

FORCIBLY FEEDING MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES



This illustrates how the militant suffragettes of England describe the method used in forcibly feeding the "hunger strikers." Shrieking, struggling and fighting women are held down by wardresses, while a physician pours liquid food into a tube stuffed into the mouth.

EVOLUTION OF LIFE

Artist Depicts It in a Striking New Group.

Officials of American Museum of Natural History Highly Commend Roy W. Miner's Exhibition as One of the Best There.

New York—A new group at the American Museum of Natural History recently arranged by Roy W. Miner is highly commended by the museum officials, who regard it as one of the best there. It shows animal life on the wharf piles and is intended to give a striking illustration of the process of evolution from animal to almost plant life. Mr. Miner himself thus describes the exhibit.

"The group illustrates a balanced association in which the struggle for existence between animals is not apparent, the majority of the species being plant-like and either incapable of locomotion in the adult stage, or in possession of it to a very limited degree.

"On the broken pile in the center of the foreground, for example, growing over the mussels which have completely covered its stump, are hundreds of delicate pink hydroids clustered in feathery colonies. Here and there among them peep forth the transparent solitary polyps of the white arms sea anemone, while the larger brown sea anemone extends its fringe-crowned disks on this and the neighboring piles, interspersed with coral red masses of the red-beard sponge.

"Although these flower-like forms are relatively stationary and inactive, underneath their apparent peacefulness and beauty the struggle for existence goes on as relentlessly as among fierce free-swimming species, but with this difference, that their prey is invisible to our eyes. The waters in which they are immersed are swarming with myriads of microscopic creatures, while every polyp, with open rapturous mouth and extended stinging tentacles, is but a trap to entangle and engulf them, and every sponge colony, with its million pores, sucks in the nutritious draft of organisms which are the ultimate basis of food for all sea life.

"In a word, sponges and polyps, in spite of their size and wide diversity of form, are but little above the simplest of all animals, the one called protozoa, and have developed as typically digestive organisms.

"Since their food is everywhere present, organs of locomotion are not needed to obtain it. Special senses and directive intelligence, or instincts, have not been definitely evolved, since the evolution of these powers always goes hand in hand with that of locomotor organs.

"It is true that certain polyps possess somewhat aimless and imperfect methods of locomotion, such as the slow-creeping movement of the sea anemones and the umbrella mode of propulsion peculiar to hydromedusae and the true jellyfishes—a beautiful example of which is shown lazily swimming near the broken pile in the group. But the polyps as a whole may be considered as mere sack-like stomachs, this specialization in digestion being their most striking advance, aside from their multicellular structure, over their protozoan progenitors. Yet there is a good reason to believe that a poly-like condition such as this is ancestral to the structure of all the higher and more complex groups of the animal kingdom.

"Associated with sponges and polyps upon the wharf piles are many other sedentary animals which, like them, feed upon the micro-organisms of the sea. At first glance these seem to be of hardly higher organization than the polyps, but an examination of their structure at once shows them to be members of much higher groups in the scale of life.

"These animals are so closely adapted to an attached mode of life and

diet of micro-organisms that the average observer, unacquainted with their affinities, would fail to recognize them as being included in the same great phylum.

"Finally, everything on the piles are various species of the sea squirts or ascidians, singly and in colonies. These small sac-like creatures, each with a projecting pair of tubes, or 'siphons,' though apparently insignificant, are in reality highly interesting from an evolutionary standpoint. One species is represented as growing in large yellow masses on the upper part of one of the piles. Some of the individuals of this species are marked with dark star-like colonies of another ascidian which grow upon their surfaces. Here and there stand out the conspicuous masses of the pink 'sea-pork.'

WIFE 'TOO OLD' FOR HUSBAND

Woman Expressed Hope That 'Spoiled Spouse' Will Find a More Beautiful Girl.

Chicago.—Called "too old" and "not pretty enough" by her husband, Paul H. McCain, Mrs. Jessie L. McCain voiced the sentiment that he may find solace in the charms of a younger and more beautiful woman. As McCain was branded "spoiled by his mother," by Judge Pettit, Mrs. McCain expressed some doubt of any woman being able to come up to the standard.

Mrs. McCain blamed Lottie James, a rescue mission worker, for her trouble.

Detectives, at the hearing of Mrs. McCain's suit for separate maintenance, testified that they had discovered Mrs. James and McCain in a secluded spot of Douglas park, late at night. The McCains were married 13 years ago, and have one daughter.



Mrs. Jessie L. McCain.

ter, Irene, aged nine. Mrs. McCain is thirty-five years old, but looks younger.

It was for the sake of the nine-year-old daughter of the McCains that Judge Pettit stopped the hearing at intervals with a suggestion that they become reconciled. Each time McCain refused to do so, and Mrs. McCain broke down and wept.

The judge, after hearing McCain's testimony, said he did not care to have the attorneys for Mrs. McCain cross-examine the man, and gave judgment at once. In so doing he criticized McCain as a man "spoiled by his mother," laying stress on the fact that the man had rushed from a family quarrel at 2:30 o'clock in the morning to tell his mother.

DOG ACTS AS A MAIL CARRIER

Boston Bulldog Calls Regularly Every Morning for His Master's Newspapers.

New York.—As a rule dogs are about as welcome as stray cats in and around the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria, but Reigo, a handsome Boston bulldog hailing from Omaha, is an exception and a sort of a privileged character around the hotel.

Reigo is owned by Philip J. Arnsley, an electrical engineer. Business calls him here every few months, and he remains at the Waldorf-Astoria from six to ten days on these trips. As a result, his dog, wherever he goes, knows the way around the hotel as well as his master. It is the animal's knack of making himself useful that has made him popular.

Every morning at eight o'clock a porter goes to the basement where Reigo is quartered, and leads him up to the main lobby. The dog is then

MISS BOOTH QUELLS BURGLAR

Daughter of Salvation Army Head Finds Thief in Room and Converts Him.

London.—Captain Mary Booth, daughter of General Bramwell Booth, head of the Salvation Army, discovered a burglar in her bedroom at two o'clock in the morning. Instead of calling the police she confronted her visitor and talked seriously to him about his wickedness. Learning that he was driven to crime by hunger, she



Captain Mary Booth.

promptly took him to her kitchen and gave him a good, square meal. While he ate she continued to talk to him, and when the meal was finished she knelt down and prayed with him. She insisted on the man praying for himself. Then he promised to turn over a new leaf, and with the counter promise to be his friend if he would live a better life, she saw her guest off the premises.

RISK LIVES TO SAVE MEN

Priests Go Into a Conduit Where Laborers Have Been Overcome by Gas.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Three priests risked their lives to rescue workmen who had been overcome by gas in a conduit on Alabama street here.

Armstrong, foreman; with two of his men, went into a manhole opposite the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in search of a leak in one of the mains. The break proved to be a bad one, and all three were overcome. A passerby, hearing faint cries from the men, called for help.

The priests, who were just leaving the church, responded. Father Hunt and Father Clancy dropped into the manhole and hoisted two of the workmen to the surface.

Armstrong had penetrated the conduit a long distance, and was lying face downward unconscious. Before the priests could get him back to the manhole both were partly overcome by the gas fumes.

Father Lynch saw their predicament, and, jumping into the manhole, succeeded in dragging all of them to comparatively fresh air. The four were lifted to the street by the crowd that quickly gathered.

Changes Name—Inherits \$2,000,000.

Seattle, Wash.—Judge French's decision in the suit brought by Henry Wharton Shoemaker, millionaire poet, against his former wife, Mrs. Beatrice Shoemaker Perry, to annul the adoption of his five-year-old son, Henry, enables the boy to change his last name from Perry to Shoemaker and thereby inherit \$2,000,000 of the estate of his grandfather, Henry F. Shoemaker, who lived in New York.

Wanted No "Sky Pilot" at Death.

New York.—"I want no pageantry or discourse from paid 'sky pilots.'" So reads the will of Philip S. Staats, an actor and song writer, for probate here. The will ended with an iteration of a curse upon anyone attempting to break the document.

freed, and he immediately runs over to the key and mail counter and begins to jump into the air and bark until he receives recognition. Then the clerks give him Mr. Arnsley's mail and two morning newspapers.

With the mail and papers held tightly in his mouth Reigo runs to the elevator and shifts about nervously until the thirteenth floor is reached. Once he is turned out in the hall he seeks out Mr. Arnsley's room and barks and scratches outside the door until it is opened.

The most convenient and cheapest of all disinfectants to use in the cellar is quicklime. It may be placed in dishes or cupboards, or scattered loose in dark, damp corners.

TOOLS FOR A GARDEN

Implements Are Demanded for Proper Cultivation.

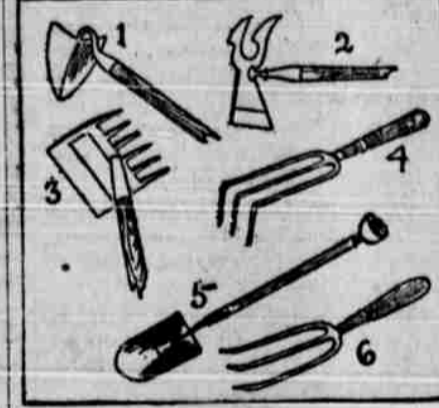
Old-Fashioned Hoe and Rake Will Not Supply All the Needs of the Up-to-Date Gardener—Some Good Ones Are Illustrated.

(By C. S. MILLER.)
The growing of vegetables and fruit has become so important that improved tools are now demanded for proper cultivation. In order to get the very best results cultivation must be carried to the limit and the old-fashioned hoe and rake will not supply all the needs of the up-to-date gardener.

Those shown in the accompanying picture are all extremely useful, and as they cost but a trifle nobody who expects to do the best work in a garden No. 1 is the hoe, and is remarkable for the great number of uses to which it can be put in both field and garden.

No. 2 is especially useful for covering seeds and for heavy weeding. No. 3 is a combined hoe and rake and enables the operator to do either hoeing or raking without laying aside one tool and taking up the other.

No. 4 is a hand weeder to scratch weeds out of flower beds and pots. No. 5 is one of the most useful tools that can be used. It is extremely



Improved Garden Tools.

useful, not only in spading, but in cutting out weeds close to large plants and trimming walks and beds.

No. 6 is a handy little tool about the flower bed. You can transplant, pulverize and mix earth preparatory to planting, loosen the earth about plants and do numerous other things with it.

LESS WORK FOR HOUSEWIFE

Introduction of Modern Engine Thresher Takes Many Burdens From Shoulders of Women.

The work of the farm housewife has been greatly lessened by the use of engine threshers. Formerly when farmers went about from one farm to another, helping each other to thresh the grain, the farm-wife was compelled to cook for gangs of men, often for days at a time, and with seldom sufficient help, her lot was indeed a hard one. Now, the owner of an engine thresher rides about the country during the summer days making his threshing contracts. In the fall he organizes his force and starts on his rounds—he provides all the men necessary, takes along a tent, employs a cook and relieves the farmer and his family of all work in connection with threshing. A counting machine registers the number of bushels threshed out, and when his work is ended he receives the farmer's check for his services, hooks up his teams to the traction engine and goes on to the next field.

Looking to the Pedigree.

Look at the pedigree of the stallion you patronize, and if it is not issued by one of the recognized registry associations don't use that horse. Many farmers will contend that a grade horse that is a good looker is just as good for a sire as a pure-bred, and expense is much lighter.

Some of the handsomest, soundest and most perfect horses are grades, and, while they are splendid animals for use, they are unsuitable to breed to. Every grade has a yellow streak in him, and this is just as likely to show as his good qualities.

DAIRY NOTES

A silo will pay for itself in one year. Be sure that the calves are started right.

A farmer owning six cows should have a silo. Be sure that the temperature of the milk is right.

It is not possible to grow too much forage on a dairy farm.

A comfortable stable reduces the cost of maintenance and increases the flow of milk.

Feed regularly, not too much at a time, and young calves at least four times a day.

Nothing can be marketed on the farm so successfully or so economically as butter.

The dairyman who does not keep an individual record of his cows is not an up-to-date dairyman.

If the mow is nearly empty and the feed low in the bin, don't cut down the rations of the cows.

The dairy farm that is stocked to its full capacity without being overstocked is a pretty safe investment.

When an animal forms a habit, either good or bad, that habit is a part of its life as long as it lives.

Draining the butter well before salting is one of the little things that makes for a better quality of product.

Experiments have proven the average milk cow requires about an ounce of salt per day. Heavy milkers should have more.

Success does not lie in the number of cows the dairyman keeps, but in the kind he keeps and the way he keeps them.

SUPPLEMENT TO A PASTURE

Feeding Corn Silage is Most Economical Method of Supplying Feed to Help Out Pasture.

(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE.)
Green crops fed as a supplement to pasture may be fed in the pasture or in the barn lot but as a rule are fed most economically in the barn. The cows remain inside long enough at milking time to eat their portions.

As a rule the most economical method of supplying feed to help out the short pastures of midsummer and fall is to feed corn silage. Silage will keep in good condition for summer feeding with no loss except on the surface. If it is not needed during the summer, it may be covered with the new silage and kept until wanted. Corn furnishes a larger yield of dry matter per acre than any crop that can be ordinarily grown for summer feeding, and has the further advantage of being on hand as early as wanted.

It is handled more economically also than soiling crops since it is cut all at once and not every day as is necessary with soiling crops.

It should be remembered that it is only possible to feed a bunch of cows economically when they are fed as individuals and not as a herd. A common practice even in the otherwise well conducted herds, is for all animals to be fed the same amount of grain, regardless of the time they have been in milk or the quantity of milk the individual cows are producing. Such feeding always lacks economy, as the high producing cow does not get enough, and while she may milk very well for a while, she soon comes down to a lower level, while the lighter producing cow usually gets too much feed and accumulates fat.

MAKE-UP OF JERSEY CATTLE

Breed Attracts Notice by "Dairy" Type of Their Bodily Conformation—Some of Characteristics.

(By R. M. GOW.)

The characteristics which mark the present race of Jersey cattle are known to have been notable and prominent in the breed at least one hundred and fifty years ago, so that now they have become thoroughly "fixed," sure to be inherited by their progeny, thus affording the breeder a sure foundation for further development.

The main external characteristics of the Jerseys are the beautiful softness of the various tints of fawn and gray in their coats of hair; their gracefully formed deer-like limbs; their neat, incurving horns, large lumpy eyes, small heads and delicate noses; their bright, attractive and intelligent faces; their soft yellow skin, long tails and



Eurotas, 2454. Record for One Year, 778 Pounds of Butter.

well-developed switches; their full, rounded-out udders, straight backs, and the fine proportions of their general conformation. The Jersey cow looks the high-bred lady of the cattle race. Well-developed male animals should weigh from 1400 pounds to 1800 pounds, and females, from 750 to 1200 pounds. Above all else, Jerseys attract notice by the "dairy" type of their bodily conformation, by their large and well-formed udders, and prominent milk-veins. In color they are of various shades of soft fawn, from red to silvery, with more or less white, broken color being unobjectionable except from the standpoint of individual taste.

Police "Regulars" Mourn Their Vanished Whiskers

Central police station: "Stay sober or lose your bush!"

In spite of the appalling tendency of the times, the unfortunate has been found who finds a crumb of comfort in the change. Jacob Bush, who lost his two weeks ago as the result of a too hasty expenditure of a lavish gratuity and the consequent night in a cell, declares that business has improved wonderfully since he was deprived of his whiskers.

"Why, I can go right over the same beats they chased me off of last month," he boasts, "and they never know me. That's what Mr. Potts' funny stuff did for me. I can make a tough right now off of men who run me away a month ago. This smooth-face work ain't so bad, after all."

"All it takes is a little sense. Next month I'm going to tell 'em I'm a victim of a wreck. These cuts on my face look good enough for that."

But Jacob Bush, known as the incurable optimist of the Eagle lodging house, is alone in his joy. Those who are not so resourceful as he still mourn their vanished whiskers.

Motorcycle Runs Amuck In a Crowded Street

CHICAGO.—A riderless motorcycle dashed up LaSalle street the other afternoon.

When the police had finished clearing up the street the motorcycle and its owner were in the Central police station and two victims were in the Iroquois Memorial hospital. The person who started the machine on its lonesome "joy ride" could not be found.

E. C. Gage, a negro, rode into the loop in Jackson boulevard. The engine of his motorcycle "heated" and stopped at Jackson boulevard and LaSalle street.

Gage was tinkering with the machine. A white man he did not know volunteered to start the machine for him. He did.

The negro said the stranger started the machine north at about forty miles an hour. He rode about fifty feet and jumped off.

The motorcycle, speed increasing continued up LaSalle street. It failed

STORIES From the BIG CITIES



New York's Second Hand Queen Moves Up Town



HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR IT?

NEW YORK.—A new woman merchant has just moved from downtown into the theatrical district of West Forty-second street. She is Mary J. McShane, who lived next door to "Paddy" Dwyer's where, at No. 5 Madison street, she did a thriving business for thirty-seven years, bought the land occupied by her store and reared a family of ten children.

"I'll tell you how I did it all," she said the other day. "I was a child in Cork, Ireland, when my father was buying gold lace and the discarded trappings of the English officers who were suddenly ordered to India and other parts of the empire. He was such a fine, square man that he had friends everywhere. As the officers changed their barracks, my father not only bought all the regimentals and supplies, but got the gowns and draperies of the ladies, so that I instinctively absorbed a knowledge of values."

"When I came to New York in 1878 as a girl, I was ready to buy anything, knowing well that I could sell at a good profit. First I bought little job lots of ornaments; then household goods, until I took the contents of entire tenement houses. But my real start began when I met Andrew Dam and obtained the annual discard of carpets and furnishings in his Union Square Hotel. He was a fine man and

introduced me to the big hotel men of New York.

"Presently I had the monopoly of the best yearly hotel sales of the city and was making money rapidly when I expanded into a still higher branch of the business. The hotel men introduced me to representatives of rich New York families until I began to have the patronage of the 'four hundred.'

"It may surprise lots of people to know that thousands of beautiful garments are sold every year in New York because families go into mourning or suddenly go to Europe. Mourning means selling their colored clothing. In Europe they want the Paris styles, and so sell most of their wardrobes before leaving here. Then thousands of families take apartments and give up housekeeping in their homes. I buy everything they have to sell, from silks and satins to diamonds and jewelry that no longer meet their taste. Others sell because they want money. Few know how many people meet with reverses in the course of a year. Every day I am receiving notes to call at fine mansions to look over the wardrobes and set a price."

"Another line is furs. As soon as hot weather comes, and people have to move, or reverse come, the first thing they want to sell is their furs. I buy them and sell in winter at a big profit."

"Why did I leave Madison street to move up Broadway? Because everything has changed down town, especially in my business. I had a big trade in Brooklyn and Coney Island, as well as New York, below Fourteenth street. When they killed racing they killed part of my business."

Ever Hear of Fish Scales on an Alto Horn?

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Who put the Bismarck herring in Harry Baker's horn? City Hall threatens to be rocked by the controversy that has arisen over this simple and almost personal question. At least, that's what the gossipers say. To tell the truth Harry refuses to be interviewed when the reporters attempt to get him to tell the details.

Now Mr. Baker may be the innocent victim of irresponsible and unrelenting scandal mongers. And again Mr. Baker may have incriminated himself by simply refusing to be interviewed on the subject. At any rate the tale remains unadmitted, and in that event it is too good to let slip by without making some mention of it.

Harry Baker is one of the crew that guides the destinies of the mayor's office. In this capacity it is one of Harry's provinces to see that the gang that congregates about that sanctum every afternoon behaves itself with proper decorum while waiting for the summons to enter the holy of holies where the mayor sits with his feet on the mahogany desk.

As a further detail of this tale, Harry is credited with being an artist on the alto horn, which he plays with great technique and feeling in one of the Northside German singing societies. Having neither seen nor heard the gentleman in question on a toot, his friends hesitate to endorse his musical ability. But it is rumored that Gabriel will have to dig some to hold



his job when Mr. Baker gets a little more practice. However, it happened that Harry was blowing himself prodigiously the other night in the German club and someone playfully inserted a flock of Bismarck herring in the end of his horn.

The possibilities of such a situation will naturally suggest themselves at once to the reader with an original turn of mind. Picture to yourself a Chopin nocturne embellished with cadenzas and thrills of rippling herring flying all over the place. Imagine a Liszt rhapsody with chromatic fish scales flying about in a riot of inverted sevenths.

Of course no one ever heard of either Chopin or Liszt being played on an alto horn, but that mere detail shouldn't spoil the story. The thing to be conveyed is the fact that some joker with no sense of propriety tried to corner the fish market in a mere instrument of brass instead of dragging in the whole mess in a clarinet.

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The motorcycle, speed increasing continued up LaSalle street. It failed

to get the signals of Traffic Patrolman F. J. Arens at Adams street and first struck William Goodrow of a Elizabeth court, Oak Park, a manufacturer. He was knocked down and a six-inch scalp wound resulted.

Passing over Goodrow the motorcycle reached Joseph Barton, 1828 South Hamlin avenue. He was thrown down and a finger was broken. Then the motorcycle went over on its side and gave a realistic imitation of a pinwheel.

Gage was taken to central by Traffic Patrolman Arens and looked up.

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