

DEER GAME OF ITALIANS.

Played with Cheeses Which Are Eaten by the Victorious Players.

An American passing Thomas Jefferson park recently was struck with the actions of a group of Italians standing in the middle of the park. They were doing something unusual to his eyes, states the New York Tribune. One of them shouted "Gamba!" which the spectator was informed meant "Legs!" or in the American vernacular, "Down front!" The group scattered a little. A disk several inches thick, a foot or more in diameter and a dirty shade of yellow in color rolled across the pebbled ground from its center. The heavy disk ploughed its way for several rods toward a set mark. It fell over on its side several feet short of the mark. One of the men marked the spot at which its journey ended, and the cheese, for such the disk proved to be, was carried back to the group. A second man took it up, much as he would a bowling ball, and shouting "Gamba!" at a grimy Italian youngster who had run toward the mark which the last runner had attained, he threw it forward on its edge. He beat the first runner by several inches. The others in turn rolled the cheese, some sending it beyond, some falling short. The man who had rolled the cheese nearest to the mark tucked the disk, now somewhat grimy from much trundling over the ground of the park, under his arm and walked away with it.

The spectator, much interested, talked with one of the Italians who could speak English with some degree of intelligence, and found that they had been playing one of several games which are played with cheeses in southern Italy. Each of them had paid the piper after the fashion in Italy by contributing to the purchase price of the cheese, with the understanding that he who won should have it as his reward. Eating a cheese after it has done service as a road roller has no terrors for the southern Italian.

This son of southern Italy explained that at the cuccagna, or "timekiller," as his compatriots aptly term an afternoon of sports, the farmaglio, or cheese, is frequently found on the sporting field. At the Festa della Madonna, or the Feast of the Madonna, in Abruzzi, Calabria, which has so lately been turned into a land of mourning by the earthquakes and storms, and at Puglio, it is no unusual thing to see a man diligently trying to spin up a grease-beamed gale. While some might think that the two cacciavalli stuck on top were not sufficient reward for soaking one's clothes with grease, the Italian does not hesitate on this account to undertake the task of reaching the small cheeses. The cacciavalle is a small cheese, shaped somewhat like an incandescent electric light globe. The Italians use this cheese in another game, which develops the biceps. They throw it with all the might and main of the man who jumped into a brawny bush. Each thrower endeavors to surpass the throw of the others, with the hope of securing the cheese after all have tested their ability. The "mel-bowed" cheese is borne off by the winner to be eaten. For him, in more cases than one, it has a seasoning which no new cheese could have.

Development of Alaska.

A Pacific coast transportation journal states that "the wharves of Seattle have been loaded down with freight for Alaska and no ships to carry it." This is an unfortunate state of affairs, although very easily understood if one realizes the extremely rapid development and expansion of the great territory to the north. The building of railroads is given as one of the immediate causes of this development, but as they are intended for service from the seaports inland, their efficiency will be greatly handicapped if the ocean steamers are unable to carry the supplies required by the big inland camps. Alaska is a wonderful land and it should be given every opportunity to develop.—From "In the Trail of the Traveler," in Four-Track News.

The Empire of Dollars.

Wall street is the capital of the Empire of Dollars. Like all other capitals, it has its intrigues, its favorites, its despots, its cabals and its camarillas; and like all other capitals, it gives its color to those who spend their lives there. It has even a sort of patriotism—"wolf honor"—which brings its citizens together, at times, in defense of the dollar and of property rights. The Empire of Dollars is not altogether a noble spectacle. We are not thrilled at the mere thought of those Venice bankers who "banked" the Crusades. We do not like to think of those Wall street manipulators who tried to corner the gold supply during our civil war, when the nation needed gold.—Success Magazine.

Where Girls Are Scarce.

Girls are at a great premium at Muskogee, I. T. In fact, they enjoy the advantage of being in a ratio of about one to five unmarried men. They have, of course, many callers, several every evening, and one Muskogee girl is said to have a life-size picture of herself in the parlor, to which young men pay their devotions when she is not at home.

WANTED TO START SUIT.

But He Was Much Obligated to the Squire for Advice Which Dissuaded Him.

Squire Nickerson was sitting in his office the other day leisurely reading the newspaper, when a man rushed in with a child in each hand and asked in a loud voice for Squire Nickerson, related the Indianapolis News.

"I guess I'm the man you are looking for," answered the squire, laying aside his paper.

"You Squire Nickerson?" asked the man, sharply. "Well you are the man I'm looking for, and I want to file suit."

"Whom do you wish to file suit against?" queried the squire. Here the man released the children and began some mild gesticulations, which signified more heat to follow.

"I want to sue a woman down at my boarding house."

"What has she done?"

"She's got a dishpan of mine, squire, and I want to sue her for it."

"Yes, you might get the dishpan by suing her for it" agreed the squire, "but how does she happen to have your dishpan?"

"Well," said the stranger, slowly, "I broke a lamp chimney belonging to her, and she took the dishpan. She said that she would keep it until I paid her for the lamp chimney. But I want to sue her and get the dishpan."

"Now, look here, my good man," said the squire, "you don't want to do anything of the kind. You want to take ten cents, go down to the grocery and buy a lamp chimney, and then take it down to this woman and get your dishpan."

"But can't I get it by suing her?" asked the man, stubbornly.

"You might get the dishpan, and it might cost you several dollars. Instead of spending cartage to come up here and see me you could have had a new lamp chimney bought by this time, and your dishpan would be under your arm."

"The lamp chimney will cost only five cents."

"And you wanted to bring suit rather than settling the trouble for a nickel?" asked the squire, incredulously.

"Never thought of settling it the way you suggest, squire," remarked the man, after a thoughtful pause, "but I reckon you are right." Whereupon he took his two children by the hands and left the office.

"Much obliged, squire," he shouted, as the trio clattered down the stairs.

TRAINING OF SURGEONS.

Ordinary Course Which Is Pursued by Young Candidates for the Navy.

"We have two war medical colleges, one military the other naval, and in them we train our surgeons. After being graduated from an ordinary medical college we take a young doctor and give him a year's training in the naval college under professors who are themselves naval surgeons. After passing an examination at the end of a year," says the New York World, "he is commissioned assistant surgeon, with rank corresponding to that of a sub-lieutenant, and sent on board a warship. After a year or two he returns to the naval college or more study, and is then examined for promotion to the rank of surgeon. About every six years he returns from sea to the naval college for a year of study, because it is impossible for a surgeon on board ship to keep up to date, and in wartime it is essential that he should know all the very latest discoveries in surgery. He advances gradually in the medical staff corps, spending about one year of each seven in study and the remaining six in active service on board ship. There are generally about 24 surgeons at the college on reserve, and, of course, ready to resume active service when an emergency like war arises. Then we send out bright men to travel abroad and learn all that is new; they return and impart their discoveries to their pupils at the college."

The World representative told Dr. Suzuki how Baron Kaneko had described to him the methods by which Marshal Oyama organized the Japanese army, and asked if similar methods had been used in the naval medical staff corps.

"Very similar methods," he replied, "and they were so well planned that when the war broke out I, as head of the corps, was able to give my orders with full assurance that they would be carried out. My place in the war was on the Mikasa, Admiral Togo's flagship, and from this I directed the work of the fleet."

Asbestos Socks for Soldiers.

The chief inconvenience of troops on the march has been found by Dr. Hoyer to explode as soon as they are brought shoes rather than fatigue. He, therefore, suggested an inner sole or sock of asbestos, and his hygienic asbestos socks have been already adopted by the Hungarian war office, and are rapidly gaining favor among the general public in many parts of Europe.

HEIR TO "BLUES."

HANKIND SUFFERS FROM A MOST PECULIAR AFFECTION.

Not Always the Result of Unhealthy Physical Condition, Yet in Most Cases It May Be Attributed to It.

The blues have no special reason for being unless the old-time idea is right, that they come from a disordered state of the liver. That the liver is closely connected with the mental attitude resulting from an attack of the blues is indicated by the fact that dyspeptics are, as a general thing, morose and given to brooding. But this does not hold good in all cases, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, for there are some notably cheerful dyspeptics, who joke over their enforced dieting and their lack of flesh.

The active grief that follows a bereavement or fit of illness or business troubles is in no way the same thing, as the depression that comes up when there is a clear sky and envelops everything in its fog. The one has a reason for being, the other is not so much a rebellion against conditions, joys and sorrows. It is the condition which in many cases produces suicides otherwise unexplainable.

So says a clever doctor, who points out that, oddly enough, in hospitals the blues are not common among the patients and convalescents. There is too much of real suffering to admit of the brooding, self-analyzing condition that attacks people without reason in the world outside.

"The weather," she says, "is one of the principal invites of blues. A week of bad weather increases suicides and fills people with despondency. In many cases it is inseparable from a despondent state of mind. The east wind has always been accused of producing low spirits."

"But, on the other hand, people can inherit the brooding and gloomy temperament just as they inherit sharp wits or dull ones, kindly dispositions or the reverse. There are some who begin as children to complain and whine over their small troubles, and if the habit is allowed to grow they find that life is a bore to them before they reach maturity."

"Very busy people whose minds and whose bodies are actively employed are not apt to suffer from the dread depression of the blues. Work, in fact, is one of the best panaceas, and in many cases of nervous prostration, which with women is closely allied to the despondent mental condition, hard work in the home is prescribed as a remedy."

"Another excellent remedy is cold-water baths and showers. These, if persisted in, are among the best cures."

"Then out-of-door exercise is good. The air and the ordinary scenes that come up in a mile walk take the mind off the reigning topic, which in these cases is always that of self."

"People may worry over the troubles of others and suffer considerably on their account, but this is not blues. The blues are always from within, and they can be thrown off or persevered in as the sufferer will. As a rule, the people most subject to them are women whose home duties keep them shut indoors."

"Over sewing or household affairs they will allow their minds to follow up the same old rut of thought, and by evening they are in a mental state which approaches a mild form of insanity."

"Doctors recognize the state of despondency as a symptom of various diseases. It is one of the ailments; but it is also a condition which, like hysteria, can be greatly aggravated by the patient's giving in to it."

"When people learn that it is quite possible to throw off an unwholesome mood there will not be so many people complaining of the blues—which usually consist of a fear of something about to happen, rather than what has happened."

Thrifty Potentate.

The khedive of Egypt is one of the potentates who have profited—both morally and financially—from the protection of Britain. In addition to his annual grant of £100,000 he has amassed an enormous private fortune, in the management of which he had the opportunity, as well as the tendency, to be a good deal thrifter than his predecessor. Not only is he a monogamist and a teetotaler, but it is said that he does not smoke—even an Egyptian cigarette! He gets up at six every morning and can talk in six languages.

Public Baths for Dogs.

Dresden has developed a curious idea. The public baths of that city will shortly receive an addition that is probably without parallel. The new annex will consist exclusively of bathing establishments for dogs, organized on the strictest lines of class distinction. There will be first, second and third class, subdivided into swimming and single wash-baths. It is even gravely stated that there will be a hair-dressing department for canine customers.

Left His Skull to Irving.

One of the oddest bequests ever made was that which fell to Irving's lot when an old Yorkshire man died, leaving a clause in his will to the effect that the famous actor, of whom he was an ardent admirer, was to have his skull and use it as Yorick's whenever he played "Hamlet." Irving, however, respected the wishes of his admirer's heirs, executors and assigns and relinquished his claim to the relic.

FOOTBALL IN ENGLAND.

There the Game Is Simply One Feature of Outdoor Student Play.

Oxford or Cambridge football is never adre with the flaming spirit of sacrifice and daring which our college game inspires in its champions, says Ralph D. Paine, in "The Spirit of School and College Sport," in Century. Football in the English student life is simply one feature of outdoor play, which draws its thousands also to the cricket fields and river. The American youth prefers his kind of football, just as he would scorn the notion of substituting the placid and tedious rivalry of cricket for the swift crises compressed with nine sharp innings of baseball. From his standpoint, something vital is missing from sport where players can find cheerfulness in defeat, and where onlookers arouse to no more enthusiasm than at a matinee. When an American crew is training for a Henley invasion, or a track team dashes try conclusions with the flower of Oxford and Cambridge, it would be rank disloyalty not to strain every effort, at whatever sacrifice, to be as fit as possible.

On the other hand, English athletes have allowed the visitors to beat them time and again in such events as hammer throwing, shot putting, hurdling and sprinting, because these are specialties demanding careful and intelligent training for first-class achievement. Therefore the young Briton thinks they are not worth learning to do very well, because the work is not worth the cost, and there is no fun in it. Of football it is especially true that the Englishman would see no sport in a style of game in which winning form is to be gained only by prodigious exertion and a very martyrdom of training. In the ordeal of American football are bred splendid qualities for manhood and a discipline which none will deny. That six feet of mighty youth should sob his heart out after defeat is not to his discredit, and he will fight life's battles the better for it. He takes his sport, as he does his business, far more seriously than the Briton, and with a fair field he excels him in both. Yet he can learn from his cousin across the water that play should not be all work, and that sport can flourish unmarred by eligibility squabbles.

SMALL BUT POWERFUL.

Stream of Water Before Which Sky-scrapers Would Crumble and Disappear.

Imagine a perpendicular column of water more than one-third of a mile high, 26 inches in diameter at the top and 24 inches in diameter at the bottom. Those remarkable conditions are complied with, as far as power goes, in the Mill creek plant, which operates under a head of 1,900 feet, says Hamilton Wright, in the World To-day. This little column of water, which, if liberated, would be just about enough to make a small trout stream, gives a capacity of 5,200-horsepower, or enough power to run a good-sized ocean-going vessel. As the water strikes the buckets of the water wheel it has a pressure of 850 pounds to the square inch.

What this pressure implies is evidenced by the fact that the average steam locomotive carries steam at a pressure of 190 or 200 pounds to the square inch. Were this stream, as it issues from the nozzle, turned upon a hillside the earth would fade away before it like snow before a jet of steam. Huge boulders, big as city offices, would tumble into ravines with as little effort as a clover burr is carried before the hydrant stream on a front lawn. Brick walls would crackle like paper and the hugest skyscrapers crumble before a stream like that of the Mill creek plant.

It takes a powerful water wheel to withstand the tremendous pressure. At Butte creek, California, a single jet of water, six inches in diameter, issues from the nozzle at the tremendous velocity of 20,000 feet a minute. It impinges on the buckets of what is said to be the most powerful single water wheel ever built, causing the latter to travel at the rate of 24 miles an hour.

This six-inch stream has a capacity of 12,000-horsepower. The water for operating the plant is conveyed from Butte creek through a ditch and discharged into a regulating reservoir, which is 1,500 feet above the power house. Two steel-pressure pipe lines, 30 inches in diameter, conduct the water to the power house.

Swiss Socialists.

For the first time in the history of Switzerland socialist candidates are to be put forward next November in every electoral district with a view to the general election. The numerical strength of the Swiss socialists will then be ascertained.

Not the Bill Clerk.

Husband—Business is not so good as it was last year, my dear, so I'm afraid it will be necessary for you to reduce your dressmaker's bill.

Wife—Why, how can I, John? I don't make out her bill!—Chicago Daily News.

NIGHT OF WONDERS.

SUCH IS ONE SPENT AMONG MARCONI MYSTERIES.

Operating Room of a Wireless Telegraph Station Is a Place of Marvels in the Way of Electrica.

A night in the Marconi long-distance wireless telegraph station at South Wellfleet on Cape Cod is a night spent in a realm of wonders. It is a night of mysterious sights and sounds emanating from things that are little known, from things that are in advance of the age, says Pearson's Magazine.

Even the men who are employed there, whose duty it is to receive and transmit these wonderful, winged air messages over vast stretches of gray sea, have never become accustomed to the wonder, to the mystery of it all, and the impression one gets of them at their work is that of a band of men duly sensible of the fact that they are in close touch with perhaps the greatest discovery of all time.

The band of wonder-workers at South Wellfleet numbers eight men. There are the manager, Mr. Paget, an assistant manager; Mr. Bangay, chief electrician, a very able man, by the way; an assistant electrician; two operators from the wireless telegraph school at Babylon, L. I.; an engineer, and old "Cap'n Bill," late of the salt seas, whose duty it is to guard the inclosure and to see that strangers not properly accredited do not enter the Marconi preserves. For there are rival wireless telegraph companies, and Marconi has secrets that some of them would like to learn.

It is not a large place, this mysterious operating room where the operator now begins his work of talking to vessels far out at sea, and every inch of space is utilized. There are mysterious tanks of oil, and sheets of zinc, and strange appliances, and telegraph keys and sounders and the like, and the concrete floor is covered with rubber mats which wind in and out among the apparatus in ways as devious as those of a labyrinth.

Suddenly a little brazen bell clangs out a warning that some vessel wishes to talk. Far out at sea in the darkness, a thousand or more miles away, some man has pressed a key, a spark has shot to the masthead wires, and then another, and another—each spark starting in a shoreward flight, dots and dashes which, being caught on the overhead wires, have been sucked down into the operating room of the station, clanging the brass bell in their course and then flashing through various appliances designed to record them, in the shape of sound, on the telegraph instrument.

The message is from the captain of the Umbria, and strange it seems to hear, as it were, a voice from the deep. Even the operator has never got over the novelty of this. Here is the message:

"Report all well. High head-sea. Nasty to-night. Sighted a derelict in mid-ocean. Spoke the Deutschland."

Then come messages from the passengers to friends and relatives ashore, and the mental impressions all this arouses among the attaches of the station are ever the same, night after night; their minds are carried far out over the dark ocean, out into the invisible beyond, and they picture the great liner rolling her lonely way among the gray-backed combers, the cabin lights flickering fitfully over the waters, the officers on the bridge in their oilskins, with eyes straining for unseen dangers ahead.

Chinese Wax Farms.

White Chinese wax affords an income to hundreds of farmers in the Chien Chang valley, where the insects flourish which coat their eggs and cocoons with pure white wax. They feed upon the leaves of a plant which grows only in that valley, but if left to remain in their birthplace die before it is time to deposit their eggs. For that reason a wax farm consists of plots of ground some distance apart, the insects being transported from the valley to the outside farms by porters, who carry thousands at one time upon their backs. The industry is almost as profitable as the raising of the silkworm, and requires even more care, but the painstaking farmer looks as carefully after his minute charges as the American farmer does after his cattle.

Synthetic Alcohol.

The Campaigne Urbaine has recently conducted some experiments at its factory at Puteaux concerning synthetic alcohol. A mixture of coke, lime and various metallic oxides was subjected to the heat of an electric furnace, and a carbide obtained denominated "ethylogene," which by the action of water engendered ethylene. The latter, absorbed by sulphuric acid, furnishes sulphonic acid, from which alcohol is extracted by distillation with water. At the same time an ether is produced, a little acetic acid and acetone.—Scientific American.

His Entire Fortune.

"He done 'ol' me," said Miss Daphne Dalrymple, "dat if I would marry him, he'd lay his fortune at my feet."

"An' didn' he do it?" asked Miss Miami Brown.

"Yes, he sho' did. It took his las' cent to pay 'ol' fohteen yshds of ingrain craphet."—Washington Star.

FUTURE OF NIAGARA FALLS.

Will, in Few Thousand Years Anyway, Have Entirely Disappeared.

The earliest discussions of the recession of Niagara Falls led to apprehension of danger and disaster, because the continuance of the present gorge erosion must eventually extend to Lake Erie, the reservoir whence the river flows. It was thought, therefore, in the excited imagination of many ignorant readers, when the early geologic discussions of the history of Niagara were published that a destructive flood would thus be let loose from Erie and the upper lakes, and would deluge the Ontario basin and the St. Lawrence valley. Prof. James Hall in 1843 endeavored to allay these fears. The increasing southward dip of the rock strata between the present falls and Lake Erie will cause the Niagara to cut into softer and easily eroded beds along the distance, so that its great cataract, which depends on the thick and hard Niagara limestone overlying soft shale, can no longer be maintained. The river will then run, as Hall declared, in a series of rapids along its course from Lake Erie to Lewiston, with perhaps a low fall at the outlet of the lake.

Another anxiety has been raised more recently by computation of a probable tilting of the land, which would slightly change its inclination in all the region of these great lakes so that ultimately the mouth of Lake Erie would be lifted higher than the very low water divide close to the southwest of Chicago. From computations of the heights of beach marks above the surface of the lakes, determined at successive dates separated by periods of from 20 to 37 years, Gilbert computed in 1898 this lake region is being tilted toward the south-southwest at the rate, during a century, of five inches in 100 miles. He therefore concludes that Lake Michigan, if such tilting continues, will begin to overflow across the natural watershed to the Illinois river within 1,000 years; that 2,000 years from now this flow will take away half of the volume of the Niagara river, and that after 3,500 years there will be no Niagara. The basin of Lake Erie will be tributary to Lake Huron, the current of the Detroit and St. Clair rivers being reversed.

THE YOUNGEST PRISONER.

Chinese Child Held by Government Authorities for Being Sold Into Slavery.

The youngest prisoner in the United States is Yute Ho Ji, aged five. She has been a prisoner of Uncle Sam for more than four years. The crime for which she is paying the penalty is the crime of being a girl baby, which in China is a crime indeed. She was born in an interior village in China, and her mother was very glad to take tea dollars offered by a woman who went there from San Francisco to buy slave girls for the San Francisco Chinatown.

The buyer knew her bargain, for what were the risks of the child's death to the possible \$3,000, \$5,000 or \$10,000 she would bring in a dozen years or so? She was young enough, too, to have her feet bound to be palmed off as of a better class than that from which most slave girls come.

She was happy, this slave dealer, when she sighted San Francisco on her return journey, and she shuffled easily along the pier when she left the boat. The inspectors all knew her, for she had been back and forth many times. It was because they knew her that they questioned her about the little bundle in her arms. She told them the baby was her own, for it is a lie that comes first to a Chinaman's lips. This was her undoing. In the court she added lie to lie, but in the end the judge knew that the baby had not been born to her. She had no right to bring it in without papers, and she had not thought of this. The infant could not be deported, because no amount of questioning could make the woman reveal the home of the child. Besides, the judge did not see that the child would be better off with a mother who would sell her for ten dollars than with a woman who would pay that for her. On the other hand, she could not be entered, and babies under a year are too little to go to jail. At length the judge decided to turn his little prisoner over to a mission that makes a business of rescuing Chinese slave women, with the agreement of 40 cents a day for her board. In the four years she has been at the mission Yute Ho Ji has become the pet of the household, and it seems to be an instance of the punishment fitting the crime.

One-Toed Women.

Everybody has heard of the small feet of the ladies of China. But it is not so generally known that they, commonly have but one toe. This is, however, the fact. The great toe of the families of the first rank, and of some of the inferior classes also, is the only one left to act with any freedom; the rest are doubled down under the foot in their tenderest infancy, and retained by compresses and tight bandages till they unite with and are buried in the sole.

Realistic Realism.

Hyker—D'Auber is certainly a great artist. I saw him draw a hen on a piece of paper the other day, and when he threw it on the table it actually laid there.

Pyker—Huh, that's nothing. I saw a fellow who doesn't pretend to be an artist draw a glass of beer to-day so naturally that I actually drank it.—Chicago Daily News.