

AMERICAN "NOBILITY"

WILL SOON BE CATALOGUED BY A BRITISH EXPERT.

Editor of Compiler of "Burke's Peerage" Finds That Real Name of Our President is "Van Roosevelt."

London.—"Prominent Families of the United States of America," is the title of a book soon to be published by Arthur Meredith Burke, son of the late Sir Bernard Burke, compiler of "Burke's Peerage," and other works on the ancestry of Great Britain's un-tilled land owners.

Arms bearings in plenty are to appear in the book, the title page of which will bear the coat of arms of Washington.

One of the specimen pages is devoted to the history of the Roosevelt family, and its coat of arms. The earliest recorded ancestor of the president, Claes Martenzen Van Rosenburg, emigrated from Zealand in 1619 to the New Netherlands in 1649.

The progeny of this man is shown to have figured prominently in the military and civil history of New York, culminating in the particularly strenuous and brilliant career of Theodore.

The facts for the Roosevelt history were furnished to Mr. Burke by Mrs. Roosevelt after considerable correspondence.

"I cannot yet say," said Mr. Burke, "how many families will be represented in my compilation, but it will be the most complete and authoritative work on American genealogy ever attempted."

It will be published in a few months, and no family will be admitted except on its merits. Leading Americans have been engaged for several years in tracing their lineage, and the results of their investigation have been submitted to me for verification.

It has been an infinitely difficult and laborious task, but very fascinating. When my grandfather started "Burke's Peerage" he had complete official records to go on. I must search out the facts in parish and other records of nonconformist associations, in family papers and scattered collections of manuscripts in Great Britain, Ireland and America.

The facts show that when Englishmen and other Europeans sneered at the efforts of Americans to establish pedigrees they display not only discourtesy but ignorance. The lineage of the leading American families bring to the investigator extraordinary men and women at every turn, and prove that these families are proud and jealous of their virtues and deeds, and are careful not to mix their names with those of the common herd.

The persistence of lines of distinction can be discerned right through the so-called history of America.

While the Americans who are tracing out and authenticating their ancestry are not actuated primarily by a desire to create an American aristocratic class, they are in reality defining what the world is bound to recognize as an American aristocracy.

SAWED CELL BARS WITH YARN.

Federal Prisoner Invents Odd Instrument to Effect Escape.

Leavenworth, Kan.—Out of pieces of woven yarn, unraveled from a sock and twisted together, a prisoner in the new federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan., constructed an instrument which he used to saw through the top and bottom of a three-inch steel bar.

That a common piece of yarn could be made to cut the strongest steel bars tested with acids and resisting steel saws, is a discovery that not only surprises police and keepers of jails and penitentiaries, but scientists as well. It is the first case of the kind on record, as far as can be learned, and the prisoner who used it in the Leavenworth penitentiary is the originator.

The prisoner was confined in one of the isolation cells. A guard standing on a tier above noticed him working the hands back and forth around the bars and notified the guards on the lower floor. They investigated and found that the top had been sawed through. The bottom was about half through. The prisoner readily confessed and showed the warden how he had accomplished the feat.

ARMY TO ADOPT NEW BULLET.

Long, Straight, Tapering Point and is Lighter Than the Old.

Washington.—The army will shortly adopt the new bullet, which was recently tested by several of the target experts at the national rifle meet. at Annapolis and found to be satisfactory in every respect. Instead of the rounded point of the present bullet it has a long, straight, tapering point and is also about one-third lighter, weighing about 130 grains. The new bullet has a greater velocity up to 2,000 yards, a range of energy up to 1,400 yards, a flatter trajectory up to 2,000 yards and a better accuracy up to 2,000 yards.

The new bullet will require a slightly different firing chamber in the rifle, but this can be readily effected in pieces now under manufacture, and the necessary changes can be made in the pieces now in use with comparatively small expense.

Japan Prohibits Tobacco. Washington.—The postal administration of Japan has advised this government that packages containing tobacco are prohibited from passing over the territory of Japan even if sent by parcels post.

CHURCH WOMEN PICK APPLES.

Earn Money to Pay Off Debt and Help Solve Labor Problem.

Louisville, Ill.—The women of the Christian church of Flora are raising money by a novel means to pay off the debt on the new \$10,000 church edifice and in addition are helping to solve the labor question that is confronting the apple growers of Clay county.

They were given permission to haul and sell to the evaporators the cull and mid-fall apples in the large orchards in the vicinity of this city and the entire feminine membership and the Sunday school children gathered in the Maney orchard. The women earned \$15 for their day's work and will gather apples in other orchards surrounding Flora every Saturday until the apple season closes.

Mrs. R. S. C. Reaugh, president of the Ladies' society of the Christian church, has the supervision of the work.

Although the apple-picking season will not open until later for the Ben Davis apples estimates place the number of bushels of apples exported from the five shipping sections in Clay county at 200,000 bushels, or nearly 75,000 barrels. The five evaporators in the county are using 5,000 bushels of apples daily and are estimated to have used 150,000 bushels of apples this season. The apples are selling readily and numerous buyers are in the field.

The labor situation caused by the scarcity of hands is delaying the picking. On account of strikes the wages range from \$1.50 to \$3 a day. Only \$1.25 was paid earlier in the season.

DESERTS WIFE FOR A SQUAW.

Wealthy Farmer Accused by Spouse, Who Then Puts Up Cash Bail.

Tacoma, Wash.—Charged with the desertion of his wife for the doubtful attraction of a Siwash squaw, William Nottingham has been bound over for trial at the next term of the superior court at Concomully. His wife, whom he left in Adams county while he maintained a second household at Concomully, secured his liberty by putting up \$1,500 in cash.

Nottingham is a wealthy rancher of eastern Washington, having a 410-acre ranch near Lind, Adams county, with many head of cattle and horses. His wife, who has sued him for divorce, estimates his fortune at more than \$50,000. They were married 24 years ago in Missouri and have eight children.

Nottingham has always been highly respected in Adams county and was thought to be a faithful husband and a good father.

His double life began about three years ago, when he took a large band of cattle to Okanogan county to feed on the rich pasture of the Indian reservation. He leased an allotment from a squaw named Sophia San Pierre and is charged with having become enamored of her. Since then he has lived most of his time in Okanogan county and has deceived his wife, she claims, by telling her he was holding down a homestead.

PRIEST WHIPS A TRAMP.

Hobo Gets an Illustration of Muscular Christianity.

Indianapolis.—Rev. Francis Henry Gavisk, one of the most popular members of the Catholic priesthood in Indiana, showed the other afternoon that he had not forgot how to take care of himself in a fight. He quickly disposed of a tramp who insulted him at his own home.

The tramp rang the door bell and asked for something to eat. He was insolent about it, but Father Gavisk gave him a dime. At that the tramp acted as if he was deeply offended.

"Do you think I am going to a cheap restaurant?" he asked.

"I guess you don't want that dime; so give it back," answered the priest.

The tramp replied with a string of oaths that he wouldn't give up the money, whereupon Father Gavisk grappled with him. There was a short, sharp struggle, which the priest won. He not only recovered the money, but shoved the man into the street before he could recover his balance. The tramp attempted to renew the attack, but the priest was too clever with his fists to be injured.

Japs to Have Great Navy. Victoria, B. C.—Advices have been received by the steamer Bellerophon that the Japanese naval department has decided upon a naval programme for the improvement of the Japs navy, the expansion to cover a period of eight years. The diet is asked to vote \$135,000,000 for the purpose, of which \$12,000,000 will be used to repair present vessels, among them the former Russian vessels captured and raised. Many of the vessels now in service will be replaced. The programme of the naval department will be to have a battleship squadron of eight vessels, representing the strongest and newest types, two armored cruiser squadrons of eight ships each and three fast cruiser squadrons of four ships each, representing a programme of shipbuilding for the next decade.

Anarchist Entertains a King. Milan Papers here relate that some days ago the proprietor of a cinematograph asked permission to give an exhibition to the royal family. The king consented and the exhibition was held. The police have since discovered that the proprietor of the cinematograph was really a well-known anarchist, named Dutto. The king had paid him handsomely and shook hands with him. Dutto is being prosecuted for passing himself under a false name.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

MEN LIVED WITHOUT MUCH NOW DEEMED INDISPENSABLE.

Telephone is Only One of Many Contrivances Which Have Added to the Comfort and Profit of the World.

Forty-five years marks, we may say, the man of middle age, yet the retrospect of the last 45 years will point to many of the most remarkable, and as now considered, indispensable, inventions and devices of civilized life, says the Philadelphia Record.

These, the middle-aged man, as a boy, did not even dream of. Going back to the time when the man now 45 was five, we will find that he and all the rest of mankind lived very satisfactorily without telephones. Scarcely a house of any considerable size would now be deemed habitable without one. When communication with a distant point was needed quickly the telegraph was brought into requisition. If great haste was not requisite, a letter sufficed.

The expedition with which business is now transacted was obviously impossible without the telephone, although other inventions, then equally unknown, contribute much to the hurry of to-day. The electric light, like most other electrical inventions, was as distant as the telephone; though gas and oil, principally the former, made what was considered satisfactory illumination. Great construction works could not, however, be carried on by night with gas, while now, by arc light, they may. In that day the miner toiled underground by the dim flickering illumination of a candle. At present large mines are strung with incandescent electric lights and kept practically as light as are surface establishments by night.

Forty years ago, a speed of 30 miles by rail was deemed wonderful, and continuous trips of more than 200 miles were rare. Changes of cars were frequent on long distance journeys, and as the segments of road were in those days controlled by different companies, there was much transferring of passengers and baggage, and buying of new tickets. Dining cars were unknown, and wayside lunch counters, with their familiar gongs and "all aboard" terminations to unsatisfactory and abbreviated repasts, were the rule.

