

Slow Start

"I'll tell you one thing," said the patient, as he composed himself in the dentist's chair. "You wouldn't tell me I've got a bad mouth, because I know it. I'm quite aware that it has been neglected. If I had taken care of my teeth they wouldn't be in bad condition and in that case I shouldn't have had to come to you. I want to have that understood before I begin."

"That's understood," said the dentist. "Lean back, please, and open your mouth and let me see what's the trouble."

"Wait a minute," said the patient. "Don't you tell me that you intend to conduct the examination from the outside. I know that too. I'm not going to open my mouth any wider than I can without hurting it unless it's necessary so you needn't be alarmed. I know that's just a professional joke, but I don't like professional jokes."

"I won't make any," the dentist assured him.

"If you think you've got to fill the tooth you needn't get focular about the dam that you're going to put into my mouth. There are twenty-five dentists in this building besides yourself and I'll bet \$10 that there isn't one of them that hasn't sprung that omot every time he's pulled a sheet of rubber over a tooth."

"I'll keep it in mind," said the dentist.

"I wish that you would," said the patient. "I'll be obliged to you. And while you might be quite right in surmising that I never expected to rear a golden crown until after I went to that hour from whence—hat jest, too, will be superfluous."

"Are you ready now?" asked the dentist.

"Just a word or two more as a matter of precaution," said the patient. "If you think you have to put a bridge say so plainly and simply and don't consider the possibility of a ferry answering the purpose."

"Well," said the dentist, a little impatiently.

"I've come to have my teeth fixed," continued the patient. "That's the purpose I entertained in visiting you. I expect to suffer physically, but I haven't any notion of allowing you to inflict mental anguish on me at the same time, if I can help it."

"Quite right, and there's no occasion for it," agreed the dentist.

"You needn't tell me, either that you aren't going to hurt me," stipulated the patient. "That might go down with somebody who'd never been in a dentist's chair before, but his isn't the first time with me and I know blamed well that you are going to hurt me. The painless claims of dentistry apply strictly and solely to the practitioner. You need not ask me if you hurt me. You'll hear me holler and feel me jump and that ought to be enough without asking fool questions. I should think."

"I haven't any doubt that I shall be able to tell," said the dentist. "I might put a glass of water handy or you to throw at me if I don't seem to understand and you object to telling, however."

"I don't want to offend you," said the patient. "Don't misconstrue what I'm saying. I want to get this over with as amicably as possible and I'm mentioning a few of the things that give a tendency to irritate me. You can't cheer me up with witticisms. You couldn't make me laugh with laughing gas and it would interrupt our work any way, if I indulged in fits of mirth. I'll tell you now that my worst tooth—the one that spurred me to action—has stopped aching. It stopped just as I was about to get in the elevator, so I feel quite dependent about it. Some men could have turned around and left the building without paying you a cent for the effect of your name as they read it in the directory, but I'm not of that kind."

"Are you ready to open your mouth and let me begin now?" asked the dentist.

"Oh, darn it!" said the patient. "Well, I suppose if I must I must."

The Malacca Wildcats. In the forests of Malacca and other lands in the Indian ocean may still be found the animal known as the wildcat. The upper parts of it are generally of a clear yellow color, with black spots; the lower parts are white, with black spots also. On the neck the spots lengthen almost into lines or rings, black on yellow.

The average length of the animal, including the tail, is almost two feet; a tall averages nine inches. Its gait when standing erect is about 15 inches at the shoulder and 15 inches at the hind-quarters. Its temper is mild and gentle; it plays almost like a domestic cat, or, rather, when chasing its tail and amusing itself with anything that it can roll up its paws.

Modern Helplessness. The best inheritance that either boy or girl may have is that of resourcefulness and self-reliance. It is a common experience of those who employ the best brought up children the present day, the young men go to the best schools and acquire themselves well at the universities, that they are afflicted with a kind of helplessness. This matter, the Country Life, to which the attention of education leaders should be directed.

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. Usually milestones in this section are placed on the west side of the road, and this exception leads one to think that this stone has possibly been removed from its original position to preserve it. As the top of the stone has been broken off the number cannot be stated, says a writer in the Westchester County Magazine. It is probably 17.

