

REGULAR ARMY IN MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT CHICAGO



SCENE IN THE CAMP IN GRANT PARK

Chicago.—The big military tournament which opened with the parade on the Fourth of July presents a fine spectacle for Chicagoans and for the thousands of visitors from this part of the country who flocked to the city. More than 5,000 troops of the regular army occupied Camp Dickinson in Grant Park. Every branch of the service is represented and each afternoon and evening the varied work of the soldier was reproduced.

BURY MEXICAN POOR

Bones of Dead Are Treated With Little Respect by Officials.

People of Wealth and Moderate Means Are Able to Have More Attention Shown — Remains Thrown Into Pile.

Matamoras, Mexico.—The average Mexican cemetery is a grotto spot. The one at Matamoras is no exception to the rule. The bones of the dead are treated with little respect by the municipalities or men in control of the different burial grounds. The poorer the person is in worldly goods the more ignoble will be the treatment accorded the bones when he has passed the way of all flesh. Of course, the people of wealth or even moderate means are able to have their bodies cared for in a more or less luxurious manner after death. It is the lower class whose crumbling remains are shifted about from place to place and finally fall into dust and are scattered to the four winds.

The bones of the dead are usually piled in big heaps in the cemeteries of the larger towns. The bodies are given room in regular graves at annual rentals. When the rent lapses the body is moved from its resting place to give room for some other bodies. The bones of these dispossessed tenants are cast into the refuse pile, where they remain until carted away and scattered over the land like they were so much garbage. It is rare that a body of the poorer class is kept in a grave more than two years.

Until recently the bone pile in the cemetery at Matamoras was large. It was carted away to give room for a fresh accumulation of nonpaying tenants of the graves. In one corner of the cemetery are several cheap caskets.

Paving Block Out of Shrub

Marriola, Indestructible Desert Plant of Texas, Found to Be of Great Commercial Value.

Austin, Tex.—Another desert plant in Texas is found to be of great commercial value. It is the marriola shrub, which grows profusely in the southwestern part of the state. It is to be used extensively in the manufacture of a new type of paving block. It will be mixed with asphalt after being reduced to a pulp, the two component parts being then subjected to hydraulic pressure. It is claimed that the plant is practically indestructible. More than 20 years ago irrigation ditches were walled with the pulp of this shrub after it had been subjected to hand pressure, and these waterways are as perfect today as when they were first constructed, it is

claimed.

The manufacture of the new style of paving blocks from marriola and asphalt will be conducted by Z. W. Cannon of San Antonio. He has just entered into a contract with the state of Texas for the purchase of all the marriola growing upon the public lands in Presidio and Brewster counties for \$1,000.

It has been known for some time that the marriola shrub contains a considerable per cent of rubber. Under the old system of extracting rubber from the guyana shrub it was not found profitable to utilize the marriola shrub for this purpose, but a recent discovery has been made in Mexico for extracting the rubber from these shrubs by which it is claimed the marriola can be made to yield very profitable returns.

TOWED 30 MILES BY WHALE

Captain Smith Tells of Thrilling Experience When Iron Caught Live-ly Sea Monster.

Seattle, Wash.—A 30-mile ride in an Alaskan fishing dory towed by a 78-foot whale, into whose blowhole the craft's anchor accidentally dropped, was the thrilling adventure of Capt. N. Smith, seal and whale hunter and owner of a 5,000-acre blue fox farm on Middleton Island. Narrating his adventure, Captain Smith said:

"I left Middleton Island in a dory on a fishing trip. Ten miles off shore I dropped a 70-pound anchor over the side and when a few feet of line had sunk the anchor rested. I was about to lift it, when a whale rose beside the boat. One glance showed me that the anchor had dropped into the whale's blow hole deep enough for the flukes to hold. The slack line had fallen into a loop around the monster's nose and crossed on his back, holding the dory close up by his right side between the fin and tail."

"I began prodding the monster with an oar. The whale started along the surface at a speed of at least thirty miles an hour and, approaching a rocky beach, slid up like a baseball player."

