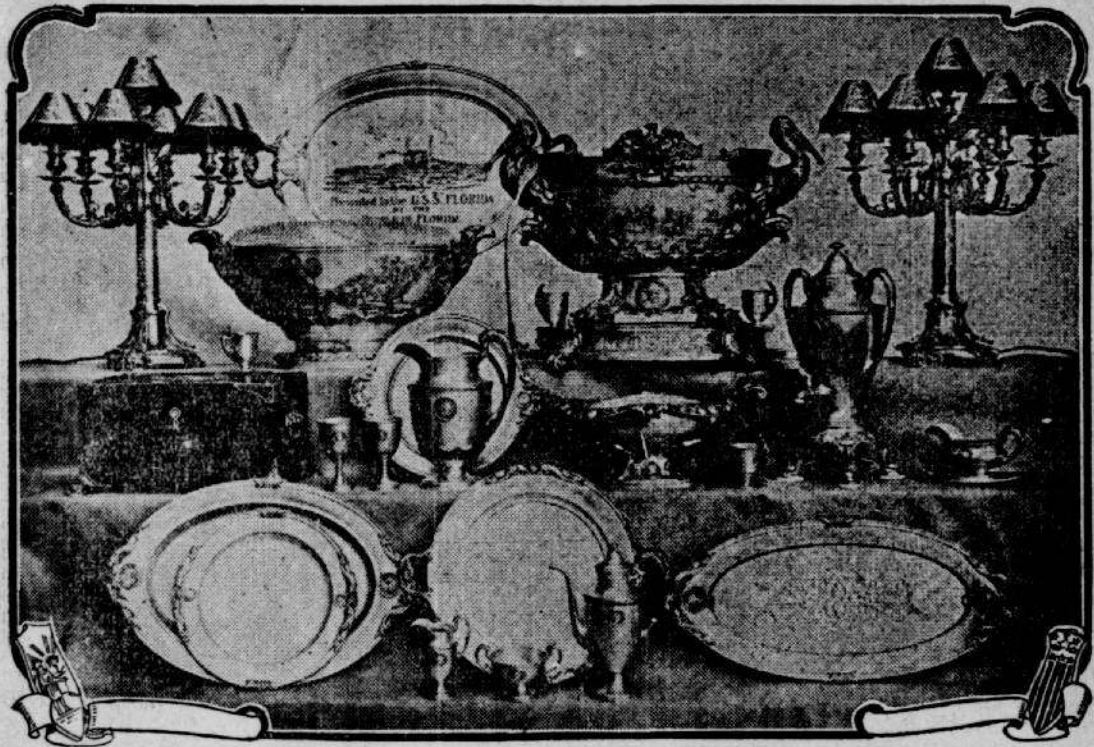


**SILVER SERVICE FOR BATTLESHIP FLORIDA**



THE \$10,000 silver service for the battleship Florida, the gift of the people of its name-state, was presented to the officers of the vessel recently at Pensacola. The popular subscription for its purchase was increased by a generous appropriation by the legislature.

**LONDON'S LID IS OFF**

Striking Feature of Night Life in Soho District.

Gambling is Protected in the Tenderloin of England's Capital—Thirty-Two Card Faro a Favorite Game.

London.—The lid is off in the notorious Soho district of London. In the last few months dozens of gambling joints and off color night clubs have opened and they are doing a wide open business without police interference.

It may be explained for the benefit of those unacquainted with London that Soho is the Tenderloin of the city. Situated in the heart of the west end, its broad streets abound in theaters and restaurants and are at the same time Tenderloin promenades. Inspector Schmittberger viewed this stream one night in company with a reporter and exclaimed, "Gee! We wouldn't stand this for a minute in New York."

Back of these broad thoroughfares are hundreds of mean narrow streets, the hotbeds of the Latin anarchists and the abiding place of the scum of Latin and Teuton Europe. On the police records Soho has a bad name, and one Scotland Yard inspector in a police investigation held a few years ago said that one of the streets in Soho from the criminal standpoint was the worst in London.

It is practically an unknown district to the real Londoners, who are only acquainted with its boundaries of theater land or who, perhaps, penetrate a small way into the district in the search for the cheap yet excellent restaurants which abound therein.

Gambling joints and off color clubs have always existed in this district. About a dozen years ago London was wide open, but then a moral wave swept in, the police got busy and the lid was put on and sealed. Several spasmodic efforts to pry the lid off have been made ineffectually since then, but a few months ago the word went around that, provided there was no shouting the word from the house-tops, and provided certain formalities

were observed, business could be done.

Now there are dozens of places where the tiger can be bucked. Admission is not difficult to any of these places if one knows the ropes.

Baccarat and other poker are played. The poker is of the continental variety, played with 32 cards, all below the seven being eliminated. The value of hands in this game is somewhat different from the 52 card game, as three of a kind beat a straight and a flush beats a full house.

Faro is the great and the favorite game at all these joints. Again it is the German or continental variety, not the American, that is played.

Thirty-two cards are used and no box; the banker dealing out of hand. There is no elaborate layout; in most cases four matches sufficing. These are laid in front of the dealer and each end of a match represents a card. The bets are made by placing the money at the end of the match which represents the card backed. It is a straight proposition to win or lose, the punter betting that his card will win, the banker that it will lose. There are no furbelows of copping bets or naming the sequence of the last card.

This game of faro as played in London is of excessive simplicity and of excessive crookedness. An expert dealer can make the cards do almost anything for him. The majority of punters are very sharp eyed and with a gang of regular players the attempts at crooked playing are infrequent, but let a tenderfoot butt into the game and he has no chance to win.

The proprietors of the joints don't run the game. The bank is put up at auction, as at baccarat, the man willing to put the largest amount of money taking the bank. The proprietors make their profits by charging so much an hour for the bank, the price varying with the size of the bank, the minimum being \$10 an hour, payable in advance.

The popularity of this form of faro is widespread throughout the Latin and Teuton population of Soho, and at the bigger of these gambling clubs thousands of dollars are won and lost nightly.

A horde of American grafters and crooks got in the habit of resorting to a certain night club. Scotland Yard kept the gaming under surveillance and planned to dispose of them by raiding this club, which would furnish a decent excuse in court to ask that each of them be sent to prison for three months as a suspicious character, in addition to being fined for being in a gambling joint. Thirty-five of these "international merchants," as Pat Sheedy was wont to designate them, were thoroughly enjoying themselves when the word was passed to get out quickly and quietly in twos and threes.

"Don't rush out in a bunch, as there is half an hour," said the tipster. Half an hour later the police descended on the place, but the birds had flown.

**BIRD MAKES LONG FLIGHT**

Member of Arctic Feathered Species Found at Sagaponack and Identified by Zoo Expert.

New York.—Gordon B. Rabbitts, an operator at the Marconi wireless telegraph station at Sagaponack, N. Y., picked up from the road near the station a live bird, badly wounded, of a species so rare and unknown in that locality that no one could name it.

It was sent for identification to the Zoological Park in the Bronx, where it was declared to be a dovekie, or Greenland dove, also erroneously called the "little auk," a bird of the arctic regions.

Only on very rare occasions, and usually in midwinter, has this species straggled as far south as this coast, but in the arctic it ranges northward as far as Melville island of the great arctic archipelago.

The dovekie is about the size of a teal duck, plump of body, black above and white underneath, and the feathers of the forehead extend far down over the beak. Those who are prone to predict long and severe winters from the actions of animals will readily accept the appearance of the dovekie on this coast, far in advance of winter, as a sure sign of cold weather.

Good Business Investment. "Politeness and civility are the best capital ever invested in business."—P. T. Barnum.

**ZOO ELEPHANTS LIKE BEER**

Nelly, Aged Eight, Gains Fame as Champion Drinker of Amber Fluid in London Zoo.

London.—The elephants at the zoo now drink beer. It is as a special mark of confidence that the elephants on their rounds with their children passengers are allowed to stop at the refreshment kiosks to see if there is anything for them in the alcoholic line.

All the ends of bottles, all the unfinished glasses go to make up this special allowance, and each of the animals knows when it is its turn for a half-gallon or so.

The champion drinker is, sad to say, a lady elephant, named Nelly, eight years old. She took a bottle of Bass from the hand of the correspondent, while Jess, aged five, and The Lodger, aged eight, looked regretfully.

But, perhaps the most accomplished of all is the anonymous African elephant farthest up the row. The keeper held a tit-bit before him. "Get round!" he said, and Jumbo gravely performed a series of steps all around himself in perfect waltz time. "Now reverse!" said the keeper, and Jumbo "reversed."

Some pieces were dropped in the enclosure just out of his reach. "Blow them to the gentleman," said the keeper, "and he'll give them to you to eat." Jumbo blew—like a wild hurricane—and the biscuit went flying across the floor, and was duly retrieved.

Then came the best trick of all. A man threw a penny into the stall. Jumbo heard it drop, fished for it, found it, and gravely returned it, not to the owner, but to the keeper!

**Open Schools Are Success**

Chicago Buildings Thrown Open to Public for Dancing, Picture Shows and Games.

Chicago.—The board of education's plan for turning the schools over to the people for social amusement on the winter evenings was inaugurated here. Four school buildings were opened between 7:30 and 9:30 o'clock. At each there was a large audience, and at each the experiment proved a success.

In launching its innovation the Chicago school board's object was to do something that will counteract the evils of the dance hall and the improperly managed moving picture show. Hundreds of boys and young girls who otherwise would have had to seek recreation in the streets took part in the festivities.

Workers of the Juvenile Protective league, under the supervision of the principals, had charge of the youngsters. The same official chaperons will be on hand each Monday and Thursday evening, the official "social center nights," from now until spring. Their instructions are to be as inconspicuous as is compatible with good order and with everybody's having a good time. Policemen have been assigned to each school to maintain order if it is necessary.

At three of the schools there was dancing. It was stated by some of the principals that the social center plan would not be a success in their districts unless dancing is permitted. At all of the schools there were games, gymnastics and music. Preliminary steps were taken also to organize

dramatic clubs. At one school there were moving pictures.

The celebrants ranged from 14 to 20 years old. The schools, however, are to be opened to the fathers, and mothers. Efforts will be made to form both men and women's clubs.

**Luck in Saving Horseshoes.**

New Haven.—Picking up horseshoes and saving them has brought Mrs. Adolph Miller of this city a fortune of \$50,000, according to her statement. Mrs. Miller has just received news from Hamburg, Germany, that by the death of her uncle, Adolph Rholf, a German officer, she has been left \$50,000 to do with as she pleases, according to the wording of the will. All Mrs. Miller has to do is to go to Hamburg and get the fortune.

"It all comes from saving horseshoes," said Mrs. Miller, as she pointed with pride to a row of them over the front door of her residence. "It is an old saying that for each nail in the horseshoe you will receive some time in your life \$1,000. I do believe that, for I found it to be true, every bit of it. I have about twenty shoes now and that makes about fifty or sixty nails."

**Rats String Wires.**

San Diego, Cal.—John Kincaid, foreman for the San Diego Gas and Electric company, tried rats in laying wires in conduits. By putting cheese at the end of a stretch of vitrified pipe he found the rats would draw through the conduit string, to which he had attached the wire he desired to lay.

**LAW'S INJUSTICE MADE PLAIN**

Farmer's Grievance Was That Story Once Accepted Should Not Remain Good.

A story is being told at the expense of an old English farmer who was recently called upon to explain why he had failed to take out a license for a favorite fox terrier dog. "E's nobbut a puppy," the defendant remarked, in response to a question as to the animal's age. "Yes, yes! So you say. But how old is he?" "Oh, weel, I couldn't tell to a bit," was the reply. "I never was much good at remembering dates, but 'e's nobbut a puppy." On the other hand, it was maintained that the animal in question was a very, very old-fashioned puppy, and the magistrate inflicted the usual fine. Shortly afterward the farmer was met by a friend who wanted to know how he had fared at the police court. "Nobbut middlin'" was the reply. "Did they fine you?" "Yes," responded the victim; "an' ang me if I can understand it! Last year an' the year afore that I told the same tale about the same dog, an' it was allus good enough afore! Who's been tamperin' w' the law sin' last year?"

It is the common lot of man not to get an uncommon lot.

**RECOGNIZED THE ACTION.**



Little Nell—I didn't know that they played "I Spy" in church, mamma. Mamma—What do you mean, my child? Little Nell—Why, the preacher said "Let's Play," and everybody held their hands up to their faces.

No Doubt About It. And every good husband, no doubt, is sure that he is married to one of the world's twenty greatest women.

**The Boy—The Girl.**

He—Crime seems in a pretty low way. Only last week some woman kidnaped a baby—photographs of it in all the newspapers. She—What did she take it for? He—Nothing else to take, I suppose. I should have thought myself that anybody who kidnaped a baby would steal an earthquake or borrow an attack of Asiatic cholera. She—Babies are not so bad as all that. The only thing I have really got against them is that if you leave them long enough they grow up into human beings.

**Saw No Difference.**

"People who seek books from the fiction section make some funny breaks," says a librarian of the Library of Congress. "I have made note of a number of these, but none of them amused me more than the request of a sour-looking spinster. "She sternly demanded of me a copy of 'The Recollections of a Liar.' I told her that I didn't know it, but that I could give her 'The Recollections of a Married Man.' "That will do," said she acidly. "It's practically the same thing."—Lippincott's.

The fellow who shoots off his mouth doesn't always hit the mark.

**A Hold-Up**

An Oppressive Trust.

Before the Coffee Roasters' Association, in session at Chicago on Thursday, Thomas J. Webb, of Chicago, charged that there is in existence a coffee combine which is "the most monstrous imposition in the history of human commerce."

There is very slight exaggeration about this statement. It comes very close to being literally true. There is a coffee combine in Brazil, from which country comes the bulk of the coffee used in the United States, which is backed by the government of Brazil and financed by it, which compels American consumers, as Mr. Webb said, "to pay famine prices for coffee when no famine exists."

The worst thing about this is that the consumers of the United States have been compelled to put up the money through which this combine, to further cinch them, has been made effective. There were formerly revenue duties imposed upon all coffee entering the United States. Those taxes were denounced as an imposition upon the people; as taxing the poor man's breakfast table, and the like. The taxes were removed. Immediately thereafter Brazil imposed an export duty upon coffee up to the full amount of the former customs taxes in this country. The revenue which formerly went into the treasury of the United States was diverted to the treasury of Brazil. The poor man's breakfast coffee continued to cost him the same old price.

But this was only the commencement. The "valorization" plan was evolved in Brazil. Through this plan the government, using the revenues derived from the export duties for the purposes, takes all of the surplus crop in a season of large yields and holds it off the market, thus keeping the supply down to the demands of the market and permitting the planters to receive a much higher price than they would otherwise have done.

The United States consumes more Brazilian coffee than does the rest of the world. We are the best customers of Brazil, and Brazil buys little from us. Now Brazil is promoting, financing and maintaining a trust designed, and working effectively for the purpose, to compel American consumers to pay an exorbitant price for the coffee they use. What is the remedy?—Seattle Post-Intelligencer—Nov. 19, 1911.

*He did*  
*"Compels"*  
*tax Americans*  
*Get this clear*  
*Then this*

Standard statistics of the coffee trade show a falling off in sales during the last two years of over two hundred million pounds. Authenticated reports from the Postum factories in this city show a tremendous increase in the sale of Postum in a like period of time. While the sales of Postum invariably show marked increase year over year, the extraordinary demand for that well-known breakfast beverage during 1911 is very likely due to a public awakening to the oppression of the coffee trust. Such an awakening naturally disposes the multitude who suffer from the ill effects of coffee drinking to be more receptive to knowledge of harm which so often comes as a result of the use of the drug-beverage, coffee.—Battle Creek Evening News—Dec. 19, 1911.

**POSTUM**

is a pure food-drink made of the field grains, with a pleasing flavour not unlike high grade Java.

**A Big Package**  
**About 1 1/2 lbs. Costs 25 cts.**  
**At Grocers**

Economy to one's purse is not the main reason for using Postum.

It is absolutely free from any harmful substance, such as "caffeine" (the drug in coffee), to which so much of the nervousness, biliousness and indigestion of today are due. Thousands of former coffee drinkers now use Postum because they know from experience the harm that coffee drinking causes.

Boil it according to directions (that's easy) and it will become clear to you why—

**"There's a Reason"**

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan.