

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

W. J. Cary, Who Favors Government Telegraphs.



Photo by American Press Association

Congressman William Joseph Cary of Wisconsin, who agrees with Postmaster General Hitchcock that Uncle Sam should own the telegraph and telephone lines, has introduced a bill with that object in view.

A native of Milwaukee, his youthful days were filled with hardships. At the age of thirteen he was left an orphan with other children and began work as a messenger boy.

The Governor of West Virginia. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt has no warmer supporter than Governor William E. Glasscock.

Governor Glasscock is fifty years old and is the thirteenth governor of the commonwealth of West Virginia.



Photo by American Press Association

WILLIAM E. GLASSCOCK

is a native of the state of hardy Scotch stock, and his boyhood days were spent on a farm. For a time he taught school and then for a number of years was clerk of the circuit court of his county.

Why She Was His Favorite Author. Not long ago a friend asked Frank Doubleday, the head of the publishing firm of Doubleday, Page & Co., who was his favorite author.

"Neltje Blanchan," promptly replied the publisher. And he referred to the author of "Nature's Garden," "Bird Neighbors" and "The American Flower-Garden."

HAUNTED BY COUNTERPART

An Apparent Mystery That Was Simply Explained.

To see oneself in a mirror, an exact counterpart, the same hair, eyes, features—this is nothing. We see it a hundred times a day. But to see oneself independent of reflection, making different movements, going and coming, sitting, standing, while we are still—this is terrible.

I was standing one morning in my office on the tenth floor of a skyscraper looking out of a window. I remember that I had my hands in my pockets. Suddenly I was startled to see another me standing in a window of an opposite building.

It was some time before I dared go to the window again, but after going there several times without seeing my double I made up my mind that I was all right again and was beginning to cease thinking of the matter when one day I went to the window and just as I reached it my double reached his own window.

I remained abroad two years. I would not have returned even then had I not received notice from my attorney that I was needed in the settlement of my father's estate. I had had trouble from the first for my father and mother had separated when I was but a year old, and this naturally led to complications. I had remained with my father, who, I always understood, had what there was to bequeath.

"Well, what is it?" I asked. "Did you ever hear that your mother left property?" he asked. "No."

"Come here tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. I shall wait your signature." "Excuse me."

"Tomorrow at 9 o'clock," he repeated and went into his private office. At the appointed hour I was at Mr. Hazelton's office and was told to wait in an anteroom.

"Oh, heavens!" I moaned. "It has come back to me!" "Gentleman," said Mr. Hazelton, "I need the signature of both of you to a deed. You are twin brothers."

"Yes. When your father and mother separated your father took one, your mother the other. It was agreed between them that each child should be kept in ignorance of the other." The relief—the finding of a brother, a twin brother, of whose existence I had been in ignorance—was a delight that can only be understood by experience. It did not require that we should have been brought up together to feel that strong mutual drawing always to be found in children of a single birth. We advanced, embraced and cried simultaneously.

"That's all right, mem; I don't mind waking the cat up."—Louisville Courier-Journal. Justice claims what is due, polly what is seemly; justice weighs and decides, polly surveys and orders; justice refers to the individual, polly to the community.—Goethe. A Hint That He Should Hear It. Staylate at 11:45 p. m.—The light is getting out. Miss Wrenly—Are you going to let it beat you?—Boston Transcript.

QUEER MARINE ANIMAL.

The "Portuguese Man-of-war" is a Veritable Fairy Ship.

The "Portuguese man-of-war" is held to be one of the most beautiful of all the so-called pelagic animals and is a veritable fairy ship, with sail that can be elevated or lowered, that can throw out a dredge or haul it in—in short, one of the most attractive of all marine animals and at the same time one of the most dangerous.

This little animal has been called a "poem in nature," yet it conceals under its attractive exterior an armament that is capable of overpowering a foe of a thousand times its size. In fact, the physalis stands in the same relation to many other marine animals of its size as a well fitted torpedo submarine boat would to an old line of battle ship of the Constitution class.

If one but touch the purple tentacles a realizing sense of this power is at once experienced. The finger stings as if needles had been thrust into it, and when the tentacles are placed upon a spot where the flesh is sensitive the pain can only be compared to that produced by melted lead or boiling oil. One scientist nearly lost his life in an engagement with the little craft. The man had a habit of swimming on his side, an unfortunate habit in this case inasmuch as his slow to the right was obstructed when one day he swam over the tentacles of a large "man-of-war."

As he struck bottom with his feet he pushed up and partially recovered himself—sufficiently at least to call for help. Some laborers at work near by sprang into the water and carried him ashore. By that time he could breathe only with extreme difficulty, this being the most serious symptom. The purple mass was scraped from the skin with knives and razors but it seemed to have sunk into the flesh. For six or seven months afterward he could very readily be passed for a tattooed man, the entire middle and lower portion of his body being covered with the most fanciful tracings. —Harper's

WHITE WINGED PEACE.

A Great Scheme For Averting Wars in the Future.

Writing on the difficulties of putting an end to war, Mr. J. P. Dunne says in the Metropolitan. It is an interesting theory that it is not tough minded old statesmen who drive tender youth to war. It is youth itself which tugs on the leash and pulls the unwilling statesmen. We can well believe that this is so. The courage of youth is pure fecklessness. The young are not afraid of death. They regard it as something that cannot possibly happen to them. They apprehend it intellectually, but they do not feel its force.

In nearly every country there is a maximum of age limit for enlistment or conscription. It is in the neighborhood of forty years. Now why in the interests of peace would it not be well to make a minimum age limit instead? Suppose we say that on the first call only men over sixty could be drafted, and on the second only men over fifty, and on the third only men over forty, and no man under forty could be permitted to fight.

How long then would wars continue? The first call would be answered by a storm of doctors a certificate of the second by the prompt suspension of all banks, and on the third call a host of resolute patriots who had long been unconscious that death regarded them wistfully would proceed at once to the palace or White House or ministry of foreign affairs and demand of the king, president or minister who proposed this outrage on civilization.

Napoleon on Shakespeare. Napoleon had a very poor opinion of Shakespeare's plays. According to Thibaudeau in his "Bonaparte and Consulate," Napoleon said one day "Shakespeare was forgotten even by the English for 200 years until Voltaire took it into his head to write him up to please his English friends and over since people have gone about repeating that Shakespeare was the greatest author that ever lived. I have read him, and there is nothing in him that approaches Corneille or Racine. His plays are not worth reading."

Too Late! "Do you know who her grandfather was? Have you ascertained anything in regard to her pedigree? Those are things you ought to know about the woman you are to make your wife." "Oh, hang her grandfather!" "My boy, that's just what they did do."—Youth's Companion.

He Didn't Understand. "Then you don't want no cranberries?" "No; I've changed my mind. I see your cat is asleep in those cranberries."

"That's all right, mem; I don't mind waking the cat up."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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WEIRD COINCIDENCES.

Curious Repetition of a Train Wreck and a Lucky Escape.

Lord Acton for many years kept a record of coincidences. A very strange one occurred within his own experience.

A rumor had spread that his wife had drowned herself. She had done nothing of the kind, but it was quite true that a Baroness Acton had drowned herself at Tegernsee, where Lord and Lady Acton were staying, and had drowned herself under their very window.

The strangest of all coincidences noted by Lord Acton concerned Sir Edmund Barry Godfrey, who was murdered at the bottom of what is now Primrose hill, but was then known as Greenberry hill, in London.

Three men were hanged for the murder. Their names, respectively, were Green, Berry and Hill. Some years ago a well known business man, who was accustomed to make weekly trips between an eastern city and Chicago, had the uncomfortable experience of having a wheel break immediately under his seat while the train was going at full speed. It was only by the most fortunate of leaps that he was able to escape losing his life. Naturally this experience made a very deep impression upon him.

It was almost a year later that he took the same train and by a strange chance was assigned the same chair. During a chat with a friend whom he had just met he glanced out of the window and recognized the landscape and the very spot of his narrow escape.

He told the friend the story of the broken wheel. Just as he reached the climax of his recital, saying, "The cold chivers go down my back at the mere thought of it—there it is again," in credible as it may seem, the identical accident happened on the same train, almost between the same two fields adjoining the track, and the victim of this oddest of coincidences barely escaped the same way as before.

Such weird coincidences are always difficult of credence, but no less an authority than Darwin the naturalist, mentions one of the same kind, though in a different degree. One of a party, whereof Darwin was a member was speaking of the earthquake of Talcahuano in northern Chile, on which occasion the father had lost all his property and the narrator himself had barely escaped with his life. Then, writes Darwin, there ensued a curious coincidence. A German, one of the party got up saying that he would never sit in a room in those countries with the door shut as owing to his having done so he once nearly lost his life at Soptopolis. Accordingly, he opened the door. No sooner had he done so than he cried out, "Here it comes again!" and another shock commenced. The whole party escaped. —St. Louis Republic.

Abandoned Mines.

Old worked out mines are often highly dangerous. When they are almost forgotten the ground above them will sometimes cave in with disastrous results. It is not an uncommon thing in an old mining district to see a house or even part of a town that has been wrecked by dropping into an unsuspected and long abandoned tunnel beneath. The ordinary preventive method used in American mines is more or less extensive timbering. A method used in European and Australian mining districts is the filling of abandoned workings with sand. This is a somewhat expensive method to start with, but once done no further thought need be given to it as the abandoned mine has practically become once more a part of the solid crust of the earth.

Scaling the Dead. Just when the mutilation of the dead by tearing the skin from the head began will never be known, for the origin is lost in the midst of ages, the record extending back beyond even the mythical period of man's existence. In the book of Macabees it is recorded that at the termination of one of the battles of which that bloody history is so full the victorious soldiers tore the skin from the heads of their vanquished foes. This would be evidence that the custom of scalp taking was one of the indulgences even of those people of whom we have record. —The Epoch.

All About Stealing.

"Why do you call your story 'The Thieves' Race?'" "Because it is all about stealing."

"How?" "Well, the story of the romance goes this way: 'She stole a look; then she stole a kiss. Next they had stolen meetings, they stole a march on their friends, and both stole away.'"

"I suppose the next thing they will be stealing back."

Play Was Over.

A German general on inspecting his troops at the close of the war addressed them thus: "Now, my children, we can once more get seriously to work. The past time of war is at an end, and drill must go on regularly as heretofore."—London Tit-Bits.

Wanted His Fee.

"What did your lawyer friend say when you asked him for his daughter?" "He refused to answer any question without a retainer."—Satire.

A Hint to Headquarters. Head of the Firm—I don't see how you are going to support a wife on your present salary. Smart Clerk—Neither do I, sir.—London Punch.

Many things are well done that are not worth doing.

RIVERS IN THE AIR

Curious Play of the Winds In the Yosemite Valley.

EBB AND FLOW WITH THE SUN

These Air Currents or Air Falls Are So Regular That They May Almost Be Timed—Mirror Lake and the Spray Combs at Bridal Veil Falls.

Did you know there are air falls in the atmosphere just as real and apparent as are the waterfalls you have so often viewed with admiration and delight because of their natural beauty? In the famed Yosemite valley the most interesting feature is, to the scientist perhaps, its winds.

The winds there are seldom more than light zephyrs, moody and capricious to the ordinary tourist, but when rightly understood one of the wonders of the valley. These interesting facts are told by Professor F. E. Matthes of the United States geological survey in the Sierra Club Bulletin.

In no other place in the entire world perhaps are the air currents more systematic and regular than in the Yosemite valley, he says. In the first place, the sun naturally heats the ground more rapidly than it does the air. Thus every hillside basking in the sun becomes a heat radiator and gradually warms the air above it, so that the air, becoming lighter, begins to rise.

But under these conditions the air does not rise vertically because the air directly over it is still cool and is pressing downward. Therefore up the sides of the warm slope the heated air makes its way. That is why the tourist marks his way up the mountain slope with the sun on his back finds his own dust traveling upward with him in a choking cloud.

But on coming down the same trail, when the face of the slope is in the shadow, the dust ever descends with the traveler in the same irritating cloud. When the face of the mountain is in the shade the air is cooling from the face of the slope and is pressing its way down into the valley.

Just as soon as the sun leaves the slope of the mountain the earth begins to lose its heat by radiation and in a very short time is really cooler than the air. The layer of air next the face of the hillside chills by contact with the earth and, becoming heavier as it condenses, begins to press down along the slope. Thus there are normally the warm up draft on the sunny slope and the cold down draft on the side in the shadow. In a windless region like the Yosemite this rule may be depended upon at almost any time.

But in the Yosemite, with its bold cliff topography, these upward and downward air currents are somewhat interrupted. On every sunny slope bold cliffs create shadows, and consequently there are downward air currents or local breezes daily at regular hours as the shadows come and go.

Glacier Point is one place in particular in which Professor Matthes says this shadowy effect on the air currents may readily be tested by casting small bits of paper into the air. As the afternoon wears on and the shadows in the valley gather the cold draft in the hills pours downward, forming the valley like a great river and flowing on to the plains below. Every canyon and valley sends its re-enforced tributaries, like the tributaries of a great river, to this general air current flowing onward to the plain.

With the return of the morning sun the earth at the tops of the hills is warmed and the downward current in the air is suspended. The up draft soon begins as the sun shines into the valleys. The air currents are so regular that they may almost be timed.

Few realize, says the author of the paper, that it is on these reversing air currents that one of the chief attractions of the Yosemite depends. Mirror lake to be viewed at its best, must be seen in the early dawn, when the reflections are most perfect. The lake is still and its surface, most mirror-like when the cold night currents have ceased and the uprising day currents of air have not yet begun. Yet unless one is punctual he will miss the chief beauty of the place, for this perfect stillness is as brief as the turn of the tide.

In the evening and during the night, when the down draft of air from the mountain sides is strong, the stream of cool air pressing down the slope plunges over cliffs, just as water is seen to fall from similar heights. On either the Yosemite falls or the Nevada falls trails this air fall curiosity is readily encountered in the evening.

During the daytime, on the other hand, the air rises vertically along the cliffs and up into the hanging valleys, taking part of the spray from the falls along with it. A pretty example of the air carrying the spray from the fall upward may be seen at Bridal Veil falls, where two little combs of spray, one on each side of the stream, steadily curve upward over the brink. As soon as the sun is off the cliff these spray combs cease to exist.

An Attraction.

"I hear your new minister is very efficient." "Oh, yes." "How about his wife? Is she doing anything to bring people to church?" "Indeed she is! Wants a different gown every Sunday."—Washington Herald.

GoSSIP is a beast of prey that does not wait for the death of the creature it devours.—George Meredith.

HOGARTH'S RURAL HOME.

His Tomb and Garrick's Tribute to the Great Caricaturist.

It may not be generally known that Hogarth's country house at Chiswick is preserved entire to his memory. A brass plate over the door is to this effect: "This house was purchased in 1892 by Lieutenant Colonel Shipway in order to save it from being demolished, and by restoring the building he has preserved it to the nation and to the art world in memory of the genius that once lived and worked within its walls."

It was in 1740 that Hogarth acquired the house at Chiswick, his town residence being at the corner of Leicester Fields. Between these two houses he spent most of his life, usually passing the summer months at Chiswick. The garden as it stands is somewhat abridged of its former dimensions. The stable and painting room have disappeared, but one important feature remains. This is the mulberry tree, under whose shade he entertained the little foundlings put out to nurse at Chiswick. Hogarth's marriage was childless, and his affection went out to stranger children.

Hogarth died at the age of sixty-seven at his house in Leicester Fields, where he had gone in a weak state after an illness. The funeral was at Chiswick. His tombstone bears the following inscription:

Farwell, great painter of mankind, Who reached the noblest point of art, Whose pictured morals charm the mind, And through the eye correct the heart! If genius fire thee, reader, stay; If nature touch thee, drop a tear; If neither move thee turn away. For Hogarth's honored dust lies here. These lines were written by his friend David Garrick.—Architectural Review.

AFRICA'S GREAT DESERT.

Sahara is Not All Barren and Has Two Distinct Populations.

The Sahara, that vast expanse of country lying to the south of Algeria, is commonly called "the desert" by Europeans. The name Sahara in arabic, however, means "desert." It is simply the Arab appellation of this extensive tract, mainly composed of great plains, which are even well populated in certain districts. It is quite a mistake to imagine that all is barren and sterile, for there are to be found large date palm plantations as well as numerous flocks of sheep and great numbers of camels which man must tend and care for.

The Sahara contains two distinct populations—the one sedentary, the other nomad. The former live in the towns and villages, cultivating the soil and tending the date palms. The latter are shepherds, roaming from place to place in search of pasture for their cattle. How few are there in the home land who have any idea of the Sahara or of the Arab tribes who live there! Travelers to these regions are comparatively rare, but all are amply repaid for a visit.

Life among the moving tents of the nomads is deeply interesting in its primitive simplicity. The country itself has a grandeur and beauty which is quite unique. Its rolling dunes, patterned with orange and crimson and gold against violet and purple shadows at sunrise and sunset, its green oases, its wild sandstorms, its lovely mirages, once seen are never to be forgotten. While the solemn silence strikes the soul with awe, one almost realizes why the Arabs call all this "the garden of Allah."—Christian Era.

Possibilities of Translation.

An English writer made an experiment once of the gain and loss of translation.

I heard that L. would write my "life" When I gave up my breath. I felt that this indeed would add A new delight to death.

This was translated into another language, then from that into another, and so on until a dozen versions had been made. Of course there was a different translator each time. The last version reads as follows:

Dear, in my song you still shall live. Though under earth you lie. Ah, had you not that grace to give I should not need to die!

The Sewing Machine.

Did you know a lighted match or is per would do wonders with the sewing machine? Try it some day. Light a candle or just a match and apply it to different parts of the wheels and cog.

Lints and threads will burn, the char can be wiped off, and the machine will run twice as easily.

When a machine gums it is advisable to remove the head, place it in a tub and cover with gasoline. It makes a new machine from an old one.

Heroic War Measures.

Obama, a great African native chief, trained a powerful army which was famous in war. If a regiment was beaten it was slaughtered on its return to the king's palace. If any man lost his weapon in war he was killed for cowardice. If the chief wanted to see what kind of weapons were most successful he would order a sham fight with them in which real lives would be lost.

Worse Than the Upper Ten.

"Only the upper ten go to your church, don't they?" inquired the plain person. "Yes," replied the organist of the swell church, "but they're not a circumstance to the upper tenor in our choir."—Philadelphia Press.

Far Cause.

He—Why are you always throwing your money in my face? She—Because I can't keep it out of your hands.—Baltimore American.