

A New Industry.

It is quite possible that a new and important industry will be developed in this country. There has been commendable effort, national and state, looking to the protection of game animals and the preservation of species that have become well-nigh extinct through the waste permitted in earlier years. Now a step ahead may be taken. The federal government, through the department of agriculture, is giving the matter attention. The department proposes to add the people in going into the business of producing venison for profit. A circular has been sent forth in which the following recommendations are made: "As a result of the growing scarcity of game animals in this country the supply of venison is wholly inadequate to the demands, and the time seems opportune for developing the industry of deer farming, which may be made profitable alike to the state and to the individual engaged therein. The raising of venison for market is as legitimate a business as the growing of beef or mutton, and state laws, when prohibitory, as many of them are, should be so modified as to encourage the industry. Furthermore deer and elk may be raised to advantage on rough, brushy ground unfit for either agriculture or stock raising, thus utilizing for profit much land that is now waste. An added advantage is that the business is well adapted to landowners of small means." Several gentlemen who have attempted to raise deer for the market report that they have had very satisfactory returns. And if deer, why not buffaloes and other animals?

Don't Forget to Forget.

"Brooding over the past, however ruinous and foolish it has been, is useless—only a waste of strength and opportunity," says J. R. Miller. "Nothing good ever comes of it. The Japanese have a proverb: "My skirt with tears is always wet. I have forgotten to forget." "Too many people forget to forget. St. Paul's way was better. He forgot the things that were behind, whether mistakes or attainments, left them altogether in the past, and stretching forward to the things that were before, he used all his energy and strength to achieve them. Good wishes at the beginning of the year or on one's birthday are pleasant. They give us encouragement and put new zest into our lives. After all, however, good wishes will not come true by the mere wishing. We make our own years, and whether they are beautiful and happy or not, will depend on the kind of living we put into them."

Azerbaijan, into which Britain and Russia are prepared, if necessary, to carry the sword of peace, is the home of the descendants of the Ghebers, the ancient fire-worshippers of Persia. The whole countryside is admirably adapted to the propagation of a fire-worshipping creed, for earthquakes and caverns vomiting fumes from subterranean conflagrations abound in the neighborhood of Tabriz. One of the most remarkable caverns in the world is that of Secunderah, whose character resembles the Grotto del Cane of Naples. It gives off noxious fumes, which at certain times are certain death to man and beast. But the most astonishing place in Azerbaijan is the ruined city of Takhti-Suleimann, or Solomon's temple. The city stands on a hill 150 feet high, with a wall of 30 feet embracing the crumbling remains of temple and shrine. In the midst is a lake. Although most of the buildings are of the Mohammedan period, there is one striking mass which has been identified as the temple of the fire-worshippers.

Phonographic records of hymns sung by Ira D. Sankey were used at a praise service in one of the Brooklyn churches on the last Sunday evening in October. Among them were "The Ninety and Nine," "Hiding in Thee," and "Simply Trusting." Just before the benediction the lights were turned low, and there came from the shadows the song, "There'll Be No Dark Valley When Jesus Comes." Thus through the wonders of modern invention the voice of the dead was heard by his friends.

A Buffalo doctor says that garden worms produce cancer. The fish found that out long ago. The small boy who impales the worm will now become a sanitary auxiliary.

Esperanto is now to travel the way of Volapuk and a new world language is to be tried. The ideal, however, seems very far off. When all mankind are friends and brothers, then they will probably speak the same language; at least, the prediction that the universal brotherhood of man will find a universal tongue seems a perfectly safe and conservative one.

Physicians now declare that vegetables cause cancer. Then why doesn't the potato bug get it?

"I know where \$3,000,000 in cash lies concealed," said a New York lawyer. "This vast sum lies concealed in the inside vest pocket of the 20,000 automobiles of New York state. Each man carries \$100 of it in one crisp note, ready to be paid out in a fine, if he should be arrested for speeding."

The shah of Persia has decided that he can't get along without a constitution. Mr. Shah wants to be careful, or he may lose his own constitution—and by-laws, too.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

QUITS ACTIVE SERVICE



Rear Admiral John E. Pillsbury, U. S. N., who was placed on the retired list the other day, having reached the age limit of 62 years, is one of the most popular officers among the rank and file that ever wore a naval officer's uniform. Pillsbury is to-day the recognized authority on hydrographic and geodetic work in the United States navy, and his works on currents, etc., are so thorough and comprehensive that they are the standard text books on the subjects the world over. He, too, has the honor of being one of the few personal appointees of President Lincoln.

