

IN THE LIMELIGHT

JAP WAR HERO IN AMERICA



Admiral Togo, the Japanese war hero who came to this country as the nation's guest, is described by a Japanese official as one of the simplest and gentlest of men. "You would hardly imagine, to see the small, slender figure, that you were in the presence of the greatest master of naval strategy that our navy has produced, or that the world has seen in modern times."

Marshal Oyama, General Kuriki, Admiral Kamimura, Admiral Yamamoto and Admiral Togo were all born in the city of Kagoshima.

Togo had just grown to youth's estate and was fighting with a broadsword when a messenger came from the mikado ordering him to become a naval officer. He packed his few belongings and journeyed to England. When the Chinese-Japanese war was threatening Togo was captain of a cruiser. He halted an English ship with 1,000 Chinese soldiers aboard, and when surrender was refused, sunk it. This act started the war.

When the war with Russia broke out he was commanding a Japanese fleet. His daughter came to pay him a final visit, and he sent back word by her: "I am well and happy. They must not distract my mind by sending letters."

At an entertainment for the officers of his fleet just before the memorable battle of the Sea of Japan his officers found the admiral sitting alone, the sword of hark on his knees. They understood this meant victory or death. In Japan Togo ranks as no naval man in the United States ranks today. They love him over there next to the emperor.

MARVELOUS TREE CURIOSITY

Back of British Post Office at Nassau, Bahama Islands, a Slight for Tourists.

Nassau, B. I.—A tree which in its very conformation seems to show a struggle between two monsters—one of the land against one of the sea—is the celba or silk cotton tree of Nassau, a splendid example of the peculiar form which trees of this family are inclined to take. In the Nassau tree the illusion of a battle royal has brought thousands of travelers to see the strange tree but more are also interested in its great length of history. In 1802 a traveler sketched the tree while sojourning here in the Bahamas. It was a good sketch and



Bahama Tree Curiosity.

on comparison now shows that the great celba tree has not changed, save in podding each year, in all that length of time. Scientists deduce that the tree is nearly one thousand years old.

It stands just at the back of the British post office in Nassau—its great top outspreading like a huge umbrella with branches soaring as far as 100 feet from the main stem. The trunk is of huge girth and it is this with the intertwining of branches above that gives the idea of a combat.

But the giant roots of the celba are its most distinctive feature. Diverging from the main stem long before they strike into the ground, they form such buttresses as to make the celba seem a regular citadel of almost unassailable strength.

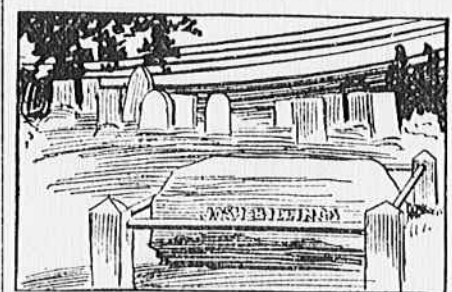
From the pods on the tree a sticky, silk-like substance is obtained once a year and used for the stuffing of cushions. Natives of the islands say the same tree had served their ancestors with clothing from its pods since the earliest legends of the island.

THE GRAVE OF JOSH BILLINGS

Remains of the Quaint Humorous Writer and Lecturer Rest Near Ganesborough, Mass.

Ganesborough, Mass.—Henry Wheeler Shaw, whose pen name was "Josh Billings," was born at Ganesborough, Mass., and died at Monterey, Cal., 1885.

Starting at the age of fifteen in search of fortune, he led an unsettled life for several years. He tried farming, running a steamboat on the Ohio, store keeping and teaching, but was unsuccessful in all of them. He drifted back east and settled in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 1858, as an auctioneer. His contributions to the newspapers, under the pen name "Josh Billings," brought him liberal returns. His writings are characterized by a quaint shrewdness, and a humorous element intensified by the crude phonetic spelling which he adopted. He lectured throughout the country, and in addi-



Tomb of Humorist.

tion to his sketches, issued in four volumes, published an annual almanac.

After his death his remains were brought to Ganesborough, the town of his nativity. Close to the highway in the little old graveyard he awaits the last roll call. One of his quaint sayings was: "Riz arly, work hard an' late, sell what yu kant use, git nothin' awa, an' if yu don't die ritch an' go to the devil, yu kan sue me for damages."

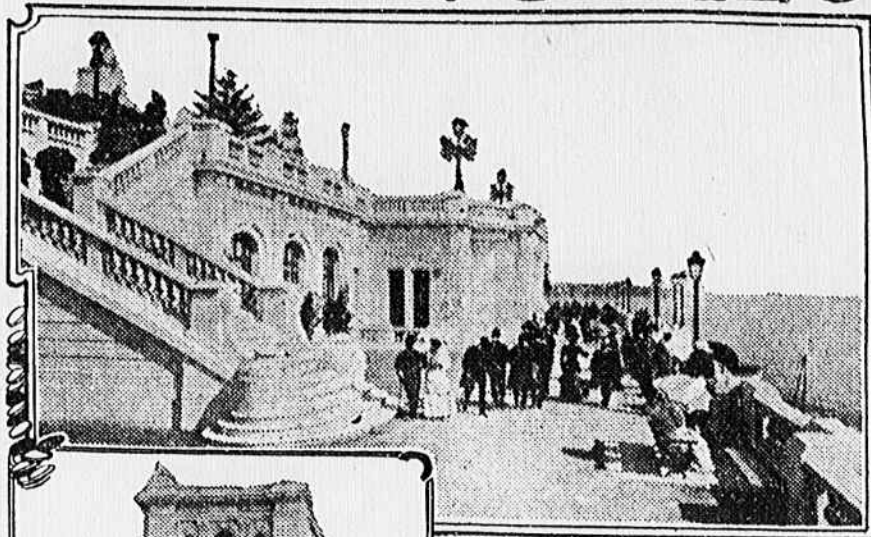
TOURIST GAVE AWAY HIS AUTO

Became Angry When His Car Ran Into a Ditch and Gave It to a Small Boy.

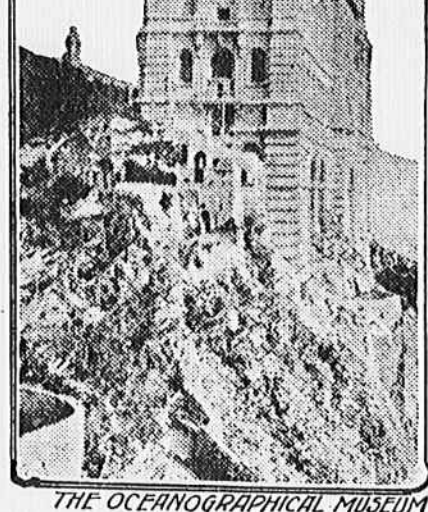
Hammond, Ind.—"Take the blamed machine and welcome," snapped a New York tourist as he crawled from under his automobile in front of the home of Cecil Hancock, near here. The man was on his way to Chicago, Ill., from New York city when the knuckle in the steering gear broke and sent the car up-side-down into the ditch. In addition to paying the boy who hauled him to the nearest railroad station he gave the lad the car, valued at \$2,000 and in good condition save for some scratches and twisted irons as the result of the accident.

The tourist refused to give his name but the car bears the tag No. 8605, New York. When the lad's father learned of his son's good fortune he sold the car to a dealer and will apply the money toward giving his son a college education.

THE WAY OF MONTE CARLO



ON THE TERRACE AT MONTE CARLO



THE OCEANOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM

THERE is nothing easier in this world than to criticise Monte Carlo. Morally, socially, climatically—it is an obvious target. But from the point of view of administration Monte Carlo is beyond the critical range. For even the most carping can scarcely cavil at perfection, and that is the word that best describes the government of that empire within a principality, which is Monte Carlo.

Monte Carlo, be it understood, is the property of the Societe Anonyme des Bains de Mer at du Cercle des Etrangers de Monaco. The Bains de Mer exist, but the Societe Anonyme would possibly find difficulty in indicating their whereabouts. They form, in fact, a more than subsidiary element of a very mighty organization, which consists of the one Cercle des Etrangers in the world where roulette and trente-et-quarante are played under conditions which, while assuring the success of the bankers, assure at the same time the security of the player from anything even approaching fraud.

The roulette wheel is for one to inspect. It has been photographed from every possible point of view. Its mechanism is too childish to need description—it is mechanism in its babyhood. As for the croupiers, were each one a Maskelyne or a Devant they could no more direct the fall of the fatal ball than that of the house of lords. As for the possibility of fraud at trente-et-quarante, that has been eliminated long ago—by the casino in its own interests. The packs of cards used in the game are specially printed, and once used they are burned. And from the moment of the printing to the burning they never leave the watchful eyes of the veritable array of employes, detectives, if you will, with whom the Societe Anonyme des Bains de Mer, in its own interests, as well as that of its patrons, surrounds itself.

Detectives Are Everywhere. For one out of five of all the employes of the casino of Monte Carlo—and there are over 1,000—is more or less a detective, and with reason. Access to the casino, be it remembered, is free. One pays dear for it once inside the gaming rooms, maybe, but that is one's own affair. Entry to the casino is one's own choice, and the authorities stand either to lose or win by it. That they win on the average is obvious; otherwise they would scarcely be able to pay £1,000,000 per annum in dividends. But, while they are content to win, they do their best to protect those who provide the winnings. And while protecting the poor of Monaco, the casino helps those who would have helped themselves—if luck had willed it so. He who is fool enough to lose more than he can afford has only to make application to the office set apart for the purpose to be given a second-class ticket home, be the distance as great even as that which separates India from the principality. Not that the casino gives as recklessly as their patrons gamble. Application for the *vatique*, as this free ticket home is known in casino language, is invariably followed by investigation. If the gambler has been of the big order, his stakes—and this has hitherto been known to the few—are carefully recorded by a watchful employe, and the amount of his winnings or losses each day is known to the authorities. Be the gambler of lesser importance, he has none the less been noticed, and should he prove a loser a fairly accurate estimate of his losses is made by an employe. Wherefore, when application is made for the *vatique* the authorities are not easily humbugged.

There are some who still cherish the delusion that the "bank" at Monte

Carlo is there to be "broken," and that the sensational feat of which Charles Coburn, the music-hall artist, sang many years ago is one really capable of accomplishment. As a matter of fact, the "bank" of Monte Carlo is anything but the fragile thing of some people's imagination. To "break" it consists merely in winning the cash allotted to each table at the commencement of play—£3,200 in the case of a roulette table, £6,000 in that of trente-et-quarante table, where the maximum allowed is £480, double that permitted at roulette. If the player be lucky enough to clean out a table—"break the bank" if one will—all that happens is that a further sum is fetched from the Casino coffers. He who boasts of "breaking the bank" at Monte Carlo might just as well pride himself on breaking the Bank of England because a cashier of that institution ran short of gold in cashing his check and sent for a further supply.

But, then, there still exist so many delusions regarding this, the most famous casino in the world. There are people who believe that a croupier can be bribed to spin a certain number, that a ghostly hand is to be seen by the fortunate hovering over a certain table and indicating the manner in which the player shall stake, and that the occupation of a particular room in a hotel near the Casino brings fortune with it.

Percentage of Profit Small.

While the average gambler loses his money at Monte Carlo, there are many who leave winners. He who is content with a reasonable percentage on his capital and is possessed of a strong head and a will of equal power has a very fair chance in his fight with the wheels and the cards. The percentage taken by the Casino is small—very small in comparison with the terrible *cagnotte* of the baccarat table, or the even more impossible tax levied on him who is foolish enough to risk his money on *petits chevaux* or *boule*. As a matter of fact, there is quite an important number of regular and successful players at Monte Carlo—people who literally live by play. They are, needless to say, gamblers of the most careful class, players of systems, which reduce the possibility of anything but small loss to a minimum. But that they exist is not to be denied. There exists also in the principality of Monaco a certain few who draw regular pensions from the Casino—gamblers, once rich, who have lost all and their fortune on the board of green cloth, and upon which the authorities have taken compassion. They are not, of course, allowed to enter the rooms, but the initiated can often point them out to one, mooning about the place and gazing with hungry eyes at the forbidden *salles de jeu*.

HE WROTE THE "OX" MINUET

Haydn the Composer, Writes Music for Butcher and Receives Beef as Payment.

There is no sensible reason for the titles attached to many pieces of music, some of them even classical selections. Most generally they are placed there as an attempt of some publisher to "boom" his stock and sell his goods. Then, again, some peculiar titles may have their origin in incidents about as important as the following: Haydn one day received a visit from a butcher who said that himself and his daughters were admirers of Haydn's music, and as the young woman was soon to be married, he made hold to ask that the composer write a minuet for her wedding. Kind "Papa Haydn" consented and in a few days the man of meat obtained his music. Not long afterward, Haydn was surprised to hear this same minuet played under his window. On looking out he saw a band of musicians forming a ring around a large ox, tastefully decorated with flowers. Soon the butcher came up and presented the ox to Haydn, saying that for such excellent music he thought he ought to make the composer a present of the best ox in his possession. Ever after this little composition was called the "Ox" minuet.—W. Francis Gates. Anecdotes of Great Musicians.

Inheritance. "They say his father got his start in life by operating a three-card game at county fairs."

"I wonder if that accounts for the fact that he is a two-spot?"

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

So Weak From Kidney Trouble She Could Not Arise In Bed.

Mrs. H. W. Bowles, 14 Ellis St., Augusta, Ga., says: "Kidney trouble came on me with terrible, burning pains through my back that so weakened me I could scarcely walk. Kidney secretions were filled with sediment, sluggish and very unnatural. I became so helpless I was compelled to take to my bed and could not arise without assistance. I was in despair as neither doctor nor the various remedies I used helped me in the least. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me immediately and made me a strong, healthy woman. I have been well ever since."



Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Vacation Scheme. "I have gotten a great deal of pleasure from anticipating the trip."

"More pleasure, possibly, than you'll get from the trip itself."

"That's what I think. So I've decided to stay at home and save the money."

For COLDS and GRIP. Hicks' CAPSICUM is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the Cold and restores normal conditions. It is liquid—effects immediately. 10c., 25c., and 50c. At drug stores.

His Way of Life. "War is hell." "You seem to believe that in times of peace one should prepare for war."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The hero is he who is immovably centered.—Emerson.

THAT AWFUL BACKACHE

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to get a meal's worth of this without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and an enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have the backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.



Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

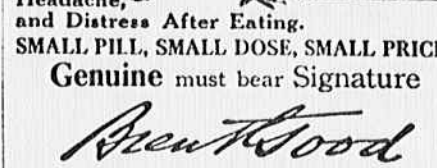
Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



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Makes Teething Easy
RECOMMENDED FOR
Constipation, Diarrhoea, Convulsions, Colic, Sour Stomach, etc. It destroys Worms, allays Feverishness and Colds, Relieves Irritation, it makes Teething easy, promotes Cheerfulness and produces Natural Sleep. For sale by all druggists and dealers. See bottle. Manufactured by BABY EASE CO., ATLANTA, GEORGIA

POPULAR WITH THE FARMERS



The champion long-distance cabinet officer is Secretary of Agriculture "Tama" Jim Wilson, for he has been holding down that job constantly since 1897, while he has seen more than a hundred other cabinet officers come in and retire to private life. "Tama" Jim is the friend of the farmers and the farmers seem to be friends of his.

Secretary Wilson has made the department of agriculture the greatest instrumentality of practical every-day helplessness to 40 per cent. of the people in the United States. He has experiment stations finding out how to make dry farming pay where there is only ten inches of moisture a year; and they are finding it out, too. He brought the durum wheat from North Africa, and in the regions formerly too dry to be cultivable it has added millions of bushels to our annual wheat crop. He sent to Siberia, and there, far up in the north, found alfalfas that seem to need neither moisture nor warmth to develop good pasture.

He brought the finest Cuban tobacco, tested and analyzed the soil in which it grew, got detailed reports of the climatic conditions it required—and then hunted up the same soil and climate, and proceeded to grow the tobacco in South Carolina. He brought seed of the imitable Sumatra wrapper-tobacco, searched for a place under the American flag where it would flourish, and found it—in Texas. To prove it, he will hand you a five-cent cigar made of Texas Sumatra and Carolina Cuban filler, if you will ask him; and you will pronounce it a high-class imported weed.

Everybody said hog cholera was incurable, and it cost the farmers tens of millions annually. Wilson's scientists spent ten years on its trail, and they've captured the right microbe, fixed up a serum, and put that particular disability on the run.

CHOSEN IMPERIAL POTENTATE

John Frank Treat, who was elected imperial potentate of the Mystic Shrine at Rochester, is a resident of Fargo, N. D., and a member of El Zagal Temple of the Shrine. From the four corners of the earth, by train, boat and automobile, an army of 30,000 Shriners swooped down and planted their tents on the Rochester oasis. From every part of the United States they came and even from faraway Scotland were pilgrims to the cradle of Shrinedom.

The Khartoum Temple, from Winnipeg, Man., brought a genuine Scotch kilties band of bagpipers; the Islam Temple of San Francisco had a Chinese band of 50 pieces; the Los Angeles Shriners brought two carloads of California fruits and wines to distribute to their eastern friends; the Galveston (Texas) Temple brought two carloads of Mexican burros; Osman Temple of St. Paul had its millionaire band, every member of which is a business or professional man whose fortune runs into big figures; El Zagal Temple, from Fargo, N. D., to which the pictured potentate belongs, brought a 15-foot loaf of bread and a cowbell of the same dimensions, and, in fact, every bunch had some novelty to spring.

