

Queensland Government Sells Homes to Workers

The labor government of Queensland, Australia, has expended approximately \$16,000,000 in the last eight years in the erection of between 8,000 and 9,000 houses which have been sold to the people, said Premier Edward G. Theodore in an interview at the Australian commissioner's office, 44 Whitehall street, according to the New York Times.

Mr. Theodore, who has been premier of Queensland, the second largest state in Australia, for nearly nine years, arrived in New York by way of Canada and was on his way to London to arrange for the refunding of loans amounting to approximately \$125,000,000.

Premier Theodore explained that the housing shortage was quite as bad in Australia as elsewhere and said that under the scheme to build workers' homes the government bought the land, erected the houses and then sold them to individuals, who paid weekly installments no higher than ordinary rent. At the end of fifteen or twenty years the workman owned the home. Queensland is spending \$2,000,000 this year for 1,000 dwellings to be sold in the same way.

Premier Theodore said he expected to see Prime Minister MacDonald, whom he knows, on his visit to London. He declared that Mr. MacDonald now had the opportunity of demonstrating that his policy was workable and sane. If he succeeds, said Mr. Theodore, it will have a great effect throughout the British empire.

The accomplishments of the labor party in Queensland in nearly nine years Premier Theodore vacated the institution of the compulsory arbitration act as among the most substantial, as it practically did away with strikes.

Under government direction the cotton fields of Queensland are being developed intensively. Farmers from the United States will be asked in a year or two to migrate to Queensland to develop the cotton fields, with the inducements of land at low rates and government assistance until their farms yield substantial crops.

East African Elephant Herds Growing Large

The elephant is a very useful animal both for draft purposes and for ivory. A few years ago 70,000 were slaughtered annually for their tusks, so that it seemed as though there was a good chance of the big animal's becoming extinct. Wise laws, however, have checked the destruction so that the number is increasing. The war gave the elephants their chance and the British authorities in East Africa have also protected them. South of Zambesi the elephant is virtually extinct and the Cape market for ivory has ceased to exist.

At present Mozambique is the center of the ivory trade. Oddly enough, the Portuguese, through whose hands it comes, send nearly all the ivory across to Bombay, where it is sorted and cut and dispatched to the European markets. The world's supply of real elephant ivory is now about 250 tons a year.—Scientific American.

Report Was Erroneous

A caller at the New York city morgue the other day asked to see the body of a man found in the Harlem river. "It's not me," he said to the mortician in charge, as reported in a daily paper. "What do you mean?" the official asked. "I mean," was the answer, "that the report that my body was found in the river is an error. My acquaintances have been running away from me for a week thinking I'm my own ghost." It seems that the body was that of a friend of the caller, and the latter's name written on papers found in the dead man's pockets resulted in the mixup.

Burglar Sings at Work

A nonchalant burglar who sings at his work and yells at his victims recently set Cincinnati residents on their toes until he left the community. The burglar sang as he entered the apartment of the assistant city treasurer, and the mistress, thinking he was a light-hearted peddler, and not wanting any green groceries, failed to answer the knock. He tried a key which didn't fit, and then entered another apartment on the next floor, singing all the while and when he had finished his job left just as leisurely.

Bride Painted a Steeple

Women members of the congregation of a church near New York undertook to repair the building. A young bride of twenty had the honor of painting the steeple, which is 75 feet from the ground.

Champion Knitter

In an international knitting competition in which thousands of women participated, a young woman of Bristol, England, has won a cash prize of \$1,000 and a silver cup emblematic of the championship.

Bay State's Center

The Wayside Inn's neighborhood, has been marked by the census bureau as the center of population for Massachusetts. The exact point is eight-tenths of a mile southwest of the Sudbury post office.

Beautiful Shoulders

The most beautiful shoulders in the world are possessed by Mme. Marcell Pledy of Paris, according to a decision rendered by the judges in the recent international beauty contest at Monte Carlo.

Discovered Great Gold Mine North of Toronto

Gold prospecting is among the world's romantic adventures, and there is no more thrilling story in its annals than that of the discovery of the great Hollinger mine, some 500 miles north of Toronto, in Canada. Thirteen years ago a young man, Ben Hollinger by name, was tramping through the low bush prospecting, when his eyes happened to alight upon an outcrop of rock in a desolate waste. He struggled over to it, and on examination found it contained gold. Today the Hollinger mine rivals the great mines of South Africa, and last year outstripped the greatest of them, the New Modderfontein, which had previously held the world's record for gold output. It covers 400 acres, and below its rugged surface run nearly 45 miles of tunnels and an electric railway system. The great mills roar day and night, and every month \$7,000,000 in gold leaves the refinery. There are more than 2,000 men employed in the mine, mostly working underground, and they never see gold at all. They are surrounded by gold, yet all they see is the dirty gray rock being scooped up and taken to the refinery.

Gates Disproved Charge That He Was Careless

John W. Gates' first large scale of speculative venture, barbed wire, is what many would-be plungers find on their Wall street raids. Late in the last century Gates was the main backer of two steel companies, Federal Steel and American Steel and Wire, with a total capitalization of nearly \$200,000,000.

These organizations were merged with the United States Steel corporation but Gates was refused a place with the new combination. He was told his business methods were careless, whereupon he founded the Republic Iron and Steel company, which became a thorn in the side of the United States Steel company.

When Gates died in 1911 he left a fortune of nearly \$20,000,000, which disproved allegations of slipshod methods and the assertion that all plungers eventually are wiped out and become objects of charity.—New York Times.

Old but Good

A young lady sat next to a distinguished bishop at a church dinner. She was rather awed by the bishop's presence. For some time she hesitated to speak to him. Finally, seeing some bananas passed, she seized the opportunity to start conversation with him and said: "I beg your pardon, but are you fond of bananas?" The bishop was slightly deaf, and leaning toward her, replied: "Pardon me, but what did you say?" "I said," repeated the young lady, blushing furiously, "do you like bananas?" The bishop pondered the question gravely for a moment, and then answered: "It is a curious question, but if you wish my honest opinion, I have always preferred the old-fashioned night shirt."—Harper's Weekly.

His Own Opinion

Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, leaned over his rickety fence and nonchalantly contemplated a covered wagon which was being snalled along the big road by a yoke of oxen. "Howdy!" he saluted when the equipage finally arrived in front of his residence. "Whur are you going to?" "Well, I'll tell you," responded the venerable man who walked beside the oxen. "I loaded up my family and one thing and another a spell ago, aiming to go to Oklahoma, as it were. But I've had to turn out'n the road and stop so often to let automobiles, wagons and so forth go by, and then probly got stuck in the mud and had a dickens of a time in dragging out and getting started ag'in, that all things considered, I don't reckon I'm going no place."—Kansas City Star.

Careless Taxi Driver

A taxi was standing at a curbside with the front of the cab almost on the crossing. The driver was sitting on the seat waiting patiently for a fare. He had been waiting two hours. A man was crossing the road deep in meditation, when he suddenly caught sight of the cab. He jumped, glared at the driver for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Why don't you blow your horn?"—The Tattler.

Thenics in Danger

Little Boy—I'm not going to school today, 'cause we've got to work too hard.

Mother—What have you got to do?

Little Boy—I don't know, but teacher said that we'd have caloused thenics after today's classes.—The Wasp.

Modern Inventions

Timothy—Maria! Maria! Open the door. Al Falfa—Kind o' deaf, ain't she? Tim—No, she ain't deaf, but try'n to listen to the phonograph an' the telephone an' the wireless, an' havin' only two ears it's hard sometimes to get her attention.

No Waste Involved

"When a man says he has thrown his hat in the ring he merely uses a figure of speech." "Of course," answered Senator Sorgum. "Many a political tile-tosser wouldn't be so reckless if he had to use a genuine hat."—Washington Star.

Touching Incident at Evacuation of Smyrna

In it all (the Smyrna evacuation) the horrible, the terrible, the humorous, and the touching were strangely intermingled. One incident is typical of the brighter side.

I was busy one day getting the crowd through the gate and onto the pier, when a woman with several children became separated from one without noticing that she had lost him, the little chap of three or four years being pushed, kicked and in danger of being crushed to death as many—yes, many of all ages—had been in that place, so dense was the terrified mass fighting their way toward safety on board the vessels.

A Turkish soldier saw him, dropped his rifle, pushed his way through the crowd, protecting the child with his own body, until he had saved him and restored him to his mother.

When the soldier came back, I smiled and patted him on the back to express approval. My linguistic shortcomings made it impossible to be more explicit, but the Turk had no need of English words. He went through an extraordinary pantomime that made mere speech quite needless. He held his hand at the height of a little child's head and opened two fingers, pointing first to himself and then back toward the country lying to the east, then, his hand on his heart, he shook his head. His meaning was perfectly clear: he had—oh, perhaps, once had had—two children of about the age of the child he had saved.

Such is the terrible Turk—such, at least, is one side of him that I saw.—Mark O. Prentiss in the Atlantic Monthly.

Englishman Tells How to Break Monte Carlo

Hon. Seton Robert Baresford, brother of Lord Decies, is the author of a book of 60 pages, only one-third of an inch thick. The price is 21 shillings, which is at the rate of 63 shillings an inch, remarks the London Tit-Bits.

The title is, "The Future at Monte Carlo: A Method Explained Whereby the Bank Must Fail."

"The intention," he writes, "is not to put forward a new system in opposition to the bank, but to invert all that has gone before insofar as to compel the bank to take the place of the system monger."

He shows how a number of players, working in concert, may force the bank to play one of the famous systems, such as that devised by Labouchere.

The Baresford system, he declares, may be played by people with as little as £30 or £40 apiece, for "with so small a reserve many would lose their all; a few, however, would probably win heavily. . . . One solitary winner could easily win an amount in excess of the losses of all the others." He claims that if every one followed the Baresford method, Monte Carlo would be out of business in six months.

Hon. S. R. Baresford is manager of two shipping associations and a famous swimmer and trap shooter. He lives in New York and London and has played cricket for Middlesex.

What He Asked For

Huggins considered himself a very smart fellow—distinctly witty, in fact—and he never lost an opportunity of using what he called his "gift."

One day he was strolling down High street when he saw a notice in a shop window, which ran: "If you don't see what you want in the window come inside."

"I don't see what I want in the window," he said.

"Well, then, ask for it," said the shopkeeper.

"Well," went on the wit. "I have found so many smart men in this town that I am in search of a first-class idiot."

Without hesitation the proprietor turned to his assistant with the order: "James, bring a large sheet of paper and some string, and make this gentleman up into a neat parcel."

Bootblack Uses a Palette

One of the bootblacks on the boulevards now uses a palette when cleaning women's shoes, says a Paris letter to the Baltimore Sun.

The Parisian woman's shoes vary so much in color that he found it often difficult to get the right hue of boot cream to match.

So, in his palette, he puts a number of different creams and combines them in varying proportions according to the tone of the shoes he has to deal with.

Judging by the number of his worn customers his plan is successful.

Just Like a Husband

"My husband is the most stubborn man in the world."

"He can't be any more stubborn than mine."

"Oh, yes, I'm sure he must be. Yes, today I had an engagement to meet him at three o'clock."

"Yes."

"Well, it was nearly 4:30 when I got there, and he won't admit yet that the rest he got while he was waiting did him any good."

First Woman Radiologist

Sister Godeliva, who is in charge of the X-ray department of St. John's hospital in Fargo, is the first woman to be registered as a radiologist in the state of North Dakota. She recently passed the examination required by the American Registry of Radiological Technicians in Omaha and is the first woman, it is thought, to be awarded such a certificate in this country.

Mask Guards Painter From Lead Poisoning

Lead poisoning has long been the bugbear of painters. While working with paint having a high lead content the inhalation of the paint odors has been known to produce dangerous attacks of the well-known "painters' colic," while contact of lead paint with the skin, particularly where it is cut or abraded, often results in irritating diseases.

To combat these conditions a special gas mask or respirator has been devised. This is not so cumbersome as the conventional type, merely serving as a filter against the lead fumes and not covering the whole face. It straps around the back of the head, covering the nose and mouth, but not the eyes, thus affording free vision.

Worn in combination with rubber gloves for protecting the hands, the new respirator affords ample protection against the possibility of contracting disease, no matter what may be the lead content of the paint used.—New York World.

Human Decoy Used to Lure Wolf in Russia

The Russian hunter's method of killing wolves is interesting. A great hefty peasant, with yellow hair, snub nose, red face and shining blue eyes, brought an immense wolf's skin to me once, and I asked him how he had obtained it. He was standing at the window of his izba one late afternoon he said, when he saw a wolf walking through the village street. He seized his gun, called a friend, and they went in pursuit. The wolf stopped on the top of a hill outside the village and looked at them. To prevent it from running away, the second man went down on all fours and moved toward the wolf. He looked, in his heavy sheepskin shuba, for all the world like an animal, and the wolf ran back to attack him. When it had come to a convenient distance the hunter shot it. —Francesca M. Wilson, in Manchester Guardian.

Strange, Strange!

This is veracious: A clergyman from Cambridge, Mass., had occasion to preach to the inmates of an insane hospital. During his sermon he noticed that one of the patients paid the closest attention, his eyes riveted upon the preacher's face, his body bent eagerly forward. Such interest was most flattering. After the service, the speaker noticed that the man spoke to the superintendent, so as soon as possible the preacher inquired:

"Didn't that man speak to you about my sermon?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind telling me what he said?"

The superintendent tried to sidestep out the preacher insisted.

"Well," he said at last, "what the man said was, 'Just think, he's out and I'm in.'"—The Christian Register (Boston).

Runs Submerged

An inexpensive undershot power wheel which will run even when wholly submerged and which is especially adapted for use in mountain streams was invented some time ago by a Salt Lake man. The wheel's source of power lies in the fact that the blades fold on the upward stroke, making the leverage greater at all times on those below than above the center shaft and thereby enabling it to run in water of any depth. The wheel, which is made entirely of metal, may be of any diameter and width.

To prevent clogging with floating weeds or debris the wheel is inclosed in a heavy mesh wire screen so connected to the wheel that it revolves in the opposite direction.

Set an Egg—Ample

A boastful traveler was in the village inn, trying to "kid the Hicks." "Speaking of chickens," he said, "reminds me of an old hen my father used to have on his farm. She'd hatch anything from a tennis ball to a lemon. Why, one day she sat on a chunk of ice and hatched out a pint of hot water!" "That don't come up to a hen my mother had," remarked one of his hearers. "They fed her on sawdust once, by mistake. Well, she laid ten eggs, and sat on 'em, and when they were hatched, nine of them had wooden legs, and t'other chicken was a woodpecker!"—American Boy.

Diffused Concentration

An enthusiastic young admirer said to Arnold Bennett shortly after one of his more thoughtful books was published: "You have been a wonderful help to me, Mr. Bennett."

"Indeed! In what way, may I ask?"

"Oh, that last book of yours! It has taught me to concentrate."

"To concentrate? Well, what's that?"

"Now tell me, what are you concentrating on?"

"Oh, lots and lots of things," was the reply.—Boston Transcript.

Just Right

Nexdore—Don't you find your son somewhat restive since he finished at college?

Talltimber—Yes, very restive. Ever since he graduated he ain't done nothin' but rest.

Now We Know

Uncle Lize Cheek one day was asked whether Sam Black was honest or not. "Well, if, and, but, though," he answered, "he might be, and, then ag'in' he mightn't; but, if he be, he is very highly spoken ag'in'."

One Born Every Minute, Few Ever Give Up Hope

In certain offices in Wall street there's an axiom, "Once a sucker, always a sucker." Those who make their living by catching suckers do not cross from their lists the names of individuals who have met with lesser because losses do not cure.

There was proof of this only recently. The receiver of a bucket shop which closed some time ago received a \$75 check through the mail with an order to buy certain securities. Examining the check, the receiver found that it was a dividend check the customer had received when another bucket shop was closed. It represented all he had salvaged from the wreck. But without even bothering to cash it, he endorsed it and sent it along.

That check came from the Middle West. But there are suckers in New York also. That same receiver a few days later received a check and a buying order. The check was for \$400. The sender was a Broadway merchant. The order was not executed, however, as the firm he addressed had failed a year before.

"Apparently there's not only one born every minute, but they never die," said the receiver as he dictated a letter to accompany the returned check.

First Telephone Users Unable to Find Ears

In 1877 one of the most important and difficult parts of the work of introducing the telephone into a community was teaching the subscriber the correct way of using a telephone. This still has its importance and its difficulty. So there is value as well as amusement in the experience of one of the earliest of telephone pioneers, who introduced the telephone into Delaware. He says in an account of those days:

"In 1877 and 1878 very few people had seen a telephone and fewer still had used it, so that after a subscriber had been secured it required considerable effort to impress upon him the most efficient way to use it. The people did not know, it seems, where their ears were. In fact, an editor said to me one day: 'You should have some one instruct Mr. — how to use that telephone you have put in for him. He has rubbed the hair off the side of his head trying to find his ear.'—Telephone Press Service.

Just What He Asked

One day a man who was interested in social work went into a tenement district and, wishing to see a certain man, but having only a general idea as to where he lived, approached a small boy for information.

"My boy," he said, "can you show me where Mr. Linkovitch lives?"

"Yes, sir," was the quick reply of the boy, scenting a tip. "Come right with me, sir."

With this the boy entered an adjacent doorway and started to climb the difficult stairs. Up four flights he went, the visitor breathlessly following, and finally paused at an open door.

"This is the floor," said the boy, earnestly looking for the coin. "Mr. Linkovitch lives in there."

"Looks as if we had had hard luck," remarked the visitor, peering into the room. "Mr. Linkovitch doesn't appear to be here."

"No, sir," was the rejoinder of the boy. "That was him settin' down on the front doorstep where we came in."

The Cheery Eskimos

A Norwegian explorer has just spent 15 years among the Eskimos of Greenland and Alaska, after which, with a natural desire of change, he made for Paris. Yet he maintains an admirable fidelity to his Eskimo friends. They have, he assures the Parisians, many points of superiority over the inhabitants of more genial climes. "They take turns to sing songs, in which they abuse and ridicule each other to the best of their ability." The man whose phrases are the most mordant, whose melodies are the most mocking, whose voice best carries invective, is adjudged to have right on his side. What more is needed to prove that the Eskimos are ruled by the loftiest ideals of civilization?—London Daily Telegraph.

Sure Enough!

"Oh, major!" called a farmer content, coming out to the gate. "I've got a puzzle here. The county seat newspaper came just now with part of a page doubled over and printed twice so that it can't be read. The headline over that part says, 'Governor Trickery Here Saturday,' and I can't tell whether it means last Saturday or next Saturday."

Not So New

The traveler had returned to his native village after being abroad for 20 years. He stopped as he saw a little boy with a small baby coming down the road.

"Ah! a new face, I see!"

"No, it isn't, sir," replied the boy, looking at the baby. "It's just been washed, that's all!"—Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati).

The Idle Thing

"The woman next door is really dreadful, Richard," said the young married woman. "She does nothing but talk the whole day long. I'm sure she can't get any work done."

"Oh," remarked her husband; "to whom does she talk?"

"Why, to me, dear, of course," was the reply, "over the fence!"

Delicate Gown Made for Empress Eugenie

It is said that the most perishable thing ever made was the gown of Empress Eugenie designed for her to wear at a ball given at the Tuileries upon her return from the opening of the Suez canal.

The ultimate in dress was made under the personal direction of the empress. Four women labored steadily for six months embroidering the flounces. It took two months to manufacture the gauze. The cloth was woven on machinery especially constructed and was the only kind of this material ever fashioned. The threads were so fine that the weavers were obliged to wear powerful magnifying glasses.

The dress was an ivory white. It was made with 15 skirts one upon the other. Thirty-five yards of gauze were required for each and the effect was a diaphanous mist. A thousand yards of material was used, 237 yards being required for each of the two overskirts. The flounces resembled cobwebs, and delicate embroidery marked the low-cut waist. So fine was the material that the two overskirts could be drawn through a bracelet, and two of the underskirts through a finger ring.—Detroit News.

Keene Won and Lost Millions of Dollars

It is to be questioned whether his tying up with Jay Gould or the \$400,000 he wagered that William Jennings Bryan would be elected in 1896 was James R. Keene's greatest error of judgment. To his then associate, Gould, Keene attributed his losses in the Western Union and wheat in the late '70s.

For all of his speculations over 50 years, Keene, when he died, in 1913, left but \$2,000,000, and he scored more failures in his operations than successes. After his experience with Jay Gould, other reverses followed and Keene was a bankrupt in 1884. By 1892 he was on his feet again, through his manipulations for the whisky combination and American Sugar Refining company.

Later in the same decade, he won and lost and won again on Brooklyn Rapid Transit, only to drop \$2,000,000 in Third avenue railway speculations. At the time of the flotation of United States steel he hit the ceiling, only to fall to the floor shortly after with the collapse of Southern Pacific.—New York Times.

Home of Pineapple

The pineapple is of American origin, growing wild in Brazil and Mexico. It has been known since the sixteenth century and was first cultivated solely for royalty in the gardens of their private grounds. Brazil still possesses the best and most appreciated varieties, although in other countries much work has been done to develop a better pineapple.

It is claimed that the flavor and evenness of pulp of the Brazilian pineapples have not been equaled. The season in Brazil comes in December and it has been a source of wonder to tourists arriving in Brazil during the pineapple season why some one has not undertaken to make shipments to the United States, where there should be a splendid market for them, arriving in midwinter.

Mary Lost Her Tip

A newly appointed judge of the Supreme court, who felt pretty well satisfied with himself, was dining at a hotel and he said to the Irish waitress, "Mary, how long have you been in this country?"

"Two years, sir."

"Do you like it?"

"Sure, it's well enough," she answered.

"But, Mary," he continued, "you have many privileges in this country which you'd not have in Ireland. Now at home you'd never be in a room with a justice of the Supreme court and chatting familiarly with him."

"But, sure, sir," said the girl, quite in earnest, "ye'd never be a judge at home."—Boston Transcript.

Had Forgotten

A Hot Springs girl recently ran across a lot of love letters written many years ago, by her mother to her father before they were married. The daughter pretended that the letters were of recent date, and read them to her mother, who was disgusted beyond measure, saying it was surprising that she silly persons were permitted to live. "I thank goodness," she said, "that when I was a girl, I had some sense."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Both Wrong

Two travelers were seated in a train going to Chicago. As the train drew up at a station one of the travelers opened the window, and, drawing a deep draught of fresh air, turned to his companion and exclaimed:

"Isn't this salubrious?"

"Yes," replied his friend, "I think it is exhilarating."

"Beg pardon," chimed in the conductor, "ye're both wrong; it's Kalamazoo."

Kittenish

"Those firemen must be a frivolous set," commented Mrs. Daupling.

"Why?" asked her overworked half.

"I read in the paper that after the blaze was under control, firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go to bed like sensible folks instead of romping around like cats?"