In 1862 President Lincoln, who had been impetioned by the youngest to be permitted to go to the front, appointed him a midshipman. His first duty as an ensign was at the Charlestown navy yard, where he remained three years. After three more years on the Asiatic station he was assigned to the work in which he became famous.

His first command in coast survey work was in 1875. He at once attracted world-wide attention, and his special knowledge in matters relating to that branch of naval science won instant recognition. He continued on hydrographic and coast survey work for 15 years.

With the outbreak of the Spanish war he directed the commissioning and outfitting of the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius at the local yard, and as that craft's commander, took her to Cuba. The operations of the Vesuvius and its value in the Cuban campaign are matters of history.

GEN. YOUNG RETIRES



Gen. S. B. M. Young, until a short time ago the dashing lieutenant general of the United States army and who retired with that honor, has resigned as superintendent of the Yellowstone park, the big government reservation in Wyoming. The resignation took effect January 1, when Gen. Young retired to private life.

The military record of Gen. Young is one of the most brilliant in the history of the United States and his success was achieved only by hard work and indomitable courage. He never knew what the word defeat meant. As a tactician in army maneuvers he was without a peer, and it was for this reason that he was placed at the head of the army college.

Gen. Young first entered the army as a private in the Twelfth Pennsylvania volunteers, and five months later was captain of the company. A year later he was promoted to the grade of major. His advancement for meritorious and brave conduct in action was fast, until the end of the war, and when he was mustered out of the service he held the rank of colonel. He was also brevetted brigadier general for conspicuous gallantry. When the civil war was over he entered the regular army, and his wonderful record on the western frontier in squelching many Indian uprisings with cavalry forces are bright shining spots in his brilliant career.

Upon the outbreak of the Spanish war Col. Young was given the rank of brigadier general of volunteers and assigned to duty at Las Guasimas, Cuba, where the first battle of the Rough Riders took place, and where President Roosevelt distinguished himself. Before the close of the war, Gen. Young had been honored with the rank of major general of volunteers, which rank died with the volunteer army in 1899. He was made a brigadier general in the regular army and sent to the Philippines. Then followed the daring and successful campaign in Luzon, conducted under the direction of Gen. Young, whose cavalry scattered and broke up the insurgent organizations effectually.

MAYOR OF HONOLULU



Joseph James Fern, first mayor of Honolulu, capital of Hawaii, comes of a family that ought to delight President Roosevelt's heart. He was the fourteenth child in his father's family, and he himself, two months ago, became the father of his fourteenth child. Ten of his children survive—five boys and five girls. His eldest sister is the mother of 16 children, and he has a brother who is the father of 15. Including brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts and cousins, there are 148 living persons of the Fern blood in the Hawaiian islands.

The patriarch and progenitor of this clan was James Fern, an Englishman who had fought under Wellington through the wars of Napoleon and was a veteran of the battle of Waterloo. He came to the Sandwich Islands, as they were then known, shortly after the death of Kamehameha the Great. He brought with him medals and trophies won under Wellington, and these long remained in the family.

Mayor Fern has been for many years in the operating departments of steamship companies as paymaster, having entire charge of the hiring and discharge of the steamship and stevedore forces. The mayor is something of a linguist. His mother tongue is Hawaiian, but in addition he speaks English and Portuguese and during the campaign he made speeches in all three languages.

For the past two years Mayor Fern has been a member of the board of supervisors of Oahu county. The city and county of Honolulu is the successor of the county of Oahu, so that Mr. Fern does not come wholly inexperienced to his new duties.

BLUFFED CASTRO GOVERNMENT



Thomas P. Moffatt, consul of the United States at LaGuayra, Venezuela, has added somewhat to the peevishness of the late Castro administration down in that country of comic opera revolutions by declining to make Uncle Sam's consulate a toy of the native administration.

When the plague-stricken port of LaGuayra was shut off from the outside world to prevent the spread of the disease, thereby working some damage upon the commercial part of the city, the local board of health proceeded to carry out a plan to lift the embargo. A document was drawn up and signed by the local officials in which it was emphatically stated that "the health of LaGuayra was perfect" and that the closing of the port was merely a mistake that should be recorded forthwith. When this precious document was presented to the various consular officials located by the different governments at LaGuayra, they promptly signed it, thereby giving their official support to a point blank lie that was to be spread abroad to the trading world outside. All but Consul Moffatt. He declined to attach his signature or the seal of his consulate to any such certificate, and he had backbone enough to stick to it, even when he was threatened with the cancellation of his exequatur.

Up to the present time no order has been issued ordering the young consul to give up his job and hurry home, and there are no symptoms that any such action is pending. In fact it looks very much as though Mr. Moffatt had bluffed the government to a standstill.

