

HOUSE CLEANING ON A SHIP

Process of Tidying Up a Transatlantic Liner.

IS DONE TWICE A MONTH

The Work Goes on With Clock-Like Precision—Every Man and Boy Knows His Post and What is Expected of Him—Two Miles of Decks to Scrub.

In all households "spring cleaning" is very properly regarded as an ordeal, but it does not often occur. The case is vastly different with one of the modern transatlantic liners. However, where a most thorough house cleaning takes place twice a month, and that without the aid of a single woman!

No sooner has the last immigrant got ashore with his bundles than boys with gongs go clanging down the immense decks; and from the great saloons right down to the stoke-holes, the small army of men making up the liner's crew are made aware that house-cleaning is about to be on.

The great life-boats are swung out and back and found to be in good condition. The first order roars unintelligible orders through a megaphone, and work begins with machine-like precision. There may be fifty thousand pieces of linen to be sorted and counted, done up in sacks, sent to the laundry, and recounted and put away on their return.

There are something like thirty thousand pieces of silver to be counted, sorted and cleaned; fifty thousand items of glass, and double that number of dishes and cooking utensils to be dealt with by washers and polishers. There may well be from five to seven hundred staterooms to be cleaned in every corner with scrupulous care. There are probably fifty or sixty bathrooms to be cleaned, and a small army of men is let loose in the vast dining-saloon of the ship, where perhaps seven hundred and fifty people may be seated at once.

Another and smaller army attacks the second saloon. Dert-handed sweepers, dusters and cleaners are in every part of the great drawing room. Outside there may be two miles of decks to scrub, and the same "mileage" of rugs and carpets to be beaten in the open air. Hundreds of mattresses are to be put out in the sun and some of them remade.

The work goes with clock-like precision. A smaller liner with accommodation for about seventeen hundred first- and second-class passengers, has been cleaned with exquisite care in exactly four and thirty hours from the time the bell-bows first changed their color. If the great ship makes fast to her pier in the morning and discharges her passengers before noon, the housecleaning starts promptly at one. If, however, she docks later in the afternoon, or at night, the house-cleaning signal is given at six o'clock the next morning.

It need hardly be said that every man and boy knows his post and what is expected of him. Scaffoldings are built about the great smoke stacks, and up here painters scrape and lay on new coats. The next day may find them at work on the hull. Stalwart sailors are washing down the walls of the deck-houses. The stewards are stripping the berths in the staterooms; and the linen steward with his staff, is counting the soiled linen with amazing rapidity. The table-stewards are busy in the great saloons with their silver; there are boys in the pantry washing dishes with most unobnoxious alacrity. The head steward, with a telephone by his side and a line of subordinates before him, is busy with accounts, breakage losses, and the like. He divides the staterooms into groups of ten, with a "palain" over each group.

House-cleaning in the steerage quarters is, of course, much simpler, although not less thorough. Everything that might be injured is first of all removed, and then various lengths of hose are brought into play, throwing tremendously powerful streams of water.

The men are, of course, barefooted, and are followed by their mates with big brooms, brushes and scrub cloths. There are stalwart men even down in the hold, getting it ready for stacks of mountains of baggage and cargo. The tremendously powerful engines now still and silent, are likewise being overhauled, polished and oiled, and in less time than it would take one of our housewives to clean her little suburban or country dwelling, the ship is suddenly pronounced "ready" to receive two or three thousand more or less fastidious passengers.

How Snakes Hear. Snakes have no external ears, but inside the head, as ear bones are very crude. Snakes "hear," however, by feeling vibration of sound on their delicate scaly covering, and searching for sound vibrations by protruding the wonderfully sensitive tongue, which is filled with thousands of microscopic nerves. Their sight is very keen in distinguishing moving objects.—St. Nicholas.

1200 To the Acre. The population of Delaware is estimated at eleven New York City at the rate of 1200 people to

A GREAT ENDURANCE RACE.

A Record-Breaking Ride Along the Old Santa Fe Trail.

When we come to talk about modern endurance races for sport or for profit, the present riders can scarcely hold a candle to E. X. Aubrey who used to do some great stunts on the roof of a broncho. In 1850 he made a bet that he could cover the distance from Santa Fe, N. M., to Independence, Mo., over the old trail in eight days. It is 775 miles between the two points as the freight caravans traveled it, and by that route on a wager of \$1,000 Aubrey was to ride.

He succeeded in winning, making his destination, the Jones House in Independence, three hours before the expiration of that time. During this his first ride he killed a number of horses, the death of one when with in twenty-five miles of Council Grove, compelling him to walk to that place, carrying his saddle on his back where he obtained another animal.

This feat of Aubrey was regarded as the greatest ride ever made by anyone in ancient or modern times and he became the hero of the incipient border town, Independence, where he was feted and made the lion of the day. His fame spread throughout the entire West, including California, where he was well known.

Although people marvelled much at the wonderful endurance of the man and the remarkable time in which he had made the trip, still Aubrey himself was not at all satisfied with it. He determined to break that record, and the following season made another wager of \$5,000 in gold that he would do it. He accomplished his record-breaking dash across the plains in the marvellous time of only five days and thirteen hours.

His objective point was the same hotel to which as had ridden on his former trip. On this ride when he reached that hostelry he was perfectly exhausted and in fainting condition, his horse quivering from head to foot and white with foam. Aubrey was lifted from the back of the animal by his friends and carried into his room in the house, where he lay in a complete stupor for two days. Six horses, which previous to starting from Santa Fe had been stationed at distances varying from twenty-five to fifty miles along the route, fell dead under him, so terribly fast had he forced them on.

He possessed a beautiful mare, Nellie, a favorite animal, noted for speed and endurance, but she expired at the end of the first 150 miles. On his last great trip he rode day and night, stopping only long enough to leap from his tired animal and spring on to a fresh one. He made more than two hundred miles every twenty-four hours, and all the sleep he took aggregated but three hours during the entire five days.

Diet for Sleeplessness. Dr. William Stevens says that insomnia is not a disease itself, but the effect of an unhealthy condition of body or mind. When the cause is removed the insomnia may be expected to disappear.

Every physician has had stubborn cases of it which would not yield to any treatment, and for which a change of air or of scene may be necessary. But such cases as these should not occur, and do occur only when the sufferer has neglected precautions that should have been taken when the trouble first made itself manifest.

Insomnia results from cause which can be removed if attended to in season. The most common cause is found in the digestive organs—either unsuitable food causing somnolence as a feature of indigestion, or insufficient food causing the patient to be kept awake by hunger.

There are few things which can be universally recommended as diet for sleeplessness, since what will agree with one man will disagree with another. But two things which may almost always be recommended are lettuce and celery.—London Globe.

On the Ocean Bottom.

Sitting inside a submarine on the ocean bottom you would be no more conscious of the enormous water pressure without than if you were going to sleep in your own bed. You might remain twenty-four hours under water without coming up, using only the natural air supplied by the boat without feeling the least uncomfortable. If you wished, you might remain down four or five days, tapping the air tank, as you needed a fresh supply of air. In the meantime you would bunk over the torpedoes and torture yourself by letting your imagination loose to your heart's content, or you might read by electric light, or play cards on dominoes or checkers, the cook serving you with coffee or canned things that can be heated on an electric furnace.—St. Nicholas.

Bee's Bad Points.

"I have been hearing of the busy bee until I am tired of it," says Drake Watson. "A bee works during the summer and then rests all winter like a plasterer. And a bee has bad habits. Go into a vineyard and you will find bee drunkards around buried grapes. The drunkard bees sip the juice until they become full, and then fall to the ground and sleep off their debauch; a drunkard bee knows enough not to go home with a jag."

WARM AIR ABOVE THE COLD.

A Curious Fact Recently Observed by Meteorologists.

Students of the upper air were astonished when "his little balloon" sent up, with self-recording thermometers, told them one day that in the high atmosphere there is a stratum which is warmer than the air immediately below it. No one has yet explained this strange inversion of temperature, but it has now been observed so many times in different parts of the world that there can be no doubt about it.

It was discovered in 1891, almost simultaneously, by Mr. Teissereno de Bort near Paris and by Prof. Assmann in Germany. Since then nearly all the balloons that have risen above 40,000 feet in central Europe have penetrated this stratum of warmer air. No one knows yet its upper limits.

In England it has been found that the average height of the layer of warmer air is about 35,000 feet. In the last three years Dr. A. Lawrence Roth has set aloft seventy-seven balloons at St. Louis. Most of those which rose higher than 43,000 feet entered the stratum of warmer temperature.

On October 8, for instance, the temperature at 47,600 feet was 80 degrees Fahrenheit, while at the greater altitude of 54,100 feet the temperature had risen to 72 degrees. Two days later the coldest temperature, -40 degrees, was found at 39,700 feet, while only 2,500 feet higher the temperature rose to -69 degrees.

This warmer stratum of air has not yet been discovered over the tropical Atlantic, but the noteworthy fact has been established that above the equator in summer it is colder at a height of eight miles than it is in winter at the same height in northern temperate regions.

Meteorologists now think they have reason to believe that this warmer air exists throughout the tropical regions at heights exceeding 50,000 feet and that it is probably a universal phenomenon existing at some height all around the globe.

The Call of the Jungle.

Many a time I've come back from a trip, leaving half my men and all my ivory in some deadly African swamp, half dead with fever, swearing that I'm done with the business for good. And some bright day six months, or even if three, the smell of the jungle gets into my nostrils, through all the street traffic I hear the squeal of an elephant or the coughing roar of a lion's challenge—

an: that settles the business. Back I go again, knowing precisely what is coming—the sweating days with the chilling nights, the torments of insects and of thirst, the risks and hardships and the privations. For once Africa has laid her spell upon a man he's hers forever. He'll dream of her, of the black tangle of forests he's broken through, hot on the trail of a wounded bull tusker, of the parched and blistered veils he's crossed under the blazing sunlight; of the nights, those moonlit haunted nights, when he's watched, headless, waiting for the game to come down and drink, and listened to the ripple of the water on the flats, the splash of a crocodile, the stealthy snapping of branches all around him, the scurry of monkeys overhead, listened to the vast black silence, into which all smaller sounds are cast as pebbles are dropped into a pool.—Berkeley Hutton in Every-body's.

Citric Acid and Water. Dr. Riegel of the Austrian army describes in Archiv fuer Hygiene a number of experiments with citric acid to determine its value as a sterilizer of water. The experiments were made with typhus, diarrhoea and cholera bacilli. A solution of 0.6 per cent citric acid was placed in shallow vessels. The cholera germs were killed in 15 minutes, the diarrhoea bacilli were killed in 5 to 6 hours and the typhus in 24 hours. When the vessels were placed in the sun's rays, the action was much quicker; the cholera germs were killed in 5 minutes and the typhus in 1 1/2 hours.

It is therefore probable, says Dr. Riegel, that the use of citric acid in water exposed to the rays of the sun in flat vessels would be of great benefit in countries where the usual sterilization methods (cooking, ozonization) cannot be well employed, as in the case in most of the tropical and sub-tropical countries.

A Late Alarm.

"One of the most extraordinary sounds I hear in New York," said an early riser, "is the alarm clocks that strike at 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning. I was born and brought up on a farm and my time for rising is 5 a. m. In the summer I not infrequently get up at four and am hard at work by 5. Some time along in what seems the middle of the day to me I hear an alarm clock suddenly begin to strike and keep whirring away as if to wake the dead. I never get used to it. I invariably think it had struck by mistake, and then I remember that it is just arousing some of my neighbors. What troubles me is how anybody can sleep so late with the fearful racket of New York dressing all around him."—New York Press.

Missouri's Eggs.

Missouri marketed 107,155,658 dozen of eggs in 1905, for which was received more than \$16,000,000.

WORLD'S BIGGEST FARM

A Mexican Don Who Owns a 8,000,000 Acre Ranch.

HOMESTEAD IS A PALACE

Don Luis Terrazas, of Chihuahau, Employs 2,000 Cow Punchers, Line Riders, Shepherds and Hunters—He Owns 1,000,000 Cattle, 700,000 Sheep, 103,000 Horses.

The biggest farm—If "farm" it can be called—is that owned by Don Luis Terrazas in the State of Chihuahau, Mexico, which measures from north to south 150 miles and from east to west 200 miles, or 8,000,000 acres in all. On its prairies and mountains roam 1,000,000 head of cattle, 700,000 sheep and 100,000 horses. The "farm house" is probably the most magnificent in the world for it cost \$400,000 to build and is more richly furnished than many a royal palace. On the homestead alone are employed a hundred servants. The gardens are superb, and the stables more magnificent than those of the German Emperor and there is accommodation for 500 guests if necessary.

Scattered over this vast ranch are a hundred outlying stations, each one of which has charge of a certain portion of the estate. The horsemen, cow punchers, line riders, shepherds and hunters number 2,000 and the Terrazas ranch is the only one in the world which maintains its own slaughtering and packing plant. Each year 150,000 head of cattle are slaughtered, dressed and packed, and 100,000 sheep. Don Luis personally superintends the different industries on his ranch, covering many thousands of miles on horseback during a twelvemonth. Don Luis was at one time Governor of Chihuahau, but public life did not suit him, it was too quiet, and he preferred to spend his life riding over the plains and looking after his own enterprises. He is three times as rich as any other man in Mexico and has the name of being liberal and generous toward his workpeople.

Don Luis is a very handsome man, married to a beautiful wife. He is the father of twelve children, seven sons and five daughters. The sons are all associated with Don Luis in looking after the ranch, while the daughters, said to be the most beautiful women in Mexico—remain quietly at the homestead. All the children were educated in the United States, are highly accomplished, have travelled through Europe, and speak several languages.

Don Luis founded his cattle ranch about fourteen years ago and four years later he sought to import the finest cattle from Scotland and England. But there was a considerable difficulty in the way. The import duty on cattle was so heavy that it was impossible to bring over the animals in quantities sufficient for his purpose, so Don Luis appealed to the Mexican Government, pointed out the absurdity of restricting the importation of good stock into the country and succeeded in getting the import tax repealed. Since that time Terrazas has increased his stock by the importation of something like 5,000 bulls of the best breeds from the famous studs of Europe.

Five years ago Terrazas installed on his ranch four big reservoirs costing \$100,000, besides which there are 300 wells scattered over the huge farm, some of them going down to a depth of 500 feet. These wells, the water from which is raised by the use of windmills, cost another \$100,000. Every kind of grain is grown and Don Luis is constantly experimenting in the raising of different foods for supplying the wants of his immense herds during the rainless season.

An enemy which has to be sternly fought on this great ranch is fire, and scarcely a summer passes without great tracts of prairie being laid waste by its destroying advance. Through the torrid months there is a man stationed on the lookout at every station each hour of the twenty-four, and directly he sees indications which tell him that fire has started he rings the massive alarm bell and in an incredibly short time men come riding in ready to fight the danger with their lives if necessary.

The frightened cattle are driven away from the oncoming fire and the enemy is attacked from the rear. It is so good attempting to stop a prairie fire from the front, for its progress is too rapid and too annihilating. Heavy chains are dragged along the ground which help to weaken and disperse the fire. Across the prairie long furrows fifty feet apart are quickly made, and these also help to stem the progress of the fire. All night the light is kept up, and until the last sparks are quenched are the men able to take food and rest.

In these efforts to subdue the flames Don Luis and his sons are usually seen working like demons and urging their men to greater efforts. Fighting a prairie fire has all the elements of danger and for excitement it has few equals. For this reason Don Luis takes a fierce delight in combating the flames and declares that it is one of the fascinations of a prairie life.

Men with blue or gray eyes are almost invariably the best shots.

ALWAYS LOOK FOR TWISTERS.

Worries and Fears of the Nervous in the Tornado Belt.

To the region where tornadoes are common, which is a pretty large territory, nearly every family has a member who has a highly developed fear of storms. When warm weather and the cyclone put in their appearance the scary one begins the preparation of a safe retreat, probably in the cellar under the house, or if he happens to be a thirty-third degree member of the Amalgamated Order of Fraidcats, he has a cave lined with reinforced concrete constructed somewhere in the backyard.

In his cave or cellar retreat the coward puts a bed, and if he has it had he is apt to lay in a stock of provisions and a barrel of water. During the day the other members of the family have a good deal of fun chaffing the coward, but he gets even at night by disturbing their sleep.

Among other peculiarities of the cyclone coward is an optical illusion which possesses him about the time the bass begin to bite. From then until harvest time every cloud he sees assumes a funnel shape and he is sure we are going to have a twister. And he never misses a cloud. When he sees one, he gets up, gathers up his clothes and his insurance papers and proceeds to try to herd the family to safety.

If the coward happens to be the man of the house he sometimes succeeds in dragging the sleepy wife and children to the cellar while he looks out the door until a gentle summer shower begins to fall. But if the coward is the wife she never has much success with the old man beyond getting him angry, and because of her duty to the children she takes them to the "frigid hole, abandoning the husband to his fate—and sleep.

About once in 2,000,000 times the cyclone coward makes a good bet and then his name is numbered with the survivors. But it costs him a lot of good sleep.

Strange Scenes at Conventions.

To a newcomer a political convention is an hitherto unimagined carnival of sense friskiness, noise, temper and downright lunacy. The social leader, the millionaire, the flashy, half-well-met who lives by the sweat of his political brow, the important politician from a small city, the diffident, nervous, country lawyer, the gaping backwoodsman, the suave, confident statesman, all mingle here to plot and plan, to mine and countermine, to charge and retreat, and to take in flank and in the rear. Just as armies struggle with strength and strategy for the mastery of a field. And as the smoke of battle brings beyond the surface of civilization's veneer the primeval instincts of man, so is the rougher man exposed in the fight of the convention hall, with its ambitions, its hatred and its lust of power. Although such moments do not come in all conventions, in each the same lack of dignity may be found. The easily aroused laughter, the readiness to sneer at any and all times, the highly-strung nerves on which, it may happen, an orator plays with results that can be compared to the ease with which the French people were accustomed to raise and pull down their popular heroes—these are some of its inalienable traits.

The American Game.

Why is baseball so popular. It is no sense a gambling game. Men do not go to a baseball game for the purpose of winning the price of a box at the theatre, a suit of clothes, or an elaborate dinner with a party of friends. No betting sheds are found in baseball enclosure. There are no bookmakers with odds on the different teams posted up. And practically all of them forbid the sale of any drinks more harmful than soda water, root beer, and similar "soft" beverages. Lovers of baseball do not turn out in order to drink or gamble. They go because they are fond of the sport. The base ball fan goes because he likes to get out into the open air, to sit in a grandstand or on bleacher for an hour or two, and see efficient athletes contest for the mastery. There is no brutality about baseball, nothing that is debasing or demoralizing. And it is the most popular sport in the United States to-day, as for many years past. It will be popular long after public sentiment has closed every race track at which gambling is permitted.—Salt Lake Herald.

Honduras Hardwood.

A railroad in Honduras which has just been opened to traffic as far as Ceiba, thirty-five miles, was built with creosoted pine ties from the United States. It is worthy of note that while creosoted pine ties are being shipped from the United States to Honduras, hardwoods are coming to the United States from that country. Americans are doing the shipping both ways. A tract of 8,000 acres in Honduras has been secured by an American company which will cut the mahogany and other valuable hardwoods and ship them to the United States.—Forest and Stream.

Why He Kept a Goat.

A man whose house adjoined the railway, kept a goat tethered in his garden. A friend asked him one day what was the use of the goat. "Use of the goat?" he replied. "Well, that goat keeps me in coals. Never a train passes but the fireman throws a bit of coal at it."

A Comeback.

"I wouldn't envy you if you were the only man in the world." "Why?—If I had any such claim as that you'd never get the chance.—Cheerful Leader.

The Whistling Girl

BY R. HABBELL.

An old-fashioned burgh was Glimtown, full of old-fashioned people, not one of whom pretended to deny that Mellie Rose was the prettiest, liveliest girl in the place.

Thus it happened that while other girls were "spoke for" as soon as they became of age, sweet Mellie Rose wasted her sweetness upon transient lovers.

Joshua Jones, the most appreciative of these, had remarked to his mother,— "Naow, mammy, I don't believe there's a thing wrong with Mellie. I like her mighty well."

"Gracious, Josh!" said she, holding up her hands in horror. "If you're a-gittin' struck on that gal, you had best better git over it, as quick as possible. My grief! A whistlin' gal in the Jones family! Ugh!"

"I can't see why Mellie can't be like other gals," said her Aunt Dorothy, who didn't believe in old maids.

"Can't you stop this pesky whistling, Mellie?" she asked her one day.

"Got a new minister. They say he's a young man—right smart too. Guess I'll invite him in. No tellin' he might, but no, of course not! Well, I'll invite him, anyhow," said Aunt Dorothy.

A week or two after this, she was busying herself making the little parlor look "spry," when a knock sounded on the door. She ushered in a fine looking young man with a decided clerical air, but pleasant and kindly withal.

"I'll call Mellie as soon as she finishes her chores," Aunt Dorothy was saying, when horrors! there arose in that young lady's clear, peevish-like whistle, the familiar notes of "Old Hundred."

Aunt Dorothy turned red and then white, fidgeted about, and finally, when the assortment of noises stopped, went into the kitchen, saying as she went,—

"Excuse me, Mr. Haviland, and I'll tell Mellie to come in."

"The new minister's in here. Come in and be introduced."

Mellie followed the frate lady.

"Mr. Haviland, my niece, Miss Rose."

When Mr. Haviland said, in an amused tone, "Your brother is a fine whistler!"

"I have no brother," she replied honestly; so the evidently painful subject was dropped.

So the fleeting summer days found the reverend Haviland often at Aunt Dorothy's house, or in Mellie's company, wandering upon the rocky banks of Little River.

Glimtown in general said it was almost scandalous that so fine a young man should be "look in" by a pretty face, when every one knew that that face was disfigured by a whistling mouth.

Miss Smith, whose age was an unknown quantity between twenty and forty, and who had set her cap so often that that article was badly frayed around its figurative edges, said,—

"No, he shan't be bamboozled, not if I have to warn him myself!" And it is on record that she did warn the dashing man.

One bright September day he walked over to Aunt Dorothy's little cottage, intending to invite Mellie to accompany him upon an errand of mercy. As he reached the gate he stopped a moment. The front door was wide open, Mellie, dressed in pink calico, with a cap of the same material only partly concealing her fluffy brown hair, was busily engaged with broom and dust brush in the hall. There was a happy look upon her innocent face. When, as if, bird-like, she could not restrain her joy, the ruby lips puckered bewitchingly, and the notes of a hymn trilled forth with startling clearness and truth.

Suddenly the unconscious warbler was electrified into silence by the sharp words,—

"Perfectly shockin' ain't it?"

Glancing up, she saw Aunt Dorothy standing with watering-can in hand. She was staring at Mr. Haviland, who leaned upon the gate with a puzzling expression upon his face.

Not waiting to hear his answer Mellie fled to her own room, where she indulged in that which seldom spoiled her happy face—a good "cry." For she doubted not that she had forfeited her place in the minister's esteem.

But Mellie was surprised when her aunt handed her a note from Mr. Haviland containing his request to accompany him to the house of some poor people, who lived several miles away.

"Shall I go?" she asked her aunt.

"Of course! No use makin' matters worse than they be by refusin'." So Mellie said she would accompany the minister, though her sensitive nature rebelled against the trial.

"What is the matter with you to-day?" asked the minister, as they trundled through the green fields.

Mellie trembled at his kindly tones; but she could not be drawn into conversation until—