

TO EARN OWN LIVING

RICH MAN'S SON QUITS COLLEGE TO WORK ON STREETS.

Dan Streeter, Whose Father is a Millionaire Brooklyn Brewer, Shovel-ing Snow for \$1.25 a Day - Diligence Idleness.

New York.—"My boy is all right, but I won't discuss him," declared M. B. Streeter, a millionaire Brooklyn brewer, the other day. "All lads at his age have ideas, but Dan will come out all right. You take it from me—he will come out all right."

There is a serious question in the minds of young Streeter's classmates at Columbia university whether he will come out all right according to the ideas of his father. They are of the opinion that there is no question that the boy will come out all right according to his own ideas, which are considerably at variance with those held by his male parent and boys of his own class.

In short young Streeter is strong for the seamy side of life. Not the seamy side of Upper Broadway with its bright lights, gay chorus girls and wine parties, but the seamy side of the lower East side—the suffering of the poorer classes and their economic problems.

Besides, young Streeter has a decided aversion to idleness. He wants to earn his own bread. He cannot see the justice of his being heir to a luxury which he did not accumulate. He wants to take his position with the rest of his generation and fight his way up from the bottom of the ladder. To that end, the boy recently joined the ranks of the toilers in the street removing snow and earning \$1.25 a day.

Daniel D. Streeter, the hero of this story, is a junior in the Columbia science class. He has been living in a magnificent suite of rooms in the university dormitory, Livingston hall. At a small farewell party to some of his cronies he told them that he was tired of getting money from his parents—money which he did not earn—and he said that he was going to get out on life's firing line.

"This silver-spoon business is all right for a weakling," he told his chums, "but not for me. I am going to see if I can earn some money myself. I bet I can. And I am going to go about it in the right way. I don't want a letter from dad to one of his business friends. I am going to hit out for something to do on the merit of my own presentation."

The boys at first took young Streeter's declaration as a joke. They gaped at him. But when he announced that he was going forth into the world penniless they begged him to go easy and eschew his "all-born-equal" views.

"You can play the game just as well by living at home and going—say twice a week—into the poor districts," suggested one.

"You boys don't understand me, nor does dad," replied young Streeter. "I am going to hit out for myself and burn the bridges."

Then Streeter disappeared from his rooms. He at first said he might get work in the Pennsylvania tunnel, but he changed his mind when he observed the great white mantle which covered New York. He decided to become a "White Wing" and live in a cheap lodging house. He has.

"Streeter may be looked upon as eccentric," said the sociology professor at Columbia university, "but I hold that he is far above the average of rich men's sons. He is bound to make his mark, for his ideas are ahead of the times. His father should be proud of such a son."

Mr. Streeter, father of the candidate for money-earning honors, was found in his beautiful home in Williamsburg. He was plainly nervous when asked about his son's entry into the street cleaning squad and immediately proffered a cigar. His forced gaiety, after stating that his boy would come out all right when his ideas changed, found this final expression: "Too much knowledge is a bad thing—very bad thing."

REDEEMED OLD NOTE.

Obligation of New England Bank Bore Date of August 24, 1845.

Fitchburg, Mass.—Harry G. Townsend, cashier of the Fitchburg National bank, which was reorganized in 1845 from a state bank, was requested by W. C. Foster of Waltham to take up an old note of the state bank, dated August 24, 1845, and made payable to some one, but the name could not be deciphered. The note was signed by Francis Perkins, president, and Ebenezer Torrey, cashier of the Fitchburg bank, and was indorsed by James G. Hovey on July 8, 1846.

Mr. Foster wrote that he thought the note might be worth a premium, but it is not, and inasmuch as there is no obligation on the part of the Fitchburg National bank to redeem it it is of no value except as a relic.

Mr. Townsend redeemed the note at its face value and will have it framed and hung in his office.

Babies Must Pay Full Fares. New York.—According to the terms of a peace agreed upon by the conference of the steamship lines in London hereafter children between the ages of two and ten years will not be carried at half price. Full fare for all children, including babies, will be exacted.

CONNECTICUT'S OWN SALOON.

Two Centuries Ago It Ran an Inn Acquired Under Foreclosure.

Hartford, Conn.—In connection with the recent temperance agitation it is recalled that Connecticut once ran a saloon and that the Connecticut legislators moved into the saloon to transact their business.

On May 17, 1660, one Jeremiah Adams, a member of the flock of Rev. Thomas Hooker, who migrated from Cambridge, Mass., to settle this town, secured a monopoly of the retail liquor business for this village. At a session of the Connecticut lawmakers held in Hartford on March 1, 1661, Adams obtained a license to conduct an inn, the permit to be held by Adams and his heirs or successors as long as they conducted the place "to the good liking and approbation of ye Genl Court."

But travelers were few, and the first liquor enterprise in the capital was not a success, for on January 14, 1690, Adams' property went into the hands of a receiver, and the colony took possession on foreclosure proceedings. The Connecticut lawmakers then had the saloon on their hands. Under their management the tavern was named the Bunch of Grapes, and for a number of years was the best known public house between New York and Boston.

The general court of Connecticut set aside a room in the upper part of the building for a legislative hall and meetings were held there. For four years the colony of Connecticut prospered in the saloon business, and then sold out to Zachariah Sanford, Adams' grandson.

It was during the time that he ran the hostelry that Capt. Joseph Wadsworth stole the charter from Sir Edmund Andros and hid it in the Charter Oak.

BILLIONS IN FARM ANIMALS.

Government Report Shows Enormous Worth of Live Stock in Country.

Washington.—The crop-reporting board of the bureau of statistics of the department of agriculture in a bulletin issued reports the numbers and values of farm animals on farms and ranges in the United States on Jan. 1, 1908, as follows:

Table with columns: Animal Type, No., Aver. Price, Total Value. Includes Horses, Mules, Cattle, Sheep, Swine.

Compared with Jan. 1, 1907, horses have increased 245,000; mules, 53,000; milch cows, 726,000; other cattle decreased 1,493,000; sheep increased 1,391,000 and swine 1,290,000.

In average value per head horses decreased 10 cents, mules \$4.40, milch cows 33 cents, other cattle 21 cents, sheep increased 4 cents and swine decreased \$1.57.

The total value of all animals enumerated on Jan. 1, 1908, was \$4,831,230,000, as compared with \$4,423,698,000 on Jan. 1, 1907, a decrease of \$92,468,000, or 2.1 per cent.

CLERK IS HEIR TO A FORTUNE.

Post Office Employee Is Bequeathed \$50,000 by His Aunt.

New York.—Haywood F. Norton, aged 36, was up to recently a hard working and ambitious clerk in the general postoffice in New York. Mrs. Mary Ahearn, a sweet-natured widow of 55, was his aunt. When she died the other day and her will was opened, it was found that her nephews, Haywood F. and William Norton, and her niece, Mrs. Mary Claus of Brooklyn, had inherited her fortune, amounting to considerably more than \$100,000. A house at 134 West Sixty-sixth street was left to Haywood.

When, after the funeral, Norton was asked to stay and hear the will read, he tried to beg off on the strength of getting back to work.

When he learned that to him had been left nearly \$50,000 he was speechless. His brother William, an electrician, is in Denver wiring the auditorium in which the Democratic national convention will be held.

HONOR FOR YORK GIRL DOCTOR.

Discoverer of Electric Anesthesia to Apply System on Large Scale.

Paris.—Miss Louise G. Robinovitch, the young New York physician who won eminence in France and Germany by the successful application of electric anesthesia in cases where chloroform and ether generally had been used, will soon receive a grant from the Paris authorities which will permit her to apply the system on a large scale in local insane asylums.

Louis Pariot, a prominent scientist, said Miss Robinovitch's discovery is destined to exert a profound influence in the practice of both surgery and medicine.

Under the influence of electric anesthesia the patient may be kept asleep for many hours, while the blood pressure remains normal. No evil after effects result. The system is also successfully used in the treatment of nervous diseases, delirium tremens and other forms of acute mania.

Discovers Old Document.

