

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Light Keeper Who Died for Uncle Sam



DETROIT.—The big lighthouse at Windmill Point is sending out its warning to lake mariners every night, as it has for many years past, but no more does Capt. Edward Chambers attend the big lamp that for two years has been his care. He died recently. With the passing of Captain Chambers, or "Captain Ed," as he was known among the lake-faring people, one of the most picturesque figures of the great lakes is taken. His was a strenuous life, given almost entirely to the caring for lighthouses.

He was born on Mackinac Island in 1852. When he went to work it was for the government, as mail carrier from Mackinac City on the mainland to the island. In summer this is a simple task. But in the winter it is different. The storms that sweep the lakes in the cold months find a clear passage in the Straits of Mackinac, and sometimes traveling over the ice is impossible. It takes a strong and resolute man to face these storms

and carry the mail to the beleaguered islanders. Such a man was "Captain Ed." No day was too cold or wind too strong to keep him at home.

Since entering the lighthouse service "Captain Ed" had some of the most arduous assignments Uncle Sam's men get. For 12 years he was in charge of the lighthouse on Stannard rock, in Lake Superior. This is the farthest from land of any light the government possesses, and because of the storms in the spring and fall furnishes about the hardest work. It stands on the top of a submerged mountain, which is only six feet below the surface. Many boats had been wrecked on the rock before the government established the light.

There are eight months of each of these 12 years Captain Chambers and three assistants lived in the lighthouse, practically cut off from the rest of the world except for the occasional visits of the supply boat. At one time, because of storms, this boat did not reach the lighthouse for three months.

Captain Chambers was in charge of the following lighthouses during his service: Waugoschance, three years; Iroquois, in Lake Superior, nine years, and Spectacle Reef, in upper Lake Huron, six years.

Making Ice Water From the Sunshine



EL PASO, Tex.—Manufacturing a drink of ice water with nothing cooler than the sun's rays and dry tropical air would probably seem under the province of the magician to the easterner. It is nevertheless a fact that from these ever-available agencies the greater part of the population of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico manufacture their own ice water. This not only serves for drinking purposes, but also provides an efficient medium for the ordinary requirements of refrigeration—for in the cruder sections of the great southwest the artificial production of ice is still a trifle too costly to be feasible.

The secret lies wholly in the construction of the little red receptacle in which the water is placed. This is a simple Mexican creation, and in that language is called an olla, the two 'l's being silent according to the Spanish pronunciation of the word.

In northern Mexico olla making is a very profitable industry to the inhabitants, who carry them over into Arizona on the backs of burros.

The olla is made from a crude clayish mortar. In drying the composition becomes very porous, and it is this essential characteristic which contains the secret of the cooling process. It is filled with water and hung up, preferably in some place which is exposed to the wind if there be any. The moisture seeps through the porous composition. The process is very slow, and the moisture which exudes evaporates into the receptive, dry atmosphere in such equable proportion that scarcely more than a drop a minute trickles away from the bottom of the olla.

It is this continuous and fairly rapid evaporation which produces the cold. Immediately the sides of the olla become chilled, and the water within grows gradually cooler. In less than an hour from the time the phenomena is begun the water is cold enough for drinking purposes, no matter how warm it might have been when poured into the receptacle. Two or three hours later it is cold enough to fill the ordinary requirements of refrigeration for bottled milk, butter and other culinary necessities.

New York Children Are Taught to Play



NEW YORK.—There are places where children have to be taught how to play. You might think that the youngsters wouldn't need instruction of this kind. You would be mistaken. Here in New York men and women spend the better part of their lives teaching thousands of children how to play, not only with their muscles, but also with their minds, writes a correspondent. A great many thousand dollars are spent annually by the city just for that purpose, and experience has proved that the time and money are well spent. The tall tenements of the East side, as full of people as a warren is of rabbits, swarm with eager children. Their fathers and mothers were immigrants. Most of them had no boyhood or girlhood, as most people think of it. They worked for a living before they came to this country; they

were hard at work in shops or factories after they came here. They had no traditions of play to hand down to their children. To them play was a foolishness.

Their children, unable to breathe in the tenements, take to the streets, which are dirty or infested with persons and things that are not good for little people to see and hear. Children who have no play places but the streets are apt to absorb unhealthful ideas as well as microbes. Pickpockets and loafers are developed that way. Besides, there is little of play that children can do in the streets. That ogre in cap and blue coat, the policeman, is always snooping about.

These are studies that folks with big minds made for themselves in past years. Little by little they got the city government interested and persuaded a very practical minded school board that it was worth while to provide play places for the children who had none, so the board of education has now in this city 246 playgrounds for children, day and night playgrounds, where the little people are carefully instructed how to frolic.

Merchants Offer Inducements to Wed



WAREHAM, Mass.—The merchants of this ambitious Cape Cod town, desiring to increase its fame and population, present and prospective, offer extraordinary inducements to sweethearts to marry here. The merchants could offer no more, save to marry the ladies themselves, and the law against bigamy is very strict. Of course certain conditions are attached to these generous propositions; the chief is that the married couple must reside here. Wareham is altruistic, but it does not propose to help to add to the population of any other town.

These are some of the marriage inducements offered by Wareham: A free wedding, including marriage license and clergyman's services. Bass soloist to sing "I'm Glad I'm Married" at the ceremony.

Church deacon to pass the hat for a collection for the wedded pair's benefit.

Brass band to play the wedding march and other appropriate music.

Bridal dinner.

Bridal presents, mostly useful articles for furnishing a home, particularly the nursery.

Motor launch for the honeymoon trip.

Steady employment for the bridegroom.

Employment for the bride every autumn at screening cranberries if she desires it.

Four physicians to give free services at intervals.

Lawyers to give legal advice on any subject except divorce.

Free shaves for the bridegroom, his clothes pressed without charge—not by his wife, but by a tailor.

To further its purpose and to make the path to happiness even smoother Wareham has established a wedding bureau. They will consider applications of those yearning to be married from every point of experience, the wise city fathers consider.

FRONTIER DAYS FETE WHERE ROOSEVELT WAS GUEST

PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF J. MILLER



CONQUERING A BUCKING BRONCHO



COWGIRLS AT CHEYENNE

CHEYENNE, WYO.—The Frontier Days' celebration, at which Colonel Roosevelt was the center of attraction continued for several days, and was the most elaborate and successful affair of the kind ever held here. Among the thousands of spectators were many tourists from distant parts of the country who were attracted by the fame of the celebration. Frontier days is a thoroughly American festival, the chief participants being cowboys and cowgirls, Indians and others representative of the pioneer life of the west. They all enter into the spirit of the occasion with the utmost enthusiasm, and the races, roping contests, riding of bucking bronchos, war dances and other features are always exciting and full of interest. Among the Indians here were many well known chiefs, accompanied by their squaws and children.

Colonel Roosevelt's visit had been looked forward to with glee by those people of the frontier, for they consider him one of themselves, and many of them are personally acquainted with him, while all of them admire him.

BEST DRESSED MEN

Do Not Always Come From Millionaire Class, Says Expert.

Expenditure of \$6,000 Year Doesn't Always Produce Results Desired by Men Who Seek to Set the Fashions.

NEW YORK.—Discussing the latest fashions for men at the Wearing Apparel, Style and Fabric show opened at the Madison Square garden, A Reginald Von Keller, a fashion expert, said New York's two best dressed men were Worthington Whitehouse and Huntington Bull. The latter man is master of hounds of the Meadowbrook Hunt club.

"Plenty of men who spend \$5,000 to \$6,000 a year to dress are not from a critic's viewpoint what you would term well dressed men," said Keller, who arranged the "head to foot" exhibit. "John Jacob Astor is a well dressed man, but Mr. Whitehouse is really the leader of fashion. He carries his clothes well and the keenest critic could find no fault with the garments he wears, beautifully adapted for every occasion."

The very newest thing in fashions this year, Von Keller says, is the monogram waistcoat, of which he showed a sample one of white satin. A lavender monogram about two inches deep was embroidered on the lower left hand side.

"There is always something new in men's clothing," said the expert, "for men's fashions change just as often as women's and are much more expensive. Waistcoats with buttons of precious stones run up to \$500. The new shade in men's business suits is a chocolate brown."

Von Keller said American men no longer go to Europe to buy clothes, but that many European men of wealth and fashion who visit here take home Fifth avenue tailored suits.

Miss M. C. Reed, in charge of a Broadway house's exhibit, said American women, to avoid the difficulties of custom-house inspection here, bought their gowns in New York before sailing for Europe. She said most of the importation of gowns now was done by firms rather than by individuals.

Miss Reed's exhibit consisted of the new helmet shaped hat of black velvet with large blue plumes and handsome colored chiffon gowns for evening wear, constructed on the empire style, which she said would prevail largely this year.

"Is it true that men are growing smaller as an offset to woman's increasing size, as dressmakers say?" was asked of Von Keller.

"No," he said indignantly. "Women may be growing larger, but men are not growing smaller. If you doubt it, try to fit the average twentieth century man to some fourteenth cen-

tury armor in the various museums. You will find it impossible." Anxiety was expressed by exhibitors about the garment workers' strike. Pessimistic ones said that if the strike was not settled soon Mrs. Knickerbocker would have to look to Philadelphia, St. Louis and Chicago for her new fall suits.

SMALL GRAPE CROP IS FEAR

Wet Summer is Cause of Great Devastation in French Vineyards—Prices Raised.

PARIS.—These are critical days for the French vintage. The wet summer has caused devastation in the vineyards amounting to a national disaster. In the Paris wineshops and in certain restaurants prices are being raised. All, however, is not yet lost, and a few days of bright weather would modify the situation favorably.

M. Georges Proust, a former president of the Paris wholesale wine merchants' syndicate, makes the following observations: "Lamentable news comes from Burgundy. There will not be a barrel of wine in the Yonne; notably, there will be no such thing as 1910 Chablis. In Touraine the white vines alone will yield a small harvest."

"In the south the vintage will be

fairly good in the Pyrenees-Orientales, mediocre in the Hérault and the Gard, and insignificant in the Aude. The maritime climate of Bordeaux has not protected the district. Vine diseases have raged there, and only half an average vintage is expected."

BIG SOCKEYE SALMON PACK

Yield From Puget Sound and Fraser River Will Total Two Hundred Thousand Cases.

SEATTLE, Wash.—The sockeye salmon pack on Puget sound this year to date aggregate approximately 190,000 cases. Packers say the pack is practically complete, although they point out that when all the figures are in the season's count will very likely touch 200,000 cases. This is the largest sockeye salmon pack on a "lean" year since 1902.

Reports received from Vancouver the other day were to the effect that the pack of sockeyes on the Fraser river has been practically the same as on Puget sound, and that packers there expect to have 200,000 cases of fish when everything is counted.

Packers say that the entire season's pack of sockeye salmon has already been sold, subject to approval of opening prices. The largest pack of sockeyes on a "lean" year since 1902, when 339,556 cases were packed on the sound, was in 1906, when the pack aggregated 182,241 cases.

TRIES TO ADOPT BABY WHALE

Captain Imitates Mother by Attempting to Feed Floating Youngster Milk from Oil Can.

SAN FRANCISCO.—A little baby whale, only sixteen feet long and of a pale pink complexion, was the cause of much solicitude and sorrow on the part of the captain of the pilot-boat Lady Mine.

At first Captain Pentland, on spying the queer object floating on the waters off Meigs wharf, thought it was a boat turned turtle. On nearing the object, however, he discovered it to be a forlorn orphan whale and his soft heart was moved to compassion. He resolved to mother it, but how? That was a new experience in his salty life, and he was stumped. Suddenly he bethought him of a quantity of milk in his messroom. The captain rushed below as one inspired. There was the milk, but where was the whale bottle? In vain he searched for an appropriate vessel. Then his eyes lit on an oil can.

This he seized, filled with milk and hurried aboard. He was doomed to grievous disappointment. The wail of the ocean had disappeared. The captain clapped loud and long, imitating the mother whale's endearing spout, which he had learned as a child on the great arctic circle, but all in vain.

The whalette had gone to the depths. With tears in his eyes, sobs in his throat and the milk in the can, Captain Pentland was obliged to pilot the Lady Mine on her way.

SAYS WE ARE TOO IMPATIENT

Archbishop of Canterbury Preaches on "Short Cut" Solutions of Every Day Problems.

LONDON.—The archbishop of Canterbury, preaching in Lambeth church, said that though the world is better than it was, the present day faults were great. Impatience and hurry were what he thought we suffered from every day in every department of life. People were striving for what, in common talk, were called "short cuts" toward solutions they wanted to reach. Anxious problems were being faced in a spirit which was surely a new spirit and a dangerous one—a spirit of impatience.

It was wholesome, he declared, to be hotly intolerant of wrong, but intolerance or impatience of wrong would not usually solve great perplexities. By itself patience had the foremost place in any sustained effort to mend these things. Today's temptation was speed rather than thoroughness.

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Need Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Brookfield, Mo.—"Two years ago I was unable to do any kind of work and only weighed 118 pounds. My trouble dates back to the time that women may expect nature to bring on them the Change of Life. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me feel much better, and I have continued its use. I am very grateful to you for the good health I am now enjoying."—Mrs. SARAH LOUISIANA, 414 S. Livingston Street, Brookfield, Mo.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ills—inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. F. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

A Shipping Error. The young Duchess of Westminster, wife of the richest peer in England, recently gave birth to her third child, a daughter. Thus there is no heir to the immense Grosvenor fortune, Earl Grosvenor, the duchess' second child having died at the age of four.

Apropos of all this, a rather cruel story is being told in Newport about Lady Ursula Grosvenor, the eight-year-old daughter of the young duchess.

A friend, the story goes, called at Eaton Hall, and as she sat in the drawing-room, little Lady Ursula entered.

"Oh, good afternoon," she said gravely. "Mamma can't see any one today. She's upstairs with the new baby. They sent her, you know, a girl when she'd ordered a boy, and she's so upset that she's quite ill."

Talking to the Child.

"Mrs. X— talks to little Madge just as Mr. X— talks to their dog," said a little girl of a neighboring family. And it was indeed true. Mrs. X— is a very well-meaning woman and would be greatly surprised if she should hear the foregoing statement. She has simply unconsciously acquired a harsh tone of voice in dealing with her children. This is altogether unnecessary and is not, as many mothers seem to think, a mark of good discipline. The mother whose manner is quiet but firm is generally a much more successful disciplinarian than the harsh-voiced mother who issues her commands in a dictatorial manner. Kindness never spoils children. It is flabby indecision, sometimes mistaken for kindness, which spoils them.

When the Fish Exploded.

Somebody discovered that fish are fond of gasoline, and this led to the idea of soaking worms in gasoline in order to make them more alluring when used for bait.

Mark the result. Two of those gasoline-tempted fish exploded in the frying-pan, and broke the kitchen window, and blew the cook's face full of mashed potato, and hurled the teakettle into the flour barrel, and painted the kitchen ceiling with stewed tomatoes.

Call it a lying world and let it go at that.

This Is a Good Breakfast!

Instead of preparing a hot meal, have some fruit;

Post Toasties

with cream;

A soft boiled egg;
Slice of crisp toast;
A cup of Postum.

Such a breakfast is pretty sure to win you.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.