POOR DOCUMENT

MC2034

A Scoop by the Junior Reporter

By W. R. ROSE.

The citiy editor hung up the receiver with a sudden click and pushing back his chair stepped to the door.

"Holcomb," he called in his quick, nervous way.

The old reporter shoved his papers aside without looking up and then arose and stepped into the city editor's little room.

"Holcomb," said Bradley, "here's a big thing for you. It's a murder in the Garman block. Prominent business man found in second hallway from Breevort. Been shot. Garrity just 'phoned. Body still warm." He looked at his watch. "Get what you can as quick as you can. 'Phone me if you want help. Manage it alone if you are able. Hold on. Take 'young Carmody with you.'"

"Don't want him," said Holcomb.

"You may want him. He'll do for a messenger, anyway."

Holcomb grimaced.

"All right."

He strode back into the reporters' room and drew his coat and hat from the hook by the window.

"Carmody," he said.

The cub jumped up. He had been dawdling over the copy paper that littered his desk. He came toward Holcomb eagerly.

"Do you want me?"

"Yes. Get your hat and coat."

They were down the stairs and striding along the silent street before the young reporter dared to launch the question that trembled on his lips.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"Murder," replied the old reporter.

The cub shivered.

"Any clew?"

"Don't know."

The cub looked around at the old-young face of the veteran.

"You've been in lots of murder cases, haven't you, Mr. Holcomb?"

"A few."

And then they turned the corner and the dark walls of the German building loomed before him. A big policeman was standing at the foot of the second starway. He looked up sharply as they neared him.

"Hullo, sergeant," said the old reporter.

"It's Mr. Holcomb, isn't it?" the big policeman asked. "First on the ground, Mr. Holcomb."

"Lucky we're just around the corner," said the old reporter with his little chuckle. "Identified him?"

"Not positively. Patrolman Cobb says it's a hat manufacturer on North Water street—Bellport, William Bellport. Know him?"

"Know the factory. Anything to work on?"

"Not yet. We're searching the building."

"Where is he?"

"On the first landing. Decided not to move him until we could get better lights. And we've sent for Bellport's foreman."

"Shot?"

"Yes. Twice. Short range. Must have been something of a struggle."

"Robbery?"

"No. Money in his pocket. Watch and scarf pin all right.

"Revenge, then. Jealousy, maybe."

"Cobb says he wasn't that kind."

"You can't always tell. Something like the Simons' case, isn't it?"

"There was a woman in that."

"I remember. What time did it happen?"

"Night watchman heard the shots. Says he had just looked at his watch. It was 12:35. He was in the courtyard in the rear of this stairway. The door in the rear is kept locked. He had to unlock it and in his hurry got the wrong key. It must have taken him fully five minutes to get up the stairs after searching the lower hall. Then he stumbled over the body."

It was a rapid fire conversation in low tones and the cub drank it in with a keen relish. This was the chance he had been longing for. If he could only distinguish himself in some way. If he could prove that he had the true reportorial instinct that nobody semed to think he possessed. How he longed to fling a chain of questions at this big impassive blue-coat. How very commonplace after all these curt queries and answers seemed. And yet this quiet Holcomb was credited with knowing his business thoroughly. He, Carmody, must not forget that he was the cub and that he was cast for a thinking part only—for a part that required unquestioning obedience. But some day, perhaps, he would show them.

"Guess I'll go up," said Holcomb.

All right."

The old reporter stepped back a little and stared up at the entrance way and at the gloomy building, and then turned and looked about at the other surroundings. And his gaze encountered the white face of the cub. He had quite forgotten his presence. He frowned. What possessed Bradley to send the kid along? He would only be in the way. Bradley evidently wanted to help the boy, but this was no way to break him in. Besides he, Holcomb, wasn't a schoolmaster.

"With you?" queried the big sergeant, as he nouded toward the cub.

"Yes. New man."

The big policeman lowered his voice. "Pretty late at night for small boys to be out, ain't it?"

Holcomb nodded.

"I'm his chaperon," he growled.

The big policeman chuckled.

"You'll find Capt. Morris upstairs," he said.

"Good."

A rapid step sounded on the pavement. A stout form loomed up in the darkness.

"Hullo, sergeant. Hullo, Holcomb. You beat me here."

"We're just round the corner, you know."

"That's so. Pity you couldn't pull these affairs off at more reasonable hours, sergeant. I'm afraid we can't give our early morning readers anything very satisfactory. Eh, Holcomb?"

The old reporter shook his head.

"Have to fill out with surmises," he said.

The cub had crowded a little closer. The newcomer was Cameron, the star all-round man of the rival sheet. How the cub's gorge rose against him. How he longed to scoop him. And here was Holcomb holding converse with him as if they were dear friends instead of throat-cutting rivals.

"Well, sergeant?" said Cameron.

Before the big bluecoat could reply to this hint he was interrupted. An all night hack, shaky and dilapidated, came round the corner, and the driver halted his scrawny horse opposite the stairway.

"What's the matter?" he asked the sergeant.

The big policeman answered sharply.

"Nothing that concerns you," he said as he peered into the darkness. "Drive along," he added; "you can't loiter here, Terence Grant. Go home and go to bed. You're too full to be trusted with the horse. Skip."

The driver drew up his lines.

"Needn't get mad," he grumbled. "Only stopped f'r little inf'mation. So long."

And the scrawny horse moved on.

Cameron was deeply interested in the sergeant's narrative and Holcomb drew the cub to one side. An idea had occurred to him. Here was a chance to get rid of the boy before Cameron saw him. He dreaded the ready sarcasm of the man from the rival sheet.

"Look here, Carmody," he softly said. "Here is a chance for you. Do you see that hack? Follow it cautiously. Notice where it goes. Get the driver's license number. Pick up whatever information you can and then report back to the office. Do you understand?"

Carmody nodded.

"Yes," he replied. "Sure you won't need me here?"

"Quite sure. I'll manage to get along somehow. Hurry — he's turning the corner."

"All right, sir," said the cub, and treading lightly, he hurried after the slow paced hack.

Holcomb fairly hugged himself with delight. He had rid himself of the boy and now he could face his work with no sense of a hampering influence. And it was such a good joke, too — his sending the lad on that wild goose chase. He tried to imagine what Bradley would say when the boy reported the drunken driver's license number. Well, Bradley had no business to send the cub with him.

Then he and the man from the rival sheet went up the stairs to the fatal landing.

The cub had no trouble in catching up with the hack. The cub was a clever runner and he could have caught a much faster vehicle. He hung on behind for a little while, revolving in his mind a plan for drawing as much information as possible from the bibulous Jehu. He couldn't quite see what this ancient turnout had to do with the mysterious murder, but Holcomb must know and that was quite enough. Holcomb had reposed confidence in him and he would do his best to deserve it. He didn't dream that the old reporter was making sport of

Presently the lurching driver drew up in front of a saloon. There were little streaks of light alongside the shades and a faint blur of yellow on the fan-light over the door. And the cub by listening intently could hear muffled voices from within.

The driver was some time in descending to the pavement, his movements being accompanied by considerable unsteadiness and much profanity. But finally he landed safely and staggering across the walk entered the hospitable door.

The cub dropped from his perch behind and stepped around the side of the carriage opposite the saloon doorway. He didn't like this turn in affairs. That besotted driver might loiter for hours at the alluring bar.

Well, no, that was an exaggeration. He couldn't stand up that long. The cub hoped the bartender would run him out, recognising the paplable fact that he had quite as big a load as a man could safely carry. He paused for a few moments for this hoped for contingency to eventuate. He waited in vain.

It was very still in the deserted street. He and the scrawny horse were the only living things he could discern. He shivered a little in the night air and executed a noiseless jig on the blockstone pavement. He even started a yawn, but quickly suppressed it. Yawns had no place in the make-up of an expert reporter for a great morning newspaper.

And then a peculiar noise startled him. It was a low groan, an unmistakable groan, the groan of a man who was suffering pain and trying to suppress the manifestations.

The cub loked around. There was but one place from which that sound could come. He stepped to the carriage door and pulled it open.

A man was huddled on the back seat. His figure was shrouded in the gloom, but his white face and staring eyes stood out against the dusky background.

"Hullo, driver," he faintly gasped.

"Hullo," echoed the club.

"Got a bad ankle—pains me awfully—twisted it jumping down a step. Drive me to a doctor's, can't you? I must have something done for it.'

The cub leaned in a little further. He was thinking very fast.

"Better get your shoe off. Here, which foot is it?'

"The nearest you—on the seat. Steady there."

The cub had his knife out and was slashing at the laces. A moment later he drew the shoe from the swollen foot. A groan followed the operation.

"You almost killed me," gasped the sufferer. "But it's a relief now."

The cub drew back and as he did so his hand touched something cold and smooth that was lying on the seat near the open door. It was a revolver. His fingers closed over it and he dropped it quietly into his side pocket.

"I didn't see you get in," he said.

"No," replied the man with a little catch in his voice. "You were asleep, I guess. I wanted to get in somewhere. Guess I must have fainted. But don't worry about that. I'll pay you well for your trouble. Haven't any brandy, have you?"

"No," said the cub, "But I can get some here." And he indicated the saloon.

"No, no," muttered the man hastily. "Not in there. Drive me to some doctor's, or some drug store. I must get this leg bandaged."

"All right," said the cub.

He looked the man over. There was no doubt about his suffering. His face was pale and drawn, his teeth were tightly clenched. The boy closed the door carefully and with a cautious look at the saloon doorway, clambered to the driver's seat and picked up the reins. The scrawny horse responded slowly to his persuasions, but finally ambled leisurely down the street. The saloon door was still closed. It was evident that the departure of the hack hadn't been noticed.

Such explorations and investigations

The cub turned the first corner, drove to the next street and then turned again. He meant to avoid the scene of the murder on his way back to the office. There was a policeman on the crossing, a policeman who stared hard at him.

"Where did you get the rig?" he gruffly asked.

"Takin' the old man's place," he said.

"Full again?"

"Yep. Too full to drive."

"What you got inside."

"Case of tired feeling. Wants me to drive him around till he remembers where he lives."

"Guess you won't get very far with that horse," the policeman chuckled and sauntered along.

The boy resumed his journey and a few minutes later drew up in front of the home of the big morning daily. He alighted carefully and at once assured himself that his precious freight was still safe.

"I am going to get you that brandy," he said through the half-opened door.

"All right," responded the feeble voice, " be quick as you can."

"I will," said the cub.

He stepped a little to one side and motioned to a night messenger boy who was about to enter the building. The boy came to him.

"Do you know Mr. Bradley?" Carmody asked him.

"De city editor. Sure."

"I wish you'd tell him that Carmody would like to see him at once down here. It's something very important."

"Carmody? That's you?"

"Yes."

"Carmody. I'll tell him."

The city editor was clearing up his desk when the messenger boy reached him.

"Say, Mr. Bradley," said the boy, "some feller down stairs wants to see youse out in front—it's somethin' very important."

The city editor looked up with a frown. He was used to queer messages.

"If the fellow has anything that's of importance to the paper tell him to bring it upstairs."

"Yes, sir."

Two minutes later the messenger boy found the anxious Carmody.

"Well?" murmured the latter.

"He gave me the laugh," said the boy. "Said if 'twas anythin' important youse could bring it upstairs."

"But I can't," murmured the cub as he looked over his shoulder at the hack. He drew his copy pad from his coat pocket and scribbled a few words. Folding it tightly he handed the sheet to the boy.

"If you'll run all the way upstairs and give that to Mr. Bradley—to Mr. Bradley mind—you'll get this silver quarter when you come back. Skip!"

The boy needed no second bidding. He scampered up the stairs like a wild thing and a moment later the city editor was much surprised to have a bit of folded paper thrust under his nose by a puffing and profusely perspiring boy.

"What's this?" he growled as he unfolded the note. He read it with a sudden gasp.

"Mr. Bradley: I've got the murderer down here and can't leave him. Awaiting orders. Carmody."

The messenger boy was considerably startled by the quickness with which the usually impassive Bradley snatched his hat from the hook and sped through his side door to the stairway.

At 1.30 Holcomb appeared and tossed a roll of copy on the city editor's desk.

"That's all that I could get," he said. "Put it in shape while I was waiting. Details of the shooting, full identification of the victim, police surmises."

Bradley smiled. He was looking unusually cheerful considering the hour of the night.

"Never mind the surmises," he chuckled. "The details and identification can be worked into the rest of the story."

"Then you have somthing else?"

"Well, yes. We have the murderer."

"The murderer?"

"Yes. Carmody brought him in."

"Carmody?"

"Yes. Found him in a hack. It seems he sprained his leg leaping down those stairs, but he managed to limp around the corner and struggled along for a couple of blocks, and then noticing a hack at the curb with the driver asleep, he entered it. And there Carmody found him."

"Where is he?"

"The murderer? We's got him in the business manager's office. He's down there now with a doctor. We'll keep 'em both until the paper is off and then we'll notify the police." He chuckled again. "It's the prettiest scoop of the season."

"But are you sure he's the man?"

"Of course we're sure. Carmody got his revolver. Two barrels emptied. Besides he as good as confessed to me. Says it was in self-defence. The murdered man had outrageously swindled him, and he had come all the way from Denver to get even. There was a struggle on the stairs and our man ended it. You can read Carmody's story. It's mighty good stuff. By the way, he says you told him to follow that hack."

Holcomb swallowed hard.

"Bradley," he said, "the credit all belongs to the boy. I don't deserve a morsel of it. Remember that."

A little later the old reporter, in full view of a number of pairs of amazed eyes, strode up to the cub's desk and held out his hand.

"Good boy," he said. "You're coming all right."

And that sounded sweeter in Carmody's ears than even the commendation of the great managing editor himself.

MALAY SUPERSTITIONS.

You can scarcely ever get your money from a Malay on Friday because Malays believe that if they pay their creditors on a Friday they will be overtaken by penury. Malays never shave or cut their nails on Saturday or Tuesday because those are unlucky days, and if they do part with their hair or nails on these days they believe that they will be always in trouble or will die quickly.

A BOODLER'S STORY.

How Public Contracts Are Obtained in the States.

"I personally procured the contracts for putting up one hundred and fifty-nine buildings, and exactly one of them was contained without bribing public officials."

The man who spoke these shocking words had already given me undoubtable evidence that for seven years he had operated as a "boodler" in the Middle West. He was "talking business" to me, for he wished me to write a book of his "confessions;" and he, being protected by the statute of limitations, is willing to lay all the facts and figures before the public. Some of the stories would be "mighty interesting readin'" for the people of one hundred and fifty-eight cities and counties whose representatives sold their votes to this man; and most of them would be entertaining to readers not so immediately interested, since ingenuity and reckless "nerve" formed no small part of our boodler's equipment for his iniquitous task. A single incident connected with one of the cases may serve to illustrate this.

A certain county in Indiana had voted to spend $150,000 for a new court house, and a committee of three had been chosen and empowered to carry out the people's will. One of the three was a man who had sat upon the judicial bench there term after term and was reputed to be absolutely above and beyond the possibility of corruption. The other two were of long residence and high standing in the county. They were supposed to be honest men, but even if they should turn out to be corruptible, the judge, with his stern, impervious and immovable honesty, would be an assurance to the people that there could be no graft for anybody in this undertaking.

Well, this boodler, whom, for convenience, I will call Grafton, and another of the same silk, whom we may as well call Robberson, were the only considerable competitors for the contract.

They made short work of two of the building committee, Grafton buying one of them and Robberson the other without much trouble. Then came the tug of war. The two contractors, being well posted as to the old judge's severe integrity, went to him with every argument and local influence of an innocent chaacter that they could think of. Grafton, having deposited a large sum of money in the leading local bank, whose manager was one of the hustling and influential men of the judge's town, succeeded in enlisting the banker on his side and incidentally learned from him that the judge was hard pressed for money; that he owed the bank $1,000 and that his home was mortgaged for $2,000. He could not even pay the interest on these and his many smaller debts.

These facts were cited as the best possible proof that the judge was incorruptible, but Grafton, who had many very "practical" dealings with men and had developed the Walpolean theory that every man has his price, put $5,000 in currency into his pocket and, as a last resort bolted after dark for the judge's house, finding its occupant alone.

Without a word of warning he drew out the package of money, composed of small bills to make it look large, and held it before the judge's astonished eyes.

"Judge," said he, "here is money enough to pay off the mortgage on your house, take up your note at the bank, square up your smaller debts here and there and let you breathe one more free breath before you die. Maybe there'll be a thousand or so left over out of it, too, for there are five thousand dollars in this package—five thousand—dollars!"

"What do you mean, sir?" cried the old judge, leaping to his feet and flying into a rage.

"I mean that I want to give you $5,000 for your vote in the building committee tomorrow; and if you are the wise man I take you to be you will quietly accept it."

"Young man," said the judge, who had recovered somewhat of that dignified composure which marked his bearing on the bench, "do you know what we do with most of your stamp here?"

"No," Grafton answered, with cool impudence. "What do you do with 'em?"

"We send them to the penitentiary, sir."

"Nonsense, judge!" Grafton smiled. "You couldn't send me to the penitentiary in a thousand years. You couldn't rake up twelve jurors in this whole county who would believe that I offered you money enough to pay all your debts and let you face the world a free man, owing nothing to anybody and having a thousand dollars left to jingle in your pocket—you couldn't dig up twelve men who would believe you were fool enough to refuse it."

The judge stood a long time in silent meditation, then said: "Young man, I believe that is so. Give me the money and clear out. Don't ever let me see you again."

Grafton handed over the currency and the shamefaced judge, still stern and distant, however, showed him to the door.

"Weren't you afraid to trust him?" I asked. "He could have kept your money and voted against you, thus forever preventing the least suspicion that he had sold out to you."

"No," the boodler answered, in the most matter-of-fact way. "I knew he wouldn't do that. He was an honest man, and an honest man always stays bought when he has decided to sell himself."

Rather a fine drawn definition of an honest man, no doubt; and yet there is a distinction when you stop to think of it.—Willis Brooks, in Brooklyn Eagle.

INTERNATIONAL SKATING.

Arrangements have been made for the holding of the various skating competitions which carry with them the European and world's championships in speed and figure skating. The world's championships will be decided as follows: January 14 and 15, at Groningen, Holland, world's speed championship; February 4 and 5, at Stockholm, Sweden, world's figure championship.

The European speed championship will also be fought out at Stockholm. The figure championship of Europe is down for Bonn, Prussia, on January 8. The international competitions for speed and figure skaters, which have been brought off at Davos Platz, Switzerland, for several years, will be repeated there on January 28 and 29.

MAKING PETS OF HORNETS.

The female hornet has a rapid-fire armament with a recoverable projectile. It uses it for both attack and defence, and with remarkable aim and efficiency. The first stroke of a hornet is as penetrating as an electric shock. At the base of its sharp sting there is a sack containing poison, which when injected into the substance of its enemy, causes pain, swelling and discomfort, facts to which most persons are able to testify by experience. Should the injection be upon the end of the thumb or nose, or upon the tongue, there is danger from it. Strong ammonia applied to the wound is the best antidote. Yet the hornet when treated politely and with gentle ceremony, is as docile as a butterfly.

In the fountains of West Virginia I had a wire fly trap which, by the seductive influence of molasses, persuaded the house flies infesting my stave-built office to enter. Once within it they remain incarcerated until hot-water cured. For several days a very persistent black-and-white striped hornet amused me by its futile endeavors to seize flies from the buzzing horde of prisoners. At last it found its way in, and to my astonishment, after capturing a fly, found its way out. It had remembered the way of its entrance even in the excitement of the chase. It did not paralyze its prey, as does the mud wasp and other species. It did not stop to eat a single fly, so far as my observation extended. It had a victualling job on hand, and attended faithfully to it. Such selfishness excited admiration.

During one of its absences I placed my hand over the trap entrance, and upon it laid a piece of ripe peach. Upon the hornet's return it lit upon my hand and ran confusedly over it, yet soon tried to get under the covering fingers. Failing, it went to the peach and took a hearty meal. While it was eating I quietly moved my hand from the opening. After preening itself the hornet entered and continued its fly raid.

After many dozens of trips it brought a comrade with it, and and personally coducted it into the fly pound. Thereafter they always worked together. To be sure of this by slow approaches of an affectionate finger I was enabled to stroke them while lunching. I marked them both with a spot of red ink. Many continued experiences convinced me that hornets work in pairs, like detectives. Several other hornets from the same nest visited the cage, tried to enter it, but found the problem too much for them. In no instance did the pair offer these instruction or pay any attention to them. They all partook of my lunches freely and in harmony. But the favored pair guarded their secret. Were they selfish? Did they receive special plaudits at the home nest for their phenomenal success in fly cauture? Or were they simply governed oy hornet manners?

I grew found of these winged warriors. I introduced them to my several fingers by placing tempting sweets upon them. They learned to come to me after they had emptied the trap of prisoners, and gradually became very companionable.

Following the direction of their home flight, and noting the range of trees, their nest was easily found. It hung on the nd of a branch of mountain rhododendron. The glossy, green leaves overhanging it were undisturbed in their position, but were so built into the outer layer of papier-mache covering as to give the rest natural concealment. Whether this was intentional or not, or whether the leaves simply became an obstruction as the nest was increased in size by dismantling the inside and building upon the outside, I do not know, but the evidence was in favor of engineering, reason, intention, rather than accident. Hornets were the first users of wood pulp for paper manufacture. They make it from wood and leaf fibre, and there is both forethought and economy in tearing out the insides of their nest to make room for larger tiers of cells in which to raise their young, and in using the material to enlarge the nursery.—Farm and Fireside.

FACTS ABOUT WOMEN.

Sarah Bernhardt has led perhaps the most strenuous life of any person now before the public. Her stage deaths by self-administered poisons total about 10,000; she has jumped into the scenic artist's Seine over 7,000 times; she has sent over 5,000 imaginary bullets into her head from a revolver, while about the same number of daggers have been plunged into her emaciated anatomy.

The wife of the astronomer, Camme Flammarion, never allows anyone to cut her husband's hair but herself, and she uses the shorn locks to stuff pillows.

Underclothing made of the skins of birds is worn by Eskimo women. Before being sewed together the skins are chewed well by the women, in order to make them soft. One skirt requires about 100 skins.

Although her husband has been given the credit for it, the fact is said to be thoroughly established that Mrs. Manning was the author of the American mower and reaper.

Mrs. Catherine Greene, a planter's wife, was the inventor of the cotton gin. Her work on the farm taught her the necessity for such an invention.

ASTOUNDING INVENTION—EMBALMED IN GLASS.

In order to preserve the features of those who have died it is proposed by a Russian to embalm corpses by casting around them a solid mass of glass. This would be perfectly transparent, and so as no air could get in the features would be preserved indefinitely. Of course, it is not possible to pour molten glass directly on the body, so it is first coated with a thin coating of so-called "liquid glass,' 'or sodium silicate. This is allowed to harden, and forms a protective coating. The body is then put in a mould and melted glass poured around it. When this is hardened we have a solid, transparent mass enclosing the body. The inventor of this process hopes that some day we will have a large museum filled with the perfectly preserved bodies of the great men of their times for future generations to gaze upon.

THE DEAREST THE BEST.

One soon finds that inexpensive things or persons are bad, incompetent and in the long run ruinous at any price.—John Oliver Hobbes in London Mail.

SPORTING.

The Ring. Etc.

A GOOD SPORTSMAN.

The Brooklyn Eagle says:

Sir Thomas Dewar, M. P., who is on his way to this country, and will probably reach this side next Monday, is almost as interesting a personage in international sporting affairs as Sir Thomas Lipton, who has gained fame throughout the world in his efforts to win the America's Yachting Cup for England. Lipton, however, confines his enthusiasm to yachting only, while Dewar takes an active interest in all branches of sport.

The two knights are bachelors and very close friends of King Edward, of England. The business career of both has been wonderful and they are identical in the way of success, as both started out in life as poor boys. Neither of these two great men had any capital when they started out to build up their interests, yet today their business has spread over the world and both are enormously rich men. They are considered the largest advertisers in their line in the world and both believe in the efficacy of publicity in the building up of one's business.

Sir Thomas Dewar will be an active participant in the coming automobile races at Daytona Beach in January. He has presented a handsome trophy for the mile international record race, and the Automobile Association has been honored by his acceptance as an official on the board of referees. He will also officiate at the motor boat race at Palm Beach, in February. Sir Thomas has decided to make his trophy a permanent one, to be contested for annually.

In a letter to a friend in this country, Sir Thomas spoke of the vast amount of good international athletic contests are doing towards bringing together in good fellowship and sportsmanship the Anglo-Saxon race. He will in all probability be tendered receptions at the New York Press Club and the Automobile Association upon his arrival here in January.

Sir Thomas is an excellent speaker. He owns a racing stable in London and has had a candidate for the Derby for several years, Forfarthshire running second three years ago. His automobile stable is one of the most complete and includes cars of the American, English and French types. He is an enthusiastic autoist, and in the past summer toured 3,000 miles. Sir Thomas never bets on any sporting events, but contributes largely to athletic sports of all kinds of charities, of which he is an extensive patron.

There is a diversion between Lipton and Dewar, one being Irish and the other Scotch. Sir Thomas Lipton has never courted fame in a political or literary way as has Sir Thomas Dewar. The latter is a member of the house of commons for Lambeth and is also an ex-Lord Sheriff of London, and therefore is in line to be lord mayor. He is a son of John Dewar, a distiller who gained fame all over the world. He has journeyed around the world three times and has published interesting books on travel. The knighthood came to him as a special mark of his monies.

THE RING.

Apparently Joe Gans does not intend to let the title of lightweight champion go by default. On the day of the Britt and Nelson fight, Al Herford, the Baltimore negro's manager, sent the following despatch to a newspaper man in San Francisco:

"Have sent Harry Corbett a check for $2,500 as a forfeit to fight the winner of Wednesday night's contest at 133 pounds weigh in at six o'clock. If the winner won't fight at that weight I will make it at 133 ringside, and will bet any part of $5,000 on the result at the prevailing odds. Gans is the champion and will defend the title at that weight.

"Try to get match at 133 at six o'clock. I authorize you to make the match, and if you can clinch it wire me and I will at once wire you $1,000 to go as forfeit. If Britt wins he must fight Gans for the title. If Nelson is successful we will take him on and any fair California referee will suit me and we will fight in one or two months' time."

Following is a copy of a letter sent to Jabez White, the English lightweight champion, from Charley Mitchell after the Corbett-Nelson fight. It was printed in the London Sportsman:

"I can just realize your feelings at the result of the Corbett and Nelson go. It is just what I predicted, but that does not help matters. It would have been fine for you, and you would have made a barrel of money and never had to fight again. No one feels worse than I do, but he (Corbett) sidestepped you. I was there with the money, but he had already made a match with Nelson. He then signed with you, and I put in a clause providing he beat Nelson, but you would have had to wait again, as I told you in my last they had prearranged for he and Britt, so I'm glad they got it in the neck. You can stand on what I'm telling you. If you had been on the scene it would have made no difference, as they would have shut you out.

"I shall arrange for you to meet the winner of the Britt and Nelson go, and that will mean Nelson certain, and he is only a good rough. As I said before, there are at least 12 men here all in a bunch, and they will beat each other. There is not one amongst them that shines.

"As regards Corbett, he is a dead cock in a pit, not worth mentioning. He would not draw a cab fare now. I feel sore and yet pleased that he got it for doubling on you. I'm feeling first rate and expect to sail for England shortly, and will stop at Birmingham and tell you everything. I will settle match with Nelson or Britt before sailing.

THE DEAD SEA.

How It Was Explored and Surveyed in 1848 by a United States Naval Officer.

A correspondent of the New York Sun in a recent issue of that paper, says: The other day you had an interesting reference to that anomalous feature of the globe known as the Dead Sea. It is most remarkable in its origin, its location, continuance and special characteristics. In view of all this the lecturer you quote asks why it has never been properly explored and its peculiarities fully investigated.

Such explorations and investigations, however, have been thoroughly and scientifically made and officially reported upon, and the report is now on file. They were made, too, for the first and only time, under the authorization of our own government and by one of our own countrymen.

Certain ineffectual attempts to explore that mysterious sea had been made by persons in their private capacity—notably by Costigan and Molyneux, Englishmen of scientific attainments; but both of them, at an early stage of their exploration, perished from the effects of that mephitic sea.

In 1847, W. F. Lynch, lieutenant commander in our navy, being at that time otherwise unemployed, applied for permission to make a thorough and systematic exploration of the Dead Sea. His request was granted by the Navy Department, and he was ordered to the command of the United States storeship Supply, detailed for that service, for which he was directed to make suitable preparations and appropriate outfit.

This being done, his officers and crew specially selected, the expedition sailed from New York in November, 1847. Captain Lynch proceeded to Constantinople; there, through the United States minister, he obtained the Sultan's firman of authorization to pursue his way and to prosecute the undertaking, with authority to call on local officials for all needful supplies and protection. On the 8th of the following April (1848) Captain Lynch reported by despatch to the navy department his arrival at the Sea of Galilee, all well, and his two river boats launched ready for the voyage down the tortuous and turbulent Jordan to its debouchement. On April 19 their boats, one of copper, the other of galvanized iron, were launched on the sombre, glaring surface of that sea of death and desolation. The work was arduous, but they persevered for nearly a month, through burning heat and blinding storm, and under the scorching, stifling sirocco. At times the heat would rise to 110 degrees in the shade of their tents, the temperature of the water at twelve inches below the surface being ninety degrees; and within those waters not even their microscope could detect the faintest trace of living thing. Their clothes and skin were coated with a greasy salt, eyes and nostrils were painfully irritated by saline matter in the air, and the air itself was burned with a sickening sulphurous odor.

Despite these fearful hindrances, the Dead Sea was explored through all its length and breadth, from the debouchement of the Jordan to the awful chasm of the Ghor at its southern extremity. They made soundings by triangulation of the whole, ranging from three feet to 1,348 feet, its greatest depth. Daily investigations, thermometric, barometric and hygrometric, were made and carefully noted. By barometric measurements they found the surface of the Dead Sea to be a little over thirteen hundred feet below the surface of the neighboring Mediterranean. They determined the volcanic nature of the surrounding rocks; gathered slabs of bitumen along the shores; scaled the cliffs of Moab on the Arabian shore; reached the towering city and citadel of Usdom that overlooked that sea and scene of unmitigated desolation.

Much more was done as they skirted from shore to shore, relating to the geology, the flora and fauna, the special topography of the adjacent coasts—all of which were carefully noted and recorded. Finally, in May, 1848, Captain Lynch declared the exploration of the Dead Sea complete.

Then, with swollen bodies, lips cracked and eyes inflamed, that heroic leader and his equally heroic crew took up their homeward route by way of Jerusalem and Jaffa. After visiting Damascus and other places of interest they embarked for home, where they arrived in December, 1848, with only one man missing. This man died and was buried in Palestine.

Directly on his return to the United States Captain Lynch filed his statistical report with the Secretary of the Navy. He was also allowed permission by the Navy Department to publish a book as a narrative of the expedition. This was done in 1849, and it furnishes a most attractive and instructive volume, from which these notes of surveys are made to correct the erroneous statement herein first alluded to.

THE JOB OF THE NEW YEAR.

The saucy New Year with a shout
Addressed the Old Year going out,
"Hi, grandpa, you're a-looking grey,
And rather old and tired today."

"Young man," said grandpa, "lookee here,
I've been a mighty busy year,
'Twixt subways, Lawson and the Japs,
Cyclones and presidential scraps.

"'Twixt Perdicaris, Panama,
Mosquitos and grand opera,
'Twixt war clouds black and papers yeller,
Cassie and John D. Rocky-feller.

"'Twixt warships, pensions, southern pride,
'Twixt Utah and race suicide,
Newport and Sulu, graft and Guam,
And keeping Mr. Dowis calm.

"'Twixt Russian bombs and Turk' knives,
And Meredith on ten-year wives—
Yes, child, I've had enough to do,
Me for the rest cure, p. d. q."

The New Year paled and slightly winced—
"Is that the job I'm up against?
I'm far too new for such a pace—
I think I'll journey back to space."

"Too late!" the Old Year cried, with glee,
"Put on my hat and think of me!"
And as afar the old man whirled,
The infant stepped into the world.

"I see myself," he seemed to say,
"A-getting busy right away,
With such a job it isn't queer
That babes get grey within a year."