

CHANGE WAS THERE

DELINQUENT DEBTOR PINNED DOWN ON SPOT.

Little, Shabby Old Pop Furnished Surprise for "Sport" Who Had Nothing but His Thousand-Dollar Bill.

There is a story current in those circles wherein betting on horse races is spoken of freely and admitted without a blush, that concerns an old sport, a young sport and \$1,000 bill, says the New York Sun.

It seems that some months ago the horses were not running well, or it took an ax to get into a poolroom or something of that kind, and Young Sport was hard up. There was among his acquaintances a little old man, commonly called Pop, who was always shabby and insignificant in appearance, but who, somehow, usually had the faculty of having a 20 in his pocket.

He had one on the day when Young Sport touched him with his hard-luck story, and the 20 changed hands. On several occasions thereafter Pop got unobtrusively in the way of Young Sport, but there was nothing doing.

Thus ends the prologue, and the first act opens of a recent evening in a dispensary of liquid recuperators on the Great White Way. Enter Young Sport, who approaches the chief dispenser, an acquaintance, with a sheepish and yet highly contented smile.

"Say is my face good for a ball? You see, it's this way," he hastens to add before the chief dispenser can commit the break of turning him down, "I hit the races lucky to-day—simply couldn't lose, and when I cashed in I took the bulk of my winnings in this form, see?" and he displays a \$1,000 bill.

The dispenser is so impressed that he forgets the all-night bank where change might be had, asks the victim of too much prosperity to indicate his prescription and sets forth the vials accordingly. Young Sport helps himself with many a grateful compliment to the dispenser's discriminating judgment, promises to pay to-morrow and departs to be discovered shortly afterward the central figure in a group of horse lovers at the Hoffman house.

Thither hurries shabby Pop after happening to overhear the aforementioned chief dispenser telling of the man and naming him who flashed a \$1,000 bill before his dazzling eyes. Pop insinuates himself into the group of horse lovers and looks hopefully up at the central figure. He doesn't say a word, Pop doesn't, but just looks right appealing like.

"It comes right down to this," Young Sport is saying oracularly, "if you want to beat the races you must have a good, all-round knowledge of horse-flesh."

Just then he catches sight of shabby old Pop and remembers that there is a man he wants to see farther uptown. The horse lovers have lots of questions to ask, but none so much to the point as that of shabby Pop, who throws reserve to the winds and says:

"Say, how about that 20 I lent you last November?"

"That's all right," replies Young Sport, trying to mask his embarrassment under a guise of easy confidence. "Pay you to-morrow."

"But to-morrow may not come," says Pop. "I don't know; something might happen. I'd rather have that 20 now. I hear you hit it lucky to-day."

"So I did, but I've nothing with me but a \$1,000 bill," Young Sport answers, and to relieve the old man's anxiety he displays the bill.

Then, "I can change it," pipes up Pop, and he produces a huge wad of fifties, twenties, tens and fives from his trousers pocket and proceeds to count out \$980.

They say that Young Sport had the grace to invite Pop to the bar as he ruefully admitted that \$980 in small bills was as good as blown in.

Preparing for It.

Prof. M. I. Pupin, the famous electrical expert, told at the dedicatory banquet of the new woman's club the Colony, in New York, an appropriate story.

"The excellence of this repast," he said, "brings to my mind a story about a man whose repasts were by no means excellent."

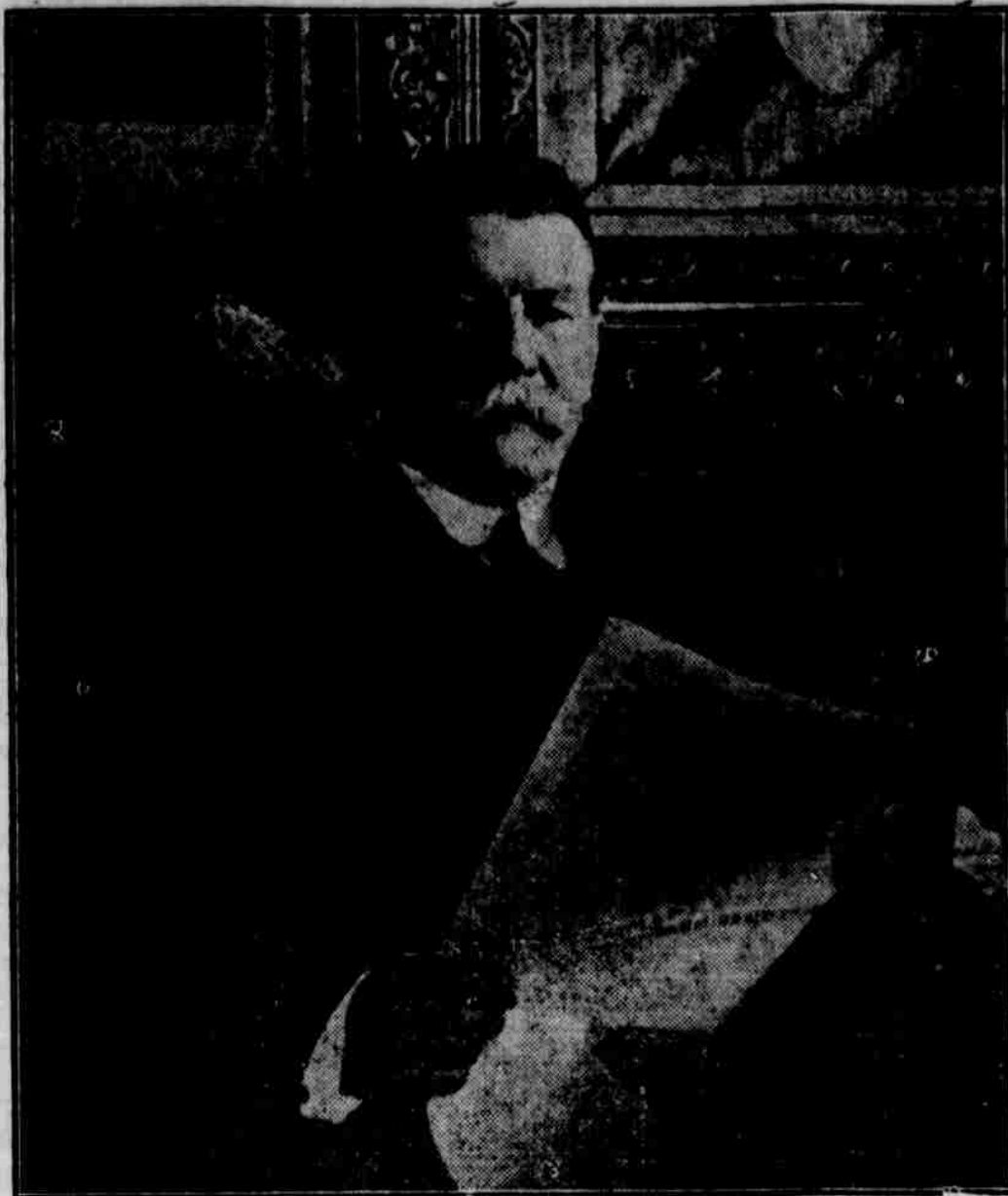
"This man lived in my native town of Idvor, and he was noted for his parsimony. Let us call him Mr. Smith."

"There was an old major in Idvor who said to his valet one evening: 'Go and tell the cook to get me ready a chop and a poached egg.' 'Pardon me, major,' said the valet, 'but have you forgotten that you are dining with Mr. Smith to-night?'"

"The major frowned. 'Yes,' he said, 'I had forgotten it. Tell the cook to make it two chops and two poached eggs.'"

His Usual Acrobatic Stunt.
Tompkins—Do you take any exercise after your bath?
Simpson—Yes, I usually tread on the soap as I get out.

Gen. Horace Porter.



