

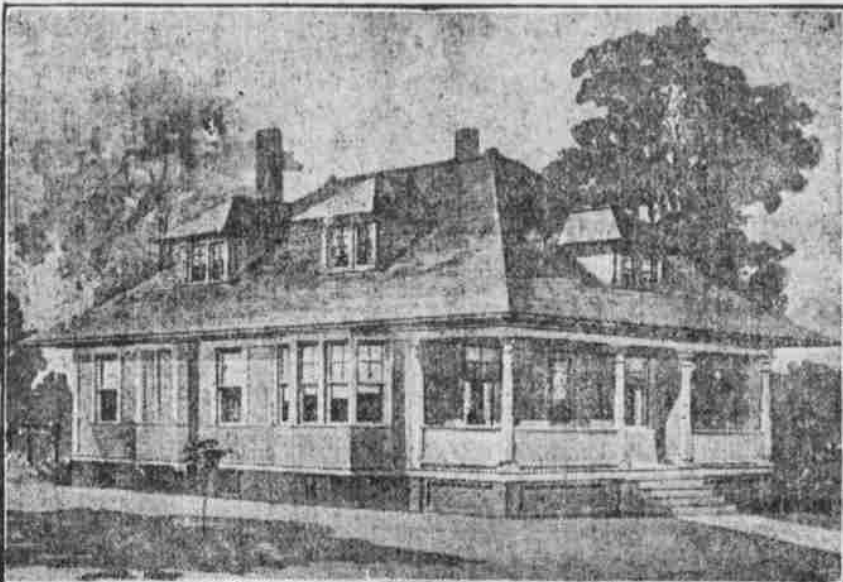
THE AMERICAN HOME

W. A. RADFORD
EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF CHARGE on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 24 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

It was predicted not so very long ago that the popularity of the bungalow would be short-lived, that it was a fad that would soon die out, but such has not been the case. More bungalows have been built this year than ever before, and it is probable that next year there will be an increase over the number of the year. It is not difficult to find the cause for the popularity of the small house. The bungalow appeals to that instinct in us that yearns for coziness. That is about all there is to it. Palaces and mansions attract and they are grand. But the human heart warms to the cottage. It is not going without the bounds of truth to say that there is probably more real happiness in one bungalow or in one cottage than in a dozen palaces where you have to put on your dress suit every night before you come down to dinner.

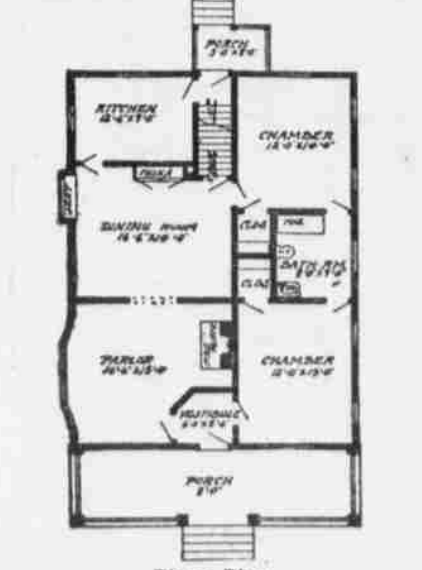
You take human nature the world over and it is about the same whether it is clothed in full dress or blue jeans. It is safe to say that the Fifth Avenue millionaire in New York often dreams of living in a cottage bereft of care and the responsibility of keeping a corps of servants from ruining him. The man who comes to his bungalow at night is met at his door by his wife and children, he kisses them, takes



off his hat and coat and washes his face and hands and sits down to his simple but hearty evening meal without fuss and feathers; he is the real king. This is the American Citizen, and the millionaire in his palace envies him.

The hominess of the bungalow is the reason why so many of them are being built. The frame is not the home. It is only the frame of the home, the tangible expression of it. If there is affection and congenial spirit inside the bungalow is sufficient in its simplicity and sincerity. If there must be show and ostentation to cover up unhappiness then take to the mansion and the palace.

