

SEN. FORAKER OF OHIO

The "Fire Alarm" Would Rather Fight than Eat.

A FOE TO COMPROMISE

Fought through the Civil War Enslaving the Age of 16—Even the Dignified Senate Could Not Hold Him Down—Has a Fund of Fluency, Satire and Denunciation.

"Fire Alarm" Foraker dearly loves a battle. He is a foe to compromise. He believes that when he has once decided upon a course of action he is in the right and he will in no circumstances abandon the course. It has been said by some of his friends that he would rather fight than eat. Almost with his nativity he developed those qualities which in maturer years showed that he was possessed of olfactory faculties which loved the smell of political "villainous salt petre."

Foraker went into the Civil War at the age of 16 years, fought all through that period of awful carnage, first as a private and then, by gradual promotion for gallantry, came forth as captain. Within the brief period of four years he was graduated from Cornell University, was graduated in the law and was admitted to practice in the courts of Cincinnati.

COSTLY EDITION

Volume Valued at \$1,250 Presented to Philadelphia Free Library.

Reginald Heber Bishop's superb work on "Investigations and Studies in Jade," on which the author spent twenty years of labor. It cost \$185,000 to publish the edition of only 100 copies. Two are used for copyright and the remaining ninety-eight will be placed in the libraries of Europe and America and presented to royalty. The Philadelphia Library owns copy No. 91. After printing the type was distributed and all materials used in the preparation of the work were destroyed. The library's copy was presented on the express condition that it shall remain the property of the library in perpetuity. The first volume deals with the subject of jade in great detail, covering 250 pages. It treats of jade in China, giving its sources, value and colors; then jade as a mineral, with very elaborate descriptions and specimens, accompanied by analyses, reductions and notes, followed by detailed statements of methods of working jade, especially in China and New Zealand, concluding with descriptions of the prehistoric-worked jade and the historic-worked jade in China, India, Annam, Europe and New Zealand. Volume 2 consists of a descriptive catalogue of the articles now housed at the Metropolitan Museum. The collection has been arranged under three main headings—mineralogical, archaeological and art objects. The volumes are bound in crushed levant, with handsome doublets of garnet watered silk, the backs being decorated with plain but very artistic gold tooling.—Philadelphia Record.

A Breeze in Oklahoma.

"Wind that blows so fast you cannot see through it possibly is a new thing to science," said a Kansas man who recently moved to Oklahoma. "But that is what I saw last year. I had seen that a storm was coming, and was hastening from the barn to the house, when I became aware that the disturbance was a cyclone. The house was still standing in plain view of myself and my wife, both of whom were running for the cellar, which was under it, when suddenly we came upon the basement of the house. The house was blown away right before our faces and eyes and yet we had not seen it go. The wind had got to blowing so fast that we could not see through it and so the house had sailed away without our being aware of it. Our three children were safe and sound in the basement, so we didn't feel the disappointment so keenly of losing the house. But I swear, and I'll not recede from it, that the wind blew so fast the eye couldn't penetrate clear air. I wish some scientist would explain it.—Kansas City Times.

Water Drinking.

Free water drinking is an essential to vitality and to the development of staying power. All the operations of the body, digestion, assimilation, absorption, elimination of poisonous waste and so on, are carried on by means of water; and an insufficient amount of water in the system means embarrassment of every function. The body of a man of average weight contains more than half a barrel of water, and such a body needs for its proper operation at least two quarts daily of pure water. In this connection, it may not be irrelevant to mention that the Japanese soldiers, whose surprising powers are now engaging the admiration of the world, consume each between two and four gallons of water daily.—W. R. C. Latson, M. D., in the Outing Magazine.

German Infantry.

The infantry of the German Seventh Army Corps now carries on active service a peculiar little apparatus attached to the sword belt behind their side arms. This apparatus consists of three thin pieces of smooth wood rather more than a foot long and strapped together. These strips of wood form a little tripod, upon which the soldier can rest his rifle and thereby take much better aim. The military authorities welcome this little tripod most warmly, and say that its use will result in far better firing all round by the German infantry. In any case, it is a question of returning to the first principles.—London Globe.

A Fair Exchange.

