an assistant started to carry the reptile away on a blanket. The assistant stumbled. The snake was aroused, wrapped itself around Copley's legs and was preparing to throw its coils around the man's body when Copley seized the snake's head above the jaws, snapped it suddenly backward and broke its neck.

To Sleep in Cold Air.

Columbia, Mo.—An \$18,000 chapter house without a closed bedroom has been completed by the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity in this city. The 15 Missouri university members of that fraternity have decided to try cold fresh air as a healthful sleep producer and restorer for tired brain cells. Instead of bedrooms a large open air sleeping chamber has been constructed on the third floor. No heat will be allowed in this room even in coldest weather.

MILLIONAIRE TO BE FARMER

George Westinghouse, Jr., Buys Small Place Not Far From Father's Estate in Berkshires.

Lenox, Mass.—\$100,000,000 and an estate in the Berkshires scarcely rivaled by any country home in the land, George Westinghouse, Jr., son of the air-brake inventor, is now preparing to move, with his bride, to a small farm, to enjoy the pleasures of the simple life as embodied in "scientific farming."

Already he has bought an estate that overlooks the golf links of the Golf club of Lenox, just south of Lenox, where his father's country home is located, and with the departure of the present occupant, the date of whose moving is expected to be the first of next month, it is believed that he and his English bride, who was Miss Violet Evelyn Brocklebank, daughter of Mr. Thomas and Lady Brocklebank, will move from the estate of from 500 to 600 acres, named Erskine Park, to the far humbler place some few miles away in the Berkshires, and take up what will mean for him a simple life.

Already he is supposed, however, to have laid plans to emulate on the few acres of his new estate the gorgeous gardens, the elaborate fruit and vegetable growths that have featured the parental estate, but on a smaller scale, and without the wonderful fountains, the great palace of a house and the other evidences of luxury of which he has been accustomed.

The farm which Mr. Westinghouse has purchased is a small one and has been occupied this summer by residents of New York. It is a typical "summer resident" farm, beautifully laid out, far enough from town to be a real farm, and yet relying on the "summer visitor income" more than on its crops. It stands some 50 yards back from the highway, shaded by elm and maple trees, and is more a bungalow than either a farmhouse or a mansion. A shady orchard screens most of the house from view, while the orchards and fields that comprise the rest of the estate are scarcely discernible.

DEFEATS A MOUNTAIN LION

Man Thinks He Owes Victory to the Fact That the Beast Had Just Dined on Carcass of Deer.

San Bernardino, Cal.—Arthur Himes, while tramping along from Big Meadows to Bear Valley, met face to face a huge mountain lion, the first sighted in a year in the San Bernardino mountains.

The beast was devouring the carcass of a deer near the trail, when Himes suddenly came upon it as he rounded a turn in the path. The animal had heard the approach of the man, and it was crouched ready to spring when Himes first saw it. Armed only with a .32-caliber revolver, he decided that safety lay only in flight, and he fled for his life with the beast following behind him. Although the lion kept close in the rear it made no attempt to leap upon the man.

Himes believes that had not the lion made a meal on the deer he would have been killed to satisfy the hunger of the beast.

The animal followed him for a mile before it dropped behind him and disappeared in the undergrowth.

It is believed that the lion is the same sighted by Mrs. Kate Harvey in Mill Creek canyon a few weeks ago. For a month calves and chickens have disappeared from the mountain ranches, and it is believed the lion is the beast that is ravaging the region.

KILL SQUIRRELS IN DROVES

Woods in Four Kentucky Counties Fairly Alive With Little Animals—Prove They Migrate.

Glasgow, Ky.—"Squirrel on toast" is the menu being enjoyed by people in this section who are willing to arise early and make a trip to some nearby woodland.

For the first time in a dozen years the residents of Barren, Cumberland, Metcalf and Monroe counties are enjoying squirrel in abundance; and, by the way, this settles the question of squirrels migrating.

A few weeks ago it was next to impossible to find a squirrel in any of the counties mentioned, and now they are so plentiful that an amateur can kill several in a short time.

