

OFFERS EVERYBODY A CHANCE

Philanthropic Seattle Man Throws Open Hall for Absolutely Free and Uninterrupted Speech.

A philanthropic fight promoter—one of the enterprising gentlemen who has been in the habit of putting on a boxing match every week or two—is much annoyed at the spasmodic interference of the officers of the law in his business affairs, and is proposing to throw open his hall for a weekly forum of free and uninterrupted speech, in place of the boxing bouts.

"I want every guy that has anything to say to come over and say it," said the promoter, according to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, "and I'll give him ten minutes to spiel, and then he must shut his trap. I don't care what he is; any kind of a nut can come over and say right out what is on his chest. My luck has been so bad, and my spirits so depressed, that I want a laugh, and I believe a nut gathering of this kind would equal anything the Orpheum circuit or Pantages or the best of them ever put on. You know, nature keeps playing jokes on humanity all the time; she mixes together some queer patterns in heads, and a lot of fellows can't help what they think; some have a hunch for one thing and some for another; I suppose we could get a few startling facts on anything from religion to chess in these verbal tournaments. And it will be absolutely free; I might pass the hat around at the close of the entertainment to square me on the hall rent, but for the rest I wouldn't want a cent to pay outside of the entertainment I get out of it. As soon as I can pull a jazz band together to fit in with the speechmaking I will announce the details, and we will be sure in for a summer's entertainment, if the sheriff don't close us up."

HOMESICK FOR ARCTIC SNOWS

No Affection About the Longing for Far North That Is Experienced by Explorers.

If you are of ordinary health and strength, if you are young enough to be adaptable and independent enough to shake off the influence of books and belief, you can find good reason to be as content and comfortable in the North as anywhere on earth.

If you remember that all of us who have spent more than a year "living on the country," are quite of the Eskimo opinion that no food on earth is better than caribou meat, and if you have any experience in your life as a hunter anywhere, you will realize that in the evenings when we sit in these warm snow houses, feasting with keen appetites on unlimited quantities of boiled ribs, we have all the creature comforts.

What we lack, if we feel any lack at all, will be possibly the presence of friends far away, or the chance to hear opera or see the movies. At any rate, it is true that today in the movie infested city I long for more snow house evenings after caribou hunts as I never in the North longed for clubs or concerts or orange groves. And this is not peculiar to me. The men who have hunted with me are nearly all of the same mind—they are either in the North now, on the way back there by whaling ship, or eating their hearts out because they cannot go.—Vilhelmur Stefansson in Harper's Magazine.

Probably Envious.

"After a few months in other states, I was returning to Indianapolis," remarked a traveling salesman, "and I don't mind telling you I was glad to be getting back home. As I sat down beside the stranger I told him how good it was to be back in the land of cornfields.

"So we started to talk about the beauty spots of Mother Nature. It is nothing more than natural for any Hoosier to talk about his own state. And I had to ask him whether he had ever been in Brown county.

"The stranger looked out of the car window a minute, saying softly to himself: 'Brown county, Brown county.' When he looked around at me again he said:

"Yes, I have been there. That's the place where the squirrels have to carry a lunch with them when they go across the county, is it not?"—Indianapolis News.

Flowers of Poland.

According to an English newspaper correspondent who recently reported a journey he had made from Paris to the Polish capital, the most impressive spectacle that he saw was the mantle of blossoms, clustered profusely, which fringed the highways and byways about Warsaw. "All the wars of Poland," he writes, "could not check the new life that came riding through her borders at the head of the advancing spring; sprays of lilac found place in the gray caps of Polish lancers, tulips and chestnut leaves, tokens of the new dawn, in the garb of peer and peasant. Everywhere was spring yielding back a measure of her everlasting rights." But the flowers never took much notice of the war even "at the front."

A Humorous Touch.

Father—What's this expensive item, "A pair of rubbers, \$200." That's an unheard of price.

Son (who's been in training)—It's a couple of masseurs at a hundred each, sir.

SOME FAMOUS OPALS.

Mexican opals are likely soon to appear plentifully on the market again, inasmuch as mining for them has been resumed in the districts whence jewelers obtained supplies before the war.

From that source we have been accustomed to get most of our "fire" opals, which are very beautiful and brilliant, with flaming hues. This variety, however, is less highly esteemed than the so-called "noble" opal, which is whitish, translucent, and shot through with gleams of all colors of the rainbow.

Remarkably fine opals, many of them "noble," are obtained from the neighborhood of Moscow, in Idaho, where they occur in beds of volcanic ashes. Apparently their material was deposited by water, while the ashes were hot, and masses of cold cinder when broken open reveal the gem stones.

Opals are in certain respects altogether peculiar among gem stones, and more interesting on that account. Whereas other gems, such as the ruby, the emerald and the sapphire, owe their colors to mineral elements by which the crystals are stained, the brilliant tints of the opal are due to its structure, ever so many minute cracks reflecting light at different angles from their edges.

An amethyst is quartz crystal stained with manganese. Opal is quartz crystal of another variety, containing from five to thirteen per cent. of water. Both are formed by the deposition of silica from water; and it was in this way that three molluscan shells transformed into opal, recently given to Harvard College, underwent their strange metamorphosis. The shells were in a rock; their limy material dissolved out and was replaced by particle, with water-borne silica.

The most famous gem of the kind is the Hope opal, formerly the property

of Henry Philip Hope, a Dutch banker, who owned the finest collection of precious stones ever got together. He liquidated the national debt of Brazil, and took his pay in diamonds, which originally inspired him with his hobby. Among his treasures were the celebrated Hope diamond and the largest existing pearl, drop-shaped and weighing three ounces.

The Hope opal (now owned by an American millionaire) is believed to have come originally from Mexico, but in the seventeenth century it adorned a Persian shrine. It represents the sun—an object of worship in Persia—with full face carved on its surface and rays supplied by an antique gold setting. Oval in shape, it is an inch in longest diameter.

A famous necklace of opals belonging to the Empress Josephine, and later the property of the widowed Eugenie (who parted with it because of a belief that it brought misfortune), is likewise owned by a wealthy American. Its great central stone is called the Burning of Troy.

—For high class job work come to the "Watchman" office.

A Life Boy.

They were crossing to France and the ship pitched and tossed about in an unusually bad storm. Most of the passengers had sought refuge below, but little Miss Sturges, an elderly spinster, was braving the terrors on deck. As the gale increased in fury, a chivalrous physician from the lady's home town, came to her.

"Pardon me, Miss Sturges, but it seemed to me you might be in some trouble. Can I help you? Have you chosen your life preserver?"

"Oh, doctor," cried the maiden lady, with a gurgle of joy, as she tumbled into his arms, "How sweetly and romantically you have expressed it!" —Cartoons Magazine.

The Grass for Rugs.

The salt marshes of the New Jersey catstail region produce only one crop besides mosquitoes. It is the so-called "salt-grass," which in those moist and saline areas, continually irrigated by the sea, flourishes amazingly.

Nothing seems to bother it. An amount of salt that would kill any other plant is just what it needs in its business. Diseases do not appear to afflict it; insects do not care to attack it.

Tough—that is the word best descriptive of the salt grass. It grows tall and thick. So tough are its leaves that they are broken with difficulty. Its fiber is strong and harsh. A rough and tough and useless plant.

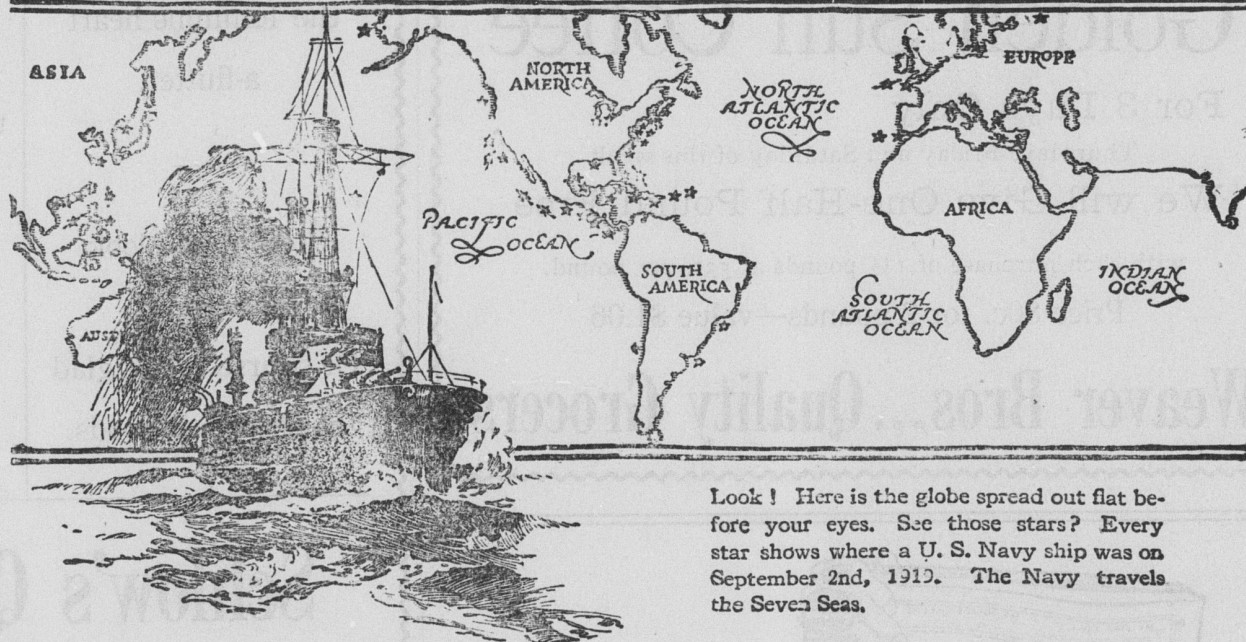
But stay! It is no longer useless—not by any means. A very important and valuable use has been found for it. Within the last few years it has come into such wide utilization that we should find it hard to get along without the salt grass.

This was all one man's idea. He saw that the grass was long and tough and green; also that unlimited quantities of it were to be had for the cutting. It must be good for some purpose. Surely, yes. Why not try it for weaving rugs?

There was the notion. Rugs. A few rugs woven of salt grass were put on the market and they sold like hot cakes. Partly, of course, because they were a novelty. But they were pretty and trial proved that they were remarkably well. Also they were cheap.

Alas! They are cheap no longer. What is there that is cheap nowadays? But the manufacture of them has become an enormous industry. The man who first hit upon the idea has made a fortune out of it. It was a case of discovering value in a thing regarded as worthless.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."



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Learn the lure that comes with the swish and swirl of the good salt sea. Eat well—free; dress well—free; sleep clean—free; and look'em all straight in the eye—British, French, Chinese, Japanese, Spaniards, Egyptians, Algerians and all manner of people.

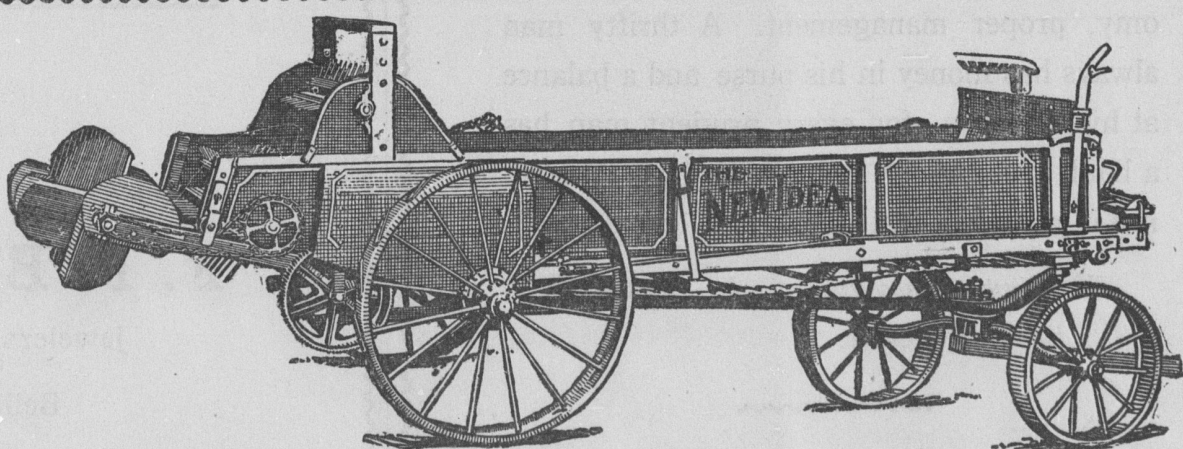
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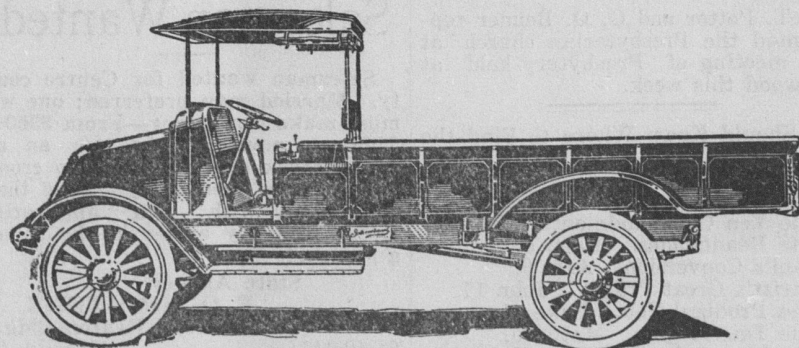
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