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PULLMAN'S EXPERIENCE GARY'S LESSON.

Pullman, "the model industrial city of the western hemisphere" is now a mere sub-division of Chicago to which it was annexed several years ago. Its identity which has been slipping ever since then, was lost entirely when a plat of Pullman sub-division was filed yesterday with Superintendent Riley of the map bureau.

Pullman is now open for purchase and settlement. This is the end of an eight years fight to keep Pullman within the lines laid down by its founders, which contemplated the perpetual ownership of the ground and the improvements thereon by the company. In 1889 the supreme court decided that under its charter the Pullman company could not traffic in real estate.

The filing of the record was successfully stalled off until yesterday, although on April 27 it was announced that employees of the company could purchase outright the homes in which they lived and would be given the preference in sales. Now the formal filing of the property as a sub-division of Chicago places it in the open market.

The builders of Gary profited by the failure of the builders of Pullman and took into consideration that ineradicable desire of the average human being to own a home.

The builders of Gary took into consideration the sociological features of the plan and knowing full well that it is as useless to oppose the natural human tendency to home making as it is to prevent the birds from building their nests in the spring they have adopted the plan of encouraging the owning and building of homes.

Then there are psychological reasons for the failure of the Pullman plan. As inherent as the desire to own a home, is the jealousy with which a man guards his rights. It is true that the employees were not compelled to live in the houses that had been built for them. They could have gone elsewhere and been sheltered by a roof that was not the property of the Pullman company but the logical thing for them to do was to follow the lines of least resistance and pay house rent to the company by which they were employed.

But they chafed under it nevertheless. It was a kind of paternalism that reduced to a minimum that desire to own a home and thereby removed one of the greatest incentives to effort.

The situation was almost as hopeless, in a way, as conditions in Ireland where the impoverished soil and the tumble down farm houses was the result of a vicious tenant system with the ownership of the land in the hands of the few.

But the laws of this country which prevent a corporation like the Pullman company from owning real estate was the salvation of the people of Pullman and the company is now selling to the rightful owners the property upon which they have been paying rent so long.

Where the Pullman plan failed the Gary plan will win and as long as the people who compose that growing city are untrammelled in their right to build and own cottages or palaces they will be happy.

COLLIER'S FLAYS FAIRBANKS.

Collier's weekly continues to throw monkey wrenches in Charles Warren Fairbanks' campaign machinery. This week's article exploits him as a trapper in the manipulation of stocks, a willing tool of the corporations, a prosecutor of striking railroad laborers, a child of Wall street, a ravenous chaser of the mighty dollar, tainted and untainted, a man who purchased his seat in the senate with \$50,000 and forced himself on the republican presidential ticket through similar means, a representative who never instigated legislation calculated to benefit the people and "a poor farmer boy" who has four million dollars to show for his 20 years of public life.

The missing chapters in Mr. Fairbanks' biography which Collier's claims to be supplying are not calculated to strengthen the vice president's candidacy before the republican convention.

LOCKIE SIMPSON and four of his barbers got up at five o'clock this morning and took a swim in Lake Michigan. And now Lockie proposes to sell this same bath water to his customers at 25 cents a tub. It is remarkable how early some of these Hammond business men are willing to rise in order to put one over the unsuspecting public.

A JAPANESE GENERAL is quoted as saying that the American soldiers cannot fight and that the only time they shine is when they are on dress parade. Wonder if that Jap remembers the little dress parade Dewey pulled off in the bay of Manila a few years ago.

WITH THE EDITORS

Five years in prison for Mayor Schmitz is an eminently fitting punishment. To be sure, viewed in one way, it hardly seems an adequate dose for a man who so shamelessly sold out his friends and the city he had sworn to righteously govern, but in another sense the blow is a crushing one. Five years' imprisonment no doubt falls harder on Schmitz than a life term would fall on the ordinary criminal, for the sentence carries with it something more terrible than confinement within walls of stone and steel. It means a fall from the honor and esteem of thousands to the execration of all; a descent from greater power to the most abject and debasing form of servitude; a loss of all that goes to make life worth the living. From his position as idol of the laboring men of the Pacific coast and chief executive of the greatest city on the slope, he is reduced to penal servitude, a condition which must be rendered intolerable by the stinging thought that his fall was brought about by his own rapacity and criminal greed. For him there is not the soulful solace that glorifies the martyr's crown. There is only the accusing voice of conscience, the cruel exhortation of futile remorse, and a too late realization of the greatness and sacrifice and the utter meanness of his object. He is forever undone. The glorious pearl of opportunity was placed in his hands and he trampled it in the slime of the street.—Fort Wayne News.

Fishing With a Sandsucker.

"Say, mister, wherd you catch it?" "Ain't he a whopper?" "That's nothing; I've seen bigger ones downtown in a store," and such remarks from wondering boys greeted a workman Friday night as he stalked up Broadway with a carp over two feet long. It was a big one, weighing nearly thirty pounds. The man did not step along jauntily with his phenomenon like a little boy showing off his first pair of long pants, in the fashion of all lucky anglers. He did not revel in the gaze of all the curious eyes nor tell how he had almost caught a larger one when the line broke and that even this little one had nearly upset the boat.

None of this bravado. He carried the big fish as he did his dinner pail in the other hand, as something quite ordinary. He explained to the questions of where he caught it unexcitedly. "Why, I just picked it up off the beach," he remarked calmly and patiently. There was a whole carload of 'em there and I just picked out a fair-sized one. Yes, it's a carp. Not very good eating; no. How'd they come on the beach? Oh, the sandsucker. The sandsucker just picks them out of the Calumet and spouts 'em out on the beach of the lake. You ought to see 'em wiggle then. Yes, there was more than a wagon load wiggling there when I left."

No more questions were asked.—Gary Tribune.

If you have something you do not want, and if somebody else has something you want, advertise it in the Barter and Exchange column. page 2.

GIL'S BREEZY CHAT OF SPORT

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.			
Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Chicago	55	17	.764
New York	42	28	.600
Pittsburgh	42	27	.609
Philadelphia	38	31	.551
Boston	30	38	.441
Cincinnati	30	42	.417
Brooklyn	29	43	.403
St. Louis	27	51	.344
AMERICAN LEAGUE.			
Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Chicago	45	24	.652
Cleveland	44	28	.611
Detroit	38	29	.567
Philadelphia	33	32	.542
New York	33	34	.493
St. Louis	30	43	.411
Washington	25	43	.368
Boston	25	43	.367
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.			
Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Toledo	45	29	.608
Columbus	44	29	.603
Minneapolis	38	33	.536
Kansas City	38	38	.500
Milwaukee	36	42	.462
Louisville	34	41	.452
Indianapolis	33	48	.407
St. Paul	31	46	.403
WESTERN LEAGUE.			
Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Des Moines	45	28	.614
Omaha	43	34	.558
Lincoln	39	33	.542
Denver	34	33	.507
Sioux City	34	42	.447
Pueblo	27	44	.380
CENTRAL LEAGUE.			
Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Springfield	37	26	.587
Waveland	36	26	.577
Evansville	36	33	.522
Canton	29	28	.509
Terre Haute	28	34	.450
Dayton	23	33	.409
Grand Rapids	27	37	.422
South Bend	27	39	.409
THREE EYE LEAGUE.			
Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Springfield	39	26	.597
Rock Island	37	26	.587
Decatur	37	23	.617
Peoria	34	34	.500
Cedar Rapids	34	28	.548
Clinton	27	36	.429
Bloomington	24	44	.353
Dubuque	9	52	.148

GAMES TODAY.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.
Chicago at Brooklyn.
Pittsburgh at Philadelphia.
St. Louis at New York.
Cincinnati at Boston.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.
Philadelphia at Chicago.
New York at Detroit.
Boston at Cleveland.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.
Chicago, 5; Philadelphia, 1.
Cleveland, 1; New York, 3.
St. Louis, 5; Washington, 4.
Detroit, 3; Boston, 7.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.
Brooklyn, 1; Chicago, 7.
Boston, 5; Cincinnati, 1.
Philadelphia, 4-2; Pittsburgh, 8-0.
New York, 5-6; St. Louis, 2-5.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.
Kansas City, 7; Columbus, 2.
Milwaukee, 1; Indianapolis, 7.
Minneapolis, 8; Louisville, 7.
St. Paul, 4; Toledo, 5.

WESTERN LEAGUE.
Des Moines, 4; Pueblo, 1.
Lincoln, 0; Omaha, 4.
Sioux City, 2; Denver, 1 (ten innings).

THREE EYE LEAGUE.
Springfield, 9; Decatur, 0.
Cedar Rapids, 4; Rock Island, 3.
Dubuque, 0; Clinton, 6.
Peoria, 4; Bloomington, 1.

CENTRAL LEAGUE.
South Bend, 10; Dayton, 9 (thirteen innings).
Wheeling, 1; Evansville, 3.
Canton, 0; Terre Haute, 8.
Grand Rapids, 5; Springfield, 0.

Doc White was the strong boy to chase the Athletics yesterday and he had them on the run which ended in defeat by a score of 5 to 1. Connie Mack thought his younger brother Barley was good enough to win from the home boys, but he found out his mistake before he had gone a great distance. It is true the Sox only got eight hits

off the boy, but he failed to keep them separated enough to hold the score down, which was just what White did. Eddie Hahn was the victim of Jack Sheridan's dignity and was benched for slapping his bat to the ground after the ump called him out on strikes. Hahn is a gentlemanly player and it was rather hard on him, as he did not say a word. The game was snappy all the way through and not an error was made by either side. Today Rube Waddell is going to try his arm against the champs and Ed Walsh against him will make the game real classy.

Manager Chance is getting his just deserts for his weird exhibition at Brooklyn Monday, and he is now laid off indefinitely by Secretary John Heydler, who is acting for President Pullman, and can not even appear in uniform. Chance offers a plausible statement concerning his case and says that he was only removing the bottles from the field. He must have forgotten that he has a strong arm. The game proved another walkover for the Cubs and they won hands down by a score of 7 to 1. Bell was offered against Overall, and did well except for two innings when the total scoring of the Cubs resulted. After that he settled down once more and held them fast.

What is this we hear, Joe Gans rushing to the coast as fast as he can, and stating that he hopes to close a match with Nelson. That looks good from the road, as these two men should come together again before we can dope out who is the best of the two. Of course opinion is with one or the other amongst the fans, but the last battle was so good it would be a fine thing to have it over again. Tex Rickard of Goldfield, is said to have offered \$40,000 for the pair, and Joe says it is all right for him, but that Batling must make 133 pounds and no funny business by Nolan. Joe takes little stock in the Nelson-Britt fight slated for this month, and nobody else does.

The Glidden tourists are off today from Cleveland, O., on their jaunt to the far away New York City. The Hammond boys will have a chance to take a peek at them as they pass along on Friday, and they should arrive here early in the afternoon. There will be some tall doings at Chicago during their two day's stay, and the races at Harlem will attract a large following from here.

Roger Bresnahan, the inventor of the shin guards, is out with a new one since he got that crack behind the ear. It is a headguard this time and it looks good from the road. The new guard is made of rubber and is not unlike a football headgear. It protects the ears, temples and a part of the back of the head. I wish he would invent a finger guard.

The Whitney stable pulled off the two stake events yesterday at Sheepshead Bay. The winners were Danna Ken in the realization, and Stamina in the double event. Danna Ken won from such horses as Frank Gill, Salvadore and Zambesi, but the track was very heavy and Peter Pan and Colin were scratched from the events by the Keene stable.

The lawyers of Hammond are going to play a team composed of men from the LAKE COUNTY TIMES office next Sunday at Harrison park. If they can handle a baseball as well as they handle a court case, they will be triumphant to death. One bet we made that the score would reach three figures, but I hardly think it will.

New York again stopped the Naps yesterday and Boston held off Detroit from the lead, so the Sox took a good jump forward. The Highlanders played horse with Rhoades while Orth pitched a good game.

West Hammond looks good as a boxing center if some manager does not get too hoggy and grab a good thing. The card for Monday with Anderson and Schrewsbee is fine.

THE MAN ON THE END.



—Berryman in Washington Star.

An Ancient Superstition.

It is a historical fact that a cock was publicly burned at Basel in August, 1474, for the diabolical crime of laying an egg, the egg being also burned lest it should produce a cockatrice, or fiery serpent. "On the Thursday before St. Lawrence's day," writes Gross in his "Kurtze Basler Chronik," "they burned a cock on the Kolenberg, together with an egg which he had laid, for they feared that a dragon might be hatched therefrom. The executioner cut open the cock and found three more eggs in him, for, as Vicen-tius saith in the sixth book of his "Speculum Naturale," it hath always been held that a cock in his old age may lay an egg, whence ariseth a basilisk if it be hatched out on a dung heap by the serpent called coluber. Wherefore the basilisk is half cock and half serpent. He saith also that certain persons declare they have seen basilisks hatched from such eggs."—Cornhill Magazine.

Against the Middle.

When Bill, the ranchman, came to New York to play the races he put up at one of the most expensive hotels in the city and took one of the most expensive rooms. Then he went broke. The proprietor of the hotel and the clerk held a private consultation.

"We will let him stay here," they decided, "but from now on we will feed him liver and bacon until he pays his bill. Nothing does he get in this house from now on but liver and bacon."

They fed Bill liver and bacon for breakfast, dinner and supper for about three weeks. Then his luck turned. He forthwith walked out to a strange cafe to get something to eat. He looked over the bill of fare.

"What's this in the middle?" he asked. "Liver and bacon?"

"Yes, sir," the waiter answered. "Give me everything on the bill of fare both ways from liver and bacon," ordered Bill.—New York Press.

Plaster of Paris.

For experimental purposes and where but a few castings of medium and light weight are required plaster of paris has many good advantages as a material for pattern making. It is light, it can be given a smooth surface, it is easily given any required shape and it can be added to indefinitely. While it is brittle, this is more than offset by the saving in first cost and the quickness with which the pattern may be prepared. Plaster of paris sets in from three to six minutes, but if for any reason it is desired to keep the mass plastic for a longer period one drop of glue to a five gallon mixture will keep it soft for a couple of hours. Plaster of paris mixed with cold water has an expansion of about one-sixteenth of an inch to the foot when hardening. Should this be undesirable mix with warm or lime water, and there is no expansion.—Machinery.

Bamboo Sap in India.

In India the sap of the female bamboo is used for medicinal purposes. "Tabasheer," or "banslochan," is sold in all Indian bazaars, as it has been known from the earliest times as a medicinal agent. It is also known in Borneo and was an article of commerce with early Arab traders of the east. Its properties are said to be strengthening, tonic and cooling. It has been analyzed and has been shown to consist almost entirely of silica, with traces of lime and potash. From its remarkable occurrence in the hollows of bamboos the eastern mind has long associated it with miraculous powers.

A Court Fool's Joke.

Scogan, the famous court jester of Edward IV., dearly loved a practical joke. Once he borrowed money of the king and when the day for payment came was unable to make good his word. He feared the king's anger and decided to appease him by a joke. Feigning death, he had his friends carry his body before Edward. The king fell a ready victim to the deception and in his lamentations over the supposed dead fool said he freely forgave the debt. Scogan immediately sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "The news is so revivifying that it has called me back to life."

Bill Nye and Maartens.

In the spring of 1895 the distinguished Dutch novelist known by the pen name of Maarten Maartens was elected an honorary member of the Authors' club of New York, says the Bookman. When the name Joost Maartens M. Van der Poorten-Schwartz came to the attention of the membership committee there was a gasp of astonishment. Finally the late Bill Nye came to the rescue with the suggestion that the first half of the name should be acted on at once, but that the last half should be held over until the autumn, when the weather would be cool.

His Choice.

A witty member of the legal profession was once a guest at a dinner remarkable for its meagerness. The dining room had been newly and splendidly furnished. Some of the guests congratulated the host on his taste in decoration.

"For my part, I would rather see less gliding and more carving," said the wit.

Conscientious.

McAlister—"Tis threepence I'm owing ta ye, meenister. The fact is, I'm a conscientious mon, and I pit naethin' in the plate on Sunday. The smallest I had w' me was a saxeapence, and I didna theenk the salrmon was up ta it."—Dundee Advertiser.

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive some useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear bought experience.—Washington.

What Fishing Develops.

To those who are satisfied with a superficial view of the subject it may seem impossible that the diligence and attention necessary to a fisherman's success can leave him any opportunity while fishing to thoughtfully contemplate any matter not related to his pursuit. Such a conception of the situation cannot be indorsed for a moment by those of us who are conversant with the mysterious and unaccountable mental phenomena which fishing develops. We know that the true fisherman finds no better time for profitable contemplation and mental exercise than when actually engaged with his angling outfit. It will probably never be possible for us to gather statistics showing the moving sermons, the enchanting poems, the learned arguments and eloquent orations that have been composed or constructed between the bites, strikes or rises of fish. But there can be no doubt that of the many intellectual triumphs won in every walk of life a larger proportion has been actually hooked and landed with a rod and reel by those of the fishing fraternity than have been secured in any one given condition of the nonfishing world.—"Fishing and Shooting Sketches," by Grover Cleveland.

Calling the Chickens.

In England the calls chuck, chuck, or coop, coop, prevail; in Virginia, coo-che, coo-che; in Pennsylvania, pee, pee. This latter call is widely employed, being reported from Germany, Spain (as pi, ph), Bulgaria, Hungary, Bavaria and the Tyrol. In the Austrian province the term is used in combination—thus: Pulla, pi, pi. The call pullele, pul, pul, also occurs there. In some parts of Germany the poultry are called with tick, tick; in Prussia, put, put, and young chickens with tuk, tuk (Grimm), and schip, schip, the latter being an imitation of their own cry. In eastern Prussia hens are called with klucksechen, kluck, kluck; also tippechen, tipp, tipp. Grimm records also pi, pi, and tict, tict. Weinhold reports from Bavaria bibl, bibel, bidl; pi, pi, and pul, pul. In Denmark the call is pootle; in Holland, kip, kip; in Bohemia, tyoo; in Bulgaria, tiri, tiri.

An Old Medicine.

"Ground oyster shells," said the physician, "were used as a medicine by the mediaeval doctors—a medicine for the rickets and scrofula."

How absurd!

"Absurd? Not at all. Oyster shells contain lime, nitrogen, iron, sulphur, magnesia, bromide, phosphoric acid and iodine. Those are all excellent tonics. You know how hens eat ground oyster shells and thus produce eggs with good, thick, strong shells? Well, as the oyster shell powder acts on eggshells so I have no doubt it acted in the middle ages on the bending, crumbling bones of the rickety, putting strength and firmness into them. Ground oyster shells, I am convinced, would be good things for frail children today. They would strengthen the frame, increase the appetite and have a splendid effect on the teeth."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Curious and Rare Book.