"It was just high tide. The whale slid over huge bowlders until nearly its full length was out of water, shattering his lower jaw, so that he lay helpless. He was unable to move out, but rolled until he dug a deep wallow. Finally he died."

The orders were followed, and in a few minutes it began to rain frogs.

They proved to be great fire extinguishers, and in a jiffy the blaze was out.

Topless Potatoes Fool Bugs.

Lewistown, Pa.—Parks Murfitt, proprietor of the St. Charles hotel, owns a farm in the vicinity of Burnham park, and his farmer called him over and informed him that he was growing topless potatoes.

An investigation proved that two rows, supposed to have been Early Rose seed, were absolutely without sign of stalks; yet there are roots, with potatoes the size of large shell-banks in the rows.

The farmer says it's a good thing, as it will fool the bugs.

Vienna.—Emperor Franz Josef has created a new post, the "court ball musician," and has appointed to it Bela Berkes, leader of a Hungarian gypsy orchestra.

Berkes has played before the German emperor and the late King Edward on several occasions. In fact the Kaiser has often engaged him to amuse the guests at his shooting parties.

Gypsy is Court Musician.

In Cupid's Behalf

By MORTIMER CARLTON

Although Harriet and I have lived in New York for nearly three years, we have not become reconciled to the aloofness and indifference with which most dwellers in the metropolis seem to regard their neighbors. We still observe the people next door with a kindly curiosity in keeping with the traditions of the little town where we were born, brought up, and married.

It was a June evening when first we noticed our neighbors. Harriet and I were sitting in the twilight of our little parlor, dreaming together of the cool woodland haunts we had once frequented. In the midst of our reminiscences Harriet's attention was suddenly drawn to the window.

"Frederic!" she whispered. "Do look. Be careful, or she'll see you."

"The poor thing! I wonder what the matter is!"

Peeping over Harriet's shoulder I saw a girl, dressed in black, seated at the fifth floor parlor window opposite but a few feet above ours. There was something appealing in her attitude.

Presently she got up and lighted the gas. The next instant a gray-haired man entered the room.

"Sibley is coming," we heard him say, as he threw himself into the chair by the window. "He wants a definite answer tonight."

The girl made no reply. She was standing in the middle of the room, and Harriet and I could see the despair in her large, dark eyes.

"Well, why don't you say something?" the man exclaimed.

"What is there to say, father?"

"You might at least try to be cheerful, Justine," he complained. "Heaven knows, I am no more taken with the idea of your marrying a man like Sibley than you are. But how can I help it? A word from him and I am worse than ruined."

"Very well, father," the girl replied, wearily. "When Mr. Sibley comes, you may tell him what you please. 'But'—with a little shiver of repulsion—"don't ask me to see him."

She passed quickly into the next room.

In a moment, our attention was drawn to the "horrid man" across the area. He had arisen from the chair and left the room. He returned, accompanied by a clean shaven man of middle stature, rather portly, and very deferential in his movements.

"Where's Justine?" the visitor asked.

"She's indisposed, Sibley," his host replied. "But she has left the matter to me."

"Look here, Bullard," Sibley said suspiciously. "I don't come here to listen to evasions. I came for a definite answer."

"I know you did," Justine's father replied petulantly. "But you needn't snarl at me because my daughter doesn't feel equal to seeing you. It isn't my fault. I've done—"

"What is her answer?" Sibley interrupted.

"Oh, she consents, just as I told you she would."

"Good!" exclaimed Sibley, and Harriet and I saw his smile of triumph, and hated him for it.

His smile quickly gave place, however, to a crafty expression.

"If I'm to get you out of your scrape, Bullard," he went on, "we shall have to be married right away. The post office, people are suspicious, and they may spring a surprise any moment."

"Will Monday evening do?" asked Bullard, his face pale with fear. "I—I don't think I—that my daughter will consent to an earlier date."

Sibley eyed his host a second. Then he said:

"Very well. Monday evening at seven. Leave all the details to me, Bullard. All you will have to do is to keep quiet. Mind you say nothing of this to that fellow Colby. He's likely to cause trouble."

"Leonard Colby. That's the man Justine loves."

"Impossible, I protested. "Why, I know Leonard Colby. He is one of our coming lawyers. And anyway, Harriet, it's his affair, not ours."

"But don't you see, Frederic?" Harriet exclaimed. "Mr. Colby doesn't suspect what a predicament Justine is in."

"Why doesn't Justine tell him, then?" I urged. "You say she loves him."

"Of course she does, and that's the reason why she can't tell him. He hasn't proposed yet! And," my wife went on, "he must propose before Monday! Since you know him, Frederic, don't tell me that our overbearing isn't providential. You must see him first thing in the morning. For that poor girl's sake I hope we are not too late."

Early the next morning I called at Colby's office.

Colby, however, was out. He had left word, his clerk said, that he would be detained up town all day.

"It's too awful, Fred," cried Harriet as I reached home. "Mr. Colby came this morning, and Justice has refused him."

"It's Justine's pride," Harriet explained. "She just couldn't bring herself to reveal the family skeleton to Mr. Colby. Don't you see, Fred? She has had to decide between the honor of her name and her love for him. And the saddest part of it is," Harriet added, "that the sacrifice is perfectly absurd. Her father doesn't deserve it. Her family name isn't worth it, and we must prevent it."

"And so I went to Colby's office again. This time I found him at his desk. His natural sunny countenance was clouded with gloom, and his response to my greeting was an inarticulate growl.

Presently I induced him to unburden himself. What he told me confirmed my wife's theory of the situation. But more than that, it made evident to me that Justine's refusal had struck at something deeper than his vanity.

"I've done something, or said something," he groaned, "that made her lose faith in me."

"Nonsense," I declared, "there's another man. What is her father doing?"

"Floating gold mines. That is another thing that worries me. If he's not careful, he will get himself into trouble with the postal authorities."

"Who are his associates?" I asked. "Well, there's Wollford, and Sibley, and—"

"Ah, Sibley. Who is he?"

"The silent partner. He supplies the money."

"Married?" I continued.

"I don't know. I haven't heard," Colby replied listlessly. "What are you getting at?"

"Could anything be plainer?" I cried. "Her father, impoverished and eager to recoup his fortune—a charming dutiful daughter—a wealthy banker."

I got up preparatory to departure. "Look up Sibley—and don't let any grass grow under your feet!"

"Jove Fred," Colby responded. "You're a wonder!"

"Nothing of the kind," I disclaimed. "Simply a married man. Which reminds me," I added. "My wife wants you to dine with us Monday evening. Dinner at six-thirty. Be punctual. My wife insists on punctuality. But you will find her rather clever as solving puzzles like yours."

The final act in our little drama was brief, but full of surprises.

At quarter past six on Monday evening Justine, already dressed for her wedding journey and looking fair from happy, lighted her parlor gas and very carefully pulled down the shades. This was a contingency which neither Harriet nor I had foreseen, and our consternation quite bereft us of wit.

Before we had recovered sufficiently to discuss so serious a miscarriage of our plan with the calmness it demanded, we were further appealed to find that a full quarter of an hour had elapsed and that Colby had not yet appeared.

Then Harriet saw two shadows, unmistakably masculine, pass across the Bullard window shades.

"It's Sibley and the minister," she exclaimed. "I know it is! Frederic, if Mr. Colby does not come in three minutes, I am going over and tell the minister."

"Now my dear," I remonstrated. "You mustn't get excited."

I went to the window and craned my neck in futile effort to get a view of the street. I was inwardly anathematizing a system of architecture which so brutally limits the outlook from a rear apartment to the walls of the adjacent buildings, when I became aware of an unusual stir in the neighborhood. Glancing upward, I saw a cloud of smoke rising from the next street and spreading above the roof of Bullard's apartment.

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