

EDISON READY TO MOLD HOUSES

Great Inventor Says \$1,200 Will Build Homes Ordinarily Costing \$30,000

HE USES REINFORCED CONCRETE

New York Plumbers are Doubtful—Wizard of Menlo Park May Have Overlooked Wage Scales in Estimating on Concrete Structures.

New York City Thomas A. Edison has announced that he has completed his scheme for building a concrete house for \$1,200 which, if constructed of stone in the same design, would cost between \$20,000 and \$30,000.

He also says that figure is dependent upon the houses being built on soil which yields sand and gravel from the excavations.

The Edison housebuilding plan calls for a one-family house, on a lot 40x60 feet. The floor plan of the house is 12x30 feet.

The entire house will be of reinforced concrete. That includes the walls, roof, floors, porches, bathtub and the laundry tubs.

100TH BIRTHDAY, "BIG EATS"

Doughnuts, Bacon, Roast Beef, Fried Chicken, Hot Biscuits on Aged Mrs. Sprague's Menu.

Chicago. Mrs. Dinah F. Sprague, the oldest living member of the Women's Relief Corps the women's one hundredth birthday by eating big meals.

Breakfast. Two cups of strong coffee Three doughnuts, bacon and eggs French fried potatoes

"Always eat what you want and as often as you want," said Mrs. Sprague, "and you will be healthy."

"HECKLING" JEROME

New York City When William Travers Jerome, District Attorney of New York County, appeared before the people of New York at Cooper Union to answer for his stewardship...



William Travers Jerome

The District Attorney's account of his stewardship was received with varied sentiments on the part of the crowd, which fluctuated between hisses to shouts of approval.

Hundreds of questions were literally hurled at him and after a turbulent meeting of 2,000 or more persons...

One individual wished to know if the District Attorney investigated the rumor long current that William T. Whitney came to his death by being shot after a quarrel over a woman.

TIGER KILLS A HUNTER.

Tragic Story Brought in by Party from Mountains of Chihuahua. Montroy, Mexico.—Five hunters of a party of six have returned to their homes to tell the tale of the death of Jose Reyes, the sixth man of the party.

They were hunting for big game in the mountains close to the border of Chihuahua and Nuevo Leon.

Convicts Want to Play Dice. New Orleans, La.—Convicts in the State Penitentiary have made formal application for permission to play dice on Sundays.

TREATED TOWN TO PUT THE TORCH FREE BEER A YEAR TO UNIVERSITIES

Millionaire Banker, to Spite the Millionaire Crane, Who Begs "Drys," Kept a Liberty Hall With the "Lid" Off

AIMED TO SPITE PROHIBITIONISTS THEY DEMORALIZE OUR YOUTH

Fancied He Could Educate People to a Spirit of Resentment Against Laws that Restricted Their Appetites—Found Them Spiritless Slaves.

Glasgow, Mo. To spite the Prohibitionists who voted this county "dry," John Morrison Fuller, a millionaire bank president, opened a Personal Liberty Hall and for twelve months served free beer to all who came and as much of it as they desired to drink at any time except Sundays.

After a year of this free dispensation of beer, Fuller closed his Personal Liberty Hall and now the town of Glasgow admits that his experiment was somewhat of a failure.

HEN CARRIES EGGS TO MARKET.

Makes Daily Trips to Nearby Store and Then Reports Home.

Trenton, N. J. New Jersey chickens now that the scarce season has passed and the price of eggs has dropped to a reasonable figure are developing freakish tendencies.

WESTERN HANDS ARE BIGGEST

Expert Testimony from a Glove Man on Women's Sizes Here and There. Jersey City, N. J. H. S. Hall, a glove manufacturer of Jersey City in a suit before Circuit Court Judge Benjamin Valli to recover \$1,000 on a contract to supply gloves to J. Lissner, a garment dealer of 693 Broad street.

EYES OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

Man Who Couldn't Close Eyelids for Twenty-five Years is Dead. St. Louis, Mo.—After keeping his eyes open for more than twenty-five years, John Anderson died here from tuberculosis, his eyes remaining open even after death.

Coughs Up a Tack. Chardon, Ohio.—Elton Parker, 6 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Parker, coughed up a carpet tack that had lain imbedded near his lungs for three years.

Make Them Despise Labor—Ever One of These Institutions is a Fraud and Imposition on the Public—A Positive Curse.

FOUR YEARS' PLAYGROUND SAYS PRESIDENT WILSON.

"Men go to college now for association and sentiment. It is a four years' playground."

This is what President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University said to Princeton alumni in Louisville. President Wilson spoke of the American college under the present system of education and said that within a decade it will have been determined whether it shall stand or fall.

The occasion for this latest expression of the views of Mr. Crane was made his millions in building elevators that members of the legislature asked his advice on the question of increasing the appropriation for the University of Illinois.

"I have given a great deal of thought and study to the subject of higher education, and have conducted several systematic investigations with regard to this and many other institutions engaged in advanced lines of education."

Instead of appropriating funds for such institutions it would be a good deal better for the State to put a torch to them and burn them down to go out of the higher education business, and permit the boys to go back to their homes and assist in supporting their families instead of causing them a heavy expense.

Mr. Crane is now seventy-seven years of age. In 1903 he married, as his second wife, Miss Emily Hutchison, who was then under thirty, and settled \$1,000,000 on her in a life interest. His company has a profit-sharing system under which more than \$200,000 is distributed each year among its employees.

LAZY MAN IN BED TEN YEARS.

Mumera Not Sick, But Refuses to Get Up—Lives at County Farm. Jerseyville, Ill.—The latest man in the world lives in this village. His name is John Mumera, and he has been in bed ten years because he is unwilling to comply with the rules of the Jersey County Farm, which say that every one living there shall rise at 5 a. m.

Mumera is not sick. He eats regularly and is in perfect health. "I am ready to hold up my hand and swear that he has kept his word," said Superintendent Moring of the County Farm. "John has been in bed ten years, and he says he will stay there the remainder of his life."

He just lies there and looks at the ceiling, or rolls over once in a while and takes a nap. When he talks it is all about how foolish a man he is to get up every morning when he knows he has to go back to bed again at night.

Her Choice

"Mother, dear, where are you?" Constance Hayden exclaimed breathlessly, as she rushed into the house one cold January afternoon.

"My dear, my dear," her mother interrupted, "talk slowly, for I don't quite—"

"Just a minute, mother, and I will tell you," Constance continued, eagerly. "This afternoon Mr. Wilbur was obliged to go out for some important documents and told me to do as I wished until his return."

The following day the news of Horace Wilbur's magnanimous offer went broadcast through the village, and universal gladness was expressed, for Constance Hayden was indeed a general favorite.

After the younger members of the family had retired that evening and Constance sat at the piano, allowing her fingers to roam aimlessly over the dulcet made him look like a human key.

"Never mind, Constance, I don't think I want you to sing tonight," Jack exclaimed, rising from his chair, and going towards the piano. Then he added in a sharp tone, "Is this true—that you are going away, Constance?"

"Yes, Jack, and I am so happy," she answered, but as she spoke there was a queer tugging pain at her heart. Then, gathering the two small hands in his, he said, "Constance, little girl, don't go. I love you and want you to be my wife."

"Never mind, Constance, I don't think I want you to sing tonight," Jack exclaimed, rising from his chair, and going towards the piano. Then he added in a sharp tone, "Is this true—that you are going away, Constance?"

"Well, son, I tried it once," replied Mr. Sullivan. "A husky young man took one lesson from me and went home a little the worse for wear. When he came around for his second lesson he said: 'Mr. Sullivan, it was my idea to learn enough about boxing from you to be able to lick a certain young gentleman what I've got it in for. But I've changed my mind,' says he. 'If it's all the same to you, Mr. Sullivan, I'll send this young gentleman down here to take the rest of my lessons for me.'"

The Cat in the House. The presence of a cat to those who care for him is tranquillizing and a mental restorative. A cat asleep in the most comfortable chair in the room or sprawling on the window seat suggests reposefulness as almost nothing else can do.

OLD NEW YORK MILESTONES.

Several Still Standing on Each of the Old Post Roads.

Each of the old post roads leading out of Manhattan still has some of the old milestones remaining. In Yonkers, on the Albany post road, there is a stone on the east side of Broadway near the Lower station.

The nineteenth stone is built into the stone wall on the estate at 615 Broadway and the twentieth is on the east side of the roadway at about 1159 Broadway.

At Croton-on-the-Hudson are two milestones built into the wall about the Van Cortlandt houses. Both were probably placed here for preservation as they do not properly belong here.

At Peekskill, by the Holman house, is the fifth mile stone, lately repaired and reset by the D. A. R. The old house is the Dusenbury Tavern of Revolutionary days. Here Major Andre was kept overnight after his capture at Tarrytown.

Along the Boston Post road may be mentioned the nineteenth milestone at New Rochelle, at the corner of Echo avenue, the twenty-third mile stone at Hye near Mamaroneck, and the twenty-fourth at Rye, opposite the John Jay house.

A mile stone dissimilar to the others is the one on the White Plains road, Scarsdale near the Wayside Inn. The inscription reads:

XXIV Miles to N York 1775

It is the only milestone that has been noticed bearing Roman numerals. The Wayside Inn, a low, rambling, picturesque building, was a tavern in the early days, and it is said had a charter from one of the Georges for a perpetual license to sell liquor.

Unappreciated Sympathy. The soda-fountain clerk was engaged in vigorously shaking up a chocolate and egg says a writer in the Bellman, when suddenly the glass Constance sat at the piano, allowing her fingers to roam aimlessly over the dulcet made him look like a human key.

Another Fake Nailed. The manager of a big ostrich farm in South Africa, now visiting relatives in New Jersey, declared to me the other day. "In all my experience with these birds I have never seen one in the act of burying its head in the sand. That familiar old story is a fake, pure and simple."

Preferred to Send a Substitute. John L. Sullivan was asked why he had never taken to giving boxing lessons.

"Well, son, I tried it once," replied Mr. Sullivan. "A husky young man took one lesson from me and went home a little the worse for wear. When he came around for his second lesson he said: 'Mr. Sullivan, it was my idea to learn enough about boxing from you to be able to lick a certain young gentleman what I've got it in for. But I've changed my mind,' says he. 'If it's all the same to you, Mr. Sullivan, I'll send this young gentleman down here to take the rest of my lessons for me.'"

The Cat in the House. The presence of a cat to those who care for him is tranquillizing and a mental restorative. A cat asleep in the most comfortable chair in the room or sprawling on the window seat suggests reposefulness as almost nothing else can do. A cat's purr spells profound contentment, and is the synonym of perfect peace. No other domestic animal has such a soft purr to stroke. If it is a weakness in a human to care for a cat, the cat lover errs in the excellent company of the good and great of all the ages.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. JUNE