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 1150 Broadway.

At Dobbs Ferry is a milestone, dilapidated and undecipherable, at the corner of Broadway and Walnut street; some local society should rescue this stone and put it in a permanent condition. It may be the twenty-third mile stone.

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. One of them should be the fortieth mile stone. In this same wall is a curiosity of Indian manufacture, a hollowed out stone for grinding corn.

At Peekskill, by the Holman house, a short distance north of the village, is the fiftieth 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 mile stone at New Rochelle, at the corner of Echo avenue; the twenty-third mile stone at Rye, 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 broke in his hands, and the ensuing deluge made him look like a human éclair. The horrified customer leaned over the counter and tried to be sympathetic. Not knowing exactly what to say, he finally blurted out, consolingly:

"Oh—er—too bad! Did the glass break?"

Dripping from head to foot, the clerk looked at him witheringly. "Did the glass break?" he repeated. "Did the glass break?" And then with freezing sarcasm, "Oh, no, not at all, not at all! You just happened to stop in while I was taking my morning shower."

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." In some of the school books are pictures of the ostrich hunt, men racing wildly on horseback after the plumed bipeds, and such of the latter as are in danger of being run down are depicted with their heads in the earth. Millions of us were educated in the belief that the ostrich really acted in this manner, and remained perfectly still while its richest plumes were being extracted. Another tradition gone wrong.

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 drowsing 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 lovers in the excellent company of the good and great of all the ages.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HAS 2,000 PATIENTS WHO DON'T PAY

Dr. Blair's Job at Bronx Zoo in New York City is Full of Excitement

DIFFICULT AND VARIED PRACTICE

Answers Hurry Calls from Bengal Tigers and Alligators—Pulls the Teeth of the Python—Manicures the Elephant.

The doctor who has perhaps the largest and most difficult and varied practice of any in the city is up in the Bronx, says the New York Sun. He has more than two thousand patients who have come from all parts of the world, and he has never received a fee from one of them. He is Dr. W. Reid Blair, who is responsible for the health of all the animals, reptiles and birds in the New York Zoological Park in Bronx Park.

Not until Dr. Blair began to make a systematic and statistical study of diseases, together with their causes, among animals and birds did the managers of other zoos think it worth while to do so, though they were annually losing thousands of dollars worth of valuable animals. The benefits of the study and the work of Dr. Blair soon became apparent, and now the zoological parks of London, Berlin, Washington, Philadelphia and other cities are also pursuing the same line of investigation. Many theories of long standing have been dispelled by ascertaining the actual facts and the animal death rate has been greatly reduced.

Dr. Blair is fond of all his patients and interested in his work. He is a mild looking man, even tempered, a close student, and from his appearance one would not suspect that he constantly associates with the wild-est of animals and birds.

His patients never visit his office, but he treats them all at their homes. He finds many stubborn and puzzling cases to deal with, for frequently when his patients need him most they make it hardest for him. Lately some of them have become accustomed to his treatment and take their pills and medicines without its being necessary to conceal the drugs in their food.

The difficulties of this doctor's practice may be judged when it is taken into consideration that when he receives a midnight call his patient may be a Bengal tiger, an African elephant, a wolf, an ostrich or a deadly snake from the jungle or a hungry alligator from the tropics. Many men would not care to take chances with a lion or a tiger even if the animal were under the influence of ether, for he might wake up, and then there would surely be trouble for some one.

Dr. Blair has been treating animals in the park for seven years and has not yet met with a mishap. In many instances he has had hard fights and only succeeded in accomplishing his purpose with the aid of a dozen strong men. He has pulled the teeth of the twenty-seven foot royal python, operated for appendicitis on an orang-outang, removed an eye from an ostrich, cut a nine pound corn from the foot of an elephant and performed other difficult operations upon a buffalo, hippopotamus, kangaroo, etc. He is just now curing Gunda, the elephant of a skin disease.

Dr. Blair understands his patients as few other people understand animals. He spends all his time among them. He has various kinds of animal babies to take care of.

In the equipment of the Zoological Park is a laboratory and a drug store. There will shortly be added an animal hospital that will contain an operating room and private and public wards, fitted with up to date appliances.

When any animal seems to be ill the keeper makes a report to the doctor and a record sheet is filled with the name of the animal, date and diagnosis, daily respiration, pulse and temperature, together with the diet and treatment. In case of a death there follows an autopsy. A record is made of the condition of all the organs.

A sample block of each organ is hardened with paraffin and sliced into very thin sections by the microtome. The section is mounted on a glass plate, stained with aniline dyes and studied under the microscope.

Thousands of such records are filed away, forming an invaluable record. There are also kept many microscopic samples of the blood of living animals showing diseased states.

This year Dr. Blair has been making a special study of pneumonia among his patients, as this is the most deadly disease, especially among the primates and hoofed animals. When a new animal comes to the park the doctor first places it in quarantine until he is convinced that it is not suffering from any contagious disease. Altogether Dr. Blair has one of the most interesting practices in the city of New York.

Too Good.

Hans came in from his ranch, two miles from Olney, to buy a horse. "I've got the very thing you want," said Ike Bergman. "It's a fine road horse, five years old, sound as a nail, \$175 cash down, and he goes ten miles without stopping."

Hans threw up his hands skyward. "Not for me," he said, "not for me I wouldn't give you five cents for him. I live eight miles from Astoria, and I'd haf to walk back two miles."

THUMB OFF AND ON AGAIN

Man Insisted on Doctors Sewing It to Stump and It's Going to Stay for Good.

South Plainfield, N. J.—When William Waldron of this town accidentally cut one of his thumbs off, his relatives and friends thought he must go through life with a maimed hand. Waldron, however, knew a game word "two of that." He picked up the thumb and carried it to the Muhlberg Hospital.

"I've just cut my thumb off and would like to have it put on again," he said as coolly as if he simply were ordering the repair of a broken strap.

The surgeons looked at the severed thumb and the stump and decided to try it. Antiseptic solutions were sent for and the wound was cleansed thoroughly. The severed thumb also was immersed in the solution, and then the surgeons did more. They put the thumb on the stump and stitched it there, warning Waldron to be careful and not dislodge it. Bandages were applied and developments were awaited.

To the surprise of many persons the operation is a success. The bandages were removed and the severed bone and flesh are knitting. Even the severed veins have made new connections and are sending enough the thump to keep the tissue alive and ward off all danger of blood poisoning. Waldron is happy and the surgeons feel they have done a good piece of work.

TO PLANT 9,000,000 ACRES.

English Royal Commission's Plan to Solve Unemployed Problem.

London.—The Royal Commission appointed to consider the question of emigration as a palliative for unemployment has issued its report. It recommends a plan for the planting of 9,000,000 acres in Great Britain and Ireland over a period of eighty years, about 150,000 acres to be afforested annually and the work to employ 18,000 men in the winter months. The report says that Parliament could be asked to grant the necessary powers, and that the scheme should be financed by a loan, the interest of which would be defrayed by taxation. It is estimated that the forests would be self-supporting after the fortieth year, and after eight years the income from them would reach \$7,500,000. The commission included among its members H. Rider Haggard, the author.

It is understood that the government, probably at the next session of Parliament, will take steps to obtain approval for the scheme laid out by the Royal Commission. This is called editorially by all the morning newspapers as an important and businesslike proposal especially in view of the great advance in the price of timber in recent years and the fact that Great Britain in 1907 imported timber to the value of \$160,000,000, of which twenty varieties could be grown in Great Britain.

AUTOGRAPHS OF ELIHU YALE.

University Gets the First That Have Come Into Her Possession.

New Haven, Conn.—Yale University has just received the gifts of two autographs of Governor Elihu Yale, its patron, these being the first that have ever come into her possession. The first of these is the signature of Governor Yale, sent on by Dr. Edgar Thurston, Governor of the museum at Madras, India. It is cut from the consultation book of the Council of Fort St. George, Madras, when Elihu Yale was Governor of that body.

The second memento of Governor Yale is an autograph letter, said to be the only one in America. It is given to the university by L. S. Whipple of the class of 1881 of Boston.

WOMAN A POULTRY STUDENT.

Mrs. Saare, Owner of Large Catskill Estate, Feeds Chickens at Cornell.

Ithaca, N. Y.—Mrs. Olive Brown Saare, past middle age, was the most interesting figure in the short courses in the Cornell College of Agriculture. Although she has a large estate known as Yamano-Achi in the Catskills, with a retinue of Japanese servants, she came to Cornell to study poultry, and every morning in company with fifty husky young farmer boys she went out to the poultry house to feed the chickens and study them.

Mrs. Saare is an authority on Japanese architecture. Her chicken houses on her estate are patterned after Japanese pagodas and her home is of Japanese architecture.

SLOW WORKING CONSCIENCE.

After Forty-one Years, Man Sends \$10 to Its Rightful Owner.

Pennsburg, Pa.—A letter has been received by Abraham Benfield, of Huff's Church, in which the writer asked whether he remembered missing \$10 from a \$100 roll of bills forty-one years ago, when he wanted to pay a bill to Jacob Bausman at the Bechtelville store.

Mr. Benfield readily recalled the incident and replied in the affirmative, whereupon he received a check for \$10, presumably conscience money.

Coal Under Yellowstone Park.

Helena, Mont.—Cleveland Hilsen, manager of the Montana Coke and Coal Company, of Eldridge, says a large deposit of coal lies under Yellowstone Park. "There is no question," he says, "that millions of dollars' worth of coal and other materials are located on the national reserve, and I look to see them opened one day."

BIGAMIST TELLS HOW HE WOODED

Be a Little Harsh and They'll Stampede to You, Says Nice Old Johnson

DON'T MAKE "GOO-GOO" EYES

Bluebeard's Quest was for Cash, not Heads—Man Admitting 18 Marriages Tells Others to Go Slow—Made Living by Bigamy.

Epigrams for Wooers by Bigamist Johnson.

Treat the intended victim a little harsh. Be distant and she will come to you. Don't cast calf-glances. Don't make goo-goo eyes. Widows are easiest. Don't waste time on manoeuvres. Be quick and decisive.

San Francisco, Cal.—One of the most remarkable confessions ever made by a bigamist in the United States has been obtained from Christian C. Johnson.

This nice old gentleman bigamist, now in San Quentin prison, serving a term of seven years, is a living testimonial of the fact that the women of this country are on a stampede to the hymeneal altar. Johnson did not begin his Bluebeard career until he had reached the ripeness of sixty, was portly, gray-haired and a trifle stiff in the joints. Yet he had only to step into the open and announce: "Ladies, I am looking for a wife," and they flocked to him in a headlong rush.

In three years this venerable Don Juan married six and proposed and was accepted by eighteen. More than a thousand others wrote to him that they were hunting a husband and his description of himself sounded alluring. Had this "nice old man" been able to arrange his dates with facility he might have led a bride to the altar every day in the year.

"My experience has taught me," said the bigamist, on his way to prison, "that women are fools. Any kind or condition of man can marry as often as he wishes. He need only bear in mind the following rules: "Don't be soft or sweet with them. "Treat them a little harshly. "Be a little distant, and she will surely come to you. "Do not waste time with manoeuvres."

Johnson says that the women he met fell in love with him after he had talked to them a few times. He did not indulge in what he termed "calf-glances" or "goo-goo" eyes.

But this milky, white-haired enchanter was not in the marrying business for sentiment. He had been a horse trader all his life, and wearied of its tedium. He had read how Johann Hoch and other notorious bigamists had fleeced their squadrons of wives. They had begun a little earlier than he. Consequently he thought he could better their plans with more mature judgment.

Bigamist Johnson could not recall the names of all his fiancées. Their names had been legion. He named eleven from whom he had obtained sums ranging from \$100 to \$1,000 and left in the lurch, for the most part waiting at the church.

There may be others, he admits, as his memory is not absolutely to be depended upon in the rush from altar to altar and hurried flit from one honeymoon to another. He courted, for instance, he says, ten women at once in Portland, Ore.

The majority of his victims are widows. Some of them still love the nice old bigamist. Mrs. Josephine Henninger, of Oakland, whom he cruelly deceived, followed him to San Quentin Prison. Johnson had taken all her money from her, she said, but she still loved him. Others in the California lot of his wives have confessed to the police that they cannot shake off their love for the professional enchanter, even though they know he did not return the sentiment.

The officers on the train which bore Johnson to San Quentin would not allow Mrs. Henninger to approach him. Nevertheless, the woman followed him to the gates of the prison and threw a kiss as he entered the jail yard. The old bigamist has been put to work in the jute mill.

In his detailed confession this amazingly fascinating old man not only gave suggestions on how to woo and wed wholesale, but uttered a caution to womankind.

"I would warn all women against marrying a man who talks too sweet," he said. "He has something up his sleeve every time. Marry a business man—one who will talk business always. Widows particularly should pay heed to this advice, for they are most easily influenced."

Johnson said that in many cases he had to resist the ardent wooing directed against him. "If a man says nice things to most of them," he said, "they will smile and smirk until the poor man finds himself taking pity on them and proposing. You can win them either way—by being stern or distant or being sweet. If one way does not work, the other surely will. Some are so eager to marry that you fairly have to race away from them."

NOVEL CALENDAR.

Strips Over Each Date Are Detached Daily, Indicating Current Date.

A custom common with probably everybody in using calendars is to cross out with a pen or pencil each date of the month as it goes. There is then small chance of mistaking the date. A Philadelphia man suggests a much better and neater method of checking off the dates in a calendar. He has patented an illustration of which is shown here. In this calendar there is a series of transverse paper strips extending to the center of each row of figures. The dates are printed



ed partly upon the sheet and partly upon the strips, the latter being secured to the sheets only between the dates and detachable under the fingers. When the strip is removed the top and bottom portions of the date still remain visible. Each day the strip covering the corresponding date is removed. The user is thus able to tell at a glance the date of the month. Also, if he desires to refer to the dates of days already passed, he can readily determine them from the partly broken figures.

TO SHOW PHOTOGRAPHS

Album is Equipped with Magnifying Glass and Mirror.

A compact and interesting device for home entertainment has been invented by a New York man. It consists of a photograph holder, which is at the same time an exhibitor, the whole being designed in the form of an album. The album is set on a stand, back down, and is divided into three compartments, the two side compartments for holding photographs and an electric battery, and the centre division having a mirror set in the back and a lens in the front, with space between for inserting the view.

This inner section is movable and



can be adjusted to any position desired, the magnifying glass in the front enlarging the views and bringing out all the detail. An electric light, supplied from the battery in the storage compartment, illumines the exhibition chamber and enhances the general effect of the picture. For evenings at home this device can be made both instructive and entertaining with a collection of historic views.

Squab Courtship.

The squab farm is an interesting place. Belgian homers are the best breeders. The parents birds are the pick of all the flocks. They pair young. The male selects his partner, and his wooing is not easy. At first he is pecked at angrily. He is a persistent fellow though, and will not be repulsed. The object of his attentions tries to escape by flight. He pursues relentlessly; when she flies he flies after her; when she roosts he roosts beside her. This keeps up on the average for two days, then Miss Pigeon relents, evidently deciding it would be hard hearted to deny so ardent a lover. The couple then settle down to a staid married life. They average five pairs of squabs a year. Eggs are hatched in eighteen days, and four weeks later the squabs go to market. They grow like weeds, at the end of the four weeks being fully feathered pigeons.

What's in a Man.

"All the constituents of a 150-pound man are contained in 1,200 eggs," said the chemist. "There is enough gas in a man," he went on, "to fill a gasometer of 3,610 cubic feet. There is enough fat to make four balls. There is enough fat to make 75 candles and a large cake of soap. There is enough phosphorus to make 8,064 boxes of matches. "There is enough hydrogen in him to fill a balloon and carry him up to the clouds. The remaining constituents of a man would yield, if utilized, six cruets of salt, a bowl of sugar and ten gallons of water." "No wonder the Psalmist said: 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made.'"