

GATES FOR PANAMA

Canal Will Require Ninety-Two of Them.

West Portals to Be as High as Six-Story House, 65 Feet Wide, 7 Feet Thick—The Cost Will Be \$5,500,000.

Pittsburg—Boys dreaming of gates they will seize as Halloween trophies would not in the wildest nightmare imagine such enormous gates as are being made in Pittsburg for the Panama Canal. They will be the largest gates in the world.

Any one of the 92 of them—for there are to be 46 pairs in all—will be about as high as a six-story building, as wide (65 feet) as many city buildings, and 7 feet thick.

The structural steel that will go to make them will weigh 60,000 tons, or over eight times as much as was used to build the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

The mighty portals, designed to admit a world's commerce from one ocean to another, must withstand a tide of criticism as well as a tremendous pressure of water and possible convulsions of the earth. For years the controversy over gates or no gates, locks or sea level, has been the dividing issue of the canal problem. In the face of fear in some quarters that the foundations on the Isthmus are not sure enough for locks, that earthquakes or water pressure would shatter them, and that an enemy's mines or accidental explosions might easily destroy them, the government has begun to build the gates.

The cost of the gates will be \$5,000,000. Of the 60,000 tons of steel required the heaviest single pieces will weigh about 18 tons. These will be the base girders, which are seven feet long and which will be placed much like the first floor girders of a skyscraper. The series of girders above them will range from 3.8 feet apart near the bottom to 5 feet apart at the top, and over the skeleton structure thus formed a sheeting of water-tight armor plate will be bolted much after the fashion of clapboards on a house.

The thickness of the plates will range from an inch at the base to seven-eighths of an inch at the top. The weight of a single gate will be about 600 tons and the dimensions are 77 to 82 feet high, 60 to 65 feet wide and 7 feet thick.

The thousands of individual pieces, numbered and fitted to go together as easily as children's blocks, will be shipped by steamer via Baltimore and with them will go over 400 skilled structural steel builders to set them up. The advance guard of experts leaves here in December and the first work will probably begin early in 1911. It will take three years to complete the job.

The location of the 46 pairs of gates will be: Twenty at the Gatun dam on the Pacific side, 12 at Pedro Miguel and 14 at Miraflores, near the Atlantic entrance. The gates are designed to hold back water 47.4 feet deep in a channel 110 feet wide, which means a pressure of a million pounds.

Engineers assert that even if a tremendous explosion or earthquake should damage or destroy one or more sets of gates, no great disaster would ensue, for all locks are to be made in duplicate to accommodate traffic in both directions at once, and the wreckage of one set of locks would only necessitate the diversion of commerce into another set. But really violent earthquakes have not occurred in the Panama region for more than two centuries, and it would require a mighty siege for an enemy to destroy the locks.

Each lock will be ample for a ship 50 per cent. larger than any vessel now afloat, and it has been estimated that as many as 100 ocean ships may be handled in a single day.

COW MOOSE IS QUITE TAME

Wanders Far From Usual Haunts of Big Game in Cobosseeconte Lake Region of Maine.

Kennebec, Me.—A lone cow moose far away from the usual haunts of the big game animals, has for some time frequented the Cobosseeconte lake region of Maine. Deer are occasionally seen in that part of the state, which is in Kennebec county, about half a dozen miles west from Hallowell, Gardiner and Augusta. Cow moose are perpetually protected, and not being legal game they have increased in recent years far in excess of the bull. When not molested they become very tame and will walk into a farm yard just to mingle with the cows or join them in the pastures, where the moose seeks out any delectable browse that trees or shrubs may happen to offer.

Giant of Seventy in Fox Chase, Barre, Mass.—W. B. Walker of Point Lake, Ky., grandson of the man who bred the first Walker hounds, now seventy, weighing 325 pounds and six feet four inches tall, was one of a large number of men and women who followed 24 hours in a fox chase.

