

# THE SILK OF ITALY

HOW AND WHERE THIS INDUSTRY IS CARRIED ON.

Provides Employment for Many of the Women and Children of the Sunny Land—From Cocoon to Fabric.

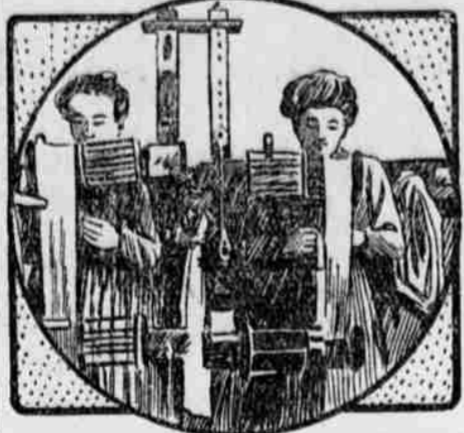
How many ladies think of the wonderful transformation through which the golden thread, the precious product of the laborious silkworm, must go before the woven material reaches their hands? Yet to study the manufacture of silk, step by step, in every phase, from the cocoon state until the silk is made into skeins ready for the weaver, is both interesting and instructive. Italy stands first in Europe in the silk spinning manufacture; then come France, Germany, Austria and Spain. Hungary has only lately taken to the rearing of the silkworm. England cannot do it on account of her cold climate. The greatest part of the silk produced in Italy comes from the Lombard and Venetian regions; but Piedmont produces a quality of silk superior to any other.

Those who have never visited an Italian spinningmill can have no adequate idea of the lives led by the many women (of from 12 to 50 years of age) employed. Few of us think of the obscure existence of these women when the wonderful products of their work are before us. Most of the spinning-mills in Italy are in villages or small towns, and the workers are generally girls from the same place, or from the neighboring villages. These poor girls earn from 50 centimes to a franc a day at most; they walk for miles to reach the mill early in the morning, and go home at dusk. On their way they sing popular songs. However scanty the wages may be, some peasants are so poor that they are glad to earn them, working 12 hours a day, in excessively heated rooms, in which even in winter the heat is oppressive.

The cocoons, when first sent to the spinning-mill, are spread over a table to be selected. From the bright yellow cocoons a very fine quality comes, and from the faulty ones, of course, an inferior quality. When the choice is made, the cocoons are washed in hot water, and are left in it for some time to get "cooked." After the washing

and "cooking," the cocoons are put in "battuses" for "brushing." When this operation is accomplished, the cocoons, with their silk threads forming a kind of skein, are placed in other basins, and the weaving work begins.

As in all the other operations, these basins contain hot water, and there is a workwoman attending to each one of them. After this last bath the silk thread is completely detached from the cocoon, and, accurately guided by the workwoman, is wound round a spinning-wheel, forming a skein. When the skeins are ready they are taken into another room, where they are carefully looked over and got ready for weaving. Lastly the skeins are taken into the room where the



Preparing the Skeins of Silk.

thread is treated. The thread is wound round a spinning-wheel with a manometer, which is put into motion by a handle. The skeins are at last twisted and thrown into baskets. After being carefully weighed they are sent to the weaving-mills. All these operations are for the finest silk, used only for expensive materials. The coarser silk, which is used to make cravats, shawls, bed-covers, and sometimes ladies' blouses—blouses that in appearance are of the finest quality, but are done for after a fortnight's wear—is treated somewhat differently. And what becomes of the industrious little worm, the patient, untiring creature that for many days has worked hard to construct its golden prison? Even after death, after being cooked and re-cooked in boiling water, the worm is worth something; it makes an excellent manure for hemp and flax plantations.

## SPENT FREELY IN PROSPERITY.

Speculator Scorned to Make Provision for Lean Years.

The late Townsend Percy, speculator and promoter, who made and lost more than one fortune in the course of his life, used to be fond of repeating some of his mother's witticisms at his expense, generally brought about by his extravagances during his periods of prosperity. Once Percy had driven four-in-hand for a year, when an unfortunate "deal" made it necessary for him to reduce expenditures and sell his horses, on which occasion she said to him:

"Townsend, don't you think that it would be better to drive one horse four years, instead of four horses one year?"

Another time, when on the verge of financial crash, Percy still owned a considerable stable, and gave no outward sign of pecuniary embarrassment. His mother met an old friend of the family about this period, who congratulated her on her son's success in life. "I am glad that Townsend is doing so well," said the friend.

"Yes, indeed," remarked the old lady. "Townsend has six horses and seven carriages and eight dollars."—Harper's Weekly.

**The Foot and Door Trick.**  
In his book, "Work in Great Cities," the bishop of London writes: "You have often not only to learn but to practice what may be described as

## HAD NO TIME FOR GALLANTRY.

Occasion Was One for Sweetheart to Wander.

A writer who is not even ordinarily clever can make wonderfully interesting stories out of surgery and astronomy, because those subjects are "cavalier to the general." We love to revel in mysteries. The astronomer tells us that there is no science so exact as astronomy; and as I assume that every one believes the weird statement that the sun has just coughed up a streak of flame that traveled 10,000 miles a minute and attained an elevation of nearly 350,000 miles. You could almost light your cigarette on the tip of that. Another statement: "A giant negro, working in a cut, had a chunk of earth fall upon him weighing eight tons. The impact flattened him and squashed his heart out with such force that it flew through the air a distance of 97 1/2 feet. When we picked it up it was boiling at the rate of 63 to the minute and its pulsations continued for thirteen minutes." I guess we all believe that, too!

**Carrying Commercialism to the Grave.**  
The visitor from abroad arriving from the Jamestown exposition went about seeing New York, after which he declared that no one need leave that city to visit any exposition, for there was more to be seen there than anywhere else for the needs, comfort and entertainment of man from the cradle to the grave, albeit the cradle is now a mere figure of

# SHYOKAPI PHOTOED

CREATURE OF AFRICAN JUNGLES SNAPPED BY CAMERA.

For First Time in History This Rare Animal Has Been Seen Alive by a White Man and His Picture Taken.

That interesting creature, the okapi, allied to the giraffe, and discovered by Sir Harry Johnston on the eastern border of the Congo forest (near the Semliki river, which joins the Albert Nyansa and the Albert Edward lake) had never been observed and studied by a white man in its living state until five months ago—when a young calf okapi about a month old was obtained by Signor Ribotti at Bambilli, on the Evelle river (about 400 miles northwest of the original locality).

The skins and bones of the okapi which have been sent to England have invariably been obtained by travelers from the natives. No sportsman or naturalist has shot an okapi or even seen one alive. The half-breed servant of Lieutenant Boyd Alexander saw and tracked for two days with natives an okapi on the Evelle river, near the spot from which the photograph from which our picture was made comes. The natives dug a pit trap for it and speared it. Boyd Alexander did not see it until it was dead. The timidity of the okapi, its rarity, and the remoteness of the Congo forest, are the reasons why white men have hitherto not seen the okapi alive.

Special interest therefore attaches to Signor Ribotti's photograph. This young calf was brought in by natives to the stocked and well-provided settlement at Bambilli last April. It was about a month old, and between two and three feet high. After living a few weeks in captivity it died, but it is not at all improbable that a live specimen will before long be successfully managed, and make its appearance in some of the zoos of our large cities. The difficulty will be to find vegetable food which will suit the peculiar taste of this forest-dwelling ruminant, with its small, delicate front teeth, suited only to cropping young and soft vegetation.

There is no doubt that the Pygmies of the Ituri forest use the name of "Okapi" for this animal. "I have shown the photo of the okapi and also bands of the striped skin and the stuffed specimens in the Natural History museum to the little people from the Congo brought to London by Colonel

Harrison," says Sir Ray Lankester. "They at once and invariably, in reply to the question 'Nini' (What is this?) say, 'Okapi.' On the other hand, the natives of the larger race in the Ituri district—according to Major Powell-Cotton—call this animal 'Kanghi.' The natives about Bambilli (Evelle river), who are not of the Pygmy race, call it 'Indumba,' according to Lieutenant Boyd Alexander. The word 'Ute,' or 'Bute,' said to be applied by some of the Pygmies on the spot to the Ituri okapi, means merely 'meat' or 'flesh'—and is used for okapi flesh or any other meat.

"One remarkable illusion with regard to the okapi exists among those who are curious about natural history matters, but unacquainted. In a subdued tone of voice, as though referring



First Photograph of a Living Okapi. The Calf is About a Month Old.

to a sacred mystery, they say to me, as we look at the stuffed skins in the museum, 'I suppose there is no doubt that it is a hybrid; a cross between a zebra and antelope—or did you say giraffe?' It is in vain that I have put up a special label warning the observant against this popular but tenacious error. Only a few weeks ago an eminent person insisted to me that he was right in holding the okapi to be a *lusus naturae*—a hybrid. "Why, there is no room for doubt about it," he said. "You can see the zebra coming out in the stripes on his legs, and yet he has the head and hoofs of an antelope." As a matter of fact, no hybrids are known to occur at all among terrestrial animals in a state of nature."

## SEEKS PIRATE GOLD

AMERICAN SAILOR PREPARING EXPEDITION TO HONDURAS.

Believes He Can Locate Place Where \$6,000,000 in Spanish Doubloons Were Buried Centuries Ago.

Is it a case of seeking the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, or is it real buried treasure which an American sailor named Bill Small is going



CAPT. W. H. SMALL.

to find at the end of his long cruise to the coast of Honduras? He expects it will be the latter and is hopeful of loading his little vessel down with the \$6,000,000 and sailing back home to enjoy his easily gotten wealth. Bill Small is master, mate and owner of the likely yawl Catherine, moored at foot of Twenty-third street, South Brooklyn. It won't be the fault of his seamanship, skill, persistence or pluck if he doesn't finally come upon the \$6,000,000 in Spanish gold buried a century ago by "Blackbeard" Latrobe, on a tiny, uninhabited island off the coast of Honduras.

It has taken him eight years to get the ship and the money to make the try, and now he's ready. If he succeeds, it will be where others have failed. Many have already tried for the treasure buried by that throat-cutting, ship-sinking buccaner, Latrobe, once the terror of the seas, until justice put a rope around his neck and swung him off into eternity.

Think of it—\$6,000,000 in Spanish doubloons, jewels and solid gold altar ornaments waiting for the man who can find them!

And Small, of Lancashire, England, knows that spot. He says he has the longitude and latitude of the island and a chart with the triangle of mahogany trees. These located, he can go straight to the place where the

treasure lies, 50 feet below, buried in quicksand.

As the story goes, the pirate Latrobe on the night before his execution at Kingston, Jamaica, placed in the hands of a boy who had been forced into service on his ship a packet of papers, and these it seems he kept until as an old man he died on board a ship in the Pacific ocean. Into the hands of a young Dr. Davidson, who attended him in his last illness, this old sailor placed the packet of papers. Thirty years afterward, in 1888, Dr. Davidson fitted out an expedition and visited the spot where the gold is supposed to be buried, but it was found that the quicksands baffled their efforts and Dr. Davidson and his crew were forced to return home empty handed.

Eight years elapsed. Cornelius Healy had been with the expedition, and he tried to get up another one in 1906, but he couldn't raise the money. And so nothing was done until W. H. Small, a Lancashire man who has spent most of his life in the United States, got hold of the packet.

He wasn't well-to-do, but he managed to get enough together to buy the 45-foot yawl Catherine two years



Map Showing Course to Be Taken by Capt. Small.

ago. She was in pretty bad condition, having been laid up for several years. But Capt. Small got to work with his own hands and finally he had her fit to cross the Atlantic. He even attended the Liverpool Nautical college to get a further knowledge of navigation. Work and study took all of eighteen months. Then he was ready to start on his journey of 7,139 miles, starting for the Honduras coast by way of New York, in his little yawl, with one man, Angus Horn, as crew.

### Japan Gets Bulk of Lumber Trade.

During 1906, 1,800,000 feet of American lumber was imported into Newchwang, the value being \$38,736 gold. The total lumber imported amounted to 17,497,857 feet; value, \$302,636 gold. The bulk of the trade during the year was captured by the Japanese, who, by their great activity and nearness of supply, had things practically their own way. Most of the Japanese lumber imported came from Korea.

## ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE



MISS THEODORA SHONTS

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore P. Shonts have announced the engagement of their daughter, Theodora, to Duc de Chaulines, of De Piquigny, France.

Society has long expected to hear the definite announcement made. The cause of the delay in the young couple's plans, it is thought, was due to the opposition to the match on the part of Mr. Shonts, who desired that his daughter should become the wife of some young American.

the 'foot and door trick.' It is ruination to the boot and sometimes hurts the toe; but it consists in rapidly but quickly passing the foot in the moment the door is opened, in order to secure, at any rate, a few minutes' parley." As to what may happen he writes: "After long hesitation it will be opened by a little girl about half a foot; and then you will hear a distant voice from the washtub in the rear: 'Well, Sally, who is it?' Then Sally will answer at the top of her voice: 'Please, mother, it's religion.' You will require all your presence of mind to cope with that." The time came, however, when every door was thrown wide open to welcome "our bishop."

### How Wellman Will Tell the Pole.

"How will you know when you have really crossed the pole?" said a Washington debutante to Walter Wellman. "Oh, that's easy," responded Mr. Wellman, carelessly. "The north wind will become a south wind."—Success Magazine.

### In the Prevailing Mode.

"The Wheeler has got a scoop at last." "Eh! What is it?" "The society editor's new hat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

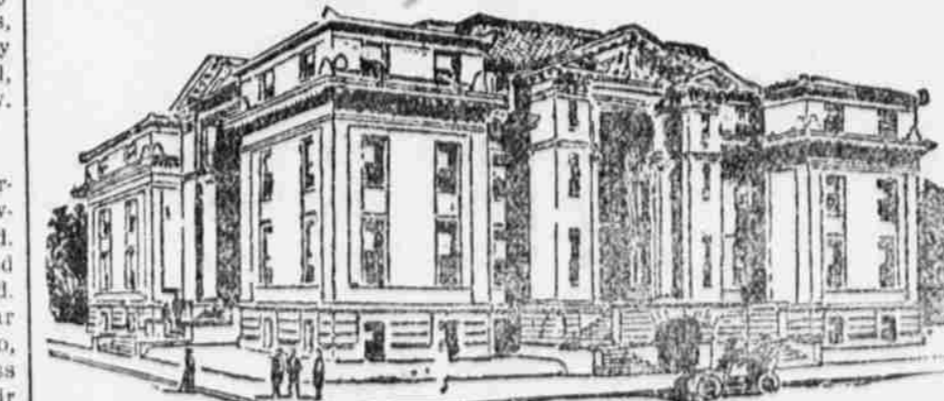
### Lucid, But Wrong.

When the steam engine was invented a learned Englishman wrote a book in which he set forth his theory that it would be impossible to propel a vessel across the ocean by steam power. The writing was lucid, the reasoning was correct, but the premises were wrong, and the first volume of this excellent work that came to America was brought over in a steamboat thereby demonstrating that one fact may carry away a volume of theory

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## TEMPORARY CAPITOL OF NEW STATE



The Logan County Courthouse in Guthrie, Which Will Be Used as the Temporary Statehouse of Oklahoma.

## USE ROMAN ROADS

MOTORISTS IN ENGLAND FIND THEM EXCELLENT HIGHWAYS.

Built by the Conquerors of England Centuries Ago They Are Found to Be Even Better Than the Modern Roads.

The rapid developing of motoring has raised the question of good roads everywhere, and in England, strange as it may seem, it has been discovered



A Stretch of the Roman Road Near Haltwhistle, Northumberland.

that the best road builders were the ancient Romans, who overran the island and constructed their highways to all parts of the island. Most of these roads have been lost and forgotten because with the development of the centuries the country has grown away from these ancient highways.

But with the coming of the motor car the need of good straight roads has been realized, and some thoughtful individual of an investigating turn of mind has traced out these old and almost forgotten roads and seriously proposes that they be utilized as motor speedways.

Some of the old big maps of England show these roads and make it plain that England was covered with a veritable network of straight Roman highways. These roads fell into disrepair and disuse when the building of new towns off the routes necessitated the leaving of them by their users to get to those places. Says a writer in 'The Car': "The best known example of one of these roads is the great 'Watling Street.' Every motorist—who does not live eternally on the Ripley road—knows how from London this road runs almost straight through St. Albans, Dunstable and Towcester till it comes to a little place called Weedon. And here, because most people, I suppose, wanted to go to Coventry or Birmingham or Warwick, the road now turns off to the left, and only a little lane, that comes perilously near to being a grassy one, keeps the direct course the Romans arranged many centuries before."

### Densely Populated Countries.

According to the latest statistics the population of the German empire is 60,605,183. The average density of population is 290.3 to the square mile, as against 28 in the United States. Saxony is greatly crowded. Its 5,789 square miles contain 4,502,350 people, or an average of 778.9. Chemnitz contains 1,064 persons to the square mile, making it one of the most densely populated districts of the world.