Newark, N. J.—A document bearing the signature of George Washington has been found among the records in the Essex county courthouse. It was discovered by County Clerk John B. Woolsten, and steps to preserve it properly will be taken at once. The document is a certificate that Colonel Francis Barber, commandant of the Second New Jersey regiment in the revolutionary war, was killed February 11, 1783.

ALL KNOW THIS MAN

THE TIME-STEALER ONE OF THE EVERLASTING NUISANCES.

Minutes, Hours, Days and Weeks Are His Plunder—Foe to Industry with Whom It is Very Hard to Deal.

He is known among his acquaintances—and about everybody knows him—as the time thief. Not that he relieves his friends of their watches; that wouldn't be so bad, because watches can be replaced, but the time thief takes what can never be recovered or duplicated—minutes and hours, and days and weeks, which do not belong to him. Unlike the ordinary thief who steals from those who have the most of what he covets, the time thief steals the golden moments from those who have the fewest to spare.

The time thief is not ordinarily a bad sort of fellow. But for his pernicious habit of taking what does not belong to him he might be a good citizen and an ornament to society. The modus operandi of this foe to industry constitutes the peculiar enormity of his offense, for he carries on his nefarious business openly and cheerfully, persuaded that he is an angel of beneficence to his fellow men.

He "blows" breezily into the office of his victim at the busiest hour of the day and this is what takes place:

"Hallo, old chap," says the time thief, slapping his victim on the back. "There you are with your nose at the grindstone again. You'll peg out one of these days and never know you've been alive."

"How are you?" returns the victim, with forced politeness, for of course it is impossible to kick the time thief. "You'll excuse me if I finish what I'm at here—awfully busy this afternoon."

"Busy, nothing," says the time thief, jocularly. "You only think you're busy. Nothing but habit, old man, nothing at all but habit. If I didn't drop in every day or two to jar you out of your ruts I don't know what would become of you. Now, just chuck that pen while I'm here and put your feet up on the desk. Got a little story I want to tell you."

But the victim, who has been through all this before, laughs as politely as possible, and keeps on with his work. If the time thief didn't have a hide as thick as an alligator he'd take the hint and ramble out. But such a course never occurs to him. Being a time thief, he won't go until he has obtained enough plunder to make it worth his while. Accordingly, he plunks himself down in a chair, puts his feet on the desk, and tells his little story. The telephone rings, visitors arrive to transact business with the victim, the office boy comes in with papers for him to sign. These are very annoying interruptions for the time thief, but they do not discourage him to the point of giving up his attack. He always begins again at the point where he left off and carries his story through to the end—and begins another.

The time thief never has any business of his own, and never can see why anybody else should have any. "Look at me," he says boastfully. "I look 20 years younger than you do now, and I'll live that much longer than you. All because I know how to live. Well, so long for now; I'll drop in again to-morrow and cheer you up again."

Although the time thief boasts that he knows how to take things easy, it would be worth while to have him tackled by another time thief. The chances are that he would see things in a different light at once. But the effect would only be temporary, and he would pounce on his victim with all the more delight at the next opportunity. In all probability the time thief will last while time lasts.

Gorillas Terrorize Congo Natives.

Alfred Yorke, a young explorer, who has returned to London from the French Congo, brought back with him three immense gorillas. He states that a section of the French Congo and the German Cameroons is filled with these big beasts.

The natives had been driven away by the ferocious animals, which had even succeeded in getting rid of all the monkeys.

These animals are generally armed with heavy clubs, and woe to the caravan that is attacked by them. Mr. Yorke describes one such incident that happened to the caravan with which he was traveling, and says that he and his companions owe their lives to the large amount of ammunition they carried, with which they succeeded in routing the gorillas.

Color Photography.

The London Times says that the work of pioneers in color photography has reached a promising stage and that a plate is now on sale upon which a fairly satisfactory heliochrome transparency may be made with one exposure and with little more trouble than when making an ordinary negative.

Why He Fought.

Magistrate—Pat Murphy, the constable says you were fighting. What have you to say for yourself? Pat Murphy—Well, your worship, Oi had a clean white shirt on, an' Oi was so mighty proud av it that Oi got up a bit av a row wid a mon so av Oi cud take me coat an' wescot off and show it.

NEW YORK IN THE REVOLUTION.

Gotham Was Tory to the Core During the Great Struggle.

New York was tory to the core. Those who think it sordid and commercial to-day should pore over the records of the actual history of its men of affairs in the years when the common people were fighting battles for independence, says the Success Magazine in an article on Tammany hall. No soldiers marched out from its streets to join the ranks of men under Washington. Its wealth paid no taxes for the support of the revolutionary cause. The future metropolis was dominated by alleged Americans who believed that independence menaced their vested interests. They were convinced that democracy threatened their social prestige, they were instinctively fond of the gauds and trappings of royalty, they set money and position above country—they were the laissez faire of half a century later, and the smug prototypes of the bourbon reactionaries of to-day.

It was their influence which prolonged the war of independence. They believed that only the power of royalty could keep the despised mob under control. They had stubbornly and successfully resisted every attempt of the masses to secure even a vestige of political right. They dreaded lest a time should come when men with ballots in their hands should attempt to confiscate their property. They had no more patriotism than a modern corporation seeking to evade its taxes or to steal a franchise. This numerous and powerful class did its best to thwart American liberty, and when it was won despite them there was consternation in the mansions of New York. With tears and forebodings they watched the evacuation of the city by the British; some of them fled, but most of them remained.

Game of Loggats Revived.

A club has been formed in western Canada to play the old English game of loggats which has long fallen into disuse in the old country. The pastime is alluded to by Shakespeare.

The game consists in throwing a pin called a loggat at a stake driven into the ground. The player who gets his loggat nearest the mark wins. This is essentially our French game of quoits, which every one in America pronounces "quats." The difference is that we use a heavy disk, or in many regions a horseshoe instead of a pin.

Of loggats, Stevens, the Shakespearean commentator, who died in 1860, says: "I have seen it played in different counties at their sheep shearing feasts, where the winner was entitled to a black fleece, which he afterward presented to the farmer's maid to spin for the purpose of making a petticoat on condition that she kneel down on the fleece to be kissed by all the rustics present."—Springfield Republican.

The Loves of a Violinist.

"A violinist," said M. Ysaye, "can love as many fiddles as a sultan can love wives, and more. I should like a violin harem—a regular seraglio of fiddles—Stradis, Guadagninis, a Guarnerius or two, a few Amatis and even a few Gaglianos." Once, early in his career, he was passionately attracted by an alleged Guadagnini in a pawnbroker's window in Hamburg. Buying it was out of the question, and the pawnbroker, after much persuasion, only consented to lay aside the instrument for awhile. Even then possession seemed remote until Ysaye, meeting a diamond-dealing friend actually fired him with so much enthusiasm for fiddles that he consented to leave a bag of stones with the pawnbroker as security for the instrument. "In this way," says Ysaye, "I was married to my first love among the fiddles, my beautiful Guadagnini."

Diplomats, Doctors and Doctrinaires.

There were two diplomats in the house gallery in Washington the other day, and as they went out one said to the other, quite apropos of nothing: "My dear colleague, do you remember what Voltaire said—'doctors are people who pour dogs, of which they know little, into a body, of which they know less?'"

His companion laughed. "Do you remember," he asked, "what a countryman of Voltaire's, a very distinguished physician, said to a patient who had a slight attack of indigestion, and was convinced that he was dying of heart disease?—'I haven't as yet made the diagnosis, but do not alarm yourself needlessly, for we will be able to discover everything at the autopsy.'"

Then they both laughed. They had been listening to a man expounding a scheme for currency reform.—Harper's Weekly.

Where the Shoe Pinched.

"It was easy for Mr. Randall to bear with his wife's remarkable decision of character, at all times, but her endurance he found most difficult to endure.

"I can't quite comprehend her," he confided to his brother after one trying experience. "Many years as we have been married she still surprises me. Why, all in the same day, sometimes in the same hour, she will set me a disturbance in the kitchen, put the children just where they belong, adjust some matter in the church, and then, when her judgment ought to be at its best, display the most astounding obstinacy in attempting to regulate my goings out or comings in. It's—It's incomprehensible."—Youth's Companion.

SYRIA BUYING OLEO

ACTIVE DEMAND THERE FOR AMERICAN FOOD PRODUCT.

United States Consul Jackson of Alexandria Makes Interesting Report Regarding Shortage of Butter in Holy Land.

Washington.—Consul Jesse B. Jackson of Alexandria reports that the importation of the products of cottonseed oil into Syria is increasing very rapidly, due principally to the shortage in the production of butter. The consul continues:

The constant exportation of sheep and cattle, together with the ravages of disease among the flocks and herds, has brought about an enormous decrease in the number of butter-producing animals in all this part of the Ottoman empire. Heretofore butter and olive oil were the only fats used for culinary purposes, principally because of their great production throughout the country, and further because the Mohammedan population are firmly against the use of pork and all of its products.

Some small consignments of cottonseed oil have been received from time to time and used principally for mixing paints and for lubricating purposes, but as yet there is very little demand for it. None is used for cooking purposes, quite a sufficient quantity of olive oil being regularly produced to meet the requirements of the trade.

The recent continued advance in the prices of foodstuffs in general and of butter in particular, has placed this commodity out of reach of great masses of the people, who, of necessity are compelled to resort to a cheaper article. They naturally turn to the most wholesome and convenient thing at hand, which in this case proves to be oleomargarine, or "American butter," as they are disposed to term it. Certain commission agents of this consular district are just now very active in the quest of this article, against the use of which there is no prejudice whatever, but on the contrary it is rapidly growing in favor, the market extending to every community.

It must be borne in mind by exporters that there is one thing necessary to maintain the continuation of this increase in trade and to hold the business when it has once been established, and that is that the quality of the importation must remain as good as it is at present, and shipments must always be fresh and free from any unpleasant flavor.

There is another matter that is true of nearly every item of importation from America, and is most strikingly apparent in the case of oleomargarine, and which has a great tendency to retard the business. That is that certain parties at Constantinople have secured exclusive representation of all of the American companies for all of the local key, thereby shutting out the local importers, who will not do business except directly with the firms in the United States.

The local commission houses, through whom practically all the goods are imported, are, to a great extent, in control of the trade of their patrons, who are reluctant to buy except through their regular representatives. If American exporters will take up this matter direct with the principal importers of this consular district, it will be much to their advantage. Prices should be quoted per kilo of 2.2 pounds, c. i. f. Alexandria or Mersina, as the case may be, and all correspondence should be in French.

MUCH WOOD STILL USED.

More Than Half of Big City Buildings Are So Constructed.

Washington.—In a report regarding building operations and the lumber supply, the geological survey says that the increasing price of lumber and a rapidly increasing use of perfected fireproof systems of construction should have much to do in holding down the amount which forests are called upon to yield each year, but that so far these more substantial materials have not decreased the lumber cut of the nation.

Notwithstanding the remarkable increase in the use of cement and other fireproof materials, the last reports of the building operations in 49 of the leading cities of the United States for the year, collected by the geological survey show that 69 per cent. were of wooden construction. This does not include the large quantities of lumber used for the construction of dwellings, stores and other buildings in the thousands of small cities and towns scattered over the country and not included in the 49 cities on which a reckoning was made.

In towns and small cities wood is usually the predominating building material and it is safe to say that if the statistics had included figures for all places of whatever size the percentage of wooden construction would have been much greater.

Sleep in Class, Don't Score.

Minneapolis, Minn.—"If you must sleep in class do it quietly—don't snore," advised Dean W. S. Pattee to the students of the Minnesota Law school. The dean was giving one of the classes a little instruction on the manner of treating special lecturers and others outside the regular faculty who from time to time address the students. "Don't wiggle around in your seats; sit there quietly. But whatever else you do don't make a noise and distract the lecturer's attention. He may mistake it for disrespect."

ALL USED WOODEN TRENCHERS.

Substitutes for Crockery Ware Nearly Two Hundred Years Ago.

Our readers may like to be reminded of how comparatively late in our history the absence of cheap crockery kept the wooden trencher in use. In the eighteenth century, silver in the dining room and pewter below stairs were abundant for all dinner table use in large and wealthy households.

But that the number of metal plates and dishes was insufficient to meet the requirements of extraordinary occasions is seen in a description of a dinner given by Lord Malton to his tenants in 1738.

It was at Woodhouse that the feast takes place at which we hear that "tis an out of the way thing, the people are to dine upon wooden dishes; they cut down wood on purpose to make them of."

One of the company describes the affair in a letter to the Lord Stratford of the time, Lord Malton's neighbor at Wentworth castle.

"There was in the prayer hall six tables made of deals with benches, such as in the tents at Boughton fair. At four of them there might be about 32 people, the other two something above half the number, the tables being less.

"Our dishes stood single, the table allowing no more; first dish, roast pork; 2nd, turkey; 3rd, venison pasty; 4th, cold beef; 5th, fruit pudding; 6th, a goose; 7th, apple pie; 8th, a hog's head in sauce; so then the course began again, and kept in this form to every table."

"We ate upon trenchers and wood dishes, and drank in horns; my lord did the same. The horns held red punch and the punch was made strong, and the common people drunk full horns just after dinner that 2 or 3 horns would make them drunk or sick."

It is noticeable that ale was drunk at my lord's table, but as he was reputed not to keep "any great stock of malt drink," punch was served at all other tables as being "the cheapest liquor to make treat of."

"A treat" meant taking too much, and this was so successfully accomplished that "there was one man found dead, supposed to be choked with punch."—Country Life.

Trees Planted by Insects.

The uses of worms in wood and field have been discovered by G. A. Andrews. It has long been known that squirrels aid the forester by burying nuts, of which some sprout and ultimately develop into trees, but that also he is indebted to earth worms for like services is knowledge new. It appears that the dry flat fruits of the silver maple are frequently used by worms to plug the apertures of their burrows in the fashion long since described by Darwin. In districts too dry for them to germinate under ordinary conditions a certain proportion of maple seeds thus drawn into their holes by the worms were found to sprout and grow into seedlings, and, although these ultimately perished under the influence of the late summer drought, Mr. Andrews thinks that under less unfavorable conditions a certain number would survive. He believes that by planting trees worms more than amend the damage with which they are credited through destroying seedlings in the gardens.

Exterminating Head Hunters.

All efforts to subdue the "head hunters" of Formosa having been unsuccessful, a campaign of extermination has been entered upon, and now when a company of head hunters is located the place is surrounded by a wire fence. The wires are charged with electricity. The soldiers begie to shoot; the savages stampede, and then the deadly wires get those that the bullets miss. There are about 100,000 of these head hunters infesting the eastern coast of the island, and all efforts to make them desirable citizens have failed. They recently lured a party of 300 Japanese and Chinese into an ambush and killed them all but three, for the mere pleasure of killing.

Talented German Empress.

Empress Augusta Victoria is a thoroughly womanly woman, but she is by no means the mere hausfrau that she is often supposed to be. In fact, she has decidedly artistic tastes, and is a sculptor and painter of no mean ability. In her husband's study at Potsdam there is a life-like bust of the emperor in bronze and several of her own have been portrayed by her in marble. Her majesty is very fond of beautiful fans and she has some valuable specimens of them. Many were gifts from the emperor, and one was made of feathers of the grouse that fell to his gun. Some others, beautifully painted, bear the signatures of great artists.

Russian Woman Novelist.

The new Russian novelist who writes under the name of Ivan Stranik is in private life Mme. Antchhoff, her husband being a professor in the University of Kiev. She writes in French entirely, because, as she explains, she liked to say freely what she thought, a thing impossible up to this year in Russia. It was Mme. Antchhoff who introduced Gorky to the west by translating a collection of his tales into French. Her own books, which number about half a dozen, are designed to give an idea of life in Russia among the upper middle class and of the Russians outside of Russia.