The postage rate on domestic letters was then three cents, and foreign postage was charged to Canada and Mexico; while every negotiable document, deed, check, bond or legal instrument bore an internal revenue stamp. Bankers, brokers, stationers, druggists and even saloon keepers kept a supply of revenue stamps on hand, and merchants had them in sheets ready to be affixed to receipts if even for the most trifling amounts.

Every bank and merchant, and practically every storekeeper then subscribed to some publication which gave a weekly list of new counterfeit bank notes, and these publications, owing to the then imperfect methods of engraving and registration, were usually many pages in extent.

Songs of the war, printed on single sheets of music, were strung along park fences, and sold at a penny apiece, the dealer being generally a wounded soldier of the civil war, incapacitated for work. Small change was mostly of paper in denominations of three, five, ten, 25 and 50 cents. For a time a 15-cent bill was circulated, but it was soon withdrawn. Nickel three-cent pieces, as substitutes for silver three-cent pieces, were also in circulation, though the silver three-cent piece, or "scally," was not rare. Plugged silver pieces, when there were any silver pieces, usually five or ten cent pieces, though the holes and lead filling seemed in no way to interfere with their circulating capacity.

Singer's Treasured Fan. Among the myriad treasures owned by Adeline Patti, the great prima donna, none is more valued than a fan on which are autograph sentiments written by sovereigns of Europe. Among the inscriptions are these: By the czar—Nothing is so calming as your voice. The German emperor—To the nightingale of all time. Queen Christina—To a Spaniard, from a queen who is proud to count her among her subjects. Queen Victoria—If King Lear was right in saying that a sweet voice is a precious gift to a woman, you, my dear Adeline, are of all the women the richest.

Good Advertising Scheme. An eastern publisher is booming a new novel by inserting this "personal" in the daily papers: "If the lady with dark hair and an absorbed expression in a Fourth avenue car yesterday who became provoked because the gentleman in front turned over a page of his novel before she had finished reading it over his shoulder will send her name and address and \$1.20 to any bookkeeper she will be spared in future the necessity of manifesting her displeasure at such rudeness. Mention there follows the name of the book to avoid error."

Heard After Meeting. "How is it, Bro'r Williams," said an old deacon, "dat you preach f'm de Bible to-day, wen ever'body could see you wuz a holdin' it upside down?"

"You mustn't inquire too close into de mysteries er Providence," replied Brother Williams, "but dis much I'll tell you: No matter how you look at de Bible, hit's de same thing all round."

LIFE IN THE SMALL TOWN.

Writer Points Out a Few of Its Advantages.

Small towns have their drawbacks. No man need try it in these vigilant little centers to lead a double life. There are faithful, sleepless watchers at each end of the line, with several sentinels along the way, to report on his doings, his failures to do and his misdoings. Everything, else falling, his very thoughts are searched. The faithful videttes conclude from his smallest movement or lack of movement, what must be his every circumstance meant. On return home after every absence his friends and neighbors cross-examine him as to every detail. He had better tell the truth, because some one will in due course turn up to point out the inaccuracies in a faulty narrative. In large cities very few, if indeed any, of your neighbors will worry much or at length about your incomes or outgoings. Few, if any, outside your own immediate circle of home and business life, care for your doings while away. They are all too busy—too many people moving back and forward to be kept track of.

The small town has not, it is true, the sanatoriums and the professional nurseries of city life, nor the freedom of the latter from neighborhood vigilance; but it has the big city beaten to a whisper when it comes to the food supply. If Brown, the butcher, for instance, were to kill Smith's hump-jawed cow, or Green's blacking bull, or Johnson's steer that had been a fall-in' ever since spring, or did he refuse to keep his shop neat and clean, every one in town would be notified of his misdeeds and negligence, and his business soon come to a standstill. He might as well, in fact, quit the town, for the dark deeds of which he had been guilty would be recited, week in and week out, as regularly as the Psalms of David. With each succeeding season his criminality would assume increasing blackness.—Louisville Herald

WASTE OF NATURAL WEALTH. We Act as if We Thought Our Resources Were Inexhaustible.

Instances of American wastefulness abound on every hand, but there is no better example than is afforded by the devastation of the forests. Untold millions of board feet of lumber are left every year by lumbermen to rot on the ground or in stumps, and quantities almost as vast are destroyed by forest fires.

It was scarcely a decade ago that the forests of the United States were believed to be inexhaustible, but now everybody who knows anything of the subject is aware that they are going so rapidly that their complete extinction is a matter of only a few years.

This fact is realized by the railroads, the great lumbering concerns and other extensive users of timber, and some of them are taking steps to replace the forests already destroyed. But from the planting of the seed to the cutting of the matured tree is a long time to wait—from 20 to 30 years—and meantime where is the country to look for its lumber supply?

The deposits of minerals and metals are going the same way. In an address to the Columbia university graduates in science the other day, