

# Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## THE VOLUNTARY PHYSICIANS.

**T**HE food faddists have had an enthusiastic time of it since the agitation over the high cost of living. They have written bushels of advice, contrasted the protid material in sea weeds with the starches of potatoes, and told to a grain the exact nourishment that can be squeezed out of soup bones. They have possibly caught a few converts. The arguments have a more plausible sound when beefsteak is up. Yet in preaching the lofty doctrine of saving waste no thought has been given to the waste of breath and ink. Which is hardly good logic on the part of the faddists.

The fact is that no one properly can prescribe the menu which should be eaten by the normally healthy person. The old axiom that one man's food is another's poison is still as true as it ever was. If a vegetarian diet agrees with an office-worker or a housewife who gets little out-of-doors it does not follow that a manual laborer can thrive upon cabbage and beans. Let those with poor digestion take joy in the so-called predigested foods, but don't attempt to force predigested things upon your neighbor who doesn't know the simplest symptoms of stomachache. Because native tribes of India never eat meat, that is no reason why we in America should cease to eat roast beef any more than because Hindoos worship idols, it would be excellent policy to set up a few brass figures in our households.

The movement for food reform of course does no harm. Some one may find relief to pursue and physiology. And the faddists have a good time. Perhaps this is the essential point in the whole agitation.—Toledo Blade.

## MARRIAGE ON LESS THAN \$2,000 A YEAR.

**U**NLESS you have \$2,000 a year you shall not wed. Such is the way to escape both poverty and divorce voiced by the Rev. Wright Gibson of Pittsburg. How simple his solution! How eloquent of human nature and the travail that has made it human. Here is the open sesame to a Golden Age, writ in the language of a Commercial Age. "Unless you have \$2,000 a year you shall not wed."

Beware, trusting brides who dream that the keystone of affection is bearing and forbearing; this means you. Beware, rash young men, conscious of your power to scale great heights for her you love; this means you. Beware, unfortunate couples who imagine that love is not measured by dollars, but by sacrifice and struggle; this surely means you. How much better to grow old alone than to share your burdens with each other and grow young together—unless you have \$2,000 a year.

Look at the millions of your kind. Point out one who is content on less. The hundreds you know who plod along on half that sum, with children about them—living the true life for others—no, they are not happy. Those other thousands in city and on farm, doing what they have to do, going their way cheerfully, loving and

beloved, they are not happy—on the wrong side of the \$2,000 mark; poverty looms before them, the advocate of divorce. Let these unhappy millions rejoice with the Rev. Wright Gibson of Pittsburg that he has discovered the ban to hunger and the Gordian knot of marriage.

But if they disagree and shake their miserable heads and smile compassion out of contented eyes—what then? And if they say, "The struggle to do our best has made us rich and kept us human and left us rejoicing"—what then? Perhaps the Rev. Gibson of Pittsburg has the answer.—Chicago Examiner.

## COLD STORAGE AND HIGH PRICES.

**T**HE invention of cold storage, which ought to have been made a blessing to mankind, has turned into an engine of oppression. It has apparently made possible the formation of the worst of all trusts—the trust that corners the food supply of the people, and wrings from them an exorbitant profit. The operation of cold storage plants has taken meat and eggs and butter and other food products out of the market in summer, when they are plentiful and should be low in price. The process tends to maintain a price level that is artificially high, since the products that are by nature perishable have become almost imperishable. The low prices of the summer have been turned into high prices, and the high prices of winter have been forced still higher.

Cold storage, if properly used, would give the consumer practically fresh food products the year round at fair prices. But it is evident that there is some sort of agreement or combination among the cold storage people whereby artificially high prices are maintained. A New Jersey grand jury found that no less than 36,000,000 eggs were in cold storage across the Hudson from New York. They have been there nearly a year. They have been held back for fear of breaking the market. This sort of thing is very close to the line of criminality. It is time the business of cold-storing food products was supervised and regulated. There ought to be a time limit placed on such storage. Products should be regularly inspected and ordered placed on the market at the end of a reasonable time. The concealment of a surplus when the price tends downward ought to be prevented. The mere publicity of the fact would have a strong regulative influence on price. The price of wheat is based on certain well-known factors, the chief of which is the visible supply. Let the facts be known about the visible supply of eggs and the price of eggs would tend to find its proper level.

There is, too, the public health to be considered. Meats are often kept in storage too long. When they are "high" they are tender, but they are close to the danger point for human consumption. Stored eggs in time get stale and ill-favored.

There are many reasons why the cold storage business ought to be investigated and regulated, but the chief of them is the fact that the public is now being robbed by unduly high prices on the perishable sorts of foodstuffs.—Minneapolis Journal.

## CANADA GETTING OUR BEST.

**W**hy the Highest Type of Immigrant is Crossing the Border. Colonel John H. Conrad, who has a town in Alaska named after him, Conrad City, where he spends the hot weather, has just got back from the Saskatchewan region in Canada, where he has a ranch of many thousand acres. He says that settlers are pouring into that country. Colonel Conrad's ranch is on the Canadian Pacific Railway, some 700 miles northwest of Duluth, and on it he raises cattle and wheat.

The best settlers up there are Americans from the western states," said Colonel Conrad at the Hotel Belmont, according to the New York Sun. "Why do they go up there? Well, only a few years ago the territories had free land. Now they haven't because the government scooped up all there was left and put it into reservations. Many of the farmers in the west got their start by homesteading and they have become so rich that they are able to send their sons over into Canada, where land is cheap.

"An astonishing thing I saw up there once was the arrival of a trainload of American emigrants, who brought on the same train their horses and wagons and a steam plow. They arrived in the morning, got their tents pitched and the train unloaded and that afternoon the steam plow was working. One immigrant like that is worth a dozen foreigners. There has been an average of 150,000 there a year coming into the country in the last five years. As soon as they get there they become Canadians.

"The development that is going on in that part of Canada is beyond belief. It is the greatest boom that any country ever had, and it will continue many years. Why, it is no unusual thing for a farmer to make enough money out of his first year's crop to pay for his whole farm and give him a handsome margin. You can get government land for \$1.25 an acre and you can buy all the other land you want for from \$8 to \$10 an acre. Then lumber mills and flour mills are going up in every direction.

"What is helping the country up there is the tremendous railroad building that is going on. It is the richest farming country in the world and it abounds in game. "Alaska is the richest mining country in the world, and if the national government would only assist the railroad building it would soon get its money back a hundredfold," Colonel Conrad continued. "There is a disposition in politics to cry 'wolf' when Alaska is mentioned, but the pioneers who have been putting their time and money into the development of the country should be encouraged. I have helped for forty-odd years to develop various western states, and I know that the government rights in Alaska are much better protected than they were out west. There is untold wealth in Alaska simply awaiting development, and the latter is proceeding a vast deal more slowly than if we had roads up there."

## GIRLS' INCREASING HEIGHT.

**C**omparison of Dress Measurements To-Be Made Ten Years Ago. A search of the garment for old-fashioned clothes "to dress up in" does not yield so much as it once did. Behold, when great-grandmother's gowns come to light they are all too small for the young generation. It is not a mere matter of stays and busks, for if it were a tightened corset lacing might be endured for a single evening. But the girl of to-day is hopelessly taller than her forbear, and there is no remedy for the skirt, waist and sleeves too short.

The increase in the height of American women has doubtless gone on steadily for fifty years, but measurements have altered markedly. In the last ten years, says the Youth's Companion. A skirt of forty-one inches was considered long in 1895. Now skirts of forty-four and forty-five inches are made by wholesale. Grandmother stood barely five feet in her shoes, but her daughter measures five feet four inches, and her athletic granddaughter measures from five feet seven to five feet eleven in her stockings.

The increase in height is not an un-mixed good. To begin with, long clothes cost more than short ones. Six inches added to length of skirt and dress makes an actual increase in the cost of material. Moreover, tall girls, especially if they are slender, are not so easily fitted in the cheaper ready-made garments. The large sizes all seem calculated for stout women.

Strangely enough, the average stature of the men of the coming generation has not increased so fast as that of the women, and there are many men not so tall as the girls of their own age. Such a man fears to dance or walk or even to talk with a woman to whom he must look up physically, whatever he may prefer in her of moral superiority. It is little short of tragic when a long line of tall girls files past a group of short men, each avoiding the other with blank gaze and the secret reflection, "How I should look with him—her!"

## Dew Water.

The ancient "dew ponds" of England have their modern counterparts on the rock of Gibraltar, where drinking water is obtained by the condensation of the abundant dew in specially prepared basins. The primitive process consists in making a hollow in the ground and filling the bottom with dry straw, over which is placed a layer of clay. On a clear night the dew makes an actual increase in the condensed into water in the basin. The pond is improved by putting a layer of asphalt or portland cement under the straw. At Gibraltar the present practice is to use wood instead of straw and sheet iron instead of clay.

**Why Patrick Henry Said It.** An Indian boy at Hampton wrote the following in a composition on Patrick Henry: "Patrick Henry was not a very bright boy. He had blue eyes and light hair. He got married and then said, 'Give me liberty or give me death!'"

Somehow, one never finds any fault with the misspelling in a good cook's book.

## WHY MARRIAGE IS FATAL.

**C**oarse Familiarity Which Disrupts the Domestic Hearth. Glancing idly over the "home page" of an esteemed but yellow contemporary we come upon an interesting treatise upon conjugal etiquette, in which the doctrine is laid down that no truly refined woman ever in the presence of menials, "invited guests" and the general public, says the learned writer, the cultured wife should always say "my husband," and when discoursing to her relatives and intimate friends she should say "John."

To her children, of course, she may speak of their father as "paw," "pop" or "pah-p-a-a-a-h;" and in her conferences with her attorney during divorce proceedings she may use some short euphemism, such as "him," "that" or "that man," but in general she should confine herself to "my husband" and "John." "Mr. Blank," we are told, is a relic of the preposterous '70s, when people covered haircloth furniture with tildes and made their homes gay with knitted mottoes and wax fruit under glass bells.

It is our constant policy to accept without question the dicta of all conventional, and self-constituted authorities, the Baltimore Sun says, but in the present case we feel within us the ferment of rebellion. That is to say, we refuse to believe that it is vulgar for a woman to speak of her husband as "Mr. Blank" or even for her to address him thus directly. On the contrary, we hold that the ancient custom, in both its branches, is one that deserves to be revived and cultivated; that is an admirable symbol of the awe and respect with which every wife should regard her lawful governor and bishop; that it elevates and mellows the husband by improving his self-respect.

One of the great objections to matrimony, among thoughtful men, is the familiarity which it involves. A man, let us say, of earnest purposes and high attainments, who has won an enviable place among his fellow men and has grown accustomed to being approached with deference and respect, is married suddenly to some worthy but undistinguished young woman, and at once he finds himself treated like a rah-rah boy or a favorite baseball player. His wife, seeking to please him and set him at his ease, calls him "dearie" or "kid," and tries to kiss him while he is thinking or talking. Her parents, presuming upon their vacuous seniority, speak of him as "Johnny" or "Maggie's John." Her sisters, invading the privacy of his home, bawl, "John! John! John!" down the stairs; her unseemable brothers call him "Jack" and strike him on the back. No wonder marriage is so often fatal to the higher sort of men.

As a matter of fact, all such men shiver with fastidious horror whenever they are addressed by their Christian or given names. The custom precludes a degree of familiarity, a coarse irreverence, which they cannot brook. The use of the given name, indeed, is a privilege belonging only to blood relatives, and then only to those immediately related—i. e., parents, brothers and sisters. For the relatives of his wife, to third and fourth degree, so to call him is a gratuitous outrage upon his dignity, an indefensible fence against good manners.

## COURAGE AND BRAINS.

**A Rare Combination, But One Which Is Always Respected.** "Some men," said a business manager, "are afraid of responsibility, some men welcome it; either sort of man may be good and useful or bad and harmful, according to his special development. "There are timid men who need somebody always to lean upon but who under guidance are faithful and effective workers; and then there are men afraid of responsibility who are always irresolute and ineffective, who never can be prodded into anything but the dulllest of dull routine work and who must always stay down close to the ground, men of small account. "Then among men not afraid to take responsibility, you find some who are too cocksure about it, ready to settle any question that comes up to them right off the bat, big or little, going ahead jauntily, splash; not a good sort of man this to have at a responsible post.

"Also you have the man not afraid who thrives on responsibility and enjoys the increase of power, but who is cool and clear headed, a man of keen and true discernment who knows instinctively and logically what is the right thing to do and who then fearlessly goes ahead and does it, a man of brain and courage. A rare combination this, and the man that possesses it gets far.

"For courage is the manly attribute that men most admire; we'd all dearly love to be courageous, to dare; and the man of courage plus brains, the man not afraid to take the responsibility to make good, we cotton to, and him most of us are willing to follow and obey. He can have what he wants in this world, and if he should want it he can have the biggest pair of wings in the world to come.

"If you expect to get anywhere don't be afraid to take the responsibility! But really to get on you want to mix your courage with brains."

## Thorough.

The New Cook—I'm that sorry, mum, but I clean forgot to take the turkey out of the oven.

Mistress (four to dinner in fifteen minutes)—Is it burnt?

The New Cook—Is it burnt! I give you my word, mum, it's a heap of ashes!—Woman's Home Companion.

## True Friendship.

True friends are never judged by one another. For that "something" between them is too sacred and treasured to be marred by judgment; for there is that abiding faith that holds them together like rings of steel.

## Had Reason to Be Angry.

"Why is Maude so angry with the photographer?"

## A SONG IN EXILE.

O, they that leave their father's land, new friends and homes to find them, They turn their faces to the sea, but leave their hearts behind them. Their hearts lie buried in the fields, along the black-thorn hedges, Beside the brooks where rushes cool crowd close about the edges. They're rooted in the holy soil, the green sod of the swardland, Who turn their faces to the West must leave their hearts in Ireland.

The West is wide and rich and free, a grand land—but a cold land, I hunger for the warmth of love that's found but in the old land, I hunger for the linnet's song across the sunlit spaces, I want the sights and sounds of home, the dear familiar faces. At twilight how the heart stirs—when the angelus is calling, And on the misty Irish fields the silver dew is falling!

Ashore machree! The sea's between, and foreign skies are o'er me, But in the night I feel my heart throbs in the land that bore me. I feel it beating strong beneath the shamrocks and the mosses, It clings about my people's bones beneath the Irish crosses, It calls and calls across the sea, to come home to the swardland. The haunted hills, the singing winds, the smiling skies of Ireland. —The Outlook.

## MABEL'S ROMANCES.

The McRoberts and the Ewing families were among the substantial people of Three Pines.

They lived in large, substantial houses and William McRoberts ran a bank, while Sam Ewing was proprietor of the biggest dry-goods store in town. Their women-folk belonged to the exclusive Cinch Club and Mrs. McRoberts was president of the Ladies' Civic Improvement Association, while the diamond pin owned by Mrs. Ewing since her twenty-fifth wedding anniversary was the pride of the whole town.

So it was entirely in the natural order of things that Mabel McRoberts and the Ewings' son Albert should make a match. Everybody knew they were going to even before Mabel began wearing the solitaire diamond ring. If she and Albert had been just ordinary young people they might have been criticised as silly children and the affair laughed at, but, being who they were, it was all right, though they were only 18.

Mabel McRoberts was a healthy, red-cheeked girl with bright, snappy eyes and a vivacious disposition, and Albert, while rather weedy and pale as to hair, had a promising air about him. He gave Mabel the ring just before he started away to college. After he left Mabel began collecting her wedding garments.

Whenever anything was added to the

bert Ewing could be in a million years.

When Albert was graduated he did not open an office in Three Pines, but established himself in the city. By this time Mabel had broken her engagement to John and was devoting herself to church work and the good-looking new curate. She was still putting things into the pink, velvet-covered trunk. John had given her a ring, too, and refused to take it back, so now she wore two glittering rings.

When Albert came home for the holidays to visit his folks and brought his bride, people in Three Pines looked on excitedly to see how Mabel would take it. They all met at the Cinch Club and Mabel's cheeks were very red and she talked and laughed more than ever. She said Albert's wife was very nice, indeed, even if she was so stupidly quiet, and she felt sorry for her, poor girl, married to him! She admitted that she was going to marry the curate.

However, something happened to that affair, too, and when the curate left for another parish Mabel did not go with him. Mrs. McRoberts told her friends that she never saw a girl so hard to suit as Mabel, but possibly it was because she had so much attention and so many chances. It wasn't as though she had to marry the first man that came along.



THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS.

trunk Mabel always told the girls about it. Besides, every one knew that Mrs. McRoberts, who had been considered artistic as a girl, intended painting Mabel a complete china tea set before the wedding. As Mrs. McKinnon herself said, there was never a girl in Three Pines who would be started out more lavishly than Mabel. When she made this remark to Mrs. Ewing, who had on the diamond pin at the time, that worthy woman rather smiled. She replied that Albert would not have to struggle along like most young doctors after he was graduated, because his father was going to fit him up an office as good as any one ever had and make him a splendid allowance besides.

When Albert came home on his Christmas vacation and took Mabel to the dancing club's holiday party they were the observed of all observers. Later in the spring, she went down to the senior prom at Albert's College and had a new pink crystal silk party dress. When she came home she laughed a good deal, telling the girls how jealous Albert got of a junior who danced four times with her. She said of course she knew Albert was crazy about her, but wasn't it perfectly silly!

The third year of college Albert did not come home for the Christmas vacation. His mother explained that he was invited to a big house party where there were forty rooms in the house and the people kept fifteen servants. She said of course Albert had social duties to perform and could not be expected to tie himself down to Three Pines.

That summer Albert and Mabel had a tiff but she did not give him back his ring. Albert was developing into a very fashionable young man and spoke with a decided Eastern accent. Once he suggested to Mabel that she try to lower her voice while speaking and instanced the charming voice of his roommate's sister as an example for her. That was when they had their quarrel.

Very soon after there was a difference of opinion between Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. McRoberts and Mabel did not go to the train to see Albert off for his last year at college. There were rumors in Three Pines that the engagement was broken, but Mabel still wore the ring and kept on embroidering napkins.

People had scarcely recovered from their surprise at hearing Albert was going to marry his college roommate's sister before Mabel went on a two-weeks' visit to a friend in the adjoining State and came back with redder cheeks than ever, a new hat and a chubby young man to whom, it appeared, she was betrothed. She spoke scornfully of Albert and said John Miller was ten times as brilliant as Al-

This winter Mabel visited in the South, and they say a wealthy young man in Mobile is devoted to her. Mrs. McRoberts is still painting the tea set and her eyes snap every time she runs across Albert's mother. Her favorite remark is that it isn't as though Mabel couldn't get married any minute she chose to, and Mrs. Ewing's is that she thinks her stars her son had sense enough to marry such a sweet girl as he did and that he is so very happy.

Then Mrs. McRoberts goes home and gets out Mabel's last letter about her admirer in Mobile. It cheers her up somehow—and she has hopes of a son-in-law eventually who will crush Mrs. Ewing to the dust with his superiority over Albert. That alone will ever really bring back serenity to the McRoberts family.—Chicago News.

## GOLD HIDERS.

**The Aurohuacos of Colombia Worship the Yellow Metal.** Infesting the snow-clad slopes of sun-kissed Aurohuaca, the "Sentinel," one of the highest peaks in the Sierritas de San Marta, in Northern Colombia, is one of the strangest tribes of Indians known to ethnologists—the Aurohuacos. Their name means "hidden gold," or "gold hiders," and that is just what they are. They worship the yellow metal, dividing their devotions between gold and the sun.

The Aurohuaco will do anything for gold. Murder is nothing if it gains him the tiniest bit of gold. He works for any kind of money. When he gets enough silver or copper or paper money he changes it for gold and then hurries with it to his mountain fastnesses, there to hide it, and come back for more. Why he wants it is impossible to say. No Aurohuaco ever was known to part either with gold dust or gold coin.

His neighbors, the Talemancas, are wholly different. They regard gold or emeralds, also found in Colombia, as simply a medium of exchange for whiskey or aguardiente. The Talemanca is superstitious to an absurd degree and wears a wild turkey's foot on a necklace as a talisman against sickness and bad luck. He worships fire as the cleansing and redeeming god.

In this favored region is plenty of alluvial gold which only needs to be taken out to make the republic of Colombia rich and powerful. But the Aurohuacos spoil the best laid plans of men who come there to mine. They let men dig and dig and wear their fingers away washing the precious yellow grains out of the earth, and then they murder the miners for their treasure. This has been done countless times. Many's the skeleton that whitens the sides of "the Sentinel."—New York World.

A correspondent wants to know the meaning of theosophy. It means about the same as the slang word "nit."

## TALES OF A SAFE-BLOWER.

### Reminiscent Jimmy Murphy Tells of His Criminal Exploits.

How he had once tried to blow open the safe at Mulberry street police headquarters in the '80s, as revenge for an unjust conviction got by one of Inspector Byrnes' men; how he had cleverly fooled a country justice of the peace after being caught on a safe-breaking job, by feigning to be drunk; and how he had later proved his own guilt, to have another man from the crime, was told recently at the new Center street headquarters by James Murphy, safe-breaker, arrested for carrying burglar tools, the New York Evening Post says.

It was Murphy, known as "Liverpool Jack," who, with Red Leary and Johnny and Jimmy Howe, blew open the safe of the Manhattan bank, at Broadway and Bleecker street, in the early '70s. Murphy, now well past 70 years, has been implicated in many of the big safe-blowings of two generations. Released from the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island only the other morning he was seized again on a bench warrant issued by Judge Rosalski, charging him with carrying burglar's tools, at the time of his former arrest for carrying a revolver.

The old safe-blower, glad to get out of the cold, told Inspector McCafferty of the robbery of the Manhattan bank, and said after his release from Sing Sing he went to Kansas City for five years.

"While I was away from the city," he went on, "a safe was blown. When I got back to New York in 1880 one of Byrnes' men nabbed me and railroaded me to prison for this crime, of which I knew nothing. That was the one great act of injustice done me in all my career, and even the grave would bring forgetfulness of that nasty piece of work."

"After I did that five years in Sing Sing for another man's crime, I wanted to get square with Byrnes. I and another set out to blow open the safe in police headquarters. It was then in a little office off the big hall. We were at work on it when we heard footsteps, and if we hadn't been frightened off then we would have blown that cheesebox to bits."

In 1885 he went to Gloversville and robbed a safe there. He was arrested outside of the bank, while feigning intoxication, and actually had the loot on him. The policemen did not search him, but took him before a justice of the peace.

"He was drunk outside the bank just robbed, your honor," said the policeman, "continued Murphy. "I'm—hic—a bricklay—hic—er; bod-carrier—hic—anything."

"How much money have you?" "Three—hic—dollars, judge." "Well, you're fined \$3, so you can't get drunk for a few days more."

"But, inspector," continued Murphy, "the laugh was on me. Peggy Donovan was arrested for this crime I had committed, and railroaded to prison. When I learned of it I gave myself up and confessed the crime. I had a hard job. I had to subpoena the justice of the peace and the policeman from Gloversville. They bore out my story as far as they could. I was convicted, Peggy was freed and the three years and three months I did for that

crime were some of the happiest years of my life."

How he got the name of "Liverpool Jack" was developed as follows: "You remember, inspector, what you said to me a year ago, when I was nabbed with the gun and the tools? You said: 'Murphy, you are old. Do you want to spend the remainder of your life in Sing Sing or in the convicts home kept by the Salvation Army out on Long Island?' I told you I wasn't a hypocrite, and it was either freedom to go and do as I pleased or Sing Sing. I'm James Murphy, alias Connors, alias Liverpool Jack, and a few other fanciful names; professional criminal—safe-blower.

"I don't smoke, and never have, and never drank. You can't drink or smoke and do good work." Murphy's pals, the Hopes and Red Leary, had told the truth; he never drank or used tobacco.

"A successful man in his way," commented Inspector McCafferty as Murphy was taken to be arraigned in General Sessions.

### No Truly National Holiday.

There is no regular national holiday in the United States. Congress has at various times appointed special holidays. Only the states can proclaim legal holidays. Thanksgiving day, designated by the President by proclamation, is a holiday in those states that so provide by law. The following are the principal days observed in most of the states as holidays:

New Year's day, January 1. Washington's birthday, February 22. Decoration day, May 30. In most states, Independence day, July 4. General election day, first Tuesday after first Monday in November. Thanksgiving day, last Thursday in November. Christmas day, December 25. Labor day, first Monday in September, made national legal holiday in 1894. Arbor day is a legal holiday in some states, although the month and date of its observance vary. Every Saturday after 12 o'clock noon is a legal holiday in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland. Good Friday is observed in Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Minnesota and Tennessee.

### A TREASURE CAVE.

It is Entered Secretly and Looted of Buried Valuables.

Part of Captain Kidd's buried treasure is believed to have been found and carried off by persons who worked during a recent heavy storm in a cave on the property of County Judge E. Higbie on the outskirts of Somers the digging and marks of what is believed to have been a treasure chest were discovered on the following day. Although the cave is only a few hundred yards from the residence of Judge Higbie, no members of the family heard the treasure seekers during the storm that kept the entire population of that resort within doors. Capt. Mark Dougherty, who lives within less than 10 yards of the cave, did not know what was going on.

The cave is bricked up with walls more than two feet thick. The top is covered with slabs of red sandstone of a quality unknown in the neighborhood of Somers Point. The bricks are

similar to those brought from England during colonial days.

So far as can be learned from the examination made by Mayor John Campbell, the cave is at least 150 years old. Traces left by the visitors showed that they uncovered what is supposed to have been a chest about six feet long and two feet wide. The chest had been dragged to a wagon whose wheels were plainly visible, but the trace road leading to Pleasantville.

The cave lies in direct line with an aged cedar tree and a stump of another tree, believed to have been the marks by which the strangers found the spot. Captain Dougherty, one of the oldest residents of the resort, believes that it held valuable belonging to people living on Somers Point and the surrounding country during the revolution. He says: "I know from my father that visits of the British warships created a big scare among the people, most of whom were comparatively wealthy and had much silver plate. It was known at that time that much of the stuff was buried."

### DESTROYED BY CHEMICALS.

Weapons Used by Assassins Against Royal Personages.

Very few people are aware that as soon as the trial of an assassin of royalty is concluded the weapon with which he accomplished his crime is carefully destroyed so that no trace of it remains.

The reason of this is twofold—first of all the possibility exists that some time or other the weapons used in a royal tragedy may be exhibited in some museum or show, and, second, there is a strange superstitious dread existing among reigning houses that the existence of the innocent but unhallowed weapons by which rulers have been dispatched to eternity is fraught with peril to their descendants.

The method of destroying these weapons is a curious one. The wood-ens portions, such as the stocks of pistols or the handles of poniards, are burned, and the metal portions are eaten away in a bath of nitric acid.

This has been the custom ever since the attempted assassination of Queen Isabella of Spain in 1852 by Merius. Prior to that date the metal work of firearms or knives was ground or filed away, but the blade of the dagger with which Merius sought to execute his dastardly crime proved to be of such exquisite temper and hardness that it resisted both file and grindstone.

This became known to the populace, and the superstitious Spaniards believed that Merius had invested his weapon with magical qualities. To divert them of this absurd belief the authorities had the weapon destroyed by immersing it in chemicals, a rule that has been followed ever since.

### Moved Up a Notch.

His Wife—And you are to defend that shoplifter?

The Lawyer—My dear, she isn't a shoplifter. She was formerly, but she has saved so much money in the last ten months that she has become a kleptomaniac.—Stray Stories.

A man pursues bad luck oftener than bad luck pursues him.