

MODERN SKYSCRAPERS

Cities Under a Single Roof
which are Marvels.

EVERYTHING IS PROVIDED

You Need Leave Only to Sleep—All
Other Necessities of Life to be
had in the Office Building—One
of them With a Population of 15-
000 Persons.

Tenants of the newer office building in New York City have comforts and conveniences under their roofs that in a smaller place it would be necessary to go over the entire town to get. Everything virtually but sleeping quarters is provided, even to gymnastic and musical entertainments. The latter may be enjoyed from the top of some lofty structure while the patron is eating an excellent meal and gazing over the picturesque harbor of the great city in the world.

A business man needn't be annoyed if late in the afternoon he hears from friends visiting the city and finds it necessary to entertain them on short notice. Of course, he is not dressed for the occasion, but that is a matter easily attended to. First of all, he steps into the elevator to the ticket office in the building and secures tickets for a theatre. Then he steps into the tailor shop.

If he hasn't taken the precaution to leave his evening clothes in one of the lockers there he is able to have his business suit pressed while he waits, or in a pinch he may rent some after dark wearing apparel. If his linen is a trifle soiled, it takes but a minute to step into the haberdasher's on the same floor and replace it.

After a session with the barber and the manicure attendant has a bath ready for him at the proper temperature. While he is having his hair trimmed a long distance telephone call comes in from Chicago.

He has informed his office assistants of his whereabouts and the operator switches the connection to the barber shop. A portable telephone is brought to the business man, and without leaving his chair or even interfering with the barber he carries on a conversation over the wire.

That reminds him that it is not a bad idea to save time by having his friends meet him at dinner in the building. After calling up the caterer—upon the roof or wherever the restaurant happens to be, for maybe it's one of the rathskeller kind—to reserve a table he wiggles the receiver hook, gets central again and notifies his friends uptown of the arrangement.

He's able to dictate a letter or two over the telephone to his stenographer while having his shoes polished, and after ordering some flowers and candy for the women of the party at the florist's outside the barber shop to be delivered at the restaurant later he goes back to his office after an absence of less than an hour, during which he has lost little if any time from business.

The friends arrive just as the business man is signing his letters. They have come by the elevated railroad which has a special entrance into the building, and they will leave later through a tunnel from the bottom of the elevator shaft into a nearby subway station.

But before they start for the theatre several hours may be comfortably spent at dinner in the building, made more enjoyable by a good orchestra.

One of the large Broadway buildings besides sheltering a theatre also boasts of the following luxuries that tenants may have under one roof: a physical culture school, a fencing academy, tailor, dyer and cleanser, massage establishment, billiard and pool rooms, bowling alleys, restaurant, saloon, shoe shining stand, tobacco store, jewelry shop, where the balky time piece may be looked after; telegraph and cable office, booths, barber shop, dentist, doctor, and for the comfort of the women a hairdresser's and a millinery establishment.

Several buildings which are used largely by lawyers and engineers contain splendidly equipped libraries, while in others in the financial district, there are branches of banks, or the main establishment, so that customers who have large deposits to make regularly are assured of increased safety by moving into these quarters.

One of the new buildings not far from the automobile belt up in the Forties has added a well adapted garage. This is a feature that is bound to come to many other buildings. And so one comfort innovation follows another. It is not beyond possibility that the time is not far hence when a man may sleep, carry on his vocation and live in the same building.

The modern skyscraper is coming to be a complete community in itself, and a mighty big one when measured by the standard of towns elsewhere, especially in the case of the new structure that is to house some fifteen thousand workers in its five thousand or so offices.

A web two and a quarter miles long has been drawn from the body of a single spider.

AFRAID OF BURIAL ALIVE.

Eminent Men Left Queer Provisions for Disposal of Bodies.

Many eminent persons in the realms of science and literature have left implicit instructions as to the disposal of their bodies after their demise. For instance, Francis Douce, the great antiquary, requested in his will that Sir Anthony Carlisle, the surgeon, should sever his head from his body or take out his heart. Bishop Berkeley, Daniel O'Connell and the late Lord Lytton, all left instructions as to the treatment of their bodies.

Wilkie Collins always left a letter on his dressing table in which he so emphatically enjoined his people that if he were found dead in the morning, he should be at once carefully examined by a doctor. Hans Christian Andersen carried in his pocket a note to the effect that when the time came his friends were to make sure that he was dead before burial. Harriet Martineau left her doctor ten pounds to see that her head was amputated before burial. Miss Ada Cavendish, the actress, left a clause in her will for the severance of the jugular vein. Edmund Yates left similar instructions with a proviso that a fee of 20 guineas should be paid for the operation which was carried out.

John Rose of New York, who died in November, 1895, left instructions that his coffin should not be closed but laid in the family vault in a casket and guarded day and night by two caretakers. Lady Burton, widow of Sir Richard Burton, provided that her heart was to be pierced with a needle and her body to be submitted to a post mortem examination and afterwards embalmed by experts. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, who made a special study of apparent and real death ordered his body to be cremated, which was done. A well-known Boston lawyer has had constructed in connection with his residence a comfortable room in which, without annoyance to anyone, every member of his family can after death be kept until the beginning of decay.

Now then, reader, asks a writer in the Detroit News Tribune, why were those more than ordinarily intelligent people so solicitous to make sure that they were actually and positively dead before their bodies were buried or otherwise finally disposed of? The reason was this: They knew very well that familiarity breeds carelessness, if not indifference, and that undertakers and doctors are no exception to the rule. They knew that both undertakers and doctors have pronounced and certified people to be dead who actually lived for years after. They knew that many of the so-called "infallible tests" are wholly unreliable—and they determined not to take any chances.

An Island of Massacres.

Hayt, the West Indian Island, has been the scene of more massacres than any other place on earth.

They began with the coming of Columbus and the rabble rout that followed him. In a few years its 3,000,000 of gentle, brown-skinned inhabitants had perished utterly, exterminated by fire and sword and by forced labor in the mines. Next the buccaneer seized the unhappy island and wreaked vengeance on the Spaniards. Presently came the French, and for a brief space there was some semblance of peace. But in 1793 the negroes revolted and murdered practically all the whites. On account of these atrocities, frightful reprisals took place when France, in due course, reconquered the island. But the negroes bided their time, and presently rose again under a ruffian named Dessalines. This time they did the thing thoroughly. Not only were all the Europeans put to death, but all having any admixture of white blood in their veins, suffered a like fate. In all it is computed that 5,000,000 men, women and children have met with violent deaths on this island of massacres since the intruding white man first set foot on its palm-fringed strand.—Pearson's Weekly.

The City of Pills.

There is one city in the world today which bears an absolutely unique distinction, and that is Detroit—the "City of Pills." In one year it is estimated that Detroit makes and manufactures three-quarters of the world's supply of pills, or over 6,000,000,000 pellets, of all sizes, shapes and colors, and intended for almost every ailment of human kind. In this city are made over 2,000 different varieties of pills and if a single season's crop were made of some deadly poison there would be enough to depopulate the entire globe twice over. To look at it in another way, if this annual harvest was strung, like pop-corn, the rope of pills would reach three times around the earth at the equator. To-day America is the greatest pill-consuming nation on earth, for, while Detroit pills find their way to every conceivable corner of the globe, from the frozen regions of the Arctic to the deepest fastnesses of tropical jungles, not more than one-third of the total product leaves this country, the average consumption being something like 60 pills per capita per year.—Technical World Magazine.

When extremes meet they don't always recognize each other.

RAISING PERSIAN SHEEP

A Large and Profitable Industry which Thrives in Texas.

DESTROY MANY WEEDS

The Importation From Persia Was
Once Strictly Prohibited—Can Go
for Weeks Without Food—Will
Further the Manufacture of
Cloaks in this Country.

Col. Charles Goodnight of Goodnight, Texas, owner of the largest herd of Persian sheep in America, says that within a few years it will be possible to excel Persia in the manufacture of the cloaks from the pure-blood lamb skins. He owns nearly 200 head, many of which are full-bloods, and declares, says the San Antonio Sentinel, that among the 114 different varieties of weeds grown in this country the Persian lamb eats 100 of them.

Secretary Rusk, under the first Cleveland administration, is responsible for the introduction of the new sheep, spoken of in the Bible, and so much admired by the patriarchs of Biblical times. Prior to this administration the Persian lamb and cloak industry belonged to a princely family in Persia, and their importation to other countries was strictly prohibited by the ruling prince, who had a monopoly of the fine cloaks made from the lambs. Secretary Rusk secured six head and had them shipped to San Jose, Cal. From those a large and profitable industry has become possible.

Cloaks and caps made from the skins of these lambs are not only rare but are very expensive, the cheaper grades ranging from \$350 to \$500. It is believed that even the more expensive cloaks costing from \$1,500 to \$2,000 can be produced in this country for less than one-half their present cost. In fact, Col. Goodnight says the mixed breeds are capable of producing a very high grade of fur, and can be raised for even less than the ordinary sheep in this country.

In Persia they kill the ewe just before kidding, thereby securing a skin that is superior to anything else of the kind. The fur is jet black as I curled and kniked in a most artistic manner. Ladies' capes and muffs made of this quality are exceedingly beautiful and expensive, as many who own the imported articles will vouch for. Discussing the industry and its many possibilities, Col. Goodnight says: "The lamb spoken of in the scriptures is the same today as it was in olden times, and with proper care and scientific crossing I believe we can produce a much better animal. They are endowed by nature with certain physical conditions which make them an ideal sheep for the southwest. They formerly inhabited the desert, and could go for weeks without food and water when necessary."

"The 'rump' mentioned in the Bible is a long flap which hangs down behind resembling a saddle skirt. The flap is usually ten inches long by three in thickness and is a lump of fat which forms during the grazing season, and they appear to be able to subsist on it during the greater part of the winter months, very much as a bear sucks his paw. This flap is sweet and very nutritious, and I believe the most delicious dish I ever ate. I am not surprised that the patriarchs of old scrambled for this portion of the mutton when visiting the butcher shop."

"I am of the opinion that the skins of lambs killed after their advent into the world would be just as good as those taken from the mother before this event. I base this upon observation and careful investigation. The fur may not prove quite as soft and silken, but its color and durability would, I am sure, be equally as good if not better. They are born with jet black fur and as wavy and fine as any I have ever examined from Persia. If my conclusions are correct, it would mean that all wearing apparel could be produced in this country at nominal cost to the wearer, and, of course, the producer would make handsome profits from the industry."

"Our association imports new and better lambs every year, and as we get better crosses with common sheep of this country we find the possibilities are much greater. "Any breed of sheep cross well with the Persian lamb, but our best results are had with the Shropshire ewe. As yearlings the half-breeds weigh 100 pounds and upwards, and as two-year-olds they are immense. I have never lost one by sickness, and I believe by crossing them with American breeds they become harder and better. The color begins to change as they grow older, and when six months of age a three-quarters or seven-eighths breed is almost white. The black begins to fade into a dark brown at three months, and the change takes place more rapidly after that age."

Any farmer or ranchman can raise the pure-blood Persian for less than the common sheep. Our association would be only too glad to aid in the industry, and those desiring a better sheep can commence with a small capital."

HATS OF ANCIENT TIMES.

The Panama and Oother Seemingly Modern Headgear Dates Back.