Architects have been devoting their time and talents of late years to developing this type of house to its highest perfection, and all their endeavors have been along the line of expressing



The true home instinct. That is true architectural art which develops in tangible form the emotions of the human mind. The architect, therefore, is now almost telling us the character of the man who lives in the house designed by him. You take the average man who lives in a bungalow and you will find he is a home lover. That means he is good to his wife and family. They are not on his pay roll. He is one of them and with them. His children have no father, but the man who might be the father is to them a sort of elder brother. The wife has no husband, but a pal. They put in their Saturday afternoons together in the garden or in sports together. Maybe they work together trimming the shrubbery. That is your bungalow family—an ideal existence where love rules and a place as near heaven as we can get and still be on earth.

The bungalow we show here has a charm about it. The simple fact about it is that it is homely and gives the impression of simplicity and comfort. An abundance of light is offered from bay windows and the arrangement of other windows about the structure. This bungalow is 31 feet wide and 40 feet long. All the rooms are on one floor and there are no stairs to climb. This fact will appeal to the housekeeper who has to take many steps up and down stairs during the day. Yet there is no crowding and the rooms are arranged with the special idea of

convenience. As a matter of fact, any house should be planned first with the view of ease in taking care of the house work. The house should be planned from the inside and not from the outside. There is a good-sized parlor opening off the vestibule and back of this is the dining and living room. The kitchen is back of the dining room and here a cupboard can be provided in lieu of a pantry. There are two chambers and the bathroom is conveniently located between them.

BJORNSON'S IDEA OF AMERICA

"A Dangerous Stepmother—Rich and Beautiful," Said the Gifted Norwegian.

Bjornson lectured in America in 1880, and has always had friends and admirers in this country. Bernard Stahl, who has lately published in New York a translation of "Wise-Knut," one of Bjornson's most characteristic tales, gives an interesting account of his last meeting with "the master" in Christiania in 1902, says a birthday banquet held in honor of Bjornson's seventieth anniversary.

There were two main tables. At the head of one sat the guest of honor, at the other Nansen, recently returned from his memorable trip to the north. "Many a merry jest," Mr. Stahl records, "flew from one table to another; and though it might be difficult, at a glance, to tell which of the two giants looked the younger, it was easy enough to determine which of the two swords

beat sharpest. The author had the reader wit."

Mr. Stahl's narrative proceeds: "The famous master had a cordial handshake and a cheerful word for all. I was introduced by his son Bjorn Bjornson, who at that time was director of the new National theater, for which the old master had done so much. I have met many a big man whose thoughts have been far away while apparently speaking with interest to his listener, but not so with Bjornson. If he spoke or listened at all he put both his soul and body into the subject so to speak.

"Speaking about his old love for America, he said: 'Several of the enterprising American managers have tried hard to get me across the water again, but so far I have resisted the temptation—though with a sore heart. Not that I am afraid of touring the country and turning out a hundred lectures, no sir; but what I'm afraid of, I am sorry to say, is the hospitality of the American people. Look at Nansen there! He seems quite able-bodied, doesn't he? Well, sir, he had to "beat it," as they say in America, and why? On account of too much champagne!'

And his eyes sparkled with mirth as he emitted a roar of buoyant laughter. 'However, I may risk it,' he continued seriously. 'I shall have to say many a harsh word to young America, though, because she has deprived Norway of her best children, although she deserves praise for the great opportunities she has given most of them. She is a dangerous stepmother because she is rich, and beautiful women are dangerous through their power over young men.' And again he laughed. And the 500 guests joined him, joined him heartily, because his laughter was such that it could set the sun dancing on the mountain tops in winter, and that means much in Norway."

Timber Used in Paper.

According to the report which the forestry bureau of the United States department of agriculture made in 1908, an area half the size of Rhode Island is shipped every year in spruce timber to make paper; the publishers of the country are using more than 3,500,000 cords of wood each year. One New York paper used last year 77,333,875 pounds of white paper, or an average of 211,873 pounds a day.

Reversed.

Miss Bilely—So you have given up advocating woman's rights?

Miss Passee—Yes; I now go in for women's rights.

Miss Bilely—Women's rights? What's that?

Miss Passee—Widowers.—Tit-Bits.

Wouldn't Stay Where it Belonged.

Mrs. Manning—What do you mean to tell me that your splendid curly haired cook has left? Couldn't you make her stay?

Mrs. Manderville—Oh, yes; we could have made her stay easily enough—the trouble was she couldn't make her

CLEARING CITY STREETS OF DOGS



FOR centuries the thoroughfares of Constantinople have been the abode of hordes of dogs, which in these enlightened days have been declared a nuisance. They are being deported to an island, and under natural conditions, are to be allowed to die out.

The illustration shows the method employed to capture the dogs on the street of the Turkish capital.

NEW GUN POWERFUL

Weapon Could Wipe Out Whole Army in a Jiffy.

Machine Invented by Swiss Fires Million Bullets an Hour Without Use of Powder, So Press Agent Claims.

New York.—A gun that, its inventor says, can shoot 1,000,000 bullets an hour at a cost of \$20; that uses neither powder nor compressed air, and that fires bullets that do not require shells, was shot for the enlightenment of a delegation of New York reporters the other day. They saw the gun shoot, but they were not permitted to see that part of the gun out of which the little steel bullets came with such rapidity.

A Swiss named Bangarter was introduced as the inventor, and the press agent who staged the exhibition stated that Bangarter used to make watches.

The reporters asked nearly as many questions as the number of bullets this terrible weapon is said to be able to discharge, but there was no information coming as to what made the gun so lavish in the distribution of its little steel missiles. In order that the secret should be maintained that part of the mechanism that it is said causes the rapid shooting was covered with oilcloth. Only the motor that operates the gun and the little bucketlike receptacles into which the bullets are poured by the quart were visible to the reporters.

The exhibition was on the third floor of the building at 79 Broad street, Stapleton, S. I. In a little room adjoining that in which were placed the reporters was the gun. There were targets made of a series of big boards arranged in box fashion, each plank about a foot behind the one in front of it. There were four boards in each target.

At four p. m. the shooting began. The first of the targets were dragged into position. A moment later the motor started up. Then the bullets started to fly. They riddled the target into a pile of splinters a foot high, and they did it in less than a minute. All in all, it was estimated that no less than 15,000 bullets pierced the target. Not only the first of the big boards was riddled into a shapeless mass, but each of the other three as well. There was hardly enough left of the target to make a dozen decent sized safety matches.

The reporters were permitted then to enter the gunroom. They saw a motor, from the wheel of which a belt was operated. The belt connected the motor with another wheel, which was a part of the mechanism on the top of which was the oilcloth-covered weapon out of which the bullets came. They also saw the little buckets, on either side of the gun, into which the bullets are poured as they are needed.

The reporters asked to see the gun in operation. Mr. Bangarter ordered another target swung into position. There was another whirl and a second storm of bullets struck the target. The fusillade lasted about ten seconds. Again was the target demolished.

But Mr. Bangarter and his associates refused to say anything about what was under the oilcloth in the little gunroom. They did give out a typewritten statement, however, saying that one of these guns "could face an army of thirty regiments of soldiers or 30,000 men, and could mow down that entire body of men as easy as a knife cuts the grass. There is no earthly possibility for any army to successfully face the fire from a gun of this kind, which pours a veritable hailstorm of bullets into the attacking forces, who must either sacrifice their lives or turn in retreat."

FAT MAN IN STOLEN CLOTHES

Police Stop Man of Enormous Proportions and Find Him Arrayed in Many Suits.

New York.—"That fellow just ahead is a lot too fat for his height," said Acting Captain McLaughlin of the Alexander avenue police station to Patrolman Foster as the two were strolling along Third avenue.

"He does seem about as broad as he's long," assented Foster.

