

Brevities

THE HALL OF FAME.

A heavy beard grows on the right side of the face of G. L. Collier of Columbia, Mo., but the left side is entirely smooth. Scientists are puzzled.

William Waldorf Astor, the expatriated American who recently bought and presented the Chesapeake flag to a British museum, once was American minister to Italy under President Arthur.

Hon. George Holbrook of Manchester, N. H., is believed to hold the record for long service as a church official. He is now serving his fifty-fifth consecutive term as clerk of the Merimac Street Baptist church.

Dr. Wallace W. Atwood of the University of Chicago will spend the coming field season in Alaska, continuing his investigations under the auspices of the United States geological survey of the coal resources of Alaska.

John Salisbury, who is sixty, has discharged himself from the Tiverton workhouse, England, in order that he can return to work outside and marry Eliza Ellen Roberts, also an inmate of the institution and ten years his junior.

Wesley Markwood, who began to serve the government as a messenger boy in the war department in 1835, is now, after fifty-five years of continuous service, at the age of eighty-one and one-half years, still serving the government as "messenger boy" in the department of agriculture.

At the recent elections in Taymouth township, Mich., D. D. Ross was elected supervisor. For upward of fifty years, or during nearly the whole of the township's existence, the office of supervisor has been in the Ross family, D. D. Ross being the third in the direct family line to hold the office.

To have been born and to have lived in the same house for ninety-five and ninety years respectively is a record that perhaps few individuals have ever won. But such is the record of Alexander and Betsy Ogg, brother and sister and venerable citizens of Warren township, O., all their long lives.

Modes of the Moment.

Many plain white washable gowns will be trimmed with embroidered ermine.

Black and white are in favor conjointly, especially white chiffon trimmed with black velvet.

Dyed laces make very smart coats, and women who can afford a variety are going in for several shades.

Plain, figured and embroidered stuffs are all worn, and painted chiffons and patins are most effective for evening.

Cluny lace is a rage in Paris, where coats, blouses and skirts are made of it. The lace is dyed to any color and is lined with satin of precisely the same hue.

Wood brown will, it is said, be the chic brown of the summer season and has the advantage of being a cooler color for warm weather wear than most of the brown shades.—Brooklyn Eagle.

German Gleanings.

Wood blocks laid alongside rails are preferred on asphalt paved streets in Frankfurt, Germany, to any other system of connecting the street tracks and the paving.

In German prisons chess clubs are by no means uncommon. They are encouraged by the authorities as promoting healthy mental relaxation for well conducted prisoners.

Saxony is the most densely populated of the German states, having had at the time of the last census (1905) a population of 300.7 per square kilometer. The average for the whole empire is 112 per square kilometer.

Of the 1,125,000 persons in Berlin who support themselves or themselves and families only \$8,611, or less than 54 per cent, have incomes of \$714 or more a year. About 1,000,000 have less than that amount and more than half of these even less than \$214 a year.

Unable to Digest THE FOOD.

The digestive system is a wonderful piece of machinery, but power is necessary to make it effective.

The power, in this case, is the nerve force and with the nerves exhausted the digestive system becomes hopelessly crippled. There is indigestion, headaches, nervous pains and spells of weakness, dizziness and discouragement. Strength cannot be regained from the food you eat, but you can be restored by

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills

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Mr. S. M. Wheeler, the well-known Electrical Engineer of Tuscorora St., Addison, N. Y., states:

"I consider Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills a great success in nervous dyspepsia. I was troubled for ten years and never found any treatment so wonderfully rapid and good in effect. The stomach is strong now, and I eat what I please and enjoy it."

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WE SHORTEN OUR LIVES.

Human Beings Should Live at Least a Hundred Years.

Every man who dies before he is a hundred years old does so because he has neglected the laws of health. I believe the time will come when men will commonly live to be 150 years old. But to do this they must be born right and be taught matters of health with their A B C's.

A majority of the people of America lose about thirty years of life through not understanding or not following the demand of nature for regular and adequate exercise. Our systems of civilization have worked a vast improvement in production by training men to special lines of work. Thus they become wonderfully proficient. To see a man rattling up long columns of reading matter on a linotype machine is inspiring, to hear a lawyer clearly and incisively summing up a case fills one with admiration, to read a strong, forceful editorial affords pleasure at the thoughts so well expressed, to watch the violinist and listen to the sweet melodies he draws from the strings waits our souls to higher realms, yet the acquirement of each and all these abilities has robbed the trained or talented performers of something else. The linotype is wearing out his nerves in setting type at such a rapid pace; the oratory of the lawyer has been acquired at the expense of a dyspeptic stomach; the man who wins us with his facile pen envies the strength of the sturdy laborer shoveling in the street; the virtuoso would fain have the appetite of the performer on the big horn in the little street band.

In this specializing each is apt to neglect the routine work for all the muscles that nature demands to keep up the physique. Had each of these performers or geniuses done his stint of work on a farm, raising the food he consumed, he would have been less skilled in his vocation, but possessed of vastly better health. And all would live out not only their full seventy but a round hundred or more of years.—Charles H. Cochrane in Metropolitan Magazine.

OUR FIRST PRESIDENT.

The Average American Knows Very Little About Washington.

Born Feb. 22, 1732; died Dec. 14, 1799; fought Indians; time and place a little vague. Was he not with Brad-dock? Married a widow named Martha; was commander all through our Revolution; was our first president and had two terms; wrote a farewell address; knew Lafayette and Thomas Jefferson; crossed the Delaware at Trenton just before Christmas and surprised the Hessians; beat Cornwallis at Yorktown and was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

These are all public facts. What does the reader know of Washington the man? More than likely it will be as follows:

Cut down a cherry tree with a hatchet; owned up to having done so, saying, "Father, I cannot tell a lie;" threw a stone very far across some river; climbed up the side of the Natural bridge and cut his initials; worked hard at school; was steady; was very good all the time, and everybody looked up to him; of course very brave, of course very wise and a great patriot; was one of the greatest men in all history; was tall, strong; wore those knee breeches of colonial days and a wig; looked stern; would probably lecture you and tell you to be virtuous and you would be happy. Such, if I mistake not, is the reader's vision of Washington as a man—cold, austere, unemotional, without passions, grand, not merely greater than human, simply not human at all—a sort of marble statue. A figure to prize, to be proud of as an American, a figure to revere, but not a character to love, to be drawn to, to feel any kinship with—in a word, immortal, yet not living.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Preservation of Caste.

It is well known how carefully, apparently at least, the Hindoos are to preserve their caste from contamination with anything of a lower order. In towns where Hindoos and Mussulmans, followers of Mohammed, live side by side the sellers of drinking water supply the liquid through little porches, one for each religion. The drinker is thus supposed to be ignorant of the caste of the man who supplies the water and his own caste is consequently unbroken.

From Hand to Mouth.

"I'll never speak to him again," exclaimed the dark young woman. "He called me his queen and asked if he might kiss my hand. I said yes, and—after that he kissed me on the lips without asking."

"I suppose," said the light young woman, "he followed along the line of least resistance."

Melancholy Milk.

"Haven't you any milk that is more cheerful than this?" queried the new boarder as he poured some of the liquid into his coffee.

"Why, what do you mean by that?" queried the landlady.

"Oh, nothing," rejoined the new boarder; "only this milk seems to have the blues."

Mean of Her.

"Everybody says baby is very like me," said young Mrs. Papley fondly.

"Yes, the cute little thing," remarked Miss Diggs. "What fat ankles she has!"—Philadelphia Press.

Evading the Issue.

"Did you break this dish, Mary?"

"No'm; I only dropped it.—St. Louis Times.

Selections

HUDSON RIVER BRIDGE.

The New Structure Will Be the Eighth Wonder of the World.

The magnitude of the projected Hudson river bridge does not at first strike the unthinking person, but when it does strike it comes with a breathless, aerial significance. It will be the eighth wonder of the world, and the eyes of foreign engineers are turned to New York with expectancy.

The plans of the new structure are practically those of the original North river project. It was a long step from a 1,700 foot span, then and still the longest in the world, to over 3,000 feet, the distance to be covered between the piers on either side of the broad Hudson. To make a bridge almost double the length of the Brooklyn bridge meant building the towers nearly twice as high, and in order to allow for additional roadways and tracks the bridges of double length must be also twice as wide. Thus the proposition involved was really very much more than building a bridge with a double length span, for three dimensions had to be considered, making the entire structure nearly eight times as large as the Brooklyn bridge.

At first other engineers were loath to believe that modern materials made possible so great a bridge, but the entire profession is now agreed that the bridge is possible and practicable, and the estimates of construction cost vary between \$35,000,000 and \$50,000,000, depending upon the number of tracks and the carrying capacity designated. These figures do not include the cost of approaches or of right of way.

It is an astonishing fact that is contemplated, this of suspending between steel towers distant more than half a mile eight great railway tracks and four driveways, says Charles H. Cochrane in the New Broadway Magazine. As a triumph of engineering the work will have no equal. There will be four stupendous towers at the piers, each suggesting in appearance the celebrated Eiffel tower. These four towers will be about 800 feet from foundation stones to top. They will carry the eight mammoth steel cables that will curve gracefully across the noble Hudson and support the two deck steel truss bridge 140 feet wide capable of transporting 100,000 persons in one hour without undue crowding.

New Stunts of Beggars.

To be an up to date beggar requires a lot of ingenuity, and one would think that the same amount of thought along different lines would produce something more worth while. The latest scheme in New York is to stop the passerby and ask for money enough to have a prescription filled and show the paper.

"I just got out of the hospital, and the doctor told me I must take this regular," the beggar will say, and usually he wins, for no one cares to feel that he may have sent the poor devil away without the medicine required to keep him alive. There is another chap running about the city. He carries a loaf of bread on which he munches hungrily. All he asks is a nickel to get a cup of coffee to finish off his meager fare.—New York Globe.

Moving a Town in a Boat.

The transitory nature of life in Alaska is shown by an incident in Dr. F. A. Cook's account of his ascent of Mount McKinley. "To the Top of the Continent." He was in search of a tow on Yentna river when "at about 10 o'clock we saw a big dory drifting down the stream. A corpulent miner, with all kinds of things, was in the boat. To our question, 'How far to Youngstown?' he answered: 'It used to be twenty miles above, but it just moved. I have the town in the dory and am taking it down the stream.'"

Leather Candy.

Leather is often heavily dressed with sugar to increase its weight. In order to show that their leather is not faked with sugar the government of the Australian commonwealth stamps leather exports with an official declaration that they contain "not more than 5 per cent of crystal sugar." Certain bales so stamped were recently held back by the custom house here as goods partly composed of sugar—i. e., confectionery—and were not released till the sugar tax had been paid upon them.—London Spectator.

Photographic Introduction.

Owing to many swindles perpetrated recently through forged and stolen letters of introduction, a card of photographic identification invented by a Pittsburg man has become popular in that city. Now when the Pittsburg friend asks him for a letter of introduction he takes the friend to the nearest photographer and is photographed with him in an attitude of presentation. Then he writes his note on the picture. And when it is presented the recipient has no doubt as to the identity of his caller.

Autos in City Parks.

Boston has taken a whack at the automobilists, following New York's example in excluding from its parks motor cars equipped with tire chains or metal covered tires. The Metropolitan park commission of Boston has decided that the anti-skid devices on the heavy cars tear up the parkways faster than an army of men can repair them and has decreed that from now on any chauffeur operating a machine with spiked, chained or studded wheels shall be mulcted to the tune of \$20.

THE SCHEMHL.

He is the Poor Fellow Who Always Misses His Chance.

The schemhl is easier to understand than to define. Many years ago a gathering of the wits at the Macabeanus endeavored to come to a decision as to the real definition of a schemhl. They could not agree as to the origin of the word, and they found it equally hard to define what exactly a schemhl is. The nearest shot, says the Jewish Chronicle of London, was that of Stuart M. Samuel, M. P., who said that he could tell a story that would illustrate exactly what was meant by the term. There was a poor man who could not find anything to do. Whatever he tried failed, and when he sought employment he could not obtain it. Day after day he sat (schemhl-like) on a bench in the public gardens waiting for some one to offer him work, but the offer never came. For a whole year he sat thus each day until at last he attracted the attention of a merchant, who said to himself: "I want some one at my warehouse, and I think I shall offer the job to that poor man who is always sitting so patiently and wistfully as though he is looking for employment. Tomorrow I shall speak to him." The morrow came, and the poor man started for his usual walk to his usual seat. As, however, he was leaving his house he said to his wife: "My dear, I have been out like this for a whole year, and nothing has ever come of it. Today I think I shall stay at home." And he did. And he missed the merchant. That is the schemhl.

A LIFE OF THE ROOFS.

Gardens Flourish on the Housetops of Florence, Italy.

There still exists in Italian cities a life of the roofs that is distinct and characteristic and of which the mere foreigner and tourist is entirely unaware. Particularly is this the case in Florence. Mount to the top floor of one of these grim, big palaces standing in some gloomy, sunless street, often approached by a stern, forbidding doorway and dark, steep stairs, and you will hold your breath with wonder at the surprise that awaits you, for here before your eyes stretches an unfamiliar city, a red and green city of wide expanse and varying altitudes, a city no less architecturally beautiful than the one you have left below and uninvited, too, most unexpectedly by verdure.

In the very heart of the city, on its topmost apex, there is no trace of grime. The air is pure and wholesome. Indeed, its breezes are charged with no small suggestion of sea and mountain breath. As for the smoke one would expect to find hanging above the roofs of a densely populated city, it is conspicuous by its absence, and only at the hour of meals does some faint blue column rise for the briefest space into the atmosphere.—Helen Zimmerman's "A Florentine Roof Garden" in Century.

Then He Did Go.

"Well," said Mr. Staylate for the fourth time, "I must be going."

"What a queer delusion!" replied Miss Patience Gonne. "You're really quite stationary."—Philadelphia Press.

Piles

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Scientist Sammy.

"Sammy," said Mrs. Tucker, who was showing him through the geological department of the museum, "these are called aerolites. They are supposed to be fragments of some planet that has been broken up. They come with in the attraction of our planet and fall to the earth."

"Oh, I know what they are!" said Sammy. "They're the ballast the man in the moon has to throw out to keep himself up in the sky."

Works Both Ways.

"They bore one, these society calls, don't you know," declared the young lady. "They bore one."

"Sometimes they bore two," responded the young man, taking the hint and likewise his departure.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

That's the Answer.

"Why is your husband so irritable at home?" inquired the amazed visitor.

"Because he knows it's safe to be," answered the long suffering wife.—St. Louis Republic.

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