

# BEST PLACE TO LIVE.

Tribute Paid by Dr. James R. Day to America.

## PREFERS EARTH TO HEAVEN.

Syracuse University Chancellor Tells Y. M. C. A. Members He Doesn't Yearn For Mansion in the Sky—Defends Wealthy, but Deplores Squandering of Their Fortunes.

Rev. Dr. James R. Day, chancellor of Syracuse university, who spoke to a crowded house the other afternoon at the Harlem branch of the Young Men's Christian association, in West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, New York, scouted the idea that the United States was in a state bordering on commercial and industrial stagnation. He contended that, after all, this is a good world and altogether well worth living in.

"Wouldn't you rather live here than in heaven?" asked the chancellor. "I would, but I'd like to go to heaven when I can't be here. In fact, I think I'd be rather disappointed in heaven—till I got adjusted. You can get any view you want here. You can live under forty odd governments, meet all the nations of the world, eat all the fruits of the world and get any kind of climate that you choose. So America is the best place to live. But I think when a man can't stay here any longer he ought to steer for heaven.

"For my part, I've never been very much fascinated with the idea of corner lots and mansions in the skies and songs and harps and such things. I like a place because it's busy, and the more business there is the better I like it. Give me lots of work and lots of people to oppose me, and then I'm happy.

"I hope you young men—and old men, too—all have work. If you haven't you will have soon. This nation is too big to be ruined, too big to stop long. The business of the country isn't going to stagnate or wither. It is going on. There's too much wealth in the interior, too much property on the surface, too much harvest on its broad acres, too many factories, too much money that's got to be invested to be safe, for us to halt very long.

"You've heard that sublime, stupid nonsense about half a dozen men putting the world in their pockets and not letting anybody else get any. Why, you may be one of those half dozen some day. These men aren't going to live forever. If they had Methuselah's prospects of life it might be a serious matter. Men get rich, and then they get fat and get dyspepsia and die. The Lord takes care of that. Most of them are fools before they die and leave their millions to their sons and daughters instead of to Syracuse university. And most of the sons are fools too. They spend the money for autos and yachts and great establishments, and by and by you all get it back.

"The daughters distribute wealth too. They give some of it to those counts and no accounts the papers are full of. Most of it goes abroad, but it comes back again. Many of the daughters of the rich sell themselves and give a bonus. We have a market here in this country for rich girls, just as much a market as they have in Constantinople. To this market go all the ragged, fatigued royalty that nobody has any use for abroad. It is a spectacle for men and angels. You can't be personal about such things, but you know what I mean, and you can put it down that most of those sales aren't turning out very well. And that's a good thing.

"Yes, the material outlook is very encouraging. And we won't blame the prosperous, because we all want to be prosperous ourselves. Let us all be without that dangerous antagonism to wealth that flows out of sources of malignity and ignorance.

"Do you think there's any danger of anybody's being too big? Not a bit of it. Of course there are thieves in all classes of society—thieves both big and little. But there aren't as many today as there were yesterday, and they are still fewer tomorrow, and they are fast disappearing. It's the gospel of Christ, not legislation, that's doing away with them.

"Those congressmen making savings of us? No; not a bit of it. They're not in the saint making business. You don't need laws to make you good. How many of you know what the ordinances of the city of New York are? There are a great many of them, and you walk the streets every day and never think of them. All you need to keep out of trouble is a spirit of righteousness. You have that within you that keeps you from violating the law.

"I came here to talk ten minutes. Just outside the door I met a pious Methodist who offered to bet me I couldn't do it. It being Sunday, I didn't take the bet, and I'm glad, for I would have lost. I have talked more than ten minutes."

### The New Crozier Bullet.

The new rifle bullet developed by Brigadier General William Crozier, chief of ordnance, is said to be one of the most important recent achievements of that department. The head of the bullet has been modified and a powder produced which gives the rifle an accurate life of some 4,500 rounds. At the outset of the experiments the accuracy of the rifle was destroyed after but 1,000 rounds.

### Value of Liquid Air in Mines.

Liquid air was used as an explosive in the building of the Simplon tunnel, and more recently it has been found of good use in English coal mines.

### The Iceland Bride.

In Iceland, where various interesting and fantastic superstitions abound, there is an ancient custom that every bride must invite all her friends to a dinner in her home, and every article of food must be prepared by the bride herself. If she succeeds in pleasing her critical guests, she achieves not only praise for her own skill, but she helps along her own younger sisters, who are then assumed to be equally well instructed in the intricacies of the culinary art and consequently have their chances of marriage more than doubled.

**POULTRY NOTES**  
BY  
**C. M. BARNITZ**  
RIVERSIDE, ILL.  
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

### ROCKING THE CHICKLET CRADLE.

When twilights arrive, order a cradle for two. When it's triplets, with an air of becoming importance, order a fit for three. But when it's chicklets you generally order a chick kid cradle for 100 or one to fit the incubator capacity. It is then the chicken furniture man often violates his guarantee and sends a cradle that is too small for those bouncing baby boys and girls, and there come sad days to chick babydom. The undertaker gets busy. You become parents to 100 chicklets. You cuddle them to sleep in a brooder cradle that should rock only seventy-five. The next morning twenty-five lie outside the cradle in the cold. The seventy-five left is the capacity of the cradle, and you should lose 20 per cent naturally, but they have been weakened by overcrowding, overheating and bad air, and in a few days most of your chicklets will decrease. You are ready to hang the manager of your pretty duffy birds, but take the lesson that all must learn—never crowd chicks under hens or hovers.

We have a hen forty peeps. She raised thirty-nine. Gave her the same number the second season. She raised six. Tell us why. "Woman's contrariness." No. Too much family. First season was warm and dry; second season, cold and wet. The old hen's heart was big enough, but her white wings and warm breast and big diff couldn't cradle them all.

Chicks need air under hover. Room needed. They develop rapidly. More room still. Fill the cradle at the start; in a week it is one and a quarter full and the next week worse. You may be able to carry that much, but a chick cradle can't. If you're bound to hatch more than your cradle capacity, let your wife bring the surplus up to the bottle. The next spring will gladly give you all her Easter hat money for more brooders and sympathize more when you brood.

A brooder run in a brooder house uses less oil, and chicks generate heat. Keep a thermometer in your house and watch the one on your hover, but be sure they are true. We taper down the heat in the incubator nursery to 90 degrees. After thirty hours we remove them to the hover. The first week brooders should be run from 85 to 105 degrees, or according to the height of the hover and the position of the thermometer. After that taper down. Follow the brooder rules unless you find them impractical, and use your own think. Watch the thermometer, but watch the chicks. If they pile in a heap, not sufficient warmth. If they stand up with their mouths open, too hot. If they huddle outside in a corner, the hover is too hot or not warm enough to be inviting. If they lie down like lambs, with their bright eyes peeping out from beneath the hover, it's about perfect. If they are lively as crickets at the dawn, you are master, but if dumpy and not ready for breakfast the ventilation is not right, there is soot under the hover or they had too much supper or got chilled.

Important Pointer.—Put a ten-day-old louseless chick in with the new hatch and he will adopt them, teach them to eat and drink and put them to bed. High, round, drumless hovers, with lamp box and chimney outside the brooder, are best. Hot water brooders are hot water brooders. If lamp goes out easily and often or continually smokes, discard machine.

Ventilate the brooder according to rules, but use your own think. Keep the smoke vents open. Brooders with lamp underneath sometimes have hot floors. Prevent with a thick layer of dry lumpy sand. Use this until chicks know what not to eat; then run dry wheat straw through the clover cutter for bedding and scratch floor. But be sure sand and straw bedding are warm and dry. Set in a box of moist earth for playground to relieve dryness of shanks and feet that comes from brooder heat. When chicks parade to sun parlor, change water vessel to keep cool. If soot leaks up into hover, turn brooder over on side, brush off and cover joints with stove cement. Keeping chicks on a board scratching floor for two weeks will prevent gaps.

We have scratching playground for a thousand. They are all white. When they tumble into that wonderful scratching stunt for their breakfast they are the prettiest and liveliest moving picture ever.

### DON'TS.

Don't allow one failure to make you a pessimist. You're mighty small if you do it.

Don't forget to provide fat roasts for your own dinners. It's a funny fancier that neglects No. 1.

Don't get discouraged when the order 23th steps. You can take the slack time to count your profits and plan for greater things and shove-the-now.

Don't wonder that your horses try to run away. Your hens deserted the lousy pen for the barn. Now the barn's lousy, the horses are lousy, and you're a lousy old bughouse yourself.

### BOOST THE ROOSTER.

When you've boosted up your town And boosted up the rooster, Just turn around and do it brown By boosting up the rooster.

We can't expect the preacher man To boost the rooster up. He boosts him down where'er he can When he goes out to sup.

The editor of brilliant brain, Who's everybody's booster, Will run his presses till they strain To help boost up the rooster.

The doctor, too, who's such a slave, Will quit his pills to booster. He'll yell his troubles in the grave And yell, "Hip, hip, for rooster!"

And Yankee Doodle Dandy, too, Will boost up cock-a-doodle, While Uncle Sam, the chicken man, Will boost his rooster boodie.

### ABOVE THEM ALL.

Poultry and eggs.....	\$20,000.00
Gold, silver, sheep and wool.....	272,434.32
Cotton.....	229,131.86
Wheat.....	229,009.00
Hogs.....	186,529.63
Oats.....	75,094.90
Potatoes.....	75,000.00
Tobacco.....	35,579.22

The great American hen and cock-a-doodle-do are on the pinnacle. There was some crowing done; there was



some cackling; there was some laying done; there were many juicy hens, fat roosters, mouth melting broilers, tender fryes, pound squabs, fat ducks, jumbo turkeys and geese for the cook pot of 1907, but no one imagined it was tuned up to \$600,000,000. Now let us crow and cackle over it and boost the rooster higher for 1908, and you, old knocker about hens not paying, go out and make 600,000,000 apologies to the great American hen.

### FRESH EGGS AND EGG SHELLS.

Feathers chickweed, tender lettuce and young green clover for chicks, turkey poultis and green ducks.

"What will happen if I cross Black and White Minorcas?" "Oh, you'll get a few mongrel mutatoes that a coon wouldn't steal."

In setting eggs don't select the largest. The uniform medium sized eggs hatch the best and most chicks. Freaks from freak eggs.

When you build that poultry house don't listen to Cheap John. If you're a three center you'll do it, but when you get more sense you'll rue it.

It is a mistaken idea that the larger the gobble the better the breeder. A twenty-five pounder is about right to bring the size most demanded in market.

In the isle of Bermuda everybody raises chickens, but breeding, feeding and rearing are unscientific, consequently eggs sold for 75 cents at Christmas.

The reason why so many duck breeders get left on early eggs is because their ducks are exposed to cold and dampness all winter. They are so poor they must lean against the nest to quack.

As the hot season approaches remember that corn is a cholera breeder. Cooling feed for summer and clean cold water, with shade and open house to catch the breeze. No stimulants for poultry or poultrymen.

California now buys eggs by the pound. If this gets to be the rule in all the states, it will be a stunner on storage, for they nearly half evaporate. Our White Leghorns lay eggs that weigh over two pounds to the dozen.

When a man makes his own incubator and brooder, his wife thinks he's a gigantic genius till hatching time; then she wonders why she ever promised to "love, honor and obey" such an awful man. The failure of a homemade incubator is nothing to giggle over.

When a fowl's crop is full make an incision in front and take it out the front door or you'll flood the inside with chicken grub and your customer will have some barnyard fare for his Sunday dinner. "Taint" nice to bite on such things. It spoils the effects of that sermon.

New York state has 300,000 persons interested in the poultry business. They have \$15,000,000 invested in stock and \$15,000,000 in property and equipment, a total of \$30,000,000. New Yorkers don't all have "Americana fementalia," but there are hundreds of thousands gone chicken crazy.

There are people in the poultry business who are like a friend who had never seen an electric battery. For enlightenment we gave him the whole current. His eyes stood out, his hair stood up, but he couldn't let go. When he was sufficiently informed we cut the current. The handles flew across the room. He buzzed like a circular saw and gave us so many complimentary expressions of gratitude that we would repeat them, but he is a preacher. Yes, friend, you made a mistake when you let that paying job go and jumped head first into the chicken biz. Let go and quit before the sheriff serves a writ.

The guides themselves were picturesque characters, and one especially deserves more than passing mention. Old and tall and gaunt, with a straggling gray beard and snappish eyes, he was a type not often seen. Unable to read or write, he showed great intelligence and caught the meaning of the ideas expressed before half the words were spoken. He cheerfully acknowledged that his acquaintance with Indefatigable Island was due to a murder committed at some previous time, for which the administrator, who appears to be an absolute monarch, had marooned him on Indefatigable Island for three years, during which time he had lived there alone.

The Yankton approached the land on the eastern side and dropped a whaleboat, which conveyed ashore Chief Boatswain Crane and three men. They made their landing through a break in the reef on a smooth sandy beach, and the ship, after firing two shots from one of her three inch guns to attract Jeffs, if he were in that neighborhood, turned to the south to find Puerto Aguado, the point at which the captain and his boat's crew had made their camp. The party ashore was left to notify Jeffs if he appeared in answer to the signal guns and to search the coast if he did not show up. In the short interval that the boat was ashore a number of turtles were chased on the beach, but proved too much for their pursuers. Try as the men might to turn one, it would tear itself away and get to the water, and none was caught until a bright lad found that he ran

# THE HUNT FOR JEFFS

Uncle Sam's Attempt to Rescue Missing American Sailor.

## ONLY A FEW TRACES FOUND.

The Yankton's Men Believe Galapagos Castaway Perished Miserably on Indefatigable Island—Shots, Rockets and Searchlights Used to Attract Marooned Sailor.

The United States gunboat Yankton, tender to the Atlantic battleship fleet, was sent from Callao to the Galapagos islands to search for a missing American sailor, one Fred Jeffs. The information furnished was of the most meager description, only that Jeffs was a member of the crew of the Norwegian bark Alexandria, wrecked in the Galapagos in May, 1907, that he separated from his companions on Indefatigable island and that when they were rescued in October of the same year at a place called Puerto Aguado, given as in latitude 46 minutes south, longitude 90 degrees 20 minutes 30 seconds west, Jeffs was not with them. He had therefore been nearly a year on Indefatigable island if alive.

The distance to the Galapagos was covered in four days, and Hood island, the most southern of the group, sighted at noon on March 3, says a special correspondent of the New York Herald on board the Yankton, writing from Acapulco, Mexico. Previous to sighting land great quantities of sea life, for which the vicinity of these islands is noted, and numerous birds testified to its nearness.

In order if possible to gain information about the wreck, Chatham island, where there is a settlement, was first visited. Anchoring in Wreck bay, a messenger on horseback was found waiting on the beach with the compliments of the local authority, the "administrator," and a polite inquiry if any assistance could be furnished.

The inhabitants of this island number about 250, all dependents of a single estate and mostly engaged in the cultivation of sugar, cotton and tobacco. The estate lies in the hills and valleys on the southern slope of the island in the only place where water is obtainable. Water is the need of all this group of islands, and the lack of it is the keynote of their barren wastes and cactus covered slopes. The shores of all consist of black volcanic rocks and cliffs, with here and there in a sheltered spot a sandy beach. The islands, rising in most cases to 3,000 or 4,000 feet, have their slopes covered with a giant growth of cactus mingling with a thorn, which made progress back from the shore impossible without cutting a way.

Two guides sent by the administrator arrived on board the Yankton at daylight, and the course was shaped for Indefatigable island, thirty-five miles distant. The story of the wreck as told by the guides was interesting. Their information was from a part of the crew which had landed on Chatham island and from the captain of the island schooner, who had heard the wrecked captain's story of Guayaquil. The bark was becalmed near Almarale island and swept by the strong current found in these islands ashore under a cliff, where she soon went to pieces. The crew escaped in two boats, one with ten men, the other with the captain and seven men. During the night the boats became separated, the boat with the ten men reaching Hood island, and then, seeing Chatham island in the distance, they reached it, found it inhabited and told their story. The administrator forwarded them by the island's schooner to Guayaquil with a letter to the consul.

The captain's boat, of which Jeffs was a member, reached uninhabited Indefatigable island, where it was smashed on a reef while making a landing. This second disaster securely locked the party on Indefatigable island, as there is no kind of wood to make a boat on the island.

The party, finding only a few springs of brackish water near the beach, began a search for a better camping place, and abandoning their first camp, moved to the place called by the natives Puerto Aguado, but not marked in any way on the chart. It was at this time that the separation from Jeffs took place.

According to the message received from the consul at Guayaquil, the captain of the wrecked bark said Jeffs preferred to loaf, and, though they tried to persuade him to go with them, he refused, saying that the chances of rescue were as good one place as another and he was going to stay where he was. The story as heard from the guides was that he was ill and could not follow, and the others left him.

The guides themselves were picturesque characters, and one especially deserves more than passing mention. Old and tall and gaunt, with a straggling gray beard and snappish eyes, he was a type not often seen. Unable to read or write, he showed great intelligence and caught the meaning of the ideas expressed before half the words were spoken. He cheerfully acknowledged that his acquaintance with Indefatigable Island was due to a murder committed at some previous time, for which the administrator, who appears to be an absolute monarch, had marooned him on Indefatigable Island for three years, during which time he had lived there alone.

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stretch, which momentarily stunned them, they could be turned on their backs before they recovered. Before this one or two men had almost been carried to sea by trying to hang to their turtle after it had reached the water.

The ship hove to off Puerto Aguado and a whaleboat ran in to a snug boat harbor, and there stood the remains of a camp evidently occupied by a number of men for many months. The kitchen was marked by a stone fireplace, with the charred remains of a fire, a number of pegs arranged for cooking utensils and the bones of turtles hanging up, the flesh dried on them. A rusty rifle was picked up on one side. Hung over some bushes were old, rough clothes, probably hung out to dry when the cry of "Sal ho!" had brought joy to the despairing castaways after their five months' imprisonment. The object found of deepest interest to the search party was a rusty razor with a black handle, on which was scratched "Jeffs," the name of the missing man whose fate is such a mystery. The reason for the camp at this place was found in a pool of fairly good water, one of the few on the coast of the island, as asserted by the guides.

As the afternoon was now wearing away it became necessary to hunt an anchorage for the night, and, standing to the west side of the island, the anchor was let go in Conway bay, an open roadstead. Here the searchlight was played about the mountain and swung from side to side to attract the castaway's eye. At every half hour a rocket swished its way into the air from the bridge. The searchlight was seen by the party on the other side of the island twenty miles away, so that its beam must have been fairly visible all over the island. At daylight a boat went in to the beach in case the man had come down, but there was no sign.

One more point remained to be visited before returning to our search party, and this was the latitude and longitude given in the consul's message as the place where Jeffs remained behind. The guides said there was no water within miles of this vicinity, and no one could live there. The spot was marked by a high mass of rock off-shore called Nameless island, and the Yankton lay between this and the main island while the fruitless search was made. No remains of a camp, no water, no anchorage, no traces of anything that could bear on the loss of the ship or any of its men were found.

Returning to the place at which a landing had been first made, the party who had spent the night and day were picked up. They had found footprints on the volcanic crust clearly depicted, showing that a man had lived in the vicinity at some past time. The footprints led to a brackish pool of water almost hidden under some dense brush, and here the remains of a fire were found. No other trace of the missing man was found. The party separated and walked miles up and down the beach as far as time permitted both days they were ashore.

Had Jeffs been alive and been anywhere on this side of the island he would have heard the guns of the ship or the shots of the search party. It is therefore fairly safe to conclude that Jeffs died from illness and hardship alone on this most desolate of islands.

The hardships of the party who survived could be appreciated from seeing their wretched camp and realizing that their only food was turtle and fish, for even the coconut palm, found nearly everywhere in the tropics, fails to find enough substance on Indefatigable to grow. A turtle steak is an excellent article the first time it is eaten. About the fourth time it fails, and to continue daily to live on it would outdo the thirty days of quail so often cited.

At night the shore of the island swarmed with mosquitoes, so that sleep for the party ashore was impossible, and they sat to leeward of a bonfire to relieve the assaults of the little pests. On some shallow salt ponds back from the beach, plover and curlew swarmed at sundown, and to a party having a shotgun and plenty of ammunition these would have made a welcome relief, but it is not probable that Jeffs had firearms of any sort and probably had but very little ammunition.

There are undoubtedly certain valleys back in the mountain where there is water and many edible fruits and plants grow. Also there are about these places wild cattle and goats, but to get them would mean clearing a path through an almost impenetrable barrier of cactus and thorn which to be appreciated must be seen. Water to last while the path was cleared would have to be carried; huge fissures in the ground would be met with which would block a trail except in certain spots, and the men who undertook to do it would have to give up the chances of rescue which would come by living on the shore. Besides, a man ignorant of the interior would not know if there were any places where life could be sustained while attempting to penetrate to it.

Although the trip, while not realizing its object, was of the greatest interest, and the glimpses taken of these extraordinary and interesting islands will be remembered by all on board.

### A Relic of Old Time Hats.

"It's funny, isn't it," said a Chestnut street hatter. "Now, just take your own derby hat. Do you see that little white bow at the back inside? What earthly use is it? It can't be for effect, because no one ever looks in side your hat. But would you buy a hat without that same little white bow tacked at the back of the lining? I guess not. No, sir; the manufacturer has to lay out money for silk to make that little bow. It doesn't amount to much for one hat, but when you think how many hats a manufacturer turns out in the course of a year you will agree with me that the silk used up amounts to a pretty item. The funny thing is that there is a reason for that bow too. It is a relic of prehistoric days, so to speak—that is, it had a use once in the old days, but in spite of the fact that its use has been abandoned long ago the bow remains. In the good old days instead of making the hats in graded sizes they were all made one size and a ribbon was run around inside the lining. By tying this ribbon or letting it out at the bow in the back the hat could be made to fit the head."—Philadelphia Record.

# SUPERB OPERA HOUSE

Mexico to Have the Finest in the World.

## GREAT NATIONAL INSTITUTION

Government is Furnishing \$6,000,000 to Build Magnificent Structure at the Capital—Grand Ballroom in the Building—To Be Strictly Fireproof.

"Mexico is to have the finest opera house in the world. It will cost \$6,000,000 and will be magnificent architecturally, as well as in its furnishings and in every other way."

This was the statement recently made by Will J. Davis, manager of the Illinois theater, who had just returned from a tour of the land of Diaz, says the Chicago Post. He was the guest of Arthur Stillwell, president of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient railway, and of General Manager Dickinson of the same line. Nearly three weeks were occupied in inspecting the new railway and visiting the most important cities and towns on the route, including a stop of several days in Mexico City.

"The opera house, which is well under way," continued Mr. Davis, "is a national affair, the Mexican government furnishing the money for the purpose. It will stand in the center of a square, facing one of the most beautiful plazas in the city. The building will be 220 feet wide and 320 feet deep.

"The architect is Adamo Boari. He is an Italian and was for some time associated with Burnham & Root of Chicago when that firm was planning and superintending the erection of the World's fair buildings in Chicago. Mr. Boari showed me all of his plans and models and then escorted me through such parts of the structure as it was possible to inspect.

"In his working rooms he has two complete models of the building and grounds made in plaster of paris, and he also has a plaster of paris model of one-half of the opera house, with little plaster figures of men and women occupying every seat, giving an idea as to sight lines and appearance of the auditorium when filled.

"Another model, made of hard wood, represents the other side of the building, auditorium and stage, also looking toward the proscenium, which is of magnificent design and capable of the highest order of ornamentation. Models of the decorations, both in design and color, were shown to me, and they are very beautiful.

"Mr. Boari told me that, while he was deferring in many respects to the wishes of the people in Mexico City, who are mostly in favor of European models in architectural art, he was inclined himself to subscribe to the modern style in theatrical building as illustrated in leading American theaters.

"When I tell you that, notwithstanding the great size of the house, he has planned for something like 2,000 seats only, you will understand that he is largely complying with modern ideas which are designed to bring an audience as close to the stage as possible.

"Although the stage will be one of the largest in the world, the proscenium opening will be only forty-two feet square. Thus it will be possible to stage light operas and even comedy as well as the most pretentious productions.

"The auditorium proper consists of a parquet floor which is truly American in its proportions. The circles are patterned more after the European style and consist first of a mezzanine floor, which is composed of boxes altogether, the president's being directly in the center and much larger than the others. There will be a capacious reception room directly off the president's box for his exclusive use. Other retiring rooms are back of the boxes all around the mezzanine floor. A balcony and gallery complete the seating accommodations of the house.

"The spacious front interior of the structure will consist first of a grand state ballroom and then a series of promenades, one for each floor of the auditorium, all stretching around a square court which extends from the ground to the roof. In the center of this court will be a fountain, around which at all times of the year will be a profusion of tropical flowers and plants.

"The front exterior of the building and, in fact, both sides of it are highly ornamental architecturally. A magnificent flight of steps semicircular in form lead up to the front and straight away flights on either side. Two sets of capacious elevators will convey patrons to any desired floor. Cafes and restaurants are provided for; also reading, smoking and retiring rooms.

"The opera house is being constructed entirely of steel, stone and cement and will be strictly fireproof. The very latest electric lighting appliances will be installed, and modern conveniences generally will be used throughout the building.

"The immense width of the stage will give every facility for ample dressing rooms as well as scene packs and carpenter and property rooms. The height overall on the stage will be 120 feet and something over 100 feet clear to the rigging loft. Underneath the stage there will be ample room for the working of most gigantic spectacular and mechanical effects.

"Mr. Boari informed me that it was not thought possible to have the building ready for opening before September, 1910. It is understood that the Mexican government will subsidize the opera house in such liberal manner as will provide for the very best character of grand opera entertainment."

### Smoking in Clubs.

The question of smoking was a burning one in the mid-nineteenth century, and it was not until 1845 that White's gave up a room to the users of tobacco, and in all clubs the smokers were relegated to the most dismal apartments. It was King Edward when Prince of Wales who broke through the tradition, and when White's refused to extend the accommodation for smokers started the Marlborough, wherein smoking was permitted in every part of the house but the dining room.—London Chronicle.

# A FINE SIGN LANGUAGE

Droll Incident in the Reign of James I. of England.

## A TRICK ON AN AMBASSADOR

The Different Interpretations of the Same Acts Performed by a Crochety Spaniard and a Hard Headed and Cannily Old Scotch Butcher.

It is said that King James I. on removing to London was waited upon by the Spanish ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a crochety in his head that every country should have a professor of signs to teach him and the like of him to understand one another.

The ambassador was lamenting one day before the king this great desideratum throughout all Europe, when the king said to him: "Why, I have a professor of signs in the northernmost college in my dominions—viz, at Aberdeen—but it is a great way off, perhaps 600 miles."

"Were it 10,000 leagues off I shall see him," said the ambassador, "and am determined to set out in two or three days." The king saw he had committed himself and wrote, or caused to be written, to the University of Aberdeen, stating the case and desiring the professors to put him off some way or make the best of him. The ambassador arrived, was received with great solemnity, but soon began to inquire which of them had the honor to be professor of signs.

"Being told that the professor was absent in the highlands and would return nobody knew when, the ambassador said, 'I will wait his return, though it were twelve months.'"

Seeing that this would not do and that they had to entertain him at a great expense all the while, they contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and regency about him. He was got, instructed to be professor of signs, but not to speak on pain of death. Geordy cheerfully undertook the role. The ambassador was told that the professor of signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly.

Next day Geordy was gowned, wigged and placed in a chair of state in a room in the college, all the professors and the ambassador being in an adjoining room. The ambassador was shown into Geordy's room and left to converse with him as well as he could, the professors awaiting the issue with fear and trembling.

The ambassador held up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy held up two of his. The ambassador held up three; Geordy clinched his fist and looked stern. The ambassador then took an orange from his pocket and held it up; Geordy took a piece of barley cake from his pocket and held that up. After which the ambassador bowed to him and retired to the other professor, who anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother.

"He is a perfect miracle," said the ambassador. "I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies."

"Well," said the professors, "to descend to particulars."

"Why," said the ambassador, "I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that these are the Father and Son. I held up three, meaning the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost; he