The woods seem alive with them. At early morning and at late evening they can be seen perched on cornstalks, taking a meal at the expense of the farmer, or running along the fence on their way to and from the cornfield.

Where they came from, how long they will stay and where they will go is a question that does not seem to bother the average person. "How many can I get?" seems to be more absorbing just now.

Clothes for Nude Men.

Baratoga, N. Y.—The house of the wonderful fish and game was at Winsted, Conn., but Baratoga has a hen that wears clothes. Her name is Jennie, and she lives on the Williams farm. Jennie was born without the sign of a feather, and as she grew to henhood not a vestige of covering appeared. Recently the hired man noticed Jennie shivering in a corner. He had an idea. The hen was measured for a suit, and now she wears a natty gray uniform with buttons down the front and holes for her wings. Once the laughing stock of the flock, she is now the envy of all the baronard population.

Can't Get Legacy Till 50.

New Haven, Conn.—Under the will of Ernest Fins, filed for probate, Henry George Fins, a youthful son, must wait until he is 50 years old, before receiving any portion of the \$14,000 left him. The property is to be held in trust. The unusual provision does not apply to similar bequests to four other children.

FIND MEASLES VIRUS

Two Government Physicians Report on Experiments.

Monkeys Were Inoculated With Blood From Patients Suffering With Diseases and Animals Found Susceptible.

New York.—The cause of measles has been discovered as a result of a series of experiments lasting a year. The physicians who made the tests are Dr. John F. Anderson, director of the hygienic laboratory, Washington, D. C., and Passed Assistant Surgeon Joseph Golberger. The disease is caused by a virus which is to be found in the blood of those suffering from it.

The experiments were carried out with monkeys. These were inoculated with blood from measles patients, and it was found that the animals were susceptible to the disease.

"These observers state," says the Medical Record, "that their first experiment was performed on June 8, 1910, with some blood obtained from a case of measles at the Willard Parker hospital, New York. Two monkeys were inoculated; in each a slight rise in temperature was noted on the eleventh day, the significance of which was not appreciated at the time. A second attempt was made with similar results."

"On April 28 of this year a third attempt was made, three rhesus monkeys being inoculated. Once more, as regards temperature reaction, results were obtained essentially like those of former experiments. In the case of one monkey an eruption and other symptoms resembling those of measles occurred."

"On May 18 last a fourth attempt was made; two monkeys were inoculated, and at the same time the monkey which had exhibited symptoms on the former occasion was reinoculated with a view of testing his immunity and obtaining light on the previous reaction."

Ten days after inoculation this animal developed a well marked eruption, which in two days became generalized. In seven days this had died out. Desquamation was noticed only on the scalp and temple. The monkey which had been reinoculated showed no reaction whatever.

"Blood aspirated from the heart of the two animals which showed reaction was used for the inoculation of four fresh rhesus monkeys. All showed reaction to a greater or less extent. Anderson and Golberger believe that they are justified in concluding that they have demonstrated the susceptibility of the rhesus monkey to inoculation with the blood of human measles drawn from the general circulation early in the eruptive stages."

The physicians continued their experiments and discovered that there is a period of infectivity of the blood beginning at least just before and continuing for about twenty-four hours after the first appearance of the eruption. After this period, the infectivity of the blood is greatly reduced, and progressively diminishes.

Not satisfied entirely with the results of these experiments, the investigators sought to determine the exact nature of the virus of measles. They published the results of the latter series of experiments last Saturday in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

First, they sought to discover whether or not the virus would pass through a filter. In this case they diluted blood-serum from a measles patient with three times its volume of salt solution. The whole was passed through a Berkefeld filter. They were able to inoculate a monkey with the resulting solution, hence they conclude that the virus is capable of passing through a Berkefeld filter.

The next experiment was undertaken to determine whether or not the virus could be dried. They found that it retained desiccation for twenty-four hours or more.

Next they made experiments to discover whether or not heat would destroy the virus. It lost its infectivity after being subjected to a temperature of 55 centigrade for fifteen minutes.

The virus lost none of its virulence after being kept at a freezing temperature for twenty-five hours. They determined also that it probably retained some of its infectivity after twenty-four hours at 15 centigrade.

Skips Rope at 81.

Ithaca, N. Y.—To celebrate her eighty-first birthday, Miss Sue Vorhees, an inmate of the Old Ladies' home in this city, skipped the rope 21 times and was not fatigued when she finished.

Miss Vorhees is remarkably spry and athletic for her years. She told her friends to come on the lawn in front of the home and, picking up an ordinary girl's jumping rope, lightly skipped it 21 times. Last year her friends say she jumped it 40 times.

Miss Vorhees has been in the home 13 years. She is a great pedestrian.

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WHERE PLATINUM IS FOUND

Rare Metal in Small Quantities Usually Is Associated With Gold in Gravel Beds.

Platinum is found associated with gold, principally in gravel beds. The ordinary source is accumulations of gravel which have been eroded from extensive area and gradually concentrated in one locality by the continued action of water. It is a rare metal and the accumulation must be from a great extent of country if a paying deposit is to be developed.

Platinum is of a silver gray color which is rarely tarnished. Its development is similar to gold, except that where gold is usually associated with quartz and light colored rocks, platinum will be found more commonly with dark colored rocks, and especially those of a greenish shading.

It is found only in small quantities, except at two or three localities. Western Columbia and eastern Russia have gravel beds which afford the principal supply of this metal. Elsewhere it is found over considerable areas, but not sufficiently concentrated to be of importance. It may be looked for among the formations adjacent to regions of old volcanic activity.

The distribution is principally in altered rocks, and segregation seems to have been the principal cause contributing to its collection in ore bodies. The deposits found up to the present time have been of irregular mineralization and not of great extent, consequently all platinum deposits must be considered with caution.

Of the rare metals associated with platinum, iridium, osmium, palladium and others, little need be said because of their rarity. If found they will be associated with platinum and will be known by the greater hardness, brighter surface and greater specific gravity.—Moody's Magazine.

THREAD DOES SLEUTH WORK

Milwaukee Merchant Devises a Clever Scheme to Get Rid of a Troublesome Shoplifter.

The manager of a local department store took an efficacious method of ridding himself of a troublesome petty shoplifter recently. The woman has been coming into the store and picking up a small remnant, spool of thread, thimble or other article that happened to be lying about, having little intrinsic value, but being nevertheless a source of annoyance to both the clerk and the management. Because of the position of the woman, it was undesirable to institute an action.

A few days ago the manager took a spool of silk from the case, fastened the loose end of the thread with a tack, and allowing a bit of slack, left it upon the counter. It was not long before his party arrived, and deftly dropping the spool into her shopping bag, started out. The manager detached the loose end and followed her up the street, a few yards in the rear. He trailed her into another downtown store, and, as she was standing beside a counter in the midst of a crowded array of bargain seekers, approached her, calmly winding his thread and politely said:

"Madame, I'll trouble you for that spool of thread."

What followed can be more easily imagined than described. He got the thread and has not been troubled with loose ends, nor have the other stores so far as may be learned.—Milwaukee Free Press.

Bearded "Ladies."

M. Brandt, a Danish professor, comes to the conclusion that bearded ladies in time to come will be the order of the day. Ladies with beards who are now to be seen may be regarded as the precursors of the future race, and the professor comes to the conclusion that the more masculine woman becomes in her habits so much the more will she be in appearance. He does not think that bearded ladies will become general until at least two centuries have elapsed. His investigations show that the number of women with traces of mustaches, although clearly visible, increases but slowly. The Paris contemporary from which we take the foregoing suggests that the professor has missed the great point which he might have made and that is that as the number of men who shave increases daily it would follow that women would endeavor to grow beards from sheer perversity.

"Aeropotomania."

Some months ago a learned professor at the Sorbonne wrote to the Parisian papers proposing that the word "potomania" be used as a term to designate the aviator, the word potomania being based, he explained, on the Greek root "pot," to fly. Another learned person says that the word harks back to the earliest days of aerostation, and quotes from Der Deutsche Merkur (the German Mercury), published by Wieland at Weimar, in October, 1783, which speaks of "Aeropotomania," or the latest progress in flying.

The Ruling Passion.

"How is Mrs. Dumley? I understand the doctor gave her up?" "Yes, he did. But she's better. The other day she thought she was sinking and sent in a hurry for her women neighbors."

"In ten minutes they were all playing bridge."

BEE BOTH BUSY AND BRAVE

It Never Seeks Notoriety But Resents Interference With a Vigor That Arouses Respect.

It was Maeterlinck who idealized the bee. The master of modern playcraft found in the busy insect a bookful of entertaining marvels. The bee is not only the symbol of industry, but it is the exponent of good government, of good order, of practical socialism.

Incidentally, the tiny creature is fiercely sensitive regarding its place. Its home and its right to pursue happiness in its own uneventful way. In the Omaha Union depot two lives of bees fell off a truck, and the inmates buffeted and disturbed, swarmed through the great inclosure seeking the unknown enemy and speedily clearing the floor of everything animate. For an hour they held possession of the station, held it against all comers, until expert advice was called in and the marauders were lured back to confinement.

In England an accident of a similar character occurred when a hand hive was broken open in Waterloo station and a panic promptly followed. But all the stories concerning the bee cannot be accepted without investigation. The bee never poses. It never seeks notoriety. All it asks is to be let alone—and it resents interference with a vigor and effect that are at times overwhelming.

A creature so tiny and yet so resolute, that can hold up all traffic at one of the leading railway centers of the country is entitled to a good deal of respect—and respect is a tribute which the bee has commanded even as far back as the promised land, which flowed with milk and honey.

JUMBLED ORATOR WAS A HIT

Valedictorian Got Badly Mixed Up But the Result Pleased His Audience Immensely.

The trouble with the valedictorian was that he had started orations on three different subjects and abandoned two, after committing them to memory. This may account for the fact that the trouble ensued early in the engagement. The youth made a good getaway and was covering the ground steadily when he suddenly switched.

"Beyond the Alps lies Italy," he cried as he took careful aim with his index finger at the gallery. "Such were the inspired words of Patrick Henry as he faced the astonished gathering, and pointed to the throbbing lid of the steaming kettle. If he had turned aside at the crucial moment, if Hannibal had not braved the minions of the English king, the power and helplessness of harnessed steam might have been left for the discoverers of a future age. But such is the inexorable decree of fate. Hannibal swept down upon the plains of sunny Italy, the seeds of American independence were deeply rooted, and the steam engine was given to an amazed world. If James Hannibal—I should say Patrick Watt—I mean Liberty Henry—had hesitated—or looked back—the course of empire would have remained unchecked and history would have been rewritten."

Then he sat down amid tremendous applause.

Laughter.

Here's to laughter! The sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the heaven of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocence, the treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the bead on the cup of pleasure; it dispels dejection, banishes blues and mangles melancholy. For it's the foe of woe, the destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief, it is why kings envy peasants, plutocrats the poor, the guilty the innocent; it is the sheen on the silver of smiles, the ripple on the waters of delight, the glint on the gold of gladness. Without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear and smiles would shrivel. For it's the glow of a clean conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth cry of mirth, the swan song of sadness. Laughter!

The First "Lady in Trade."

Perhaps the most notable instance on record of the feminine street trader is that of the "white widow," otherwise the duchess of Tyrconnell, the Frances Jennings of the De Grammont memoirs, who, at the time of the revolution in 1688, according to Horace Walpole, "being reduced to absolute want on her arrival in England and unable for some time to procure secret access to her family, hired one of the stalls under the Royal Exchange and maintained herself by the sale of small articles of haberdashery. She wore a white dress wrapping her whole person and a white mask, which she never removed, and excited much interest and curiosity."—London Chronicle.

Knew His Business.

A negro, having won a dollar at a crap game, decided to spend it on having his fortune told. The fortune teller led him into a gloomy room with dirty hangings and misty red lights. She took his palm, traced it with a dollar, spread out her cards, and then said: "You are very fond of music; you like chicken; you have won money at craps; and you have been in jail." The negro looked at her with bulging eyes and finally ejaculated: "Mah goodness, lady; why you jest read mah inmost thoughts!"