"Let's follow him," said McLaughlin. So the policemen trailed the fat person to the bridge at One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue and there stopped him. Inspection showed that he was wearing an unusual amount of clothing.

"What's the matter with you?" asked McLaughlin.

"I was sick and afraid I'd take cold," was the reply. The walking clothing store was peeled in the police station. The police say he wore twelve coats, six pairs of trousers, an waistcoat, and one unfinished skirt of the hobbie variety. He did not exactly wear the skirt. It was strapped around his waist.

The prisoner said he was William Young, twenty-four years, a plasterer, with no home except when he lived with his sister at Paterson, N. J. McLaughlin says Young admitted that he broke into a tailor's shop at Glover and Westchester avenues and took the clothing.

RUSSIAN STURGEON IN GULF

Big Fish, Which Provide World's Supply of Caviar, Migrating From Europe.

New Orleans.—Russian sturgeons, the fish which have been the source of millions in revenue to the Russian empire on account of the eggs, or roe, which provide the world's market with caviar, are migrating to the Gulf of Mexico. Hundreds of them are reported to be along the gulf coast, and there is in the possession of the state game commission a specimen caught in Barataria bay which weighed 167 pounds. This was the largest sturgeon ever captured in these waters and is preserved for exhibition purposes by the game commission. It was purchased by President P. M. Miller for \$35 from the fisherman who captured it in his nets.

The meat of the fish is said to be the finest known and brings about 25 cents a pound wholesale. The fish caught had almost sixty pounds of roe, which is worth \$1.75 a pound. The meat and roe was sold to a local restaurant, where the caviar was served as a great delicacy.

Assistant Secretary Henry Jacobs of the game commission says that the Russian sturgeon's habitat is in the Caspian and Black seas, where hundreds of persons make a livelihood capturing and preserving them. This industry has been in progress for many decades, and the caviar has been shipped to every part of the world, netting millions to the corporations engaged in the pursuit. The fish is migratory, however, and boys closely pursued and it is said that

for years they have been moving towards the Atlantic. They are becoming almost extinct in Russian waters, but it is said it will not be long before great fisheries for the sturgeon can be established along the gulf coast.

On account of the scarcity of the sturgeon roe in Russia, the roe of the spoonbill catfish, which has its habitat in the Atchafalaya river, has been shipped for months to Russia.

The meat of the Louisiana spoonbill catfish sells for 17 cents a pound and the roe for \$1.50. It is caught only in the Atchafalaya river, and in order to protect the fish and propagate it more rapidly a fishery is to be established by the game commission somewhere along that stream.

HISTORIC SPOT IS DOOMED

Old Mansions of Lincoln's Inn Fields Are to Be Pulled Down—Famous Men Lived There.

London.—The march of that vanguard, "Progress," which is gradually clearing London of its ancient, historic landmarks, has now reached Lincoln's Inn Fields, the largest and most beautiful square that is left. Two centuries ago, and down to the later Georgian period, Lincoln's Inn Fields was the abode of many distinguished men. Then came the days of degeneration, when society went westward, and in recent times the historic mansions have been used as chambers for professional men, chiefly lawyers.

The whole of the west side is now doomed. The house occupied by the duchess of Portsmouth, one of the favorites of the "Merrie Monarch," was demolished several years ago, so that a new Sardinia street might be formed. No. 62, where Thomas Campbell occupied chambers after the death of his wife, has been pulled down, and

ODD FISH FROM SEA DEPTHS

Brought to the Surface by Repairing Government Cables Along the Pacific Coast.

Seattle, Wash.—Strange monsters the like of which have seldom been seen by man were dragged from a depth of 8,500 feet by the crew of the cable ship Burnside when they repaired the Alaska cable off Mount St. Elias last month.

The Burnside is moored at its buoy in Elliott bay after two months of repairing and relaying the cables of the United States army and signal corps system. On board were a score of huge flasks filled with alcohol. In them floated strange shapes which it was hard to believe were once living creatures.

Balls of red hair which looked like tumbled human heads proved upon dissection to be a strange kind of deep water crab. Flesh colored round masses were found clinging to the cable by minute tentacles. One creature is shaped like the diabolo toy, narrow in the middle with big concave white disks at either end by which it catches hold of any object. The sailors on board the Burnside have named it the spoon.

Another strange marine creature is shaped like an octopus but has at least two dozen tentacles instead of eight. Many octopuses were found clinging to the cable, but they were thought too common to preserve. Whole sections of the cable pulled up for inspection were found covered several feet deep with strange plants and animal life. Seaweed, black instead of green, sponges and sea urchins predominated.

Probably the strangest creature found on the cable was a flesh colored fish not more than four feet long which was found enveloped in the tentacles of a young octopus. When brought to the surface its body was swollen like a balloon. Dr. J. E. Maloney, the ship's surgeon, who examined it, said he believed the fish was choked by the hold of the octopus.

The section of the cable upon which all this strange life was found had been down ten years at a depth of a mile and a half. The specimens which have been preserved and which are now on board the Burnside are to be handed over to the Smithsonian institution for scientific study.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT?

Why not?—By far the greater number of the country's railroad presidents worked their way up from the bottom.—Numerous ways to work up, but the most satisfactory is on the engineering side.—The various steps that lie before the boy who starts in carrying stakes for a railroad surveying corps.—The responsibilities and the pay.

By C. W. JENNINGS.

If the average boy were asked which he had sooner for that position, the world's greatest detective, leader of the biggest band, or president of a railroad, it is doubtful that the answer would be. Probably, after long consideration, he would say all four.

Anyhow, he would have only one chance in some forty million every four years of being the nation's president, and to be the detective or the band leader would depend somewhat upon natural talents, which he might or might not possess.

Therefore, he would do well, probably, to select the railroad presidency; for that position requires no special genius, and it is simply a matter of getting a starting job, which is not particularly difficult, working hard, and attending strictly to business, and the chances are not at all obscure that he will reach the coveted goal sooner or later.

If your boy has his mind set on striving for a railroad presidency, and you believe he is wise in doing so, there is no end of places to begin, for there are numberless tried avenues leading to the presidency—such as first getting a job as a section hand, or as a clerk in a railroad office, or as a roustabout and assistant in a small station. Today the railroad president who began in these and similar lowly positions, are by no means scarce—in fact, they are in the majority.

But your boy wants to get out into the wilderness, so to speak, and learn railroading literally from the ground up—that is, he wants to become a civil engineer and build railroads before he bosses one? Fine! For by far the largest number of railroad presidents who have worked their way up from the crowd began on the building side, the engineering side, of railroading—learned the life literally from the ground up. Without exception, every president that one of the country's most famous railroads has had began in a humble position on the construction side; and it is almost a railroad world axiom that a successful railroad president must know thoroughly how a railroad is built and how its physical condition is kept up to standard. The reason is obvious.

Well, then, your boy desires to make his start for a railroad presidency in this manner—what must he know? Without doubt he ought to have a good high school education before applying for a job; for he will not get very far before there will be figuring and other things to do that an ignoramus couldn't hope to surmount, and he could not get much beyond the bottom otherwise. (Of course, a boy with determination can do anything he sets out to do, and he might self-teach himself at nights and other times; but that is not the kind of hustler now under consideration.)

Probably the initial work given your sixteen or eighteen-year-old boy will not appear as if it would lead to anywhere at all; for likely it will be nothing more than carrying stakes for surveying corps in the field, going back to camp on errands, and doing things generally that are little more than chores. But all this time he will be getting familiar with the methods of blazing trails through the wilderness that are ultimately to be the line of a completed railroad. They are far from civilization and have to supply their own food and clothing, and many a night, sleeping beneath the stars after a long, hard tramp, the boy will think of his home comforts and long for a easier lot. But he sticks to it, as any boy must that expects to get on; and he should rest assured that the boss of the outfit is watching him and will promote him the minute he shows that he is prepared to go on.

Before long he will be an axman, then a chainman, when his pay will be anywhere from thirty-five to fifty dollars a month. In the beginning, he will not get much, if anything; for there are other boys that have mapped out railroad careers for themselves, and many of them are willing to work for almost next to nothing till they get above the stake-carrying stage.

The first distinct promotion that amounts to anything will be from axman or chainman to rodman, the man that manipulates the long pole with rows of surveying on it that everybody sees with surveying parties. He gets from forty to sixty dollars a month, which is not at all bad, considering that food and clothing requirements are not expensive, and that the promotion to this post is a sure sign that your boy is getting on.

Then, if the boy has been observing what the others do, and asking questions, and getting posted, he will become instrument man after awhile, and run the level or transit, and will receive anywhere from sixty to ninety dollars a month.

But right here, or before, it will be necessary for the boy to get some more schooling, if he expects to get much higher in his work; from instrument man on will come up technical requirements that make it al-

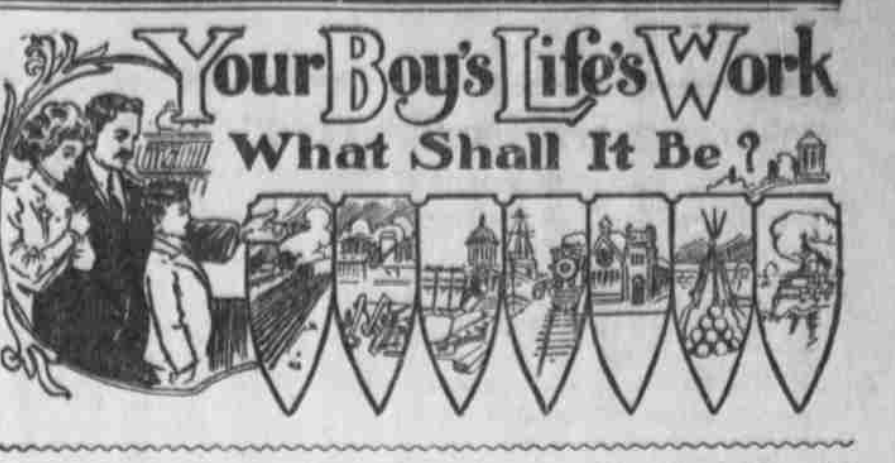
GIRLS TAKE UP HOMESTEADS

Young Women in Colorado Prepare to Teach School and Also Prove Claims.

Greeley, Col.—Teaching school and homesteading land will be the common industries of some fifty young eastern girls in Weld county this school year.

Recently these teachers have been busy building their claim shanties, and in many cases the girls have done the work themselves.

Whenever possible four girls have taken up adjoining quarter sections, and have erected a common home at the point where the four claims meet, the house being so arranged that one room is located on each claim. Each young woman will occupy the room on her own land, thus fulfilling the requirement of the homestead law which demands that the person taking up the land live on it for a certain period of the year.



What Shall It Be?

As a general thing the worker is somewhere around twenty-five years old by the time he has got the necessary schooling and all the advancement he can from being merely an instrument man, and is ready to go on. We shall say that he has elected to leave the construction corps and go on with the maintenance department, which takes care of—maintains—completed track, and has come in from the wilderness and been made rodman in the office of one of the division engineers. All railroads have pretty much the same lines of advancement; but we shall take the procedure followed by a railroad whose maintenance department is world-famous.

Having been thoroughly tested by the division engineer and found to merit advancement both because of his knowledge of engineering and his seeming ability to handle men of the section gang sort, your boy is ultimately finds himself an assistant supervisor of one of the road's branches, at a salary of about one hundred dollars a month. The supervisor is the direct controlling head of track foremen and laborers and attends to the maintenance of all bridges, track and road-bed over a stretch of forty to fifty miles.

This is the boy's real try out in his executive work, and if he stazes up to his new responsibilities, he will be sent to similar work on the main line. This time, however, owing to its greater importance, he will have only twenty-five to thirty miles to look after; but his pay will be about a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. Then he goes back to the branch line, this time as supervisor, at a hundred and fifty dollars; and before long takes a similar post on the main line, at a further increase in salary of twenty-five dollars a month.

The next step taken is when your boy becomes division engineer of a branch line. Then he goes as division engineer on the main line, his work covering a hundred to one hundred and twenty-five miles of road, at two hundred and seventy-five dollars monthly.

Following this, he will be assistant principal engineer at three hundred and fifty dollars to four hundred dollars a month. This office is directly under one of the general superintendents, who supervise the work of the engineers of four to eight divisions. Of course, your boy will before long be made a general superintendent himself, getting from four hundred to one thousand dollars a month, and after he has worked up to the head of the most important place in this branch of the business, will be in direct line for the post of general manager. From there he goes straight through to vice-president, and the goal of president at last, at a salary that may rival that received by the president of the United States, or even top it.

But should the boy have gone on from rodman to instrument man in the construction department, he would next be made chief of the surveying party under the engineer at a monthly salary of seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Then he would be an engineer of construction, working directly under the chief engineer, at anywhere from one hundred to three hundred dollars a month. His work here might be in the field or in constructing terminals or other improvements in a city, and would be a direct stepping stone to the chief engineer's post, where, as assistant to the latter, he would receive from three hundred to five hundred dollars a month.

Then he would become chief engineer and afterward might be made president of the system or be called to some of the greatest engineering enterprises in the world, such as laying out entirely new systems of railroad in hitherto unexplored regions, superintending the construction of canals or gigantic reservoir systems, or directing vast projects of any kind that have anything to do with transportation. Every reader will recall that it was only four years ago that John F. Stevens, chief engineer of the Great Northern railway, was made chief engineer of the Panama canal, about the highest engineering position in the world. And yet Mr. Stevens is now only fifty-six years old, and he was once a rodman with an obscure surveying crew. He became chief engineer of the Sabine Pass & North-western railway when he was only twenty-three, showing what a young man of grit and energy can do.

Railroad positions, by their very requirements and responsibilities, must go to those who have proved their ability to fill them. Pull may get one a place at times; but it will rest upon his merit to keep it; for there is too much at stake to run risks from incompetent employees. And the development of the country is so rapid nowadays that there is always a shortage of men able to take the highest position. It is a fact that there is probably more room at the top for the ambitious young man in railroading than in any other line of activity. It is up to the sole efforts of the youth making his start as stake-carrier or station porter or section hand to get there.

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ATHLETE REWARDED FOR HEROISM.

London.—The well known international footballer, Sam Thompson, of Preston North End, has been presented with the Royal Humane Society's certificate for rescuing two boys from drowning in the River Ribbles.

FISH THIEF HAD WINGS.

York, Pa.—The disappearance of one of the finest fish from a private pond owned by Price Whitaker, at Delta, led him to keep watch with his shotgun for the poaching fisherman.

He was greatly surprised to see a great blue heron flap down and begin stabbing the fish with its beak. Whitaker shot the heron, which stood 5 feet high and measured 5 feet 10 inches from tip to tip of its wings.

PITTSBURGH FAMILY CALLS PHYSICIAN.

When Maid Eats Bath Tablets Through Ignorance.

Pittsburgh.—Mary Rojosevsky, a Polish girl employed by a wealthy east end family, is dangerously ill, the result of eating bath tablets.

Mary has been in the country only a few months, and in that time has been solving the intricacies of the American lady's toilet. The other day she purchased some bath perfume tablets. Before retiring at night she stepped into the bath tub and then swallowed two of the tablets.

Several hours later the family hurriedly called a physician for the girl.

SLICK.

"Doesn't it give you horrors when you think of all the slimy germs on money?"

"How do you know that they are slimy?"

"Judging from the way money slips through my fingers they must be."