

MAY BE APPOINTED TO BEACH



Edwin W. Sims, United States attorney for the Northern District of Illinois, is mentioned as the possible successor of the late Sol H. Bethea as United States District Judge at Chicago.

NOT ENOUGH SEAMEN

Reduction of Enlisted Force of Navy Likely.

Some of Uncle Sam's Famous Battleships May Be Forced Out of Commission Owing to Lack of Sailors.

Washington—The navy department is confronted with a probable reduction of the enlisted force through failure to re-enlist on the part of seamen and engineers now in the service, as well as the pronounced decrease in the number of new enlistments, which the authorities attribute to the increasing demand for moderate as well as high-priced labor occasioned by the rising tide of business activity throughout the country.

The present authorized strength of the navy's enlisted force is 44,500. The naval authorities have contemplated urging to congress an increase of 5,000 to the next report of the department. This will not receive President Taft's sanction. It is questioned whether a request for even half that number can receive executive approval.

At the present rate of falling off in enlistments and re-enlistments it is practically certain that there will be less than 40,000 sailormen wearing Uncle Sam's livery on January 1, 1910. Already the navy is 1,500 shy of its authorized strength, and the reduction continues day by day.

According to the naval officers there will not be a sufficient number of men to man the new ships now approaching completion without reducing the crews of the minor cruisers or putting several of the older ships out of commission altogether. They do not approve of laying up the new ships, as fast as completed they will go into commission and into active service.

It is said that even the newest ship when placed "in ordinary" deteriorates much more rapidly than when at sea. This is particularly true to their engines. The only course open to the navy is to send the veteran ships back to the navy yards to be partially dismantled and laid up until the state of the national treasury justifies further increase in the cost of maintaining the navy.

Those most hurt by the enforced retirement of a part of our fighting force are the younger officers of the grade of captain and commander. There will be fewer chances for them to exercise the command rank that has been the ultimate aim of all the hard work up through the grades from midshipman to lieutenant commander.

The vessels most likely to be removed temporarily from the active list are the veterans Oregon, Indiana, Massachusetts and Iowa. This will relieve the pressure by reducing the necessities of the line of battle fleet in the matter of seamen by over 2,500. The placing of four or five of the smaller cruisers out of commission would give opportunity for further economizing to the extent of about 1,500 men.

Snake in Spinning Wheel. Campbellsville, Ky.—Mrs. W. C. Gridler of Adair county, was attracted to her weaving room the other day by the sound of her reel and on opening the door, she was horrified to see a large snake going around with the spinning wheel. When the reptile crawled on the wheel it started the wheel to running. The snake was unable to free itself and a number of spectators witnessed the remarkable sight for nearly half a day. The snake was finally killed and measured five feet in length.

LION'S FIRST LOVE AFFAIR

Future Millionaire Was Repulsed by Girl's Father Because of His Poverty.

There are many stories of the light or side of finance in which love affairs find a place. Perhaps none of these is more peculiar than the story of James Lick, a name famous all over the world through a monument to his memory, the great Lick observatory, in California. In the financial world the great city of San Francisco is a monument to Lick's luck. He foresaw the possibility of the great city of the Pacific slope, bought the land on which it now stands, and became a millionaire. Before that time the name of Lick was great in the musical world. Lick's pianos—out of which he made the money which he invested in land—were manufactured by him. But on the poetic side of life—a world apart from such things as piano-making and mud-flats—the great Lick Mill stands as a monument to Lick's love. In early life James Lick sought the hand of a miller's daughter, but was repelled by the father on the ground that the young suitor did not possess a mill. Many years afterwards, when he had become one of the richest men in the states, he erected a large mill and adorned it like a palace. It was built of mahogany and costly woods, and erected solely as a memorial of his youthful attachment. His only pleasure was to contemplate this palatial mill and to gloat over the man who had spurned him for his poverty.—Harry Furness, in the Strand.

LADY PASSENGER'S LOG

She Wanted to Be Sure Just What the Wind Should Be Called.

It was blowing rather hard, and there was a nasty sea on an hour and a half before the first breakfast bugle. An officer of the ocean liner hurried along the passage between the state-rooms, and a timid voice called to him.

"Oh, Mr. Officer, please stop."

He turned and saw a dear old lady with a wrapper thrown around her, peeping through her half-open door.

"Yes, madam," said the officer.

"Mr. Officer, please, would you call this a gale?" asked the old lady, anxiously.

"Oh, no, madam. There's not the least danger. I assure—"

"Well, is it half a gale?"

"Not even half a gale, and this is such an excellent sea boat that you needn't worry a bit," explained the officer.

"Well, what would you call it, please?" said the lady, steadying herself on the vessel rolled.

"Just a fresh nor'west breeze, madam, with a cross sea running. But, really, there's nothing to fear."

"Thank you so much. I just wanted to get it quite right in my diary, you know."

Empress Uses Typewriter.

It is related that in passing through her husband's library recently the attention of the empress of Japan was attracted to a peculiar-looking machine. On learning that it was a typewriter, and having it explained to her, she became interested and began to try it.

It is further reported that Queen Alexandra of England, Queen Maude of Norway, the zarina and the queen of Portugal are all fond of using the typewriter in corresponding with their intimates.

It is probable that all of them put together do not use the machine as much as Carmen Silva, the queen of Romania, who rattles her poems and stories on a typewriter.—St. Nicholas.

Treating Tree Wounds.

Plastic slate, that is to say, moldable slate, is a mixture formed by combining about one part of coal tar and four parts of slate dust and is recommended for covering large wounds in trees. This mass must be about the consistency of a not too thick glazier's putty, so that it can be balled and rolled out in the hand. Slate dust can easily be made by crushing small pieces of slate. The mass sticks to wood, to metal, to stone, and in fact to everything that is not greasy and closes every opening airtight.—Scientific American.

Did as He Was Told.

Some years ago the Yankee schooner Sally Ann, under command of Capt. Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut river. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things the schooner was getting a "leettle" too near certain mud flats which lay along the harbor shore, so aft he went to the captain and with his hat cocked on one side said:

"Cap'n Spooner, you're getting a leettle too close to them flats. Hadn't ye better go about?"

The captain glared at him.

"Mr. Comstock, jest you go forward and tend to your part of the skinner. I'll tend to mine."

Mr. Comstock went forward in highudgeon.

"Boys," he belled out, "see that ar mud hook's all clear for lettin' go!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Let go, then!" he roared.

Down went the anchor, but ratted the chains, and like a flash the Sally Ann came luffing into the wind, and then brought up all standing. Mr. Comstock walked aft and touched his hat.

"Well, cap'n, my part of the skinner is in anchor." Blue-jacket.

SCENTING THE BLUEFISH

Valuable Information from the Wife Skipper for a Party Out Fishing.

"Ah!" said the skipper out with a party bluefishing, turning his face to windward as he spoke and at the same time throwing the wheel over and bringing the boat up and putting her off on the other tack. I smell them!

"You smell them?" said a member of the party in the boat. Do you mean to tell me you can smell the fish?"

"Why, certainly," said the skipper, as he got another little pull on the sheet, for you can smell where they are, which amounts to the same thing.

"You see," the skipper continued, "the bluefish is a voracious feeder, very voracious, he will eat about a million of the little fishes that you find around so plentiful in the water, put there apparently for the bigger fish to feed on, and when he has gorged himself on about a million, more or less, of these little fishes the bluefish will settle down on the bottom and thore-digorge them, and this disgorged food, oily, floats up to the surface, and that you can smell, and it means bluefish, and I can smell them now, sure."

And so the skipper got an inch more of the sheet and peered ahead and kept her going with every inch drawing just a humming and a boiling, keen on the scent.

And did the party come up with the bluefish and catch lots of them? A boatload of fish? Keep hauling them in till they all got tired of fishing? Well, that—as a once celebrated English writer has so aptly remarked—that is another story, scenting bluefish and catching them being two quite different things.

They were on their honeymoon—the, all-important, she, timid and shrinking. He intended that she should miss none of the sights as they rode down Broadway, New York, in an open car one hot night, so he called her attention to various points of interest in a very loud voice and with elaborate gesticulation. His ideas, however, were rather hazy as to location, and she looked in vain, at his solicitation, for the Metropolitan tower clock on the Flatiron building, although she assured him timidly that she had seen it. Then the conductor, at Fourteenth street, volunteered "This is Herald square, where the new Pennsylvania station is to be." After this startling information, given in all seriousness, passengers were even more amazed to hear the bridegroom saying: "Just a minute now and we come to Grace street."

"Grace street?" she asked. "What's that?"

"Oh, that's a big church, where all the swells go. Here it is now—as the stately outline of the church came in view—and would you believe it? You can't get in without a dress suit!"

It was with real regret that an interested listener had to signal for the car to stop.

Polishing by Hot Air.

The marvels of friction are infinite. The use of the sand blast in polishing metals is quite a recent invention, and now it is followed by that of a blast of simple hot air. It is the velocity that gives the polishing power. The articles to be treated are placed in a basket in a centrifugal machine driven at a very high speed and heated air is blown from a pipe through the basket. A high polish is thus produced very rapidly.

Nickel plated articles that have become tarnished are made bright in a few minutes. Wet metal fresh from the bath needs no preliminary drying, for the current of air dries and polishes at the same moment. It is only necessary to so pack the articles that the air reaches them on all sides.—Youth's Companion.

An Awkward Compliment.

An inspector-general was relating incidents of famous national encampments.

"I remember a little Japanese who attended one of our banquets," he said, smiling, "and a queer compliment that he paid to a colonel's wife. I sat between the two and the lady said across me:

"Mr. Takashira, you compress the ladies' feet in your country, don't you?"

"Oh, no, madam; that is a Chinese custom," said the Japanese. "We Japanese allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size. Not that—"

"And he bowed and hissed in the polite Japanese way."

"Not that they could hope to rival yours, madam!"—Modern Society.

Russia Now Has Woman Lawyer.

Dr. Katherine Fleischer has just been admitted to the bar in Russia, and will practice her profession in St. Petersburg. She is the first woman lawyer in the czar's dominions, and she passed the final examinations with high honors. She met with much opposition when she first announced her intention of studying law. Prejudice was strong, even from influential members of her sex. She persisted in her ambition against all obstacles, however, and came out triumphant. It is her hope to fight the legal battles of women, and she seeks them especially as clients. Dr. Fleischer is an ardent suffragette and predicts she will live to see women sitting in the duma.

HINDU WIDOWS WIN RIGHTS

Those of Highest Class Are Now Being Allowed to Marry.

From her noble widow, half slave to man, penned up in the seclusion of the zenana, woman's apartment, the woman of Hindostan is rising to equality with man. India is daily getting anxious to accord its women a humane and a just treatment. Sex inequality had deposed that while the widow was allowed to marry, even permitted to indulge in polygamy, the widow was forced to remain a widow. This injunction is no longer being faithfully obeyed. Widows of the highest castes are being allowed to marry. Moreover, Hindu are making special efforts to establish homes where young and old widows are kindly treated and taught how to be nurses, doctors, teachers and missionaries. The aim of these institutions is to inspire the widows to help toward the uplift of East Indian society and also to make them capable of supporting themselves in stead of being charges on their relatives, as has been the case heretofore.

Polygamy was never very common in India; to-day it is doomed. To-day the woman of India is leaving the privacy of her apartments, going to modern schools for education and entering the arena of public activity to help along the evolution of Hinduism. Schools and colleges especially designed for girls and neighborhood centers, meant for the advancement of married women are coming to be pronounced features of East Indian cities.—Review of Reviews.

Conductor Lays His Mental Breakdown to Complaints and Questions of Travelers.

San Francisco.—George I. Root, a tourist conductor of the Burlington road, who was found the other day wandering about the railroad yards in a half-demented condition, attributes his mental breakdown to the complaints, protests and questions poured into his unwilling ear by a party of tourists of which he was in charge on the trip to the coast from Kansas City.

In one of his lucid intervals at the hospital he said he was a brother of E. B. Root, city ticket agent of the Burlington at Kansas City.

Mr. Root declared that the woes of his charges, after a slight accident in Colorado, caused his mind to become unbalanced.

Enough Talking Already.

Stebbins—That new congressman of ourn don't amount to much; why, all he does is to set that 'n' vote 'n' let the rest do all the talkin'. He ain't offered to make a speech yet.

Snoggins—Hain't, eh? Waal, if that's the case we order keep him that right along. We're gittin' plenty of chin music from congress now without havin' him chip in.

Business Man's Failing.

The policeman says you stole a pie," remarked the magistrate, "what have you got to say?"

"It's my busy season," explained Tired Tim, "and I was so rushed at the noon hour I'd only time to run out and snatch a little lunch."

Lies Included.

Bach—Ever tell a lie? Chumley—Didn't I say I tell her everything?

CONDUCTOR MAN ONCE MORE

This Time He Has a Fine One About Policeman and Civil Service Clerk.

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