The most curious as well as one of the rarest books known to collectors is the edition of the Vulgate issued by Pope Sixtus V. some time between 1585 and 1590. The book, as Disraeli described it, "fairly swarmed with errata." So numerous were they that a number of printed paper slips containing the proper words were pasted over the errors, and this device proving inefficient on account of the immense number of mistakes, as many of the copies as could be found were called in and destroyed. Only a few remain, and the book with its paper patches commands an extremely high price.

Scott's Narrow Escape.

The world had a narrow escape of never having known a Sir Walter Scott. When a tiny babe he was left in charge of a maid, but the girl's heart was in Edinburgh, whither she wanted to go to join her lover. She was, however, compelled to stay and look after the infant at Sandy Knowe. The girl regarded her charge as an obstacle to be removed and afterward confessed that she carried young Scott up to the Craigs (under a strong temptation of the devil, as she expressed it), fully intending to cut his throat with her scissors and bury him under the moss.

Historic Grapevines.

The celebrated "king's vines" at Fontainebleau, planted under the reign of Henry IV., grew against a wall in the park not far from the castle, and the grapes are highly esteemed by gourmets. Since the republic was established the grapes have always been sold by auction, the proceeds going into the coffers of the minister of finance.

Her Intense Sorrow.

He—I called to see you last evening and the servant told me you were not in. She—Yes; I was sorry to have missed you. He—I thought you must be; I heard you laughing upstairs in such grief stricken tones that I almost wept myself out of sympathy.

The Obstinate Cook.

Father—Cooking schools are of some use after all. This cake is delicious. Daughter—Is it? I thought it would be a terrible failure. Father—Why? Daughter—I told the cook exactly how to make it, and she went and made it some other way.

The Freshman.

"Is Reggy improving by his life in college?" "Oh, yes; he's already learned to toe in with one foot!"—Detroit Free Press.

After the joy which springs from right doing the purest and sweetest is that which is born of companionship with spirits akin to our own

Slayer and Sleigher.

In the first number of the Atlantic Monthly Ralph Waldo Emerson had a poem called "Brahma," which puzzled both critics and common readers. Some said it was the greatest poem of the century. Some said it was nonsense. The first verse ran as follows:

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep and pass and turn again.

That winter it happened that a relative of the poet Longfellow, living in another state, bought a sleigh, and in a family letter to the cousins in Cambridge there was a wail lest the January thaw which had followed the purchase should keep them from enjoying the gay cutter that season. When the letter was answered, Longfellow contributed this verse, which, it is said, has never been printed before:

TO — ON THE PURCHASE OF A SLEIGH.

If the red sleigher think he sleighs,
Or if the sleighin' think it is sleighin',
They know not well the subtle ways
Of snow, that comes and goes again.

Surprised the Ghost.

A ghost, a vague white form which flitted about a small neglected graveyard in Galway, much to the alarm of those who lived near by, one of the gentlemen of our party undertook to lay. Going out not far from midnight, he did indeed soon become aware of a white figure looming toward him through the darkness. Our friend, however, held on his way undeterred.

"Ghost," he said in sepulchral tones when he came near, "could you drink a glass of whisky?" "I could so, your honor," blithely responded the ghost, taken off his balance by the unexpected offer and standing revealed as the principal poacher of the neighborhood, who had availed himself of this spectral guise to set his night lines and carry on his other depredations undisturbed.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Ducks and Drakes.

The momentous day had arrived, and the inspector was putting his usual series of inquisitive questions to a class of small boys.

"Now, tell me," he said, "why it is that a duck can swim and a hen can't?" "Because a duck has webbed feet," piped one of the miniature philosophers.

"Yes," said the inspector. "Now, can any of you swim?"

Stony silence, during which the inspector and the teacher whispered together.

"Come, come," said the inspector; "you should all know how to swim. Your teacher tells me he can swim. Why is it you can't if he can?"

"Please, sir," said the same little boy, "the teacher has very big feet."—London Answers.

Limit of Human Strength.