

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Mahlon Pitney, New Justice of the Supreme Court.



Mahlon Pitney, the new associate justice of the United States supreme court, is a prominent jurist of New Jersey and at the time of his appointment was chancellor of the state. During his service as chancellor he has had much experience in dealing with corporation cases, a fact that had a strong influence on President Taft in making the selection.

The new supreme court justice is a native of New Jersey, fifty-four years old, and inherited a bent for the law, his father having served as vice chancellor of the state. He was educated at Princeton, admitted to the bar in 1883 and began practice at Morristown. From 1896 to 1900 he was a Republican member of congress. Later he served two terms in the New Jersey state senate, presiding over that body for one term. In 1901 he became an associate justice of the supreme court of New Jersey, continuing in that position until appointed chancellor in 1906.

Navigating the Mountains.
When the Armenian massacres were commanding the interest and sympathy of the civilized world a newspaper correspondent rushed excitedly one day into the office of Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Ades with the question: "Mr. Secretary, will you tell me definitely whether or not the United States government will send any battleships to Armenia?"

"No ships will be sent there," replied Ades, with great gravity. "Navigation, I am informed, has not been good in the vicinity of Arrat since the time of Noah's ark."—Popular Magazine.

A New Mexico Statesman.
George O. CURRY, one of New Mexico's two representatives in congress, was formerly governor of the territory. Before that he had a varied career at home and abroad. When the Spanish war broke out he joined Roosevelt's rough riders, becoming a captain in that famous military body. After he went to the Philippines, where he served as captain of scouts, chief of police of Manila and as governor of three provinces—Ambos Camarines, Isabela and Samar. In 1907



he returned to this country and was appointed governor of the then territory of New Mexico.

Congressman Curry is a native of Louisiana and is about fifty years old. After a brief schooling he went as a lad to New Mexico, where he herded sheep and rounded up cattle until his twenty-fifth year. Then he entered politics, serving successively as sheriff of Lincoln county and member of the territorial assembly, of which he was president two terms. Representative Curry is a Republican, while his colleague in congress, H. B. Ferguson, is a Democrat.

Dr. Wiley Tells a Story.
Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the government's famous food expert, was talking in New York about impure whiskies.

"I once saw an old Kentuckian," said Dr. Wiley, "take up a glass of whisky, sniff it, set it down and shake his head sadly."

"One thing," he said, "was never seen coming through the rye, and that's the kind of whisky they send us nowadays."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Mary Had a Little Cat.

Mary had a little cat,
Her fur was white as snow,
Wherever Mary happened at
That puss was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
That was against the rule,
It made the children laugh and play
To see a cat at school.

But Mary's little pussy cat
Acted really nice,
She scampered round as quick as that
And chased away the mice!

Bad Spells.

For this game difficult words are selected, as in a spelling bee, and are written down incorrectly with a judicious number of correctly spelled difficult words included. Each player receives a card on which are written the misspelled and correctly spelled terms, with blanks opposite for writing down such corrections as he thinks necessary. Ten minutes are allowed for the contest, and mother or auntie may elect to have some little gift to be drawn for by all those who get the highest percentage of correct words in their list.

Another version of the game is where fifteen terms representing various classes of nouns, as a giver, a bird, a city, a tower, a hero, a book, a food product, an author, an invention, etc., are selected and the letters of each word so jumbled that no semblance of the original term remains. These jumbled terms are then written out in as many lists as there are players (or partners may share a list between them, in which case the number of lists will be reduced one-half). From ten to fifteen minutes are allowed for working out the mixed puzzle, and the player discovering most wins the game, with or without a prize.

Game of Initials.

A set of cards with pencils attached is prepared, one for each member of the company, with as many numbers on as the hostess has questions ready. These questions must be answered only by words beginning with the initials of the writer in the order in which they stand in his or her name. The hostess reads the questions distinctly, and a time limit is given in which to answer each one.

A specimen set of questions and answers are below, the answers being those of a gentleman whose initials were R. G. K.:

What is your favorite drink? Best good water. What is your favorite eatable? Rich graham wafers. What is your favorite diversion? Rattling good walks. What is your pet vice? Robbing grocery wagons. What is your greatest virtue? Reforming great wrongs. What do you most dread in the future? Raising gray whiskers. What do you most hope for in the future? Real gold wings.

"Put My Right Hand In."

An old game, always a splendid one, is variously christened, but most of us know it as "I put my right hand in." The players form a wide circle, and the one who acts as a leader begins singing:

"I put my right hand in" (that is, toward the center of the ring).
"I put my right hand out" (turning completely around and with hand stretched away from the circle).

"I give my right a shake, shake, shake" (shaking it).
"And I turn myself about" (whirling around and face the center once more).

All sing and do as the leader does. After the right hand has been shaken the left hand is substituted with the same song. Then the two hands figure, after which there are "my right foot" and "my left foot." When the children finally shake their two feet this naturally means a jump, which terminates the game.

Kickball.

This game is much liked by young players, and even college girls enjoy it as a change. The players form in two solid lines facing each other and sitting on the floor about four feet apart. Two players, the captains, stand at opposite ends of the path formed by the lines. A basketball is rolled by one of them on the floor between the lines, and the players sitting on the floor try to kick the ball over the heads of the opposite line. They must keep their hands on the floor and use their feet only.

When the ball is kicked over a point is counted for the team making the kick. The other captain then takes the ball and rolls it from his end. The game continues until one team makes the number of points previously agreed on.

Game of Farmer.

Any other trade can be substituted for farming in this game if desired. For instance, the baker the draper or the farmer is often used for it. It is the object of the farmer to enter into conversation with the different members of the party and to lead them into saying certain words prohibited by the game. These words, for example, could be butter, eggs, yes, no and I. All the questions and remarks made by the farmer relate to these two kinds of merchandise, butter and eggs, and he frames them cleverly so that to answer them without saying one of the forbidden words is extremely difficult. All those who answer in correctly incur forfeits.

New Insects Sing.

The "singing" of many insects is performed by rubbing together the hard, scaly plates on their legs.

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE

By MARY VERTUE BARN CROOK (The Wilkeson Book)

The Eddystone rocks, from a very dangerous reef, lying in the English channel about fourteen miles from Plymouth, and here, in 1695, Henry Winstanley built the first lighthouse, which lasted but eight years.

Winstanley's tower was swept away by a tremendous storm, and every one in it at the time, including the builder, was drowned. Three years later Richard Jerd's tower was built, only to be destroyed by fire in 1755, and then came John Smeaton's.

Modern lighthouses really date from 1759, when this third one was completed. Smeaton's design was faulty, but it served as a model for lighthouse construction in masonry, which has been followed in its general features ever since. This lighthouse stood for over a century, but it was not high enough to keep the waves from dashing the lantern and so was removed, and the present one built in 1822 by James Douglass.

At the time of the completion of the new lighthouse two bells weighing two tons each and struck by mechanical power were installed for fog signaling purposes. Since that date an explosive gun cotton fog signal has been erected, the bells being removed. Probably the most interesting thing about the lighthouse now on the Eddystone is its solid vertical base. Heavy seas striking the massive cylindrical structure are immediately broken up and rush around to the opposite side, spray alone ascending to the height of the lantern gallery. On the other hand, waves striking the old tower at its foundation ran up the surface, which presented a curved face to the waves, and, unimpeded by any projection until arriving at the lantern gallery, were partially broken up by the cornice and then spent themselves in heavy spray over the lantern. The shock to which the cornice of the gallery was exposed was so great that stones were sometimes lifted from their beds.—Lookout.

A HARD WINTER.

When the Mercury Fell to Six Feet Nine Inches Below Zero.

They were talking about hard winters. The man on the cracker barrel said he remembered a winter when the mercury fell to six feet nine inches below zero, and consequently he had never seen any weather since then that he could call real cold.

"Oh, you know!" said the man with the ginger-whiskers. "Six feet nine inches! Oh, you know!"

"Meaning that I put you in mind of Amalusa!" said the man on the cracker barrel.

The man with the ginger whiskers simply said: "Six feet nine inches! Oh, you know!"

"Then listen," said the man on the cracker barrel. "It was the winter when no snow fell. Nothing fell but the thermometer that winter. We kept our thermometer hanging on a cherry tree in the yard to give it a chance. One morning the weather had been so cold the mercury went down below zero as far as it could and let the thermometer have the credit of showing it, but it couldn't do its duty by the weather by pausing there, so it busted the bulb at the bottom and kept on falling. The thermometer was six feet above the ground. We dug the mercury out in the spring, nine inches below the surface. So until you can trot out some weather that is six feet and nine inches below, don't talk to me about cold!"

The man on the cracker barrel lit his pipe and went out, and the man with the ginger whiskers just said, "Oh, he know!"—New York Press.

Back in the Good Old Sewi Days.

A man of apparent means brought two boys into a barber shop for a haircut. While waiting for the completion of the job, he said:

"I never sat in a barber's chair when I was a kid. My brother used to go over to the engine house and borrow the horse clipper. Then my mother would put a bowl on my head and cut around it. I was twelve years old, I always looked like a window washer's brush."—Chicago Post.

The Dead Revived.

In a scientific weekly we read the headline, "Can the Dead Be Revived?" They are revived every performance at the Metropolitan Opera House. It is a most encouraging symptom to see corpses arise from the stage after the curtain falls and how their appreciation of the applause.—Musical Courier.

Sarcophagus.

Hawkesaw Holmes—I wish to be vaccinated. Doctor—What's your business? Hawkesaw Holmes—I'm a detective. Doctor—Stand out of line, please, and give somebody else a chance. There is no danger of your ever catching anything.—Boston Globe.

The Long Chase.

"I understand that your splinter friend has gone into one of the professions?"
"Yes."
"Indeed. And what is her particular pursuit?"
"Man."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Advancing.

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—Ruskin.

Mercenary.

Griggs—So smart is going to marry the divorced wife? Briggs—Yes, the mercenary came in after the divorce papers.—New York Times.

LAKEWAYS BY HAKAHANGA

By MARY VERTUE BARN CROOK (The Wilkeson Book)

Hakahanga is a little coral atoll in the south sea, not very far from New Zealand. Few people ever visit it, and to judge from the account in M. Frank Burnett's "Through Tropic Seas" of the difficulties that attend landing there none would care to go a second time.

At Hakahanga the feeling is that only for a miracle can a safe passage be made through what, by a stretch of the imagination, is called the entrance to the lagoon. Landing is a good entrance, obstructed by a reef of coral rising to within a few feet of the surface of the water. This coral reef is built by that wonderful creature, the coral polyp. Over it break with inconceivable fury huge ocean billows that travel with the speed of race horses, lashing and churning the water into a milk white foam and with a deafening roar throwing the spray to such a height that it may be seen miles away.

The backwash of every breaker forms, on the outside of the wall of rock, a chasm fathoms deep, which is again filled up by the next rushing wave. To cross the abyss and reach the quiet shelter of the lagoon is a difficulty that the islander shows the greatest skill in surmounting.

His boat—a long, low, flat bottomed affair, built much like a halibut dory, manned usually by six paddlers besides the steersman—is brought to the very verge of the boiling cauldron, and there it is held till the opportune moment arrives. Since that sometimes does not occur for five or ten minutes the passenger has plenty of time to reflect upon his misdeeds, to survey the sublime scene and to wonder how the world that fearful turmoil of water is to be crossed.

The delay does not tend to compose his nerves, but if he is observant he will notice that about every five or six minutes three great billows in quick succession roll majestically in. When the last of the three has passed and the chasm has been filled up the paddlers give a frightful yell that terrifies the unsuspecting passenger almost to death, dig in their paddles and shoot the boat forward like an arrow from a bow.

Before the backwash can re-empty the chasm the boat is across. The passenger has hardly time to grasp how it is done before the paddlers have sprung to the reef and pulled the boat clear of the next roller, usually a small one.

In entering the lagoon the chief risk is that of an upset after crossing the chasm and a ducking in two or three feet of water, but on going out, if the boat does not reach the smooth water before the next succeeding swell breaks, woe betide it and its crew, for nothing will prevent its being awash and carried, with all hands, back into the awful abyss by the furrow of broken water, out of which only the strongest and most skillful swimmers can emerge.

The Truth About Icebergs.
Many existing theories regarding icebergs require modification. For instance, it has generally been believed that for every cubic foot of ice above water there are seven below, and a berg, therefore, that towers, say, 100 feet above the ocean level has a total height of 700 feet. Lieutenant Peary, the conqueror of the north pole, declares that this is not exactly the case. "It is true," he says, "that the heaviest portion of the berg is submerged, but it is wrong to say that approximately the height is under water. I have noted several instances where only two-thirds of a berg is submerged."—St. Nicholas.

A Guest Notice.

Here is a copy of a notice that was posted up in an art exhibition in Toronto: "No visitor who is read or intimated is allowed to enter in. If any person found in shall be claimed to re-tire. No visitor is allowed to carry in with himself any parcel, umbrella, stick and the like kind except his purse and is strictly forbidden to take with himself dog or the same kind of beast. Visitor is requested to take care of himself from thievly."

Ready to Resume.

Lady (to neighbor at anniversary dinner)—Unless I am mistaken you and I got together at this table twenty-five years ago. I remember you told me about your researches into the history of ancient Babylon.
Professor (emphatically)—Quite right. Let's see—where was I when I left off?—Fleganda Blatter.

Impossible.

"You are going to inherit all my money," said the rich old man.
"Yes," sobbed the youth.
"I wish to goodness I could do it so that you could also inherit my ability to take care of it." Was the old man's last expression.—Detroit Free Press.

A Delicate Position.

"That was an annoying coincidence," said Mr. Higgins. "It took great tact to manage it."

What's the Trouble?

"The pension examiner and the life insurance doctor both called on me at the same time."—Washington Star.

A Good Rule.

If you wish success in life make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother and hope your guardian genius.

The path of life but sweetens death; the hardest life brings the soundest sleep.—A. C. Smith.

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