

Her Vocal Selection.
A wedding was recently held which was of the fashionable kind, and there were all sorts of preparations and frills. Among the "features" was a song by a baritone singer of considerable local renown, and just what he was to sing was a matter of considerable discussion.

A little sister six years old of the bride took much interest in the program. "Sis," she said, "I want to sing at your wedding."

"No, dear; you can't sing," was the rejoinder.

"But I can, and I want to," she pleaded.

"What would you sing?" her father asked her.

"Heaven, Look With Pity!" was her rejoinder, and her father hasn't got over it yet.—Kansas City Journal.

Ladies First!
"Scratch a southerner and you find a knightly soul" might be said to be one of the morals of the Chicago Record-Herald story below. The second moral is reasonably obvious:

"What is the reason," began the irritated traveler from the north, "that the trains in this part of the country are always behind time? I have never seen one yet that ran according to its schedule."

"That, sub," replied the dignified Georgian, "is a matter that is easily explained. It is due to southern chivalry, sub."

"Southern chivalry! Where does that come in?"

"You see, sub, the trains are always late in this country because they wait for the ladies, God bless them!"

The Lure of the Arctic.
Polar life brings strange revelations. A man who is a model of amiability at home is a savage in those high latitudes, where Mother Nature and humanity seem bent on revealing their crudest characteristics. When a man goes to the arctic first he dislikes it. If he is caught there one winter he vows to himself that he will never repeat the adventure. Yet when he gets back home he discovers that the "white silence" has a compelling fascination. I have never known a man who could resist the chance to go again, even at a financial loss. After twenty years of experience, if another opportunity came to me, it is doubtful whether any consideration would prevent my taking up the work again.

Once the charm of those long months of daylight, the mysterious deathly silence of those long nights, the white glare of that brilliant moonlight across trackless wastes of snow and ice, has been felt a man is unable to resist the siren call of the north that has become more to him than family, home, friends or money. Gladly he takes his life in his hands and fares forth again into those frozen seas.—Captain Edwin Coffin of Ziegler Polar Expedition in National Magazine.

Bear Ague.
"Speaking of 'buck fever,'" said a survey official, "reminds me of 'bear ague.' Never heard of it, eh? Well, I first encountered it in Wrangell narrows, Alaska, a number of years ago. We were on the old surveying steamer Patterson.

"Just as we rounded a point of land not more than 200 yards distant a big black bear was seen on the beach looking at us. Eight men took up rifles at once and were about to shoot when I told them to wait and fire all at once in a volley when I gave the order. They all took careful beads on the beast. 'Ready, fire!' I shouted.

"There was a rattle of musketry as the eight pieces were discharged, and every one looked to see the animal's death throes. There was the bear running up the hill as lively as a jack rabbit. Not a shot had hit him. Bear ague, that's all. Every man's hand was trembling so he couldn't hit a house. Buck fever's nowhere along side of it."—San Francisco Call.

The Fourth in the Suburbs.
"Well, old man, did you have a Fourth of July celebration out at Lovellville?"

"Yes; we had a great day of it."

"What did you do?"

"Well, the cook read the Declaration of Independence in the morning."

"Fine!"

"My wife blew up the waitress at breakfast."

"Bully!"

"The waitress went up in the air after breakfast."

"Immense!"

"We fired the landlady at noon."

"Great!"

"The chauffeur got loaded and went off with a loud report after lunch."

"Glorious!"

"The coachman got full and treated us to a barn fire in the evening. I'm trying to collect the insurance now."

"Splendid!"

"But that wasn't all. Two buns loaded with highballs broke into the house that night and got away with all the silver. Oh, yes, old man, there's nothing slow about Lovellville when it comes down to patriotism!"—Judge.

As Expanded.
A diminutive specimen of juvenile femininity whom Miss Muffet had placed herself in a sitting posture upon an article of household furniture ordinarily termed an ottoman or hassock, ministering to the gratification of her gustatory organs by ingurgitating the congealed portion of bovine lacteal fluid mingled with the watery serum of the same which remains after the congealed portion has been segregated and withdrawn.

Happening to glance downward, she observed that a specimen of the genus araneida, class arachnida, remarkable for its ability to produce filaments of extraordinary tenacity from its own interior, had taken a position upon the ottoman or hassock in immediate proximity to her.

Which totally unexpected incident aroused her apprehension to such an extent that she immediately, not to say precipitately, arose from her sitting posture and departed from the locality, leaving the intruder in undisputed possession of the apartment.—Chicago Tribune.

Early Intelligence.
Sunday School Teacher (finishing the narration)—And that is the story of Jonah and the whale. Johnny—Isn't it strange they knew what a Jonah was that long ago?

DR. JONNESCO'S SURGERY PL.

Stovaine Exploiter's Aim Is Lessen Human Suffering.

PATIENT REMAINS CONSCIOUS

Bucharest Surgeon, Who Will Demonstrate in the United States Use of His Remarkable Anesthetic, Tells of a Sailor Who Talked While Being Operated On.

Professor Thomas Jonnesco, head of the University of Bucharest Medical School, in Roumania, who recently arrived at New York to demonstrate to eminent surgeons in the United States how a mixture of neutral sulphate of strychnine and stovaine injected into a patient about to be operated on will produce a perfect analgesia, or insensibility to pain, without any of the bad effects of the anesthetics generally used in surgical operations, says he has nothing to sell. His only aim is that of a humanitarian who wishes to increase as far as possible the use of painless surgery throughout the world. His new analgesia producing mixture has been used by several eminent surgeons in Europe recently to good effect.

Professor Jonnesco lays no claim to the discovery of stovaine, for it was in use long before he, as head of the medical school of the University of Bucharest, began to experiment with the effects of the analgesia. He says, however, that stovaine can be used to produce analgesia successfully only on lower parts of the body where operations are to be performed. Its use alone in the upper parts of the body has been attended with dire results. But by mixing the neutral sulphate of strychnine the stovaine can be used for producing an utter lack of feeling in any part of the body.

Patient Not Deprived of Consciousness.
Under his new method, says Professor Jonnesco, a patient can undergo the most difficult operation and remain perfectly conscious throughout, the effect produced by the mixture of strychnine and stovaine does not deprive the patient of consciousness. It simply deadens the pain.

It is said by those who have witnessed his operations abroad that a patient to whom the stovaine and strychnine have been administered can and does chat with the surgeon while the knife is being used in an extremely delicate operation. In the case of a sailor who was operated on abroad, Dr. Jonnesco inserted a hypodermic needle into the spinal canal between two of the vertebrae at the base of the neck. He injected three centigrams of the mixture dissolved in water. A few minutes later the patient was placed on an operating table, and his shoulders were lowered so that the numbing fluid could pass upward. The operation to be performed on the sailor was the removal of tubercular glands from his neck. Two minutes after the fluid had a chance to spread the operation was begun.

No Pain From Knife Thrust.
When the knife was applied the sailor was asked if he felt any pain.

"No," replied the man. Even then the surgeon's knife was deep in his back.

"Are you quite comfortable?" asked one of the surgeons.

"Yes, quite, thank you," replied the patient.

Professor Jonnesco told of this operation through an interpreter. One of his fellow countrymen, George Souza, acted as the interpreter, for Professor Jonnesco speaks no English.

"This sailor, who was about twenty-two years old, talked all the way through the operation," said Professor Jonnesco. "Moreover, he walked away from his operating table after it was all over. Another operation which was successfully performed was on an Irishman forty-seven years old, who had cancer of the stomach. He was not so active as the sailor after the operation, but both were successful. The complete quietude of both during the operation was proof that they experienced no pain."

Professor Jonnesco said that his visit to the United States was only to give Americans the benefit of his discovery free of charge.

To Lessen Pain His Only Reward.
"Some 750 patients have undergone operations by the new method since its discovery in 1908," said the professor. "My reward for the discovery is only this—to lessen pain and suffering in the human family. It is quite enough reward. Once my method is adopted here in America it will be adopted by the whole world, for this is the country in which great achievements in the surgical and medical world are sent broadcast and are given heed to by surgeons throughout the world."

Professor Jonnesco is on a three months' vacation and has many engagements throughout the United States.

To Grow Korean Figs.
California is to try inclining the Korean will fig. The fig, growing on a hardy vine, on trees, trellises and hedges, to a height of thirty feet, is a delicious fruit. Some of the seed has been sent to the department of agriculture, California State University. The fig grows wild in Korea and has proved of great value there.

Seeking For Danger.
"I'm going to lick Smith."

"Why?"

"He said I was a horse thief and a liar."

"Did he prove it?"

"No."

"Then let well enough alone and don't get him any madder."—Cleveland Leader.

Lofty Expectations.
"Is your husband all you thought he was?"

"Just about. But he doesn't come close to being all he thought he was."

The quiet has almost completely subsided. The excitement of the moment has passed. The excitement of the moment has passed. The excitement of the moment has passed.

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WHY IS IT THAT A MAN'S HAT HAS A BAND ON THE LEFT SIDE?

Processes Say It May Monopolize Traffic.

Chicago WHOTEL POSSIBLE.

