

REGULAR ARMY IN MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT CHICAGO



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.

Matamoros, Mexico.—The average Mexican cemetery is a gruesome spot. The one at Matamoros 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 Matamoros 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 cask-

ets, which are used from time to time for temporary resting places of those who can afford to pay the stipulated rental.

In some of the cemeteries of Mexico are interesting catacombs that have been in use for two or three centuries. Guanajuato is widely noted for its catacombs. A large underground chamber in the cemetery in that city is filled with solemn rows of standing skeletons. Some of these bodies are mummified and are of lifelike appearance. This chamber of horrors was formerly a favorite visiting place for curious minded American tourists. The grinning skeletons occupied a variety of poses, the keeper of the cemetery deriving no little amusement in exercising his ingenuity in making the silent occupants of the cavern as ter-

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

rifying as possible to the visitors. When Guanajuato became the scene of great mining activity a few years ago, caused by the advent of many Americans, the newcomers made protest to the government authorities of the horrifying spectacle in the underground chamber. In response to this protest the authorities issued an order that these skeletons must be clothed so as to hide their shimmering bones from the eyes of the visitors to the place. The effect of this order is to make the occupants of the chamber more grotesque and terrifying than when their nakedness was exposed. Each grinning skeleton now wears a full suit of clothes which hang limply upon the bones. Some wear hats that are tilted at rakish angles.

The big pile of bones that formerly occupied one end of the Guanajuato chamber of horrors has been removed and an effort is now being made to keep the place in fit condition for the reception of American and other visitors.

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 gyaule 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 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 boulders until nearly his 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."

Gypsy Is Court Musician. 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.

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.

"Sibly 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 Sibly 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. Sibly 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 deliberate in his movements.

"Where's Justine?" the visitor asked.

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

"Look here, Bullard," Sibly 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?" Sibly interrupted.

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

"Good!" exclaimed Sibly, 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 don't think I—that my daughter will consent to an earlier date."

Sibly 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 overhearing 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 naturally 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 Wolford, and Sibly, and—"

"Ah, Sibly. 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 Sibly—and don't let any more 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 far 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 appalled 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 Sibly 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.

"Harriet!" I cried. "There's a fire in the next street. It may be the front apartments in Justine's house."

My wife came to the window.

"I wish I could see something," I added giving way to the excitement that was in the air.

"What time is it?" Harriet asked.

"Quarter of seven."

"And Mr. Colby not here!" Harriet gasped. "He will be too late. I know he will!"

She looked at me with sudden determination. "Frederic, throw a book at Justine's window. Throw it hard, and then we'll both cry 'fire!'"

We must gain time somehow."

I turned to pick up a book. But just as I drew back my arm to hurl it, Harriet exclaimed:

"There's Mr. Colby—coming up the fire escape!"

Looking down, I saw Mr. Colby clambering up the fire escape to Bullard's house. He made for Justine's apartment on the top floor. Once on her balcony he flung open the window, tore the shade from its sockets and plunged into the room.

Two men stood staring at him—Bullard and Sibly.

"Where's Justine?" Colby pants. "Quick! House afire—stairway cut off—go down fire escape!"

His voice brought Justine. For a brief second the four made a tableau, Colby breathing heavily, the others gazing at him as if he were an apparition. Then Sibly awoke to the significance of Colby's warning. His eyes turned furtively from Colby to the window, and with a rush he gained the balcony and fairly slid down the ladder.

His frenzied exit aroused the others.

"You next, father," said Justine. Her father did not stop to argue the order of their going. Like Sibly he seemed quite willing to entrust Justice to Colby.

Justice followed him, and then came Colby. As they began to descend, Colby glanced up and recognized us. He smiled broadly and waved his hand. It flashed upon me then that he had exaggerated the extent of the fire to suit his purpose. It was as I learned later, a small affair which the firemen had confined to the basement of Bullard's house.

"Well," I said to Harriet, "that ends our part."

But it didn't. There remained the wedding. Harriet was matron of honor, and I was best man. Sibly was not present. Colby has "looked him up" so effectually that he had found it expedient to take a long vacation in Europe.

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IMPROVING MORALS IN CHINA

Influence of Christian Teachings Shown in the Changed Conditions Found There.

"The public conscience is now being awakened upon this aspect of public morality. Last week I was invited to take part in a meeting organized by men who are not directly connected with any Christian church, but who are sincerely desirous of assisting in the reformation of their countrymen. Their purpose was to start an antigambling league, and with this in mind they called a public meeting, which was attended by some hundreds of Chinese scholars and business men, and resolutions were passed in approved public meeting style, approving of a campaign against the gambling vice. Members of the Chinese Young Men's Christian association were asked to assist in the meeting, and to demonstrate by the means of games the possibility of recreation without vice. Suitable addresses were given by prominent Chinese, and the chief organizer of the movement is one of the government education inspectors for the provinces of Kiangsu and Kiangsi. A Chinese Roman Catholic teacher gave a violin solo, a Chinese secretary of the Young Men's Christian association rendered two cornet solos, and a Protestant missionary sang to the gathering. The whole meeting was conducted in so orderly and orthodox a fashion that it was scarcely possible to realize how tremendous a reformation in the whole Chinese outlook upon public life this meeting revealed. Twenty years, even ten years, ago such a meeting would not have been within the realm of possibility. Today we have a class of public moralists arising who have undoubtedly learned from Christianity in their midst the ideals which they are desirous of impressing upon their countrymen."

Is Dirt Good for Boys? Some folks say: "Oh, let the boy play in the dirt. It is good for him. I wouldn't give a cent for a boy that keeps his clothes clean." That may be all right, but what about the boy's mother? Getting the dirt out of clothes by the use of old-fashioned yellow soap and a slow washday method is hard labor. If the boy's mother uses Easy Task laundry soap, which does half the work for her itself, and which reduces washday labor by fifty per cent, it is different. Easy Task is five cents a cake and is the greatest nickel's worth of soap ever sold.

Confused Impressions. "Of course, you know the story of William Tell," said the serious citizen.

Actress—All right, sir, I'll be more attentive and fix the sweet peas and try to get my lines in the right place.

Manager—Your course is very simple. Just mind your peas and cues.—Palmolive American.

Novelty. "I thought you told me you had something original in this libretto," said the manager, scornfully. "Here at the very outset you have a lot of merry villagers singing, 'We are happy and gay!'"

"You don't catch the idea at all," replied the poet, wearily. "The 'g' is soft. It should be pronounced 'happy and jay.'"

Back to the Tall Timber. Alfred—Are you going to pass your vacation at the seashore?

Gilbert—No, thank you. It's the woods for mine this year.

Alfred—Don't like the shore, eh? Gilbert—Oh, I like it well enough, but it's too risky. I passed my vacation there last year and had several narrow escapes.

Alfred—From drowning? Gilbert—No; summer girls. Seven of them proposed to me.

Aims and the Man. "Sure Father Flaherty was a good man," Mr. Murphy said of the deceased parish priest. "He hated sin but he loved the sinner, and he was all compassion and patience and wisdom. There never was another like him in my holdin' up hope to the poor battered man that had anny desire for good."

"Faith," said he to Con Meehan, "tome th' bh'y was down an' out, 'faith, this solde av paradise 'tist all beginnin' again, over an' over, an' th' toimes over!"

"An' that keen," continued Mr. Murphy, "twas niver worth while to keep back part av th' price av th' land! Wid a twinkle in his eye he'd see clean through anny Ananias that iver walked."

"An' gin'rous!" Mr. Murphy's voice dropped to a lower key and his eyes were wet as he added, "His hand was always in his pocket, an' when they prepared him for burial they found his right arm longer than his left wid stretchin' it out to th' poor."—Youth's Companion.

VISIONARY.



Jiggson—If a man could only sell coal at the north pole or ice in hades! Wiggson—But that's out of the question.

Jiggson—I know; but, gee! just think of the prices he could get!

Autoing and Optics. "Is not auto driving terribly hard on the eyes?" we asked.

"Well, I guess not," replied the chauffeur, withering us with scorn. "Why, before I got to runnin' a car I was thinkin' o' gettin' specks; my eyesight was that poor I couldn't see the contribution box in church until it was so near past me it was too late to dig for any money. But I hadn't been runnin' that wagon two days till I could see a policeman's little finger stickin' out from behind a tree four miles away. I could even see which way a copper's eyeballs were turned if he was standin' in the shade three miles off. Hard on the eyes! Well, not much! It's the best medicine for weak eyes that was ever invented, don't you forget it."

His Claim to Prominence. At a social gathering a certain man, intent on knowing every one, was introduced to Senator Julius C. Burrows of Michigan.

"The name Burrows is very familiar to me," he said. "I am certain that you are a man of some prominence."

"Yes," replied Senator Burrows, "I am the man that 'died at first' just before Casey came to bat in that celebrated ball game in Mudville."—Success Magazine.

Old Advice. Manager—You never get this scene right. Your business with the sweet peas is all wrong and you forget when you are to speak—you get your lines all mixed up.

Actress—All right, sir, I'll be more attentive and fix the sweet peas and try to get my lines in the right place.

Manager—Your course is very simple. Just mind your peas and cues.—Palmolive American.

Small Job. Him—I was confused for a bit, I confess, but it took me only a moment to collect my wits—

Her—Yes, it couldn't take any longer than that. Go on.

Sometimes a woman keeps on telling people how smart her husband is until she actually believes it.

Mortgage the ship for all it's worth before giving it up.

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