The high hat, has, in fact, a forerunner in even more ancient history. The Egyptians, clear back before the strawless brick scandal, wore a high cupola-shaped affair as a sign of royal authority. I believe the thing was quered later, says a Broadway hatter in an interview in the New York Tribune, and came to be worn by the contractors and section bosses on the royal pyramids. The Romans finished their toppers off in a point, I believe, and the priests had some sort of freak skull cap with a point like a spear-head. Things got mixed up in the reign of the lamented Charles the One in England, when the hot-polloish put on the steep hat, high and narrow, with broad brim and no decoration, and left the aristocratic Cavaliers to wear the low, broad crowns with feathers in them, sort of a prototype of the beribboned Panama here.

Fact is, near as I can dope it out, all the wonders are lineal descendants of something that happened to our forbears brain cages. The Panama, for instance, and its poor relative, the plain straw, date back to the Century before Christ in Egypt. From there it migrated to Morocco, then to Spain, and on to these United States. Caps are almost as old as craniums. The Egyptians had 'em and so did the Greeks. The old 18th and early 19th century cocked hat, which I, in imminent danger of walking the earth again soon, had a forerunner in Ancient Greece.

The cap sprung direct from the turban, which itself was the only child and heir of the fillet, the Adam among hats, which was a simple band used to keep the locks of ancient man out of his eyes while he made sausage meat of his neighbor. That was before tonsorial artists had decorated the corners with striped poles and when a shampoo would have been considered a sign of degeneracy. Some will have it though, that the wig was the original progenitor of the hat family. Anyhow, the human specimen who followed along after the cave man used to make himself beautiful by sticking flowers and feathers in his hair. Then the institution of marriage was invented and men began to lose their hair. Consequently, they had to have wigs to stick the feathers in. You hear how that has caused baldness. According to this other line of dope, baldness caused hats.

Then history did another return engagement. After old Cromwell got his in England they reverted partly to the pre-hat period, shaved their heads and put on wigs. Then they wore hats only occasionally, and that merely for show.

Pearls Are a Disease.

Pearls have been lately studied by zoologists, and their true history made known. They are a disease, caused, like so many other diseases, by an infecting parasite. They are found much as we see them in jewelry, as little lustrous spheres imbedded in the soft bodies of mussels, oysters and even some kinds of whelks, but they are not found in the shellfish like crabs and lobsters, called crustacea. Pink pearls are found in some kinds of pink-shelled whelks. A pearl-mussel or pearl-oyster has a pearly lining to its shell, which is always being laid down layer by layer by the surface of the mussel's or oyster's body, where it rests in contact with the shell, which consequently increases in thickness. If a gram of sand or a little fish gets in between the shell and the soft body of its maker, it rapidly is coated over with a layer of pearl, and so a pearly boss or lump is produced projecting on the inner face of the shell, and forming part of it. These are called "blister pearls," and are very beautiful, though of little value since they are not complete all round, but merely knobs of the general "mother-of-pearl" surface. These blister pearls can be produced artificially by introducing a hard body between the shell and the living oyster or mussel.—Weekly Telegraph.

His Old College Chums.

A conductor sent a new brakeman to put some tramps off a train; they were riding in a box-car. The brakeman dropped into the car and said, "Where are you fellows going?" "To Atchison." "Well, you can't go to Atchison on this train, so get off." "You get," came the reply, and as the new brakeman was looking into the business end of a gun he took the advice given him and "got." He went back to the caboose and the conductor asked him if he had put the fellows off. "No," he answered, "I did not have the heart to put them off. They want to go to Atchison, and, besides, they are old schoolmates of mine." The conductor used some very strong language and then said he would put them off himself. He went over to the car and met with the same experience as the brakeman. When he got back to the caboose the brakeman said, "Well, did you put them off?" "Now, they're schoolmates of mine, too."—Wellington (Kan.) News.

For Lovers Correspondence.

A disappearing paper has now been devised for lovers correspondence. It is steeped in sulphuric acid and after a certain time it crumbles into dust.

COW TREE OF VENEZUELA

It Exudes a Sap that is Very
Much Like Milk.

OF EXCELLENT QUALITY

Perfectly Wholesome and Very
Nourishing—Possesses an Agree-
able Taste—Tropical Trees and
Plants which Are to a certain De-
gree Rivals of Cows.

The cow tree of Venezuela yields a milk of good quality. It forms large forests along the sea coasts of that country. Its milk, which is obtained by making incisions in the trunk, so closely resembles that from the cow, both in appearance and quality that it is commonly used by the natives as an article of food. Unlike many other vegetable milks it is perfectly wholesome and very nourishing, possessing an agreeable taste, like that of sweet cream, and a pleasant balsamic odor, says the London Telegraph. Its only unpleasant property is a slight amount of stickiness. The chemical analysis of this milk has shown it to possess a composition closely resembling some animal substances, and like animal milk, it quickly forms a yellow, cheesy scum upon its surface, and after a few days exposure to the atmosphere turns sour. Ceylon also possesses a cow tree, the milk sap of which according to Burmann's "Narratives," is used by the Cingalese exactly in the same way that we use milk.

Who has not seen our indigenous wool's milk or spurge, the white, milky juice of which popular superstition recommends as an application to destroy warts. The spurge genus, which gives its name to the order Euphorbiaceae, comprises a large number of species distributed throughout the whole world.

Caoutchouc is the name given to the elastic gummy substance which is popularly known as India rubber, but which is in modern commerce the inspissated juice of various trees and plants growing in tropical climates, where the heat seems to exert a distinct influence in its perfect formation. The tree that originally furnished it is a common one in the forests of Para known botanically as *Hevea Brasiliensis*, and it is owing to a Frenchman that it became such an important matter in our manufactures and commerce. The rubber exists in the tree in the form of a thin white milk, and is obtained by making incisions in the trunk from which it exudes; it is collected in little earthen vessels and afterwards converted into the black homogeneous elastic mass familiar to us as rubber, by being dried over a smoking fire. The trees are tapped during the dry season, the milky fluid is then coagulated by the smoking process, and soon becomes solid. The discovery of the art of vulcanizing this material and the introduction of gutta percha created an extensive branch in our manufactures.

Other trees possessing this milky fluid are grown in various parts, and include *Castilleja elastica*, which produces Panama rubber, and *Ficus elastica*, largely grown in the east for the purpose. Funtumia, *elastica* and *Landolphia*, a woody climber, are West African trees. Manihot *Glazovii* produces the Ceara rubber, and is closely related to the plant which provides the well-known comestible tapioca. Then we have Guayul rubber, obtained from an herbaceous plant of the sunflower order, named *Parthenium argentatum*. Another species yields a milky juice, in which the natives dip the points of their fighting appliances. In the forests of British Guiana grows a tree which the natives call *Hya Hya*. Its bark and pith are so rich in milk that a moderate sized stem thrown into a forest brook colors the water quite white and milky. The juice instead of being acid and drastic, like that of many allied genera, is bland and wholesome, and when drawn from the stem yields a thick, sweet milk like that from the cow, and is largely used as a refreshing drink. The breadfruit tree is an important staple of the tropical islands in the Pacific ocean. Besides the fruit, which is cooked and eaten, the milk-sap is turned to account in the form of a viscous latex.

On a tree of giant girth, but seldom more than 15 feet high, rest the umbrageous crown branches of the banyan or holy fig of India, so called from its dedication to religious observances; these branches often run 100 feet horizontally out from the trunk, sending down to the ground at intervals long straight roots, which quickly penetrate and take firm hold, thus becoming props to the long branches. The Brahmins use the leaves as plates from which to eat, and bird lime is manufactured from the tenacious milk juice which exudes.

The garden lettuce contains like other members of the family, a quantity of milk juice with narcotic properties. This is more fully developed when the plant is permitted to throw up a flower stalk.

Gibraltar Apes.

The colony of Barbary apes on Gibraltar, the only one in Europe, is regarded as sacred, and none of the animals may be killed.

NEW FIELDS NO COUNTRY

Some of the Greatest Snow Peaks in the World Are in Asia.

The fact is not generally known that some of the most imposing snow mountains in the world are within the limits of the United States, says William Williams in Scribner's Magazine. I refer to the great peaks of Alaska, at some one of which, Mt. McKinley, is over 20,000 feet high, while Mt. St. Elias is over 18,000 feet and being situated within 35 miles of the coast, can be seen in its entire height from the deck of a vessel.

Other magnificent peaks, as Mt. Fairweather and Mt. Crillon, lie very close to the shore, and also the line of perpetual snow in these northern latitudes is at 3,000 feet or even less (in the case of Mt. St. Elias it is virtually at the water's edge, for the base of the mountain is surrounded by vast glaciers which flow down to the sea), countless snow and ice surfaces may there be seen rising from 15,000 to 18,000 feet above the spectator. I think I am not mistaken in saying that few, if any, such sights can be witnessed in any other part of the world.

Mountaineering expeditions to these Alaskan peaks are very rare, but at the same time very laborious, not because of unusually stiff rock or snow work—neither is probably as difficult as that encountered in the Alps—but largely because they are situated in a wild, unexplored country at great distances from any proper base of supplies, so that before their ascent can be even attempted much time and effort must be expended in the solution of various perplexing problems not pertaining to climbing proper. And this I understand to be also true in a general way of mountaineering in the Himalayas, the Andes and the Caucasus.

All of these great ranges still offer what the Alps no longer can—new fields to conquer. These have unquestionably a fascination peculiar to themselves, and every one fond of climbing who is in a position to do so should go in search of them. To a certain extent the absence of such new fields may be said to detract from the pleasure of mountaineering in the Alps.

Dogs Afraid of Torpedoes.

A motor-cyclist getting ready for a day's run, put in one pocket a half-dozen blue balls the size of walnuts.

"Blue balls? What's that?" asked an inquiring friend.

"No; they are torpedoes. I use them against dogs. They make a noise like a third-rail wheel on the latter-day motor-cyclist drives out these dog torpedoes. You see dogs torment and harass us terribly. We are very good-natured, our dogs, low-down machines, and the dog torpedoes are round and smooth, and in front of us, having long, thin, pointed ends, and are made of rubber, and at our legs, and sometimes they upset the cycle and sometimes they get home on the side with a nasty nip. What is worse, stupider, more frightening and—of the same time more irritating than one of these dogs snarling and threatening you as you motor down a country road."

"But your remedy is easy. You take a torpedo from your pocket and drop it lightly under the dog's tail. Bang! And that horse breathes and bellowing and yelping and snarling instantly. His upturned head is lowered to the ground. His tail drops between his legs, and he slinks away and hides. No more cyclist—no one, for that matter, who is habitually harassed by dogs—should be without these dog torpedoes."

Aerial Topography.

This is not such a trifling matter, in terms as it may seem. Recent exploration of the air has revealed an astonishing demonstration of the arrangement in its layers, although of course, the details are continually changing. Recently, Capt. C. W. May, in England, has directed his studies of floating balloons as a solution of the question of the "aerial topography" of the earth's surface on the basis of the air above it. He has shown that things that the disturbances produced by hills and valleys are transmitted to an unexpectedly great elevation affecting the lower and middle strata throughout. A general effect noticed is that the velocity of the wind or a current of air is increased over a hill and diminished over a valley. He thinks that similar observations, generally distributed, would furnish us with a real topography of the air.—Youth's Companion.

The First Fish Story.

A small dog belonging to A. H. Case of Dayton, Ohio, was dragged into Tongue river by a trout and drowned. The dog accompanied Case's little son on a fishing trip. The boy hooked a fish large enough to jerk the cane pole into the water. He sent the dog after it, but the trout hauled the dog and pole across until the dog was carried down the rapids and drowned in sight of his master. The boy recovered the pole and after a hard struggle landed the trout which weighed four pounds.

A woman when she puts her money in the bank has the same feeling as when she leaves her husband in the graveyard.