West Springfield, Mass.—Tom Harper, a trapper, stopped here on his way to New York with a canoe load of skunk skins. Harper says he receives big prices for the skins in New York, where they are treated and sold as the finest mink.

Business is so good that Harper has hired three trappers to work for him.

REVIVING HIS OLD ORCHARD

Wonderful Results of Proper Handling of Aged Apple Trees in Massachusetts.

Boston—J. Stearns Wyman has had an experience in orcharding which will interest growers of fruits. Mr. Wyman's home is in Winchester, and apple trees, some of them half a hundred years old, have bloomed and fruited on his grounds without attention until last year, when he got busy, with a view in mind of trying to make the old trees grow bigger and better fruit.

Large apples were produced by a tree which the owner believed to be the most wretched-looking one in the most wretched-looking orchard in Winchester. It was a down-and-out growth, very old, hopelessly decrepit, and all in as a producer when Mr. Wyman began revival work on it. He cleaned out the hollow trunk, filled the void with cement, removed all loose bark on trunk and limbs, cut away dead branches and covered the cut places with a preparation to keep out the weather.

He did some very close pruning, but that was what the old tree needed, and very early last spring it bloomed in a glory of gladness that surprised some of the neighbors who were quite sure that Mr. Wyman had been too severe in his revival work.

No fertilizers were used. As the weeks rolled their courses the old apple tree seemed to get into the gayety of the sunshine and the breezes. Bees and humming birds quested sweetness in the hearts of its blossoms, robins and finches and bluebirds filtered through its foliage, and early in the summer first baby apples as big as horse chestnuts foretold to Mr. Wyman the autumn coming of big fruit.

MEN FIRST TO WEAR JEWELS

J. P. Morgan Catalogue of Antique Stones Owned by Chicago Art Institute Gives History.

Chicago—That men were the originators of the wearing of jewels and that women merely copied the adornment from men, who gradually ceased using them as decorations, seems proved by the J. Pierpont Morgan Catalogue of famous jewels and work of art now in possession of the Chicago Art Institute.

The institute received this catalogue the other day. It is the fifty-second printed and is for private circulation only. It took four years and \$5,000 to compile the work. The jewels pictured in the catalogue which are in Mr. Morgan's private collection, reach back through history to times when written records did not mark events in human affairs.

The most ancient of the badges and decorations and the inscriptions on their faces indicate that men wore them. As the jewels grew more recent in date, they become more identified with what is feminine and the inscriptions indicate that they were finally worn by women almost exclusively.

The known history of each of the jewels is printed near the reproductions. The catalogue is 18 by 24 inches thick, has 182 printed pages each of history and of illustrations of the jewels.

EXCITING TIME WITH BEES

Little Honey Gatherers Capture Grocery Store, Driving Proprietor and Customers Out.

Troy, N. Y.—E. J. Bouchard, a grocer of Coboes, had an exciting time with a swarm of bees in his store. Mr. Bouchard had on hand 100 pounds of honey and was attracted to the rear of his place by the continual buzzing. Several customers were in the store, and the grocer excused himself until he investigated.

He was greatly surprised to see the great swarm flitting about his honey stock, and for a few minutes watched them come in and go out through a small hole in the rear window.

When Bouchard endeavored to drive the bees away they retaliated, and succeeded not only in driving back the grocer, but in clearing the customers out as well. The grocer was obliged to resort to a smoking process to drive out his unwelcome visitors, and after they had gone he found that all but one or two of his boxes of honey remained untouched.

The bees had evidently been working some time and were busying their approval at the completion of the job when the grocer's attention was attracted.

TRAIN APPLE EATER

How Consumers' League Finds Numerous Recruits.

Members Go About Calling for Fruit and When Restaurants and Hotels Refuse Demands Lives Made Miserable.

New York—A farmer living near Scranton, Pa., disposes of his surplus apples, windfalls, etc., by shipping them to town to be distributed to the children of the factory district.

This is a good way to dispose of cull apples. Every one of these children will become an apple eater and will never get over the habit. We need not fear a surplus of apples in the future while such an army is being trained, says a writer in Rural New Yorker. Every year at this time some one comes asking what the Apple Consumers' league is. It happened that about a dozen years ago the writer had dinner at a well-known New York restaurant. He became apple hungry, but it was impossible to find baked apples or apple sauce on the bill of fare.

He called a waiter and put up a hard complaint. In a short time a very polite man came like one who seeks to side-step trouble and about the following dialogue was spoken: "I hope there is nothing wrong with the food."

"Why, it isn't all here!" "What is lacking?" "Apple! Many of us were born in the country and brought up on apples. We like them and want to go where they are served. Why do you not offer baked apple and apple sauce? This is a first-class restaurant—why not make it complete?"

The manager looked around and saw a dozen heads nod with "That's right!" He was a wise man and merely said: "Well, gentlemen, I'll get them. Thank you for the suggestion."

The next day "Baked Apple and Cream" was written in red ink on the bill of fare. There was a rush for the apples that started the restaurant managers, and several barrels are now served there every week. That suggested the Apple Consumers' league, and we began at once to spread the work. We went about calling for apples, and when the restaurants and hotels failed to offer the fruit we made it our business to make life a burden to the managers. The apple army grew like magic and ere long thousands of travelers took up the refrain. Up to that time the dish of fruit on hotel tables contained bananas and oranges. We filled up these dishes with apples, and made baked apple a fair partner with sliced oranges. There can be no doubt that this simple organization has increased the consumption of apples by 20 per cent.

Some amusing things have grown out of it. The Pennsylvania Horticultural society met at Gettysburg one year. This is the heart of the famous York imperial section, yet there was not even the smell of an apple about the hotel. Some 50 or more guests began to call for apples, and kept it up at supper until the proprietor sent out and bought some Ben Davis, which he served raw. For breakfast the baked fruit came on piping hot.

When the New York fruit growers met at Penn Yan there was served at dinner an apple pie "like mother used to make." The writer found that the hotel cook was a woman and he suggested that she ought to be made an honorary member of the association as a woman who could take a handful of flour, a lump of butter and sugar and even a Ben Davis apple and make a pie that would induce a man to buy a sealskin coat for his mother-in-law.

At the next meal at the hotel there was such a call for apple pie as nearly to bankrupt the kitchen.

NINE TEASPOONS IN STOMACH

Some Wire and a Screw Also Taken From Inane Woman's Digestive Apparatus—Now Dead.

Concord, N. H.—Peculiar facts connected with the death of Miss Catherine J. Mober of Manchester, at the New Hampshire insane asylum in this city have come to light.

Miss Mober became demented about four weeks ago and was sent here for treatment. She seemed to recover to an extent which placed her out of the violent or dangerous class. The other day one of the asylum attendants noticed that Miss Mober was behaving rather queerly with a tablespoon. Before she could be reached by the nurse Miss Mober swallowed the spoon.

The matter was reported to the head physician, who ordered an immediate operation. Anesthetics were applied, and when the stomach was opened nine teaspoons were found therein, four being partly enveloped with hair which had been wound about them.

A good sized screw and a piece of wire five inches in length were also found in the stomach. The authorities say that a man to swallow silverware is not uncommon.

Miss Mober was thirty-five years old. Makes Oyster Harmless. Paris—A fortnight in filtered water, according to French scientists, will cleanse live oysters of the most virulent typhoid germs and make them harmless without lessening their gastronomic qualities.

STATE TO INSURE ALL MEN

England's Contributory Scheme to Counteract Lack of Employment—Outline of Plan.

London—As the British government has already announced that it has in hand a national scheme of insurance against unemployment it may be taken for granted that Sir Hubert Lilwell Smith, who is chief of the permanent staff of the board of trade, indicated semi-officially the lines on which that scheme is based in the address which he delivered recently as president of the economic section of the British association.

"First," he said, "the scheme must be compulsory, otherwise the bad personal risks against which we must always be on our guard would be certain to predominate; second, the scheme must be contributory, for only by exacting rigorously as a necessary qualification for benefit that a sufficient number of weeks' contribution shall have been paid by each recipient can we possibly hope to put limits on the exceptionally bad risks."

"Our analysis leads us step by step to the contemplation of a national contributory scheme of insurance, within the limits of a large group of trades—a group so far as possible self-contained and carefully selected as favorable for the experiment, the funds being derived from compulsory contributions from all those engaged in these trades, with a subsidy and guarantee from the state. The rules relating to benefit should be so devised as to discriminate effectively against unemployment which is mainly due to personal causes, while giving a substantial allowance to those whose unemployment results from industrial causes beyond the control of the individual."

Such a scheme Sir Hubert regards as actually possible, at least for such a group of trades as building, engineering and shipbuilding.

FINDS CURE FOR PELLAGRA

Consists of Transfusion of Blood of Healthy Individuals into Veins of Afflicted.

Chicago—A cure for pellagra is asserted to have been discovered as the result of experiments conducted at the Cook County Infirmary at Dunning. It consists of the transfusion of the blood of healthy individuals into the veins of the afflicted. Out of 34 cases so treated Dr. C. O. Whitte asserted that nearly all have been cured.

"Pellagra is common in our institution," said Dr. Whitte. "The transfusion of healthy blood into the veins of the affected persons is about the only method I know of that will cure it, and certainly we have had great success. I don't think the Rockefeller institute has anything on us in the treatment of these cases, and as a matter of fact, I guess we have a little the best of them because pellagra is uncommon on the east, and they can't get as many patients in New York to work on as we have."

"We have been giving this treatment for about four months and have treated 34 cases. The best blood for transfusion comes from persons who have been cured of the disease, and it only takes one inoculation. Shortly after the treatment we notice that the skin of the patient clears up and he becomes more active in body and alert in mind."

CHINESE "SUGAR-CANE" DAY

Observed in Chicago Chinatown by Consumption of More Than Ten Pounds of Saccharine Article.

Chicago—"Sugar-cane" day was observed in Chicago Chinatown the other day by the consumption of more than a ton of the saccharine article, which is the Chinese favorite confection.

When the first shipment of cane arrived from New Orleans every Chinaman in town came to Clark street to gorge himself on the sweet stuff. In some of the stores where cane was sold there were contests among the gourmands as to which could eat the most.

"Chinamen seldom eat candy," said Frank Woy, the mayor of Chinatown, "but I never knew one who wasn't crazy about sugar cane." "Chinamen have a weakness for chocolate ice cream soda, perfumed soap, sugar cane and having their photographs taken. It is nothing unusual to see a Chinaman buy perfumed soap at 25 and 50 cents a cake. Some of them take a trunkful of it, back to China when they go on a visit."

Dogs to Carry Mail. Seattle, Wash.—The government has closed a contract for monthly mail service by dog sleds to the Otdidar and Inoko gold fields, in Alaska, during the winter. Mail for the new camps and for Fairbanks will go from Cordova, on the coast, to Chitina over the newly completed Copper river railroad, and thence by stage 400 miles to Fairbanks over a new trail. The Valdez and Fairbanks trail has been abandoned as a winter mail route.

Pigeons Win Owner \$1,200. Ithaca, N. Y.—George C. Greminger, a student in the local high school, left home August 8 to exhibit fancy pigeons at various county fairs and at the state fair at Syracuse. The young man has just returned with \$1,200 profit. Greminger won 900 first prizes and several hundred second.

OFFERS FREE FARMS

Motley Horde Seeks Man Who Promises Home Comforts.

Texas Advertiser for 4,000 Settlers—Promises to Furnish Expert Teachers, Seed, and Tools for Working Land.

New York—Manager Copeland Townsend of the Imperial, is trying to figure out whether Theodore Hook, the practical joker, who almost a century ago sent half the tradesmen of London to the houses of modest citizens, with wagons and drays, bearing everything from hairpins to pianos, has not come to life in the person of a man, who described himself on the register of the hotel as "O. L. Williams, of Texas."

Meantime George Burrell, the room clerk, and Adam Lauder, the Scotch laird who presides over the information desk, are growing gray telling inquirers that Mr. Williams has left the hotel; that they know nothing about the 4,000 five acre farms in Texas which Mr. Williams says he is giving away.

Letters and notes accumulate by the stack every day, and citizens of every origin under the sun and would-be citizens who have been here only a week are making the lobby of the Imperial look at times like Ellis Island just after a ship from Libau has discharged its human cargo.

Mr. Williams arrived at the Imperial on October 27 and took a modest \$2 room. After a few days, he was changed to a large room and then, and then he notified some of the papers that he was in town and had some news. He paid his bill about 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the day before the story appeared and has not since been seen. When he left he gave the address of a little town in the extreme north of Texas near the Oklahoma line.

In an interview with Mr. Williams which appeared last Saturday, he was described as the representative of an alliance of commercial and industrial organizations and boards of trade and said he wanted to find 4,000 young men who were not afraid to work.

"Our association," he said, "will give each a deed to a five acre farm and expert farmers will teach him agriculture, horticulture and the art of getting enormous crops from the Texas soil and not only land, but a four room cottage with each five acres, without a dollar of expense."

"Besides, we will furnish teams, tools, seeds and other equipment for working the land, supply provisions, medical attendance and library facilities for one year free. The title to the homes and lands is to be permanent."

Inquiries for Mr. Williams started coming to the hotel early Saturday morning. The earliest comers seemed, according to the clerks, to be just the kind of colonists Mr. Williams said he was seeking, young men of American birth. Some of the local foreign papers copied the story Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning and the result was that a steady stream has been pouring into the Imperial lobby ever since, and then out.

One caller was a long-whiskered man, from the lower east side. He said he wanted a farm. He was told there was none in the hotel just then. "Who has the farm for you?" asked the clerk.

"O'Lillywags" was the reply. "He's in Texas," said the clerk. "Where is dot?" "On the railroad." "Den I get a ticket," and he was directed to a railroad office down the street.

Two young Italians came in. One could speak English, the other could not. The first said that he had been scurrying about among his friends and had got a colony of fifty young men, including a doctor, who were prepared to accept the farms and go to Texas immediately provided Mr. Williams would add the railway fare to other allurements held out.

Continues Smoking at 99. Venerable Pennsylvania Woman Declares Tobacco is Helpful to Her—Tobacco Pastime.

Earville, Pa.—In Amity township, that gave America the early ancestors of Abraham Lincoln and Nancy Hanks and sent Daniel Boone to the Kentucky borders, there was a gathering in honor of Berks county's most remarkable living woman, Mrs. Sallie Shirley. She celebrated her ninety-eighth birthday, and five hundred other Berks countians helped to make the event a happy one for this venerable woman, who had reared twelve children to manhood and to womanhood.

She could hardly believe that she was so near the one-hundred-year mark, and said it seemed but yesterday when she saw some of her sons go to the Civil war to fight for their country.

Five generations were present and saw her light her old clay pipe, for smoking is her pleasant pastime. To the use of tobacco and frugal living she attributes her longevity.

Harvard Man Given Medal. London.—For his researches on the determination of atomic weight the Royal society has awarded the Davy medal to T. W. Richards, professor of chemistry at Harvard.

EUGENIE TO SELL PROPERTY

Former Empress to Convert Estates Into Cash to Save Prince Victor Napoleon's Worry.

Paris. Ex-Empress Eugenie, who is now in her eighty-fifth year, is selling all her property in the country over which she once held sway. In order that Prince Victor Napoleon, who was married the other day to Princess Clementine of Belgium, may have no difficulty in gaining possession of all that belongs to her after she passes away.

It is an open secret that she intends making her nephew, the imperial claimant to the throne of France, the principal heir to her great wealth, which has been estimated as high as \$30,000,000. To relieve him of a repetition of those long drawn out and costly legal proceedings which worried her so much, forty years ago, when the newly formed French republic wanted to keep all the fallen emperor's domains, she wants to turn her landed properties in France into cash now, and leave him money.

Among the estates is that of the famous Solferino palace, in the south of France. That former imperial residence was to have gone under the hammer here recently, but the sale has been postponed, owing to a difference of opinion over the minimum sum which should be accepted. The ex-empress does not want to part with the palace for less than \$120,000, but that is considered excessive by her lawyers in view of the dilapidated condition of the chateau.

Solferino was built less than half a century ago to commemorate a celebrated French victory in the war of 1859. Originally in a bleak part of the sparsely populated department of the Midi, a whole village has since sprung into being around its walls. The emperor was hardly ever in residence there, and all its fittings and furniture were long ago taken away.

Church Runs a Milk Route. Morningside Presbyterian Looks Out for Many Sick Babies of Poor—Unique Charity.

New York—A church that runs a milk route, the only church that does so in New York, was dedicated the other day. It is the Morningside Presbyterian, at Morningside avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-second street, and the milk route is for sick babies of the very poor. For two years this unique charity has been maintained, serving usually 125 babies a day.

With the milk goes a trained nurse. She sees that the milk is modified and then she teaches mothers the best methods for infant treatment. The nurse gives her services. When the work has started there was opposition. Some thought it undignified for a church to modify milk and then it give it away, or even to sell it. But dignity did not find favor with Morningside church authorities. Now it is such a success everybody favors it.

The late John S. Kennedy left to Presbyterians a large amount of money, and \$30,000 of it went to the milk route church. The old building was rebuilt and a parish house erected in this parish house are two assembly halls, a stage with scenery, a roof garden and many other things useful to serve a neighborhood. The pastor, the Rev. Allen W. McCurdy, said that if all of the needed applicants for service were not in the new building it was because nobody had been able to think to include them.

Hornets Clean Out Studio. Artist Hangs Up Nest Over Fireplace—And Has Decidedly Interesting Time—Got Stung.

Wmsted, Conn.—Robert Hamilton, landscape artist of New York, was routed from his studio in the Berkshire hills near Lee, Mass., the other night by hornets which had been brought to the place in cold storage by two women.

The nest, almost as large as a bushel basket, was found in the woods by the women. They cut off the limb to which the nest was fastened and brought the trophy to Hamilton, who placed the nest over his fireplace.

"He was on his porch waiting for the hunter's moon to show over the eastern hills when he heard a roaring noise inside. Thinking the chimney was afire he rushed in. The room was full of hornets, swirling in clouds. The warmth from the fireplace had awakened them. The artist pried open two windows and threw open a door to cool off the place. At midnight he ventured into the house, as the cold air had reduced the army to quiet.

At 3 o'clock the next morning Hamilton had cleaned house and buried a pallful of hornets under the pines. "Did you get stung?" was asked of Hamilton.

"H'm! In what way do you mean?" he sparred. "Oh, by the hornets? No; not by them."

Fat Policeman Quits. Kansas City, Mo.—Herman Hartman, who weighs 305 pounds, quit the local police force the other day because he became too fat on his job.

"When I joined the force five years ago I weighed 185 pounds," said Hartman. "Regardless of my efforts to keep down to my normal weight I put on flesh. I am turning in my club and star and am going into the Ozarks, where I can train down."

One of Hartman's duties was to attend drill squad meetings. He quit just in time to miss one.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

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