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Former ambassador to France who will go to the Hague peace tribunal as one of America's representatives. Gen. Porter is a noted diplomat, military officer and public speaker.

IS LAST OF AN ODD BAND.

REMNANT OF MICHIGAN ALTRUISTIC COOPERATIVE COLONY.

Porter Whitford Only Survivor of Enterprise Started at Galesburg in 1838—Thousands of Acres Once Cultivated.

Galesburg, Mich.—The last survivor of the only altruistic cooperative society ever attempted in this quarter of the state is Porter H. Whitford, 80 years old, who came to this village, then a backwoods crossroads, in 1838, and has since taken part in most public events of the community.

When the Aladelphian society, organized on the plan of the "Brook Farm" of literary fame, was established near Galesburg by about 300 farmers in 1843 Whitford was one of the young leaders. He was married to a daughter of one of the older officers of the society when Aladelphian hall, the principal building of the organization, was opened.

All essential trades then known in the frontier community were represented among the members, most of whom were New Yorkers. All property was turned into the common account and farms were used as "outside" residences by the men formerly owning them if they wished.

Many thousands of acres were thus used by the community, which took at first a highly intellectual standard, but later broke up because of the discontent of some who saw other farmers getting rich on the old competitive plan.

After a few years the men began to withdraw from the colony to work for themselves and finally the buildings where the socialistic dreams of the founders had been worked out were sold to the county for use on its poor farm near by.

A thrifty member got possession of 1,000 acres of the best land, which has made his descendants rich. Whitford alone remains of the many who took part in the colony life of the Aladelphians.

A legend hangs about the spot where the old hall stood. It is that at the time of the disbandment one of the members who had been begging his comrades to stand together for the common good accidentally discovered an old kettle filled with coin of French

denominations, which had apparently been buried by Indians during some forgotten tribal war many years before. The money was concealed within a short distance from Aladelphian hall.

The man went west and was afterward found to have somehow acquired a large amount of money at the time of his going.

DISEASE LAID TO TROLLEY.

Doctor Finds Car Men Afflicted with Malady.

Elwood, Ind.—Renal calculus is the name of a disease that attacks motormen and conductors who are daily coming in contact with the high tension electric current of the Indiana Union Traction lines, says Dr. T. C. Armfield, one of the oldest practitioners in this city.

He says that it is superinduced by handling the trolley pole while it is in contact with the trolley wire, the controller wrench, when the current is on, by imperfect connections causing the iron and brass work on the cars to become electrified, and by other similar conditions.

It causes a mild paralysis by turning the small corpuscles of blood into coagulated matter, thus closing the pores, preventing the perspiration from exuding from the body, and later poisoning the system.

John Mohler, a motorman on the Tipton-Alexandria branch, was stricken with the new malady just as his car reached this city, and had to be carried to a physician's office for treatment. After strong restoratives were administered by the hypodermic method, he was removed to his home at Tipton.

Renal calculus attacks slowly, says the medical man, and it was this that prevented an accident here to-day, as the motorman felt the pain coming on, classed it as pleurisy and, calling the conductor, turned his car over to him just before the steep grade was reached on entering the city.

Sticks Out Tongue at Kaiser.

Berlin.—A tipsy laborer named Bruening, who one morning last November put out his tongue at the kaiser as his majesty went past in an automobile, has just been condemned to nine months' imprisonment.

DEVIL'S TOWER MADE RESERVE

Rock Rises 800 Feet Above Surrounding Country.

Deadwood, S. D.—President Roosevelt has issued an order setting aside the Devil's tower, a peculiar geographical formation in northeastern Wyoming, as a national monument and a federal reserve. Nearly 2,000 acres of land also are set aside with the tower. This reserve will be under the care of the general land office of that district, no entries will be allowed on it, and every effort will be made to protect the tower from injury.

This Devil's tower is a chimney-like mountain of rock that rises 800 feet above the surrounding country, and for almost 500 feet is nearly perpendicular and devoid of any growth of vegeta-

tion. The top of the tower is large enough in area for a baseball team to play a good game and is covered with a scant soil formed from the disintegrated rock and bearing moss, cactus and ferns.

Two men are known to have climbed this tower at the risk of their lives. One of them was Jack Rogers, an old cowboy, and the other was Arthur Jobe, a young engineer for the Homestake Mining company.

The tower stands on the bank of the upper Belle Fourche river, and has been for years one of the landmarks of the country. It was at one time included in an entry made by Miss Kent, an English woman, who filed on a homestead including this mountain. The entry afterward was canceled.

HOBOS AT A BANQUET

KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD "FEED" AT SWELL CHICAGO HOTEL.

Over One Hundred Attend Representative Gathering—Washington Flat Fails to Appear as Toastmaster, Owing to Police.

Chicago.—The hobos' banquet, given by the Brotherhood Welfare association at the Windsor-Clifford hotel the other night, was a huge success despite several little drawbacks, such as the nonattendance of Washington Flat, the toastmaster, who was driven out of town early in the afternoon by the police, and the departure of Philadelphia Jack and The Dancing Kid for San Francisco before the beer was served. They explained that they had to catch the 11:15 "Q." freight.

Dr. Ben L. Reitman and his aids in the new organization had searched the highways and byways of the city for a representative gathering of hobos and bums and beggars and they found them. There were more than a hundred present—some from the Bridewell, others from the municipal lodging house, Hogan's Flop, the New York house, and the barrel houses of West Madison street.

Several incidents marred the occasion, but no one minded. Fred the Bum, who was down for a speech on "Why I Hang Around Barrel Houses," picked up two many drinks before he came to the banquet and was found under the table when his name was called. "Shoestring Chase," a panhandler, scandalized his fellows when he was found improving the golden occasion by passing his hat among the hotel guests during a lull in the banquet.

A No. One, known as the Absent Member ("and never blamed the booze, boys"), whose name is written on every water tank between New York and Boston, and Yoken-Whitey, another professional hobo, threatened to depart at one stage of the speech-making, because the speakers were "not representative."

"Why, they don't know the diff between a hobo and a bum," said A. No. One. "I wouldn't associate with a snide that carries the banner. Why don't they let a smart man talk?"

After a dinner as good as a group of bankers or merchants could want, the long program began. Bum Mitt Casey interspersed the course with big chews of tobacco, and Fred the Bum insisted on singing "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-Night?"

The regular program began with a poem by Chicago Tommy, entitled "The Face on the Barroom Floor." It was a long poem, recited with deep gravitas, and was the story of a hobo, Ostler Joe, who told a crowd of saloon loafers how he had fallen, illustrating his story by drawing the face of his lost angel wife in chalk on the floor, and then falling dead. It had a mighty effect.

Fred the Bum was called on, but could not respond, so his chum, the Rocky Mountain Lemon, got up to respond. He started off nobly, saying: "They do not love who do not show their love," but A. No. One yelled: "Sit down. You're no hobo. You work. You ain't respectable." So the Lemon sat down.

John Smith, a hard faced young man with a collar on, told why the criminal has a hard face. He said he had spent 14 years in penitentiaries, beginning his first term at the age of 14. He said it was worry that made the lines.

Old Man Steers, 76 years of age, told a pitiful story of seeking work in Chicago, and how he was turned down everywhere. "My father told me never to be afraid of work," he said, "and I attribute my failure to the fact that I followed Horace Greeley's advice and came west."

Willie, the ex-society man, told how to reform society. He wore a genteel brown beard, a collar, and held his cigar according to the best custom. The Louisville Kid recited a poem called "The Scale."

German Fritz and Ohio Skip, down on the program, left word they had gone to New York on the bumpers. Before the Dancing Kid left for Frisco he sang a song about "There's always a Mother Waiting at Home for You."

IN THE SEWING ROOM.

"You are a pushing sort," said the Scissors to the Thimble.

"Yes," replied the latter, "but I'd like your life better. It's just ripping. And you?" to the Needle.

"Well," replied the latter, "my life is just sew-sew. But then though not a blunt individual, I generally come to the point."

"Oh, you have an eye to things," interposed the Pin, "but I generally control matters by my head work."

"I am sorry," remarked the Spool, "that I can't be serious, for I'm in a continuous round."

But here the seamstress appeared, and soon all felt themselves in pretty much of a box.—Baltimore American.

HOW HE BROKE A RECORD.

Took Last Jump from Forgotten Rubber Home Plate.

Billy Powell, greatest hurdler the west has produced, was referring to his college days on the Berkeley track.

"There were five in the race. I drew the extreme outside lane, which gave me a bad finish stretch. But I got a peach of a start, swept the curve like a yacht on her beam ends and came down the straight taking the jumps in beautiful style. I felt I had a varsity record in me at that clip, and I threw all my power into the final strides. Springing for the ninth hurdle I fairly flew through the air, and, dashing to the finish, broke the tape, the world's record for the low hurdles, for the 220-dash, and for the running broad jump, the time being 21 flat, and my last jump over two hurdles at once, clearing 43 feet and some inches.

"Whew!" exclaimed Ole Snedigar, "why weren't the records ever allowed?"

"Well," continued Powell, "when they went to measure that leap, Col. Edwards started to shove his cane in, to indicate my foremost spike mark, and the stick jumped out of his hand. They scraped the short grass away and found a solid rubber home plate imbedded where the varsity battery used to practice."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Sad Mistake.

In my father's native village lives Mr. S., a very dear old man. During the summer months he lets his spare rooms to some of the many pleasure-seekers who frequent the place, says a Boston Herald writer, and one day last summer, while Mr. S. was in his garden, a young man of the village chanced by, and the following conversation took place:

"Good morning, Mr. S."

"Maw'nin'."

"You've got your house full of boarders this summer."

Mr. S. was picking potato bugs off from his plants, but he managed to stop long enough to answer, "Yes."

"Some nice looking young ladies among them," continued the young man.

Mr. S. stood up and eyed the potatoes critically, then answered:

"Well, they'd ought to look purty good. I just picked two quarts of bugs off 'em."

Bill Nye's Long Wait.

Bill Nye when a young man once made an engagement with a lady friend of his to take her driving on a Sunday afternoon. The appointed day came, but at the livery stable all the horses were taken out save one old, shaky, exceedingly bony horse.

Mr. Nye hired the nag and drove to his friend's residence. The lady let him wait nearly an hour before she was ready, and then on viewing the disreputable outfit flatly refused to accompany Mr. Nye.

"Why," she exclaimed, sneeringly, "that horse may die of age any moment."

"Madame," Mr. Nye replied, "when I arrived that horse was a prancing young steed."—Harper's Weekly.

Identified.

"Your man," said the promotor of a feast, "is a 'has been.'"

"And yours," retorted the whipper-in for the rival show, "is a 'never was.'"

Thus, by a chance bit of repartee, was the identity of the stellar attractions made clear enough.

CHILDREN SHOWED IT

Effect of Their Warm Drink in the Morning.

"A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school room because of nervousness.

"I was telling a friend about it and she said, 'We drink nothing at meal time but Postum Food Coffee, and it is such a comfort to have something we can enjoy drinking with the children.'"

"I was astonished that she would allow the children to drink any kind of coffee, but she said Postum was the most healthful drink in the world for children as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children and adults showed that to be a fact.

"My first trial was a failure. The cook boiled it four or five minutes and it tasted so flat that I was in despair but determined to give it one more trial. This time we followed the directions and boiled it fifteen minutes after the boiling began. It was a decided success and I was completely won by its rich delicious flavour. In a short time I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and kept growing better and better month after month, until now I am perfectly healthy, and do my work in the school room with ease and pleasure. I would not return to the nerve-destroying regular coffee for any money."

"There's a Reason." Read the famous little "Health Classic," "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.