

L. M. GRIST'S SONS, Publishers.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

WERE LOST IN THE CATACOMBS

Two Travelers Have Terrible Experience in Underground Passages. ...

Thirty years ago I was a girl of 18, spending my first Easter in Rome with old family friends—Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and their only son, Maurice, a bright, jolly Cambridge undergraduate, whose spirits, alas! were in a much better state of repair than his lungs.

Mostly for his sake we had drifted slowly down the Riviera and dawdled in Rome, until now it was absolutely imperative that the next day should see us start for England.

Maurice and I had determined to visit the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, but, with the usual dilatoriness of youth we had postponed the trip until the very last day of our stay.

Being anxious to see some fine frescoes that had recently been uncovered, we decided, though it was getting late in the afternoon, to drive out to the Catacombs and see if we could persuade a guide to take us down.

On arriving at Porta San Sabastiano, we found that all the regular guides had gone home, but a heavy, disagreeable-looking man, sitting and drinking outside a small tavern, at last consented to take us through if we would wait while he finished his supper.

We agreed that it would be no darker inside the Catacombs than it was outside at midnight, so we possessed our souls with what patience we could muster while the surly-looking ruffian ate and drank.

The tether of an undergraduate's patience is proverbially short, and soon Maurice would allow the man no peace, but, by worrying in his broken Italian, at length calmed him into leaving his meal unfinished.

Arming each of us with long pieces of twisted candle and grumbling under his breath, the guide led the way and we descended into the Catacombs.

All went fairly well for some time, and as we traversed passage after passage and turned this way and that, in the tortuous windings of the vaults, our guide explained the rude frescoes adorning the roof and sides. But, alas! that was where the trouble began, for his English was, if possible, a shade more peculiar than Maurice's Italian, and, from shouting questions and answers in what each fondly believed to be the other's native tongue, he finally got intensely irritated with the difficulty of understanding an another.

In spite of my earnest entreaties to Maurice to be careful and not needlessly annoy the man, he persisted in yelling at him, and at length with an oath, our guide roughly told us to stand still. A moment later he strode off down one of the numerous tunnels, which extended, as we knew, for many miles beneath the earth.

As long as the glimmer of his light could be followed we ran after him, calling upon him to return, but presently I caught my foot on a piece of broken masonry and fell heavily, dropping my precious piece of candle in the fall.

On recovering my senses I found that Maurice had picked me out of the mud and seated me on one of the little shelves or recesses, about a foot from the ground, which—centuries ago—had been cut to receive the bodies of the early Christians. The guide had vanished.

By the dim light of Maurice's taper I could see that he looked very white and anxious, but a gleam of joy illuminated the poor boy's face when he saw that I was regaining consciousness.

He had vainly used up the last of his matches endeavoring to relight it, and had thereupon wandered aimlessly about in the dark, a prey to every terrible imagination.

Hours afterward they had come upon a large white goat—the cause of my last fright—rushing wildly toward a distant spot of light—the hole in the rock by which it had entered. Following back in the direction from which it had come, they had found my inanimate body.

The ruffian who had so basely deserted us was never discovered, though every possible investigation was made. Through much exhaustion of our trying experience, we left Rome at the earliest possible moment. Unfortunately, however, the exposure of that dreadful night, acting upon a constitution already delicate, was too much for poor Maurice, and on the twenty-first day after our adventure he died, a victim to Roman fever.—Wide World Magazine.

IS NOW THE WICKEDEST CITY.
Havana the Most Wide-Open Place on the Western Hemisphere.

They say good Americans when they die go to Paris, but "live" Americans go to Havana.

Havana, gay, wicked, wide open, it is the one city today to be shunned or visited, according to one's point of view. Several cities have been called the wickedest city—Reno, Nev., Fort Sald and Irkutsk, Siberia, for instance. They are wicked cities, but their wickedness is of a sordid variety. Havana is wicked and gay. And five hours from the United States.

In Paris the "night life," gay restaurants and dances are for English and American tourists. In Havana the "gay life" is for the natives. Its wickedness is part of its life.

Everything in Havana is wide open. And of its 67 varieties of wickedness the mildest is gambling. Gambling houses in Havana are open to both men and women. All that is necessary is a bank roll. Roulette, faro, hazard and good American poker are at hand. Jai Alai, the popular Spanish game of skill, on which such big sums are won and lost, no longer flourishes, but it is scarcely missed. Burbridge's Miramar hotel is a temple of chance where one can woo the fickle goddess as she can be wooed nowhere in America. And, what is more, it is fashionable to do so.

Even as one slips his chocolate in the morning the daily round has its beginning. A half dozen peddlers of lottery tickets interrupt the meal. The lottery in Cuba is run by the government and there are drawings every three months for enormous prizes. The first prize is \$100,000.

The tickets are hawked about the streets and sold at every corner store. But the fact that the government conducts it does not guarantee its "being on the level." At a recent drawing the first prize was not awarded for the reason that the particular ticket had not been sold. The public didn't like it, but they kept on buying tickets, for it is their instinct to "take a chance."

One fine sits around a cafe any length of time—and a large part of every day is spent in this way—one is certain to be invited to witness a cock fight. Cock fighting is one of the commonest sports in Cuba, and while it is against the law it is rarely interfered with. Large sums change hands on these bloody exhibitions.

But it is not until after dark that Havana takes on its air of gaiety. The Prado and the Malcon and the various parks become a fairland of lights. A band plays at the Malcon, as the boulevard along the ocean front is called. All Havana emerges from its cool and comfortable stone houses ready for a night of pleasure.

The cafes are crowded, there is a constant stream of automobiles and carriages up and down the boulevards. The sidewalks are filled with people hurrying to the theaters. They are nearly all dressed in the height of fashion. Havana is one of the richest cities in the world. Its styles come direct from Paris. The only cheap things are tobacco and matches.

Miscellaneous Reading.

ROMANCE OF A RADIUM MINE.

Only Source in the United States Has Had an Interesting History.

One of the principal sources of the world's supply of radium ore is a mine in Colorado, which was abandoned by its first owner. It was a failure as a source of radium, but as a producer of radium it has made rich the man who rediscovered it. It is the only mine of its kind in the western world.

Away back in the sixties a miner in Central City, Col., broke into a body of ore one day that was different from any other he had ever uncovered. It was massive, extremely heavy, glassy in appearance, hard as quartz and had a peculiar glint. It was heavier than any ore in the same vein, and its color and appearance it was quite different from any other mineral known in the district. The miner took about 1,200 pounds, or eleven sacks of this ore to the local smelter. He did not know what it was, but he was confident he was on the highway to fortune.

The manager of the reducing plant after examining it carefully, announced it was worthless.

The miner had an intuition that sometimes comes to men who dig in the hills, and which cannot be explained, that somehow or other the smelter people were wrong. He was still confident that the rock contained great values, and said so.

Impressed by the miner's earnestness, the manager of the smelter made another trial and again reported the ore worthless. With most miners that man the case was different. He placed the ore back in the eleven sacks and shipped them overland by ox teams to St. Joseph, Mo., thence by river to St. Louis, by packet to New Orleans in Swansea, Va., and by six months from the time his ore left Central City in the bottom of a great freight wagon he received a check for \$11,000, or \$1,000 for each sack he had shipped, after all expenses had been deducted. Armed with the check he called on the smelter man and told his store.

"May I see the analysis?" asked the smelter manager.

"Here it is," and he passed it over smilingly.

The face of the metallurgist was a study as he eyed the ore in the various items of his analysis of the ore. In the first place, the Welsh smelter paid a high price for the uranium in the ore—a far higher figure than the market rate for gold. Uranium was used then, as now, as an alloy to combine with steel for surgical and other instruments to prevent rust. It was worth more than its weight in gold.

There was gold also in the ore, but it was so intimately and chemically associated with the uranium that, in the refining process used in it, the uranium was weighed in the uranium, and hence no attempt was made to separate it.

The result of the shipment was fraught with great consequences. It changed the ideas of American metallurgists and directed their minds along a new channel. It was the beginning of the great advance that has placed them in the front rank of the industry in the world. Some of the Colorado smelters began to buy uranium, but as the gold values in those ores declined and other sources of uranium were found, the uranium trade in the United States fell off. Uranium ceased to rank among the precious metals, and the mines where it was found were closed down. That was the fate of the ore in Central City, which was abandoned and almost forgotten for many years.

Then the Curies discovered radium and the world rang with the news. Out in Los Angeles there was a miner who read attentively every scrap of information that he could obtain about the new and strange thing. He noted that the work had been searched for that would produce the salts of radium. He read that uranium was a sort of first cousin of radium, and that wherever one was found the other was likely to be also. He recalled the story he had heard about the abandoned uranium mine near Central City and immediately started thither. Only after diligent inquiry was he able to locate the property. It had been abandoned for many years. At last he stood in the identical tunnel through which the ore had been taken out nearly half a century before. He secured a lease on the property for a nominal sum. Every one thought him crazy, for the ore was so low grade that it would not yield \$10 a ton and the western smelters had long since ceased to pay anything for uranium.

This man started operations quickly. He sorted out the uranium ore, technically termed uraninite—and sent out a shipment of twenty-five tons. He received in return a check at the rate of \$1,700 a ton—not so much for the uranium it contained as for the radium that was hidden in it. Radium is estimated to be worth \$5,000,000 a pound. There was very little radium in a ton of this ore, and not much in a carload, but it is so extremely precious and the demand is so great that this man has found a ready market for all he can produce.

The uranium ore, after mining, is concentrated—that is to say, it is pulverized and the lighter particles are blown away by the action of water flowing over shaking tables, leaving the heavier ore containing the uranium with its radium. This is shipped to Niagara Falls, where by a special process, in the high temperature electric furnaces in operation there, that portion of it containing the radium is reduced to the point where a carload of it can easily be placed in a large-sized valve. This is then brought to this city, where it passes through another process. Then it is forwarded to London. By that time its bulk has been reduced so it hardly fills an ordinary cigar box. When it leaves London for Paris the residue may easily be carried in one's vest pocket. In Paris it goes to the Curie establishment, where the radium salts are isolated, in a room entirely surrounded by walls of lead. As radium constantly throws out rays by reason of its continual disintegration, it must of necessity always lose value. When it has made a very good job of beating the "carts."

And then the cat had a fit.

GUARDING TRADE SECRETS.

Some Were Acquired by Accident, Others Are the Result of Hard Work.

Down at Sallor's Snug Harbor one afternoon nearly fifty years ago a government photographer who had nothing to do just then picked up a little piece of rubber and commenced chewing. That moment began a business that now engages many of the best minds in one of the big money-making industries of the country. For nearly a quarter of a century, however, it was a closely kept trade secret that proved to be worth millions.

The government photographer was Thomas Adams, and the secret he worked out to his immense profit was chewing gum. Few gold mines ever discovered would have done so well for him. There has been gum for chewing purposes before, but made from paraffin or spruce gum, it had never interested the public. The rubber this man chewed was simply the beginning of the idea. What it might mean did not pop into his mind for several hours. By that time he realized it was proving a lot of comfort to him, and he was continuing to enjoy the sensation. "Ah, ha!" he finally said and chuckled. It had just flashed across him that a large percentage of men and women would find not pleasure in a substance that would be yielding and at the same time practically everlasting. But it must be tasty before all.

It took three or four years of experimenting before the proper product was discovered, chiclé, which is a gum from a tree grown in South America, Central Mexico and some parts of Mexico, cooked, sweetened, kneaded, and finally cut into little strips after it reaches here. But when it was first marketed it went with a whirl. When the government photographer left the twenty years ago or so he left each of his four sons independently rich. Today, it is interesting to know, almost 4,000,000,000 pieces of gum are made each year in this country. The trade secret no longer exists, but the four sons still get a good share of the industry.

From out of the drawing rooms of a big, old-fashioned house in New York there stepped each morning at 9 o'clock for many years, after feasting his eyes on the art treasures he had collected, the painter and porcelain maker, a perfectly garbed man. He would go down to an old building not far from the Battery, sit at his desk in his office for half an hour or so, discussing business matters with his partner, and then vanish to a secluded and partitioned off corner in one of the upper floors. Any one who would have seen him ten minutes later—though no one ever could—would have found him in an old stained shirt, overalls and old shoes. His concern was not perfume makers, and he had had the secrets of the mixtures. All alone he used to add the finishing touches from mysterious bottles in his locked cabinets. His partner could not have done the work, and certainly no one else in the house. At 3 or 4 o'clock he would come down again arbor elegantiarum, and later he would wander up town to seek out more objects of art.

Not until he was well along in years and was likelihood that the secrets of certain valuable perfumes he had collected with him did this "mixer," as he was called, vanish to a fortune by his skill, consent to teach certain trustworthy assistants. It was a pang for him to do it, and he never felt quite sure afterward, though the secrets have never been divulged.

A trade secret may be, and frequently is, beyond all price. Certified checks up to almost any figure are waiting to be signed for them; keen business men lie awake nights worrying because this and that are beyond their reach. There is no little possibility of being snared by that almost any man of any importance connected with such a concern is hunted out by the unscrupulous to entice him into betrayal. A man who really knew and could be tempted could get a neat little fortune for his treachery within a few hours.

It speaks well for individual honesty over the world, and in America particularly, that a trade secret seldom leaks out. When it does it is generally due to the fact that the industry of business has figured it out from their own brains and nobody is to blame. Time and again this has been accomplished, and a great dividend payer goes by the board.

No one has discovered yet, however, the oldest trade secret of the world, and one of the most profitable commercially. This is the making of chartreuse, the famous liqueur. The secret is held by the White Friars, the monks of the world, La Grande Chartreuse, situated in an Alpine valley near Grenoble, France. The White Friars date back to 1134, and from time immemorial they have made this cordial. The French government issued an edict against them in 1903, confiscated their property and drove them from their monastery. But they did not get the secret of the doughy monks. The White Friars are making their famous chartreuse yet, and not an imitator of them has come anywhere near succeeding, though thousands of precious French gold coins have gone into repeated trials.

Chemists have long since found out what Chartreuse is made of. They can hand out an accurate formula of the thirty-five odd ingredients of it. But they cannot put them together and concoct the real, true chartreuse. Some say that the secret lies in a very old brandy the White Friars have succeeded and used as the base. According to this story, each year these monks "lay down" a new supply of this brandy, and use in their chartreuse making only that prepared exactly fifty years before. But nobody exactly knows. The one certain thing is that no one else can turn out genuine chartreuse.

More than once a valuable trade secret has been lost beyond recovery, owing to peculiar circumstances. The best watch oil in the world, for example, cannot be made today. Not a person knows just what it is. There are many that would pay a good-sized fortune to know. It would be worth it, for the fortunate possessor would have as customers every watchmaker, big and little, on the face of

MEN SAFE AT 70 BELOW ZERO.

Klondike "Mushers" Are Hardy and Go Dressed for the Cold.

"It is hard for the people of this section of the United States, after a local cold spell of three weeks, during which the mercury ranged from a little above to many degrees below zero, to believe the stories from the arctic coming in lately about men stampeding in temperatures of from 20 to 70 degrees below zero to the Yukon territory gold diggings on Sixty Mile creek, east of Dawson City," said Frank Frantius of Chicago, who was in the rush to the Klondike in 1896 and 1897, the other day.

"I am sure the gold hunters of the north are doing just what it is asserted they are doing. They have reached a degree of resourcefulness and hardness that is little short of marvellous. Some of them travel barefooted in miles in such frigid weather as that country always has at this time of the year, through sections where there is not a single human habitation, reach their destinations without frosting so much as a little finger, and set about the work of going to bedrock for gold with as little evidence of suffering as if walking along Michigan avenue in May sunshine.

"They accomplish the seemingly impossible by going prepared for the worst. Some of them travel barefooted in miles in such frigid weather as that country always has at this time of the year, through sections where there is not a single human habitation, reach their destinations without frosting so much as a little finger, and set about the work of going to bedrock for gold with as little evidence of suffering as if walking along Michigan avenue in May sunshine.

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THE DAYS OF ELECTRICITY.

Comforts and Conveniences Have Been Wonderfully Increased.

Few, indeed, are left to recall those distant days preceding the application of steam engines to railways and steamboat work. But there are many who will remember when electricity was considered but a natural phenomena and a plaything of nature during terrestrial storms.

It seems almost incredible, yet it is true, that but thirty years ago electricity was unheard of outside of scientific laboratories.

We had no telephones. No electric railways. No electric fans. No electric elevators. No vacuum cleaners. No electric lights. No trolley cars. No electric ranges. Few electric motors.

We had to walk the city streets or ride a horse car. The suburban residential sections of to-day were undreamed of and everyone tried to live as close to the business section as possible. Haeks did a thriving business of steam engines to railways and steamboat work. But there are many who will remember when electricity was considered but a natural phenomena and a plaything of nature during terrestrial storms.

We could not call up anyone on the telephone. The mails and messenger boys did the work. The telegraph was in use but the lines were few.

All housework was done by hand, without the handy electric stoves, the motor driven appliances now in use.

In hot days we sweated for the electric fan was undreamed of. We read by flickering candles or oil lamps and there were no arc lamps to illuminate the streets after dark.

There were no motor cars because the gas engine would be impossible without electricity for ignition purposes.

There were no electric door bells, no buzzer communication from office to office, no electric flatirons, no electric chafing dishes, toasters, grills, etc.

Factories ran by steam or water power. Cities were entered by a pall of black smoke. Railroads could not be run through tunnels without the gravest dangers. Electric ventilating systems for large buildings were unheard of. Electric signal systems for railroads were not used and the trains ran a good deal on luck.

Such were the good old days we live so much about. The folk who lived and worked then did not miss these things inasmuch as they had never enjoyed them, but one of the saddest hardships which might be inflicted upon us today would be to deprive us of the electricity. Without it we would be put to the greatest inconvenience.

Strict School Rules.—John Wesley held that school children should do without holidays altogether. When he opened Kingswood school in 1748 he announced that "the children of tender parents, so called, have no business here, for the rules will not be broken in favor of any person whatsoever. Nor is any child received unless his parents agree that he shall observe all the rules of the house; and that they will not take him from school, nor for a day, till they take him for good and all."

Further, no play days were permitted, and no games were ever allowed for play, on the ground that he who plays when he is a child will play when he becomes a man. Every Friday the children had to work till three in the afternoon without breaking their fast.

Spring Cleaning.—A couple of North Side neighbors were leaning over the back fence, exchanging gossip, as ladies will.

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