Economy Seen in Louis Brennan's Invention, That Seems to Defy Laws of Gravitation—Speed of One Hundred and Fifty Miles an Hour Predicted.

Chicago railroad officials who have recently returned from London are inclined to believe that in the monorailway, or gyroscopic railroad, Louis Brennan, B. C., has an invention which bids fair to revolutionize some of the fields, at least, of transportation.

What they saw at the public demonstrations at Chatham, England, of the possibilities of the monorailway was a railroad car forty feet long, ten feet wide and thirteen feet high, weighing twenty-two tons, mounted on a single rail and running freely around curves while safely carrying forty passengers, who experienced less vibration than would have been the case in an ordinary passenger coach.

The principle upon which the monorailway operates is that of the spinning top, which maintains its equilibrium by means of its rapid revolutions or gyrations. The characteristic feature of this system of transportation is that each vehicle is capable of maintaining its balance upon an ordinary rail laid upon sleepers on the ground, whether it is standing still or moving in either direction at any rate of speed. This is done notwithstanding the fact that the center of gravity is several feet above the rail and that wind pressure, shifting of load, centrifugal action or any combination of these forces may tend to upset it. Automatic stability mechanism of extreme simplicity carried by the vehicle itself endows it with this power.

Principle of Mechanism.
The mechanism consists essentially of two flywheels rotated directly by electric motors in opposite directions at a very high velocity and mounted so that their gyrostatic action and stored up energy can be utilized. The flywheels are mounted on high class bearings and are placed in a vacuum, so that the air and friction are reduced to a minimum and consequently the power required to keep them in rapid motion is very small. The stored up energy in the flywheels when revolving at full speed is so great and the friction so small that if the driving current is cut off altogether they will run at sufficient velocity to impart stability to the vehicle for several hours, while it will take from two to three days before they come to rest. The stability mechanism, whose weight is small, occupies but little space in the car at one end of the vehicle.

The wheels of the car are placed in a single row beneath the center of the vehicle and are carried on box trucks which are so pivoted as to provide for horizontal curves on the track and also for vertical ones. This enables the vehicle to run upon curves of even less radius than the length of the vehicles itself or to run on crooked rails or on rails laid over uneven ground without danger of derailment. The motive power of the monorailway may be either steam, petrol, oil, gas or electricity. In the experiments made thus far petrol has been used as an electric converter, the power of each vehicle being self contained and ready for immediate use. Use of it at any moment is made possible by keeping the gyro wheels in constant rotation by a current from a small accumulator, the engine being at rest. In order that the vehicle may be able to ascend steep inclines the wheels are all power driven, and change gears are provided for use in hilly country.

Large Coach Made Possible.
Great economy is obtained by making the vehicles much wider than the ordinary passenger coach. On this point Mr. Brennan claims that he has plans for a passenger car 100 feet in length and 20 feet wide. He also declares that such a coach may be driven safely at a speed of 150 miles an hour while travelers are making a transcontinental journey in rooms as large and as luxuriously furnished as those of a modern city hotel.

Hotel on Rails Predicted.
The expenditure of fuel necessary to operate the monorailway is very much less than it is with an ordinary railroad. This fact is due to the absence of flange friction on curves and to the vehicles running without oscillation or jolting. The absence of these same factors makes an increase of 200 or 300 per cent in the speed of the train a safe possibility; consequently Mr. Brennan confidently declares that his dream of a transcontinental railroad furnished with a traveling hotel having rooms fifteen to twenty feet wide and carrying passengers in perfect comfort and safety at a speed of 120 to 150 miles an hour will surely be realized.

Why is it that a man's hat has a band on the left side? The answer is that there was a time when a piece of cloth adjusted to the head and tied with a band of other material served for a headpiece. The reason the bow was always placed on the left side had its origin in the fact that in wielding a sword—an accomplishment possessed by nearly every one of consequence at one period of the world's history—the bow or rosette if placed on the right side would have been in the way. Its present day utility is that it keeps most men from wearing their hats blind side before, and, although with most hats that would not matter, with most heads it does.—Chicago Record-Herald.

On the Moon.
The question "Could a man live on the moon?" has been put to an eminent astronomer, who replied: "I am afraid not. A man transplanted to the moon would find himself the lone inhabitant of a perfectly lifeless orb in which eternal silence reigns. He would have to manage without air, water or fire. He would not need to put windows in his house, for there is no wind, no rain, no dust, upon the moon. It has been truly and practically observed that the moon is apparently dead to death, nourishing no inhabitants, producing nothing resembling trees, flowers or beautiful things of any kind—useless, in short, except as a mass of extinct volcanic rubbish, which drags the sea into tides and reflects the sunbeams in moonlight."

