

WOMAN A BAD LOSER

Wall Street Brokers Draw the Sex Line.

New York Consolidated Exchange Firm Likely to Be Disciplined by Board for Its Violation of Unwritten Rule Exists.

New York.—A Wall street brokerage firm has got itself into trouble and may be suspended by the Consolidated stock exchange because it recently opened a women's department, fitted up with a few rocking chairs, had a woman in a white sweater stationed at the ticker to read the quotations and allowed woman speculators to come down and bring their young ones with them if they cared to—which they did.

The establishment with the nursery attachment to its women's department is on New street, just a block away from the exchange of which the firm is a member. It had really only just begun to build up the new branch of its business when the exchange heard of it and signaled the call to arms of all children and of all but two women, while the person in the white sweater who had been fingering many yards of ticker tape was supplanted by a man.

You may search the rule book of the Consolidated from cover to cover for an article or a by-law forbidding women to come down and trade in stocks like the men, and to bring their youngsters along with them, as now and then a proud father has done on a half-holiday, but you will not find what you are looking for. The rule exists, none the less. It simply isn't printed. The nearest thing to it in print is a rule prohibiting "acts detrimental to the exchange" on the part of its members, which, as one of the board of governors pointed out, might be made to cover any number of things. Among them is the catering to feminine speculators, he said. The fact that a sort of kindergarten annex went with the women's department had nothing to do with the case.

Wall street half expects to see the proprietors of the New street rocking chair trading club and day nursery punished in some way—by suspension from the exchange, possibly. It is pretty certain that the club and the nursery will go out of existence. It will have to. Women who want to dabble in stocks are as unwelcome as a crook below the "dead line." All this in spite of the fact that only a few weeks ago Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst told Wall street any number of stories about women who had gone in to business and made a success of it.

"It's the experience of hundreds of stock brokers that the woman who comes down here to speculate is a bad loser," said one officer of the Consolidated recently. "Say what you please about this being the day of equality, but deep down in our hearts we feel that there is a difference. Stock gambling is a man's game. We don't want women breaking in."

This man was inclined to excuse the New street brokers on the ground that the firm had been a member of the exchange less than two years, and perhaps did not know better. If that were the case the alarms sounded by the board of governors when they heard of the women's department and its nursery annex had evidently taught the young firm a lesson. A visitor dropped in to see the feminine speculators in action with their young ones romping in the shadow of the quotation board and the ticker basket, but there was none of that to be seen.

"When a woman makes something on the market," said one broker of thirty years' experience in the street, "she takes the credit of it all to herself. It was she who did it. When she loses, it was her broker's fault. He deceived her. And a peculiar trait is that in losing she cannot quite clear her mind of the suspicion that what she lost the broker gained."

WILLS ALL TO HER PET DOG

Hungarian Woman's Estate to Be Subject of Contest With Pampered Canine as Defendant.

Vienna.—The pet dog of a lady who died here is to be the "defendant" in an interesting claim about a will. The lady, Frau Bela Czabo, widow of a Hungarian official, was found dead from heart disease in her flat. She left a will bequeathing all her possessions, including \$5,000 in cash, to her pet dog, which had a luxurious private room in the flat, with mirrors and silk brocaded furniture, and was fed on delicacies, from partridges to spring chickens. Relatives of Frau Czabo intend to contest the will.

Joy Kills Pardoned Convict. Philadelphia.—Angele Tomasco dropped dead in the Eastern penitentiary when informed he had been granted a pardon and that he was free to leave the prison walls. When Warden McKentery read the pardon Tomasco threw up his hands, and with a moan fell forward. Physicians said joy killed him. Tomasco has been in the Eastern penitentiary since 1908, when he killed a fellow countryman.

SENATOR VANCE'S READY WIT

Records Show That Very Rarely Did Carolina Statesman Fail to Rise to the Occasion.

The late Senator Vance used to say that his liveliest campaign for the governorship of North Carolina was that in which Judge Settle ran against him. They stumped the state in joint debate. All the white Democrats turned out to hear Vance, and the colored Republicans to hear Settle. On one occasion, Vance was informed that some young ladies desired to testify their devotion to the Democratic party by kissing the Democratic candidate for governor. Nothing loth, Vance descended from the platform and kissed a dozen or so of the young beauties, and then paused long enough to turn around toward his competitor and shout: "Settle, I'm kissing my girls; now kiss yours!" When he married the second time, he said to his wife on their wedding day: "My dear, I'm a stubborn fellow, and you may anticipate trouble. Now, in the beginning, while I am submissive, I want to give you one piece of advice. If you follow it, we'll get on mighty well. It is this: Make me do just as I darned please." A newspaper man, who was about starting for a rather out-of-the-way portion of Vance's own state, was asking him one day what kind of accommodation he was likely to find. "They'll give you some of their fried hog and eggs," the senator replied. "That's better than nothing," said the newspaper man. "I don't know—I don't know," the senator answered, in a dubious tone; "I've tried both."

PRINTING ONCE IN DISFAVOR

Followers of the Art Have Been Known to Expiate Their "Crimes" on the Gallows.

On the 15th of July, 1560, Martin Lhomme, one of two who were hanged in the Place Maubert by the decree of the parliament, suffered because he had published a writing entitled "Epistre envoyee au tigre de la France" (A letter directed against the Tiger of France), a satire directed against the cardinal of Lorraine, then all powerful, which had probably been printed at Basle in Switzerland, or Strasburg, Germany. The culprit, according to the historian De Thou, was a poor little bookseller, a native of Rouen. While he was waiting at the gibbet, says Charles Winslow Hall in the National Magazine, one of his fellow countrymen, coming into Paris on business, saw him on his way and recognized him. "Then," says Regnier de la Planchette, "not knowing why he was condemned to death, he alighted from his horse at a neighboring hostelry, and, seeing the people very angry against the unfortunate man, cried to them, 'Eh, what, my friends, is it not enough that he dies? Leave him to the executioner. Would you like to torment him more than his sentence demands?' They considered the Norman's pithy misplacement. He was forthwith arrested, judged and hanged four days later without any form of process in the same fatal Place Maubert."

Promoters of Spirituality.

The old adage in regard to the way to a man's heart is regarded by some persons as a libel on masculine humanity, but Deacon Sampson of Cranston evidently did not regard it in that light.

He went much farther than the adage, and was willing to express his opinion at any time when it seemed best. When the members of the Central church were discussing the best way to interest the young people of the town and bring them into touch with church affairs, Deacon Sampson spoke his word. "I believe in meetings," he said firmly; "nobody believes in 'em more, and nobody attends 'em more than I do, but along with the meetings, I don't know of anything that promotes spiritual growth more'n strawberry socials and oyster suppers, each according to its season."—Youth's Companion.

Meteor's Rings.

In the entrance to the American Museum of Natural History in New York stands a large meteor brought to that city and presented to the museum by the Peary Expedition company. To handle the immense mass of metal and stone large iron hooks and rings were made fast at several places.

"The other day," said a museum guard, "a young New Yorker about seven years old stood with his mother admiring the exhibit. The mother read the description, saying that this came from another planet and was hurled through space, finally landing in the arctic regions."

"Mamma," asked the little Knickerbocker, "was that stone hung to the other planet by those rings?"

Policeman's Novel Excuse.

Policemen on trial at headquarters are apt at excuses, says the New York Sun. Former Inspector Williams used to tell of an officer who was charged with having lost his whistle. When asked to explain he said, "You see, I went home last night and put my whistle on the table. I turned round and, bless me, one of my kids was choking and nearly black in the face. You see commissioner, he'd swallowed the whistle." "Is he dead?" asked the sympathetic commissioner. "No, sir," was the reply. "He isn't dead, but he's got the whooping cough, and now every time he coughs the whistle blows and the cop on the post comes running."

LIFE, THE UNSOLVED RIDDLE

Its Elements Remain Unchanged, However Man Has Juggled With Their Compounds.

Realism? Naturalism? Symbolism? Materialism?—foolishness, much of it, without end! Life is and remains Life, ever old yet ever new, and the elements of Life likewise remain unchanged, however audacious man may juggle with their compounds, mix them in wrong proportion and, in the end, even please himself with the idea that he has kneaded out of his patent labeled mixture an entirely new mass of flesh and blood and soul!

Life! This life of ours that is conceived in the desires of the flesh, born at the command of souls, the cause of which lies deep in human pain or in an overwhelming surcharge of human joy—it is a tear; and like a tear it is a prism, through which, when the bright sun falls upon it, we may see the elemental colors in all their beauty, provided we know, in truth, how to see; but in heavy weather and devastating storms, such as surround the majority of mankind, it becomes clouded dim, opaque; and, thus clouded, thus opaque, it offers—alas! to a disappointed Humanity the eternal, unsolved riddle of existence.—Mary E. Waller, in "A Year Out of Life."

"SUPES" ROSE TO OCCASION

Manager Threw Real Money on Stage and the Mob Scene Became at Once Realistic.

"Stage money," that commodity which has been the butt of jokes for generations, may soon lose its significance if the example just set by one manager is followed generally. This wise individual is going to put on a new play very soon and rehearsals are now in progress. There is a mob scene in the play and the hero at a critical moment throws a handful of money to the crowd.

When rehearsals first began the stage manager found much difficulty in getting the necessary "ginger" into the scene, as the supernumeraries did not show any great enthusiasm in scrambling for the coin. They knew its real value.

Then a bright idea struck the manager. He knew that as thespians get no salary while rehearsing they are sometimes hard up, so he decided to mix some real money with the stage article that is thrown to the crowd. The effect was magical. The scramble is so realistic that the manager is looking forward anxiously to the first night to see the effect on the audience. But those who read this will know the real secret of the wonderful "acting."

Flying Powers of Birds.

The rate at which some birds can migrate under favorable conditions is extraordinary, and as one listens to their plaintive cries coming from the darkness overhead it is difficult to realize that in a few hours these same birds may be within the arctic circle and a little later may be even crossing the pole itself. Less is known of the actual dates of the departure of the migratory birds in autumn than of those of their arrival earlier in the year, and this for obvious reasons. The way in which our most charming songsters silently skulk out of the country in the autumn is very different from that in which they make their triumphal entry in the spring when every wood and copse resounds with their melodies.—Wind-sor Magazine.

The Nerve of Her!

Not long ago a woman reporter was busily engaged in scribbling her "copy" on a street car on her way to the office from the scene of her work. She was listing a number of the people who had been present when she was surprised to have a perfect stranger sitting in the seat with her tap her on the shoulder, beg her pardon, and tell her that one of the names she was writing was misspelled.

"I have often found people reading over my shoulder in the street car," the reporter said in telling of it, "but that was the first one who has had the impudence to comment to me upon what she read."

When Liberty Is License.

Liberty is the portion of a people who delight in humanity, who revere justice, despise flattery and venerate truth. While you are not such a people, O my fellow citizens, in vain will you talk of liberty. Instead of liberty you will have licentiousness, and to that you will all in your turns fall victims. You will ask for bread and will get—dead bodies! And at length you will bow down your necks to the yoke, and find your vile refuge in the rule of a despot.—Mme. Roland, "Address Before the Revolutionary Tribunal."

Eyesight of the Mouse.

How much does a mouse see? To look at a mouse, one would think that sight counted for a great deal in its life; but experiments go to show that this is only true within certain limits. Mice are good at distinguishing different degrees of illumination and different colors (preferring red and yellow to blue and green), and they are quick to detect movements; but they have little sense of form and little binocular vision. Microscopic study shows that the retina has no "rods" and no "fovea."

HER LUCK NOT ALL DESERVED

Printed Prayer Responsible for Return of Pocketbook Only There by Accident.

She had been paying visits most of the afternoon, and on reaching home and putting away her wraps she discovered that her cardcase was missing. In it had been a dollar or two, her cards and a certified check for \$200, which she had intended to deposit, but had been too late for her bank.

"Heavens," she exclaimed, "shall I ever see it again?" and sat down in her despair to think over everywhere she had been and might have left it. Suddenly the telephone bell rang.

"Are you Miss Blank, and have you lost anything?" inquired the person at the other end.

"Yes; I have just discovered the loss of my cardcase."

"What was in it?" said the voice.

"My cards, some money, a certified check for \$200, oh, yes; a little printed prayer on a slip of paper. Did you see that?"

"Yes," said the voice; "I picked the case up. And let me tell you that it was the prayer that has brought your property back to you."

The cardcase owner heaved a sigh of relief and thought how lucky it was for her that the Catholic friend had slipped the little printed prayer into her cardcase last summer.

PROBLEM FOR THE SCIENTIST

How May the Energy of the Sun, at Present Largely Wasted, Be Utilized to Advantage?

The enormous energy which is constantly poured out by the sun is almost past the comprehension of the lay mind. Measurements have shown that on a clear sunny day the sun transmitted to the earth energy which corresponded to about 7,000-horsepower per acre. At present all that is practically wasted. Attempts have from time to time been made to utilize this enormous supply of energy, but not with any great measure of success. If people only knew how to harness it they could, at the expense of lowering the temperature of the earth by a degree or so, obtain all the power necessary to perform the work of the world. Only about three-fifths of the energy sent to the earth from the sun is appreciable to the eye as light, if the sun were twice as hot as it is, four-fifths would be appreciable in that way, and if it were still hotter the whole of the energy would affect the eye as light. Radiant energy is not heat; that is, the energy of the sun does not reach the earth in the form of heat. It is not heat at all until it falls on bodies whose temperature can be raised. It might rather be called electricity; in fact, it is a form of electricity, for all the methods used to detect and measure radiant energy depend upon absorbing it and transforming it into heat.

Loans of Honor.

Tip never had a mite of patience with the fellow who looks with such reverence on a debt of honor. As a rule the debt of honor chap doesn't fret a bit about bilking his grocer. But an experiment with "loans of honor"—put in the right places—has shown the average person is honest. Several years ago public spirited men "got together" at Lyons and formed what they called a Loan and Honor society. The purpose was to furnish money to clerks, laborers and apparently to any poor and needy persons. No other security than the borrower's word was asked. In 1910-11 money was lent to 354 individuals. Sixty-eight of these were women. All but twenty-seven of the borrowers were married. Sickness made 119 of the loans necessary; loss of work, 83; previous debts, 84, and starting housekeeping, 27. The sums borrowed varied from \$6 to \$60. During its several years of existence the society has lost only \$200. Yes, the average person is not a thief.—New York Press.

"Solid Gold."

Commercially speaking, the term "solid gold" is a misnomer, since such gold has not been used for many, many years. Some of the ancient Roman jewelry and some of that of the Renaissance period was, indeed, made of pure gold, worked up by hand with the crudest of tools, but since the old days there has been a constantly increasing employment of alloys, for the reason that jewelers found that the harder the gold was rendered by good alloys the greater its wearing qualities, and the more secure, therefore, was the setting of the gems it contained. Nowadays jewelry is of 18, 14 or 10 carats, according to the design and character of the article, and it is much more frequently ten than eighteen carats.

Youthful Musical Genius.

Rennes, a sleepy Brittany town, which is known in contemporary history chiefly because the second Dreyfus court-martial was held there, has recently discovered in its midst a musical prodigy. A local professor vouches for this discovery. Young Rene Guillon is aged seven. He is not only virtuosic on the piano; he is also a composer. He possesses ear to a remarkable degree, and distinguishes every note in symphonic music. According to the master, he hears music inwardly. He composes for voices and instruments without making use of any instrument whatever, writing down melody and accompaniment on the paper.

LIFE VERSUS DEATH BREAD

Physician Claims Much for Preparation That He Asserts Has Renewed His Life.

The physician had once been a dyspeptic, sour and morose; but his color was now ruddy and clear, his spirits light, and his health excellent. "Death bread," he said, "laid me low. Death bread kept me a dyspeptic for ten long, sad years. And life bread has made me my own buoyant, healthy, happy self again."

"What do I mean by death bread? I mean ordinary bread. Why do I call it death bread? Because it is alive with putrefactive germs—because, by more than one authority, the yeast cells in it are said to be identical with the diseased cells of pus—and, therefore, are a poison."

"Yeast, in fact, is as unhealthy as its sickly smell and musty, slimy consistency would lead you to believe. It is a mass of living germs—and along with these are mingled putrefactive germs. Yeast is a very harmful thing. It makes bread a very harmful thing. All bread made with yeast is death bread."

"Life bread—that is what I eat. I make it myself. I take wheat of the finest quality, unground, and I roast it over a hot fire in a thick iron saucepan. The grains, an inch deep in the pan, are stirred continually. They pop, like popcorn, and, when all have popped—it is a matter of about ten minutes—my life bread is done."

"Each grain of this life bread is a loaf, a miniature, delicious loaf, brown and crisp, that falls to powder on being bitten. Life bread must be kept in air-tight tins. It is the healthiest, the most nourishing, and the best-flavored bread in existence. But it must be confessed that the loaves are rather small."

TACTFUL VOTER WAS THIS

Simple Peasant Cast His Ballot to Accompaniment of Delicious Bit of Humor.

The simple people of Alsace, who retain in their hearts a strong love for France at the same time that they are restless not to offend their German rulers too much, frequently have a hard time of it when they are brought to the ballot box to vote for representatives in the German parliament.

In one election in a certain Alsatian district the two candidates were Kable, an Alsatian of French sympathies, who had protested against the annexation after the war of 1870, and a German. On election day a peasant came to the polling place, which was presided over by a German official. The peasant had in one hand a ticket on which was printed the name of Kable, and in the other a ticket bearing the name of the German candidate.

"Mein Herr," he said to the German election official, "will you tell me which of these tickets is the better one?"

The officer looked at them. "Why, this is much preferable," said he, indicating the German's ticket.

"Ah, I thank you," answered the peasant. "I will keep it next my heart." He folded it carefully and put it inside his coat. "As for this other, then," said he, with an air of putting it away from him as an unworthy thing, "I will leave it here." And he put the Kable ticket in the ballot box.

Meant Their Work to Last.

Some of the early stones of Welsh slate in New England burial grounds show very fine carving, evidently the product of English rather than Colonial workmen. The enduring quality of these memorials is evident on a comparison between them and other stones put up at a much later date. In one of the old yards at Billerica, Mass., many of the stones of mid-eighteenth century dates are badly scaled and partially illegible, while the oldest stone in the yard, dated 1684, shows no serious effect of weather and others almost as old are equally plain; practically unchanged after two centuries of exposure to the New England climate.

Auto Took Long Jump.

With the ease of a veteran hunter taking a hurdle, a Sydney, N. S. W., taxicab recently cleared a 10 1/2-foot ditch, landing on the opposite side with every tire burst, front doors telescoped, axles badly bent, and the framework strained and knocked out of gear. The chauffeur and inmates, however, were quite unhurt save for a severe shaking. Workmen were engaged in taking out a culvert on the road at this point, and had removed the decking. At noon they had left work to eat lunch in a nearby field; and it was at this juncture that the car came speeding along, the chauffeur failing to notice the condition of the road.

Bees Keeping for Women.

"Nothing could induce us to give up bee keeping for, aside from the profit, the larger returns of health and happiness, the pure joy of living in the sunshine and watching the tireless workers as they come in with loads of pollen and nectar outweigh any financial consideration," says a writer in Farmer's Wife. To sum it all up bee keeping is pre-eminently a "woman's job" whether for pleasure or profit or for a combination of both. The financial returns compare favorably with anything else from farm or garden, while to those who love outdoor life bee keeping is the most fascinating of all avocations.

RANK OF OFFICERS' WIVES

It Was Observed When the Women Journeyed to the Fleet—Were Divided Into Sets.

San Francisco.—Rank was observed among the wives of the officers of the Pacific fleet on their recent journey aboard the Wilhelmina to Honolulu to join their husbands, according to the officers of the Matsun liner. The better halves of some had their own little whit parties, while the spouses of officers of lower grade were just as exclusive at their afternoon teas.

The party of navy women was headed by the wife of Rear Admiral Chauncey M. Thomas, commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, who showed her graciousness in a little incident observed by the other travelers on board the Wilhelmina.

Among the passengers was a slip of a girl, the bride of a water tender of one of the big war ships. She hailed from the middle west and it was her first experience at sea. She looked upon the big world with open-eyed awe and joyful anticipation of a country girl on her first trip from the old farm "down home."

Therefore she knew nothing of the formalities observed in circles where gold braid prevails. Learning that Mrs. Thomas, like herself, had a husband on board one of the vessels in the far-away waters, she rushed up to the spouse of the rear admiral and gushed happily:

"I'm awfully glad to meet you. My husband is an officer on the boats, too."

"Yes, he's a water tender," she continued proudly. "And what is your husband?"

"He is the commander of the fleet," Mrs. Thomas smiled kindly.

"Oh, that is very nice. I hope they're friends," said the water tender's wife.

Mrs. Thomas and the bride were friends on the voyage to the islands, say the Wilhelmina's officers.

BLONDE FLEECES MINISTERS

With Tale of Woe She Gets "Loans" From Several Charitably Disposed Pastors.

San Francisco, Cal.—The police of the central station and ministers of half a dozen local churches are earnestly seeking the present whereabouts of a "Mrs. Davidson," who is described as a beautiful matron of the blonde type, who visited various local parsonages and told a story so "touching" that the reverend gentlemen donated sums ranging from \$5 to \$10 each to save her from "being thrown into the street by a relentless and cruel landlord."

The Rev. William Rader, one of her victims, reported to Captain of Detectives Thomas Ryan that he, with others of the cloth who had contributed to the "hapless" lady, had discovered that she did not live at the address she gave, 1617 Turk and 830 Vallejo streets.

The Rev. W. H. Bagley of the West Side Christian church, the Rev. J. Cooper of St. Paul's Episcopal and Dr. Alexander Eukin of St. John's Presbyterian church are among the sympathizing donors to the pro-sponsoring visitor.

"I am an old friend of your daughter, Dr. Rader," she declared when she visited the Calvary Presbyterian rectory, "and if she knew of my terrible predicament she would surely help me. Unless I give my landlord \$5 at once he will turn me into the street."

The Rev. Dr. F. W. Ciampert of Trinity church and the Rev. W. K. Guthrie were suspicious of the stereotyped phrases of the stylishly dressed seeker of their charity and did not yield to her entreaties.

FIGHT STOPS ARMY MUTINY

British Officer Beats the Pick of Enlisted Soldiers—One Man Shot During Riot.

London.—An extraordinary military riot is reported to have occurred at Longmoor Camp, where there is a mounted infantry school connected with the Aldershot Division. The Scotsmen among the troops became incensed at the curtailment of a holiday. It is stated that they smashed up the huts in the camp and bombarded the officers' quarters with bricks. The assembly was sounded by the bugler on guard, and all the officers and noncommissioned officers turned out to quell the disturbance, but the mutineers formed a square and kept off their superiors.

Some of the noncommissioned officers were injured by blows from belts and sticks. Eventually an officer, who is a noted boxer, challenged one of the men to fight. The men immediately formed a ring and one of them stood up to the officer, but was soon badly defeated. Upon this the men sullenly returned to their wrecked huts. One of the men was shot and seriously wounded during the affray.

Attempts His Reform.

Portland, Ore.—Tired of her husband's practice of staying out late at night, and desiring to frighten him into spending more time at his own hearthside, Mrs. James Davis prevailed upon friends to strap her to her bed and gag her in her home, at 32 East Thirty-first street, according to developments of a police investigation. Mrs. Davis remained in her uncomfortable pose until her husband returned home at dawn, when she told him that she had been set upon by two masked robbers. Davis notified the police and Sergeant Wanless learned the facts.