Dietary of Apples. During a visit to the South of England, a gentleman was recently met who for the last three years has lived on one meal a day, and that meal composed chiefly of apples. He stated that the juices of the apples supplied him with all the moisture or drink he needed; that, he claimed, was of the purest kind, being in reality water distilled by nature, and flavored with the pleasant aroma of the apple. He partook of his one meal about three o'clock in the afternoon, eating what he felt satisfied him, the meal occupying him from twenty minutes to half an hour.

Their Speaking Words.

"So Smith and Jones are on bad terms." "Yes. It seems each ran afoul of the other's fad." "How was that?" "Smith made some biting remarks about Jones' prize show dogs, and Jones retaliated on Smith's few amateur culture with some stinging retorts."—Baltimore American.

LUCKY STARS IN THE AMUSEMENT WORLD

ARE SHOWERED WITH GIFTS AND HONORS

Many Owe Their Present High Prices to America---Tommy Burns' \$30,000 and American Pugilists in Paris---Who Does the Least to Get the Most?



REJANE had quit her theater in time to see Sam MacVea knock out Ben Taylor at the Paris Hippodrome. "What does he get for that?" she asked, as the Herculean American negro struck an attitude of insolent and utter triumph beside his prostrated adversary, while 9,000 Parisians, paying from \$10 to \$1, except in the highest gallery, cheered themselves hoarse.

"What! \$3,000 to do nothing, to risk nothing, suffer nothing?" Rejane exclaimed, scandalized. "That man gave him no fight, no hurt; when he got tired of showing off, he felled him."

So the Parisian question rose—Who does the least to get the most? Rejane and most Parisians know nothing of the \$30,000 of our Tommy Burns in Australia, "win, lose or draw," but to earn it against dangerous Jack Johnson risked the very reputation that made life "Christmas the year round" for him.

Earnings of Star Pugilists.

Were star pugilists to really risk their reputation frequently they would fall into the category of Mephisto, the first man to "loop the loop." He received \$5,400 per month and became a great personage in all the capitals of Europe for risking to break his neck every night! No, the \$4,000 that Burns picked up easily for knocking out Bill Squires last Grand Prix night was really better money, and it opened Tommy's eyes to



One Thousand Francs a Minute is What Patti Received for Singing Three Melodies That Lasted Five Minutes. Mme. Melba, for Singing Ten Times, Received 20,000 Francs. For One Rendition Chaliapine Demands 10,000 Francs. Mme. Rejane and Mme. Granier, 2,000 Francs.

like an ox! Do you know, that American is better paid than we?" "Don't criticise," said Sardou, later—it was a short time before his death. "You are all spoiled favorites of fortune at this moment." Then he told her this tale of the gayest and most beautiful young actress of the second empire—Hortense Schneider: The Rejane of her day had quit the Palais Royal in a quarrel at rehearsal. She was packing her trunks for Bordeaux when Offenbach came, offering her the title role of "La Belle Helene," just completed for the Varieties.

Seated on her trunk, Hortense heard with delight the airs that were to transform her to a veritable queen of opera-bouffe; but her mind was made up, and she fled Paris.

Demand Now Seems Modest.

At Bordeaux she got a telegram from Offenbach: "Name your own terms." And, almost as a joke, she wired, an answer that Sardou kept among the financial curiosities of his theatrical collection: "As it's Christmas, I expect a present; I won't budge for less than \$400 per month."

"Poor thing! It's Christmas every day now!" laughed Rejane, as Sardou went on telling how the famous actors of his younger days earned in a year what Coquelin has received for two nights in America. Paulin Menier, the immortal Choppart of "The Lyons Mail," at the height of his success touched \$1,200 per year, and Frederic Lemaire, who has his marble statue in the streets of Paris and who went on European tours, never received over \$40 per night.

"That's all very well," said Rejane, "but who does the least to get the most to-day? I stick up for that awful slugger. He's so heavy that no one can hurt him. I am told he has an unpercut, a hook and a short-arm jab, born in the man, that can't be learned. Next month he'll get \$3,000 again to show his graces and knock a man senseless."

Not So Very Precious.

A New York hotel is going to have enough gold dishes to serve a dinner of seven courses to 75 persons. Of course, this suggests moralizing on prodigal luxury and allusions to Lucullus and Apicius and also to Belshazzar. But there was a time when seven kings dined from trenchers. The introduction of pewter was probably denounced by the philosophers of the day as prodigality, and while silver

that such settled Paris engagements carried valuable perquisites. When Faure sold his paintings, for example, they produced a fortune, and all had been given to him by admiring artists! Coquelin's house to-day is a museum of precious objects mostly gratis—"Half their charm," says Coquelin.