The Englishman.
Just as there is no being more disliked in his own country than the Oxford man who displays what is (most unfairly) described as the Oxford manner, so there is nobody who does more harm to our good name abroad than the Englishman who carries his insular conceit all over the continent—his evident belief that the people, the country and the institutions under his condescending review are obviously and painfully inferior to those he has left behind him. That is the sort of optimism which has to be kicked out of a man before he becomes a tolerable citizen of the world.—London Outlook.

One on the President.
President Taft is not the least bit sensitive about his size and laughs as heartily as any one over stories on this subject. Here is the latest: At a stop on his recent tour he had taken a short walk in the country to view the scenery, but got turned around and lost his way. Finally he sighted a farmer tilling in the sun on the side of a hill, and, wishing to escape the exhausting climb from the road, the president hailed him. Twice the pleasing, ringing voice of the nation's chief magistrate was heard before the attention of the farmer was gained. The president pointed to a nearby gate and made an extra effort.

"Can I come in?" he shouted.

"I guess ye kin," bawled the farmer. "A load of hay jist come through it."

Overstocked.
Madge as the oldest of a family of girls has evident heard and taken to heart the disappointment of her parents over the excessive femininity allotted by the fates to the family quiver.

When recently the fifth little daughter was born Madge was playing in the garden with one of her sisters and as a neighbor considered, was decidedly in rynch with the child.

"Madge, don't treat your little sister so," remonstrated the neighbor. "You might kill her."

"Well, if I did," was the cool response, "there's plenty more in the house."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Going into a Safer Business.
It was Cassidy's first morning as newspaper carrier. From side to side of the avenue he hurried, dropping the moist sheets in vestibules and running them in the space between the door and sill. Finally he came to a house that was walled from the sidewalk by an iron studded yard. Cassidy opened the iron gate and walked up the stone path. He knelt in the vestibule and started running the paper under the door. An upper window was raised, and a woman's voice called:

"Is that you, Harry? You are awful late. I hear the milk carts rattling."

Cassidy thought it best to remain quiet. The voice continued:

"You needn't think I'm coming down at such an hour. The idea of you, a married man, coming home at such a time! Lost your key, as usual? Well, catch this one."

A heavy piece of brass shot two stories. There was a heavy fall, and the vestibule resembled a press room.

Some one found Cassidy smoking his pipe in the "accident ward."

"Going back to the carrier route?" they asked.

"Never once more," responded Cassidy. "O'm gosh! back to wur-ruk in th' quarry. Ther's no fallin' knees ther, only dynamited rocks."—Chicago News.

A Hector Outthetored.
A publisher's reader at a literary club hectored a group of novelists.

"You chaps," he sneered, "must always be coling new words. Good English isn't good enough for you. In the last half dozen manuscript novels I turned down there were such horrible neologisms as 'he hoarsed,' 'she parroted,' 'they shrilled,' 'he glimpsed her,' 'he supremed,' and 'so forth. Fough!"

"Let me inform you," cried a novelist defiantly, "that your remark shows a pitiful ignorance on your part of our mother tongue. As for 'shrilling,' Tennyson writes:

"With petulant thumb and finger shrilling 'Hence!'"

"Chapman, the great Chapman, is an authority for 'parrotting.' 'Glimpsing' has been used by Howells and Lowell, and 'supreme' as a verb may be found in Shelley's letters."—Washington Post.

An Ocean.
Teacher—What is an ocean? Johnny—A body of water necessitating bath-tushes.—New York Sun.

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used his technical knowledge to the advantage of General Estrada. Both Groce and Cannon were captured after a decisive encounter between Estrada's forces and those of Zelaya near the San Juan river. Zelaya's force, contrary to the treaty provision, deliberately crossed the river into Costa Rica, recrossed it at an unexpected point, and appearing in the vanguard of General Estrada's force, put it to flight.

"Eager to Be Rid of Cannon."
"Personally I have no doubt that both Cannon and Groce were taken in the act of laying mines under the river and adjacent roads. But as they were recognized officers of the revolutionary party it was utterly unwarranted to lead them to execution. I never believed they had a fair court martial, but that they were killed on the personal order of Zelaya. A cable in cipher received from friends in Nicaragua two days after the execution tells me that Zelaya refused to take into consideration a suggestion of his own general in chief that their sentences be commuted.

"Zelaya had repeatedly shown himself eager to be rid of Cannon. Cannon was captured and condemned to death in the last revolution, but through the intervention of Mr. Gregory, the American minister, his sentence was commuted. They conspired about half his property. Mr. Cannon frequently showed me letters in which were plain proofs of Zelaya's animosity to him. He had not a chance of escape."

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