A Thought.

I remember a young wife who had to part with her husband for a time. She did not write a mournful poem; indeed, she was a silent person, and perhaps hardly said a word about it; but she quietly turned to a deep orange color with jaundice. A great many people in this world have but one form of rhetoric for their profoundest experiences, namely, to waste away and die. When a man can read, his thought has slackened its hold.—Holmes.

ROMANCE IS NOT YET DEAD

Little Incident of the Streets of San Francisco Shows That It Still Lives.

At the corner of Twenty-second and Guerrero streets a young man waited for a car. Out of the corner of his eye he saw two other people waiting—a boy just out of his teens and a young girl. A suit case stood near them. The boy leaned against a plate glass window and looked impatiently up the street.

"I wish that car would hurry!" murmured the girl in a tone of voice low, but not so low that the near-by young man could hear.

"What if your father should come along?" the boy muttered. "Go! your father should come along before the car gets here!"

"Oh, he won't," the girl said, with a stimulation of unconcern. "He never walks along here where the cars go. He doesn't like the noise."

"If your father should come along first?" muttered the boy. That was evidently the thing uppermost in his mind.

And the young man who stood near by smiled to himself to know that romance is not dead, but still lives—in the mission!

And he smiled again to think that of the two the girl seemed the cooler. —San Francisco Chronicle.

WAS HATER OF CONNECTICUT

Lewis Morris Carried to His Grave a Bitter Grudge Against That State.

A grudge against Connecticut seems to have been the ruling passion, strong in death, of Lewis Morris of Morrisania, who died in 1816. Part of the will of this Connecticut hater is printed in Case and Comment as follows:

"My desire is, that nothing be mentioned about me, not so much as a single line in a News Paper, to tell the World I am dead; it is my Desire that my son Gouverneur Morris may have the best Education that so it be had in England or America, but my Intervenor in their constitutions, that he never be sent for that purpose to the Colony of Connecticut, Least he should imbibe in his Youth that Low Craft and Cunning, so Incident to the People of that Country, which is so interwoven in their constitutions, that all their art cannot Disguise it from the World. Tho' many of them under the Sanctified Garb of Religion have endeavour'd to impose themselves on the World for Honest Men."

Gathering Chewing Gum. In Yucatan the gathering of the chicle chewing gum is an industry that employs the services of considerable bands of natives known as "chicleros." They go into the deep forests, under experienced leaders, armed with heavy knives of special make and pads and ladders for the sap, and each one is provided with a strong rope, more than eighty feet long, to be used in climbing the lofty sapota trees, from which the gum is procured. The sap flows from gashes cut in the bark. A camp of chicleros, where the sap is boiled, resembles in some respects an American maple sugar camp. After months of work the chicleros return from the forests laden with bricklike blocks of aromatic gum. The finest gum is collected from the fruit of the sapota, mostly by the native women, and it is said that it is seldom exported, because it is too well liked at home.—Harper's Weekly.

Full Justice Not Done to Gift.

When Lawrence Barrett's daughter was married Stuart Robson sent a check for \$5,000 to the bridegroom. The comedian's daughter, Felicia Robson, who attended the wedding, conveyed the gift. "Felicia," said her father upon her return, "did you give him the check?" "Yes, father," answered the daughter. "What did he say?" asked Robson. "He didn't say anything," replied Miss Felicia, "but he shed tears." "How long did he cry?" "Why, father, I didn't time him. I should say, however, that he wept fully a minute." "Fully a minute," mused Robson. "Why, daughter, I cried an hour after I signed it."

The Explanation.

A man who had been brought up in a country village, but who had moved to the city, was visiting the scenes of his childhood. He happened to meet a boy who was considered to be a little "off," and thought that there was a good chance to find out from him about the people he used to know. Among others, he chanced to mention the name of an old schoolmate. "Why," said the boy, "he has been married seven years and has 13 children!" "Twelve children!" exclaimed the man. "How does that come?" "Oh," said the boy, "they had three to onset, two to twicet, and one a good many times."