They say Melba mourns the coming day when her great voice must go. Her life has been a fairy tale of gold and honors, and her last engagement was \$16,000 for ten representations. Yet few can hope to hold the splendid voice as Patti held hers; it goes crack! and suddenly the world-famed operatic star goes out, not pale down! Who remembers Capoul? Recently he was glad to get the position of stage manager at the Paris Grand Opera.

Actors Have Advantage.

Yet the "golden voice" of Sarah Bernhardt draws to-day as ever—she, a long-experienced grandmother! Here is where the actors have their splendid advantage. Life, for them, goes on "all Christmas" quite indefinitely. Sarah Bernhardt is as lucky, happy, fated and fete-giving at this hour as when she first discovered America with Grau, the impresario.

That first American trip of Sarah's lasted four months and put \$120,000 into her pockets. Grau gave her \$1,000 per evening and paid all her expenses, to a special railroad car; but it pained the great artist to see a simple impresario making money; and thenceforth she organized her own foreign tours. Once she took Coquelin with her to play "L'Aiglon" at \$600 per representation. At the Gaite and when he played "Cyrano" in Paris, his pay was only \$300 per night.

They say that her own pathetic voice so affects Sarah that the tears come naturally, when wanted. In "Camille" she sheds 20—which is \$50 per tear. Coquelin counts speeches that bring down the house; he calls them "words." In "Cyrano" there are 20 such—\$30 per "word!"

And the tragedian, Mounet-Sully, who had \$600 per night in America, \$450 in London and Vienna, and draws \$400 in Paris, where he is a high stockholder in the Theater Francais, counts by roars. In "Oedipe Roi" he roars 20 times—\$30 per roar!

Have Retained Power Long.

After Sarah, the two luckiest actresses in Paris are Jeanne Granier and Rejane. Both grandmothers (born respectively in 1852 and 1857), both continue playing the grande amour, love, passion, stars, flowers, little birds, to the delight of everyone who sees them. In her American tour organized by the Vicomte de Braga, Rejane had \$400 per night—and, accidentally the honor of initiating vast reforms and a financial crisis! For it was the story of her dancing on a table after a dinner given by the vice-president of an insurance company that brought about the insurance investigations; but her grandchildren in Paris never knew it.

To arrive at her present happy position as proprietor of her own Paris theater, Rejane first married her manager, then divorced him. During the struggle with Porel for possession of her liberty and the Vaudeville, she played a rival engagement at the Varieties that actually ate up all the receipts, but that was a detail; her chief solace was to tell the public nightly in lines altered for the purpose the woes of a lovely star whose husband-manager desired part profits!

Jeanne Granier, on the other hand, declares that business details would spoil all her pleasure. If anyone wants to take her on tour her price is \$300 per representation. In Paris she takes \$160 per night—with a minimum guarantee of 100 representations. Above all, however, she is a perfect example of a queen of opera bouffe, wise in her



JOY OF THE 'COON HUNT.

A HOOSIER'S HORRIBLE FATE.

Good Occupation and Sport for Autumn Evenings. "This is 'coon-coon pie," said the gourmet. "It's not bad, if you like a rich, sweetish meat."

"I went on a 'coon hunt some time ago at my uncle's in the country. Autumn 'coon hunts are good sport."

"A crowd gathers, with dogs and axes, at the edge of a cornfield after dark. The dogs start a 'coon in the corn, and you all make after them, stumbling in the night. Then, when the 'coon is treed, you have either to cut down the tree or to climb it and shake the 'coon off his branch."

"'Coons won't fight till treed, but if they get a grip they won't let go. There are some horrible stories about 'coons fixed to young farm hands' faces."

"A 'coon hunt always winds up with a big fire in the woods. The frosty stars scintillate through the bare boughs, chestnuts and corn and steaks of grilled stories are told and songs sung, and a demijohn of applejack passes from man to man."

"Will you have another piece of pie? No? The meat is rich and sweetish, eh?"

The Anti-Tuberculosis Fight.

Educating the people to combat the spread of tuberculosis is a movement which it would be superfluous to praise. Miniature model tenements and graphic reproductions of the opposite sort will do very little positive good, however, unless the people who are their think to some purpose. While in our cities we have a system of taxation which penalizes with a heavy tax the builder of model tenement and rewards with a low tax the owner of a filthy rookery, model tenements will continue to be few and filthy rookeries will continue to be many. Education is a great force in the fight against consumption, and some day people will learn that there are more deadly wholesale ways of spreading and perpetuating tuberculosis than by expectorating in a car or ferryboat.—Puck.