The Hon. Joseph H. Coate tells of a meeting at a London club of a Bishop and Lord Rosebery. During the course of their conversation the reverend gentleman observed to his Lordship: "I've an invitation to dine this evening. What a nuisance it is—a long dinner, I mean. There are two things I absolutely dread—a long dinner and a long sermon. I contend that, however good they may be, neither the dinner nor the sermon should take more than twenty minutes at the most."

Rosebery smiled. "It seems to me," he said, "that the matter might be nicely arranged by knocking ten minutes off the sermon and putting it on the dinner."—Harper's Weekly.

Dangers of Candor.

Some people go through the world pouring out truth as though it were essence of violets. Whereas truth ought to be kept in a small bottle with a red label and marked "Caution" and used only under the direct necessity.—T. P.'s Weekly.

The bill never looks large to the man who buys on the installment plan.

FILIPINO SCHOOL KIDS.

An American Teacher Don't Fancy Old Spanish Custom.

Raymond Shidler, an Anthony boy, now teaching school on the island of Bohol, in the Philippine group, writes interestingly of things in that country. Here are some excerpts from his last letter:

"This has been a very hard year in Bohol. Previous to the beginning of the rainy season it had been dry for six months. That is a long time in the Philippines, and as they are no provident enough to lay up their supply of rice in advance. Many families are living on tree pith, they chop down a certain tree, split it, dig out the pith and dry it, then pound it into a powder, from which they make bread. I am continually amused at the small amount of clothing necessary to constitute a dress. It is said that in the Philippines a white handkerchief and three yards of string will make three suits of clothing. We'll it certainly will make three suits of g-strings, and you can see plenty of them any time. The women, though, always wear a skirt, at least."

"I now have 350 pupils in my central school. I am using seven of my advanced pupils as aides (aids), or as aspirants. An aspirant is a pupil who wishes to become a teacher, and teaches for nothing, for the privilege of entering my teacher's class. After Christmas two or three of the best aspirants will be appointed as teachers at a salary of about \$3 per month. In addition to my seven aspirants, I have my head teacher. I spend my time in the mornings going from one class to another and teaching a few minutes; in this way my teachers learn their work."

"When I come into school in the morning the pupils arise en masse with a 'good morning.' You can imagine how that would sound from a room of 150 pupils. That is the old Spanish custom. I will break it up."

"When I go downtown I am saluted in the street by about a thousand kids with the time of day."—Kansas City Journal.

Ball In Foot 36 Years.

All unconscious of the fact, Mr. Max Bolckhard, of 208 Puffer avenue, spent thirty-six years with an immense iron bullet between two toes of his left foot. It was removed last week by Dr. John D. Blake and his son, Dr. Herbert C. Blake, with Mr. Bolckhard's little toe and a part of the bone of his foot, which had decayed, as a result of the presence of the bullet. Mr. Bolckhard was a German soldier in the Franco-Prussian War. After passing through many hard-fought battles without getting a scratch, he received the bullet wound in the foot one wintry night while on sentry duty a mile from the troops of the army with which he served. This was on Dec. 2, 1870. He spent the night in the snow in the French province of Orleans, and the patrol the following morning carried him off to the field hospital, where he received attention. He was later sent to a regular hospital.

The wound healed, and Mr. Bolckhard thought nothing more of it, believing that the bullet had been removed. He suffered with rheumatism and he attributed all his pains, including the one in his foot, which was sometimes intense, to this malady. Recently there were indications that other trouble had developed, so Dr. Blake, who was summoned, decided that an operation was necessary, as part of the bone had decayed. In removing the diseased bone he discovered the bullet, which was lodged between the little toe and the one adjoining. The bullet is three-quarters of an inch long and so heavy that Mr. Bolckhard is unable to understand how he carried it about without knowing of its presence. The bullet is preserved as a memento of the war.—Baltimore News.

Frenchman's Laughter.

These who knew France before the "annee terrible" have frequently commented on the fact that the generation of Frenchmen who have grown up since then are far more gloomy and morose than their ancestors were. But there are signs that a reaction is setting in, and a number of young medical students in Paris have determined to reintroduce the fashion of hearty laughter, and to form a society for the propagation of "la risse gauloise." They have examined into the question, and have issued a statement to the effect that a man's character can be told by his laugh, and that there are as many laughs as there are vowels. Those who laugh "Ha ha!" are frank and open, and love action and movement; those who laugh "Heh! heh!" are melancholy, with plenty of dry wit; those who laugh "He! he!" are either bawler or sort-witted; those who laugh "Ho! ho!" are generous, bold and decided; while those who laugh "Huh! huh!" are miserly, misanthropic and hypocritical. It is evident that we all ought to laugh "Ha! ha!" and laugh "Ho! ho!" like the knights and monks in the old-fashioned comic songs, and the French society proposes to do all it can to encourage people to laugh in this fashion. We wish them all good luck and prosperity in this charitable endeavor, for a hearty laugh is the best encouragement of the entente cordiale.—London Globe.

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AN INTERESTING FIGURE

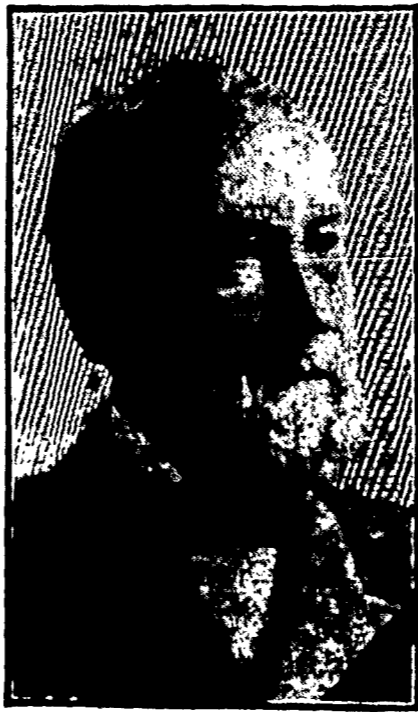
Scott Who Weilds Great Influence in W. Va.

IS A SELF-MADE MAN

Honesty the Foundation on which He Built a Great Fortune—Integrity in Politics as Essential as in Business—His Rules for Success, Outlined to Young People.

There is no more interesting figure in the United States Senate than Nathan Bay Scott, junior Senator from West Virginia.

Scott is a self made man in the fullest meaning of the term. What he got in the way of education he had to work out himself. Experience was the school he attended. He had no one to lay down the homely precepts of life for him to follow. He had to find out his own precepts and lay them down himself. He was his own guide, philosopher, best friend and "next best friend," as they say in law. Experience—hard, unrelenting, often unjust—grounded him in the rudimentary principles of life, while opportunity afforded him development of his natural gifts. Honest-absolute, irrevocable, highly-tempered steel honesty is the foundation on which Nathan Bay Scott built a large fortune and a no small fame as a public man. Diplomacy is as distant from his make-up as grace is as distant from the body of a whirlwind. "To the young men of to-day," said Senator Scott, "to the young men of to-day with an ambition to enter bus-



SENATOR W. B. SCOTT.

ness life, I say to them be honest and never make a promise that you do not keep. Integrity in politics is just as essential as it is in business, if you want to be successful."

This is the signboard that Scott has followed. He made a fortune without violating it before he entered politics to any extent, and he had made success in the latter despite his strict adherence to it.

When Scott became United States Senator in 1899 he was not widely known by the people of his State. He had been Councilman in Wheeling; a State Senator; elected National Committeeman in 1888, and was United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue from 1898 to 1899. But he had never campaigned the State nor mixed with the party machinery in the mountains and the valleys.

Scott is the last of "the old Hanna guard" in the National Committee. He is proud of that honor. No associate of the greatest maker of Presidents this country ever knew reveres the memory and cherishes the friendship of Hanna more than Scott does. It was Hanna who first called him "Scotty," a nickname that has clung to him ever since and one to which he doesn't object.

Scott is the friend of the old soldier. He enlisted himself in 1862 and was mustered out in 1865. The pension laws and pension bills he has fathered and helped to pass would require an expert higher mathematician to enumerate.

The Scott rules for success are the simple rules of honesty, truthfulness and upright, clean living. "It is the best thing in the world for a young man or girl, either, for that matter, to set down his expenses and receipts and to know every day just where he stands," said Senator Scott, "and to be sure that receipts are in excess of expenditures. If he earns little, spend less; have something on the right side of the account at the end of every month. No young man should desire to have the luxury of being dunned for debts that he cannot pay. He should live economically, earn the good opinion of those with whom he is associated, learn business, and thereby lay the foundation for a successful career. Not every man can make a success; not every man can become a millionaire, but every man blessed with common sense and health can get on in the world if he will adopt these rules.

The top rounds of the ladder in ethics, business, professional or political life are empty. The lower rounds are always full. Thus the boys and girls should strive to get to the top where they will have plenty of room."

THE THREE SPECIES OF MOOSE

Expressed in External Features as Illustrated in the Adult Male.

There are supposed to be three species of Moose: The European moose or elk, found in northern Europe and adjoining parts of Asia; the common moose of eastern America, distinguished chiefly by its European congener by the skull being narrower across the maxillaries, also by its greater size and darker color, and the Alaskan moose, separated by its giant stature, its narrow occiput, broad palate and heavy mandibles.

Expressed in external features as illustrated in the adult male (always best for differentiating species): The Scandinavian elk is a small gray animal with little palm and many spikes on its antlers.

The Canadian is a large black animal with much palmation and always a separate brow bunch of spikes. I have seen hundreds of Canadian moose antlers, but never a pair that did not show a well-developed separate group of prongs in front of each brow. I have seen a score or more of Swedish, but never saw one that did have a separated brow group of prongs, though I confess I have seen figures of such.

The Alaskan is a richly colored, black, gray and brown giant, not only the largest deer alive today, but believed to be the largest that ever did exist, since no fossil has been found to equal it in bulk. Its antlers differ chiefly in size from those of the Canadian moose, but Mr. Madison Grant claims that they are also more complex and have in the brow antlers a second palmation which is set at right angles to that of the main palmation. In these peculiarities, he finds, "a startling resemblance is shown to the extinct Cervalces, a moose-like deer of Pleistocene times, probably ancestral to the genus Alces." If this resemblance indicates any close relationship, we have in the Alaskan moose a survivor of the archaic type from which the true moose and Scandinavian elk have somewhat degenerated.—Ernest Thompson Seton, in Scribner's

Wolf-Skin Garments.

If those big wolf and coyote skin overcoats such as are worn to Kansas City by Northwestern stockmen in winter, and farmers could talk many thrilling and interesting hunting yarns would be added to hunting lore. In the Dakotas, Nebraska and Wyoming, especially, where coats of this kind are a winter's necessity for men out of doors, trapping and killing wolves and coyotes for their skins is quite an industry and is followed with profit by hunters. Many of them are Indians who are skilled in the use of the needle and scissors and realize the full profit on the garment by making it themselves to the customer's order. The best wolf-skin coats sell for \$150 and none for less than \$100. The legs of the pelt cannot be used and for a large coat ten skins are required. Extreme care must be taken of the coats in summer, however, to keep the moths out of the fur. They are heavier than any sort of a winter coat and remain rainproof even after days of exposure.

E. W. Hart, of Brock, Neb., who was at the Blossom House one night recently, had one of those coats with a story, or rather with twelve stories, for there was one attached to each of the many skins it was made up of.

"I am not much of a hunter," said Mr. Hart, "and was six years in killing enough wolves to make this coat. It is a home-made affair and a bit rough on the edges, but good enough for a stockman. The skin from which the sleeves are made was obtained with difficulty. The wolf was the largest of the lot, a female, and half starved at the time I captured her. I jumped in among the hounds after she was down to keep them from tearing her throat, but before I could get a firm hold upon her jaws she slipped loose and fastened her teeth in my coat sleeve. I was compelled to let her go, shake her off and let the dogs again catch and kill her. I must have chased, shot at and tried to trap fifty of the beasts before I killed enough to make the coat. They are popular out our way and the greatest garment of their kind, but hard to get."—Kansas City Star.

H. A. Buck, who looks after the interests of the Pennsylvania Railroad in San Francisco, was calling on Prof. Jenks of Cornell, at the St. Francis Hotel the other day. They were exchanging railway and airy persiflage, and belauding the ambient atmosphere with much smoke, when a brass-buttoned bellboy cut short their banter by handing the Cornell professor a card.

"Pardon me a moment, Harry," said Prof. Jenks, as he proceeded to read an inscription on the card. It read: "Some years ago on the occasion of a visit to Alaska, I enjoyed the pleasure of meeting your father, and I would be deeply sensible of the privilege and honor of shaking hands with his son."

"How old was the man who sent up this card?" asked Prof. Jones of the bellboy.

"About 30, sir," said the bellboy. "A thought clouded the brow of the professor for a moment. Then he wrote something on the back of the card and handed it back to the bellboy. The something on the back of the card read: "My father died thirty-seven years ago. If you have any other good reason for wishing to see me I should be pleased to have you come up."—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE WINDOW SILL MIRROR.

Rarely Seen in New York But Proliferous in Philadelphia.

Every once in a while you see one of them in New York but not often. They're commoner in Brooklyn, but are nowhere seen in the profusion that you find them in Philadelphia. Meaning of course, those mirror devices people have on the sills of the second floor windows to give a tip on who is coming up the street or down the street, or more important, who is at the front door. They strike the average observer as rather provincial in idea because he thinks instinctively of the shut in person who's only pleasure is in seeing who's on the street. But they're very helpful in telling when a caller is getting near, so that the woman of the house has time to make a hurried toilet and be calmly waiting in her very best when the visitor comes in. Also they give a chance to sound the not at home warning to the servants.—New York Sun.

Some Valuable Stones.

The Emperor Francis Joseph owns the Florentine, which has an eventful history. To the King of Portugal belongs the Star of the South, valued at \$3,000,000; while in the Russian empire is the Orlov which once adorned a Brahmin idol, says Home Chat.

Such stones as these are so large that they are practically unsalable. No one person is rich enough to purchase them. Again the expense of cutting is enormous. The Cullinan diamond will require at least \$10,000 to be spent on it for this alone. Even then, the gem now 3.024 carats, will weigh some 1,200 carats, while the sections cut away will themselves form valuable stones, ranging from twenty carats downward.

Singing Pigeons

The queer Chinese change pigeons into song-birds by fastening whistles to their breasts. The wind of their flight then causes a wailing and plaintive music that is seldom silenced in the pigeon-haunted cities of Peking and Canton. The Belgians, great pigeon-flyers, fasten whistles beneath the wings of the valuable racing carriers, asserting that the shrill noise is a sure protection against hawks and other birds of prey. As a similar protection, reeds, emitting an odd wailing sound, are fixed to the tail feathers of the dispatch-bearing pigeons of the German army.

For the Knocker.

A new method by which the audience at a theatre can show its approval or disapproval of a play without disturbing the performance is being introduced by the Italian dramatist, Traversi. Before leaving the theatre every person is to drop a ticket into one of three boxes marked "good," "indifferent," and "bad."

A Fine Distinction.

While a small boy was fishing one Sunday morning he accidentally lost his foothold and tumbled into the creek. As an old man on the bank was helping him out, he said: "How did you come to fall into the river, my little man?" "I didn't come to fall into the river. I came to fish," replied the boy.—The Argonaut.

The Languages.

According to Mulhall's estimates 130,000,000 persons speak English, and \$4,000,000 German. Russian is spoken by upwards of 85,000,000, but these numbers are far exceeded by the 360,000,000 to 400,000,000 Chinese and 140,000,000 or more Hindustani.

Shoo Fly!

You can put a mat in front of every plate but you can't make a fly wipe his feet before he walks on your food. The only safe course with regard to the fly is to exclude him from the house.

A Heavy Penalty.

The London Express mentions the case of a private who for failing to recognize and salute his officer was condemned to march past and salute a barrack pump for two hours each day for a week.

Trade Unions in Germany.

Germany's trade unions number about 2,315,000 members, which is 25 per cent of the total strength of the labor organizations of the civilized world.

Irish Lanes.

The linen industry is the greatest manufacturing industry Ireland possesses. There is invested in it something like \$15,500,000, and it gives employment to 70,000 people.

Large Apple Tree.

What is reported to be the largest apple tree in the United States is at Southington, Conn. It yields 50 bushels.

Bounties for Rabbits.

Australia in 10 years paid out \$5,888,015 in bounties for rabbits at the rate of 25 cents each.

Fish Candles.

The fish candles of Alaska are being sent over the world in quantities as curiosities.

The average woman carries 50 miles of hair on her head.

Worry is one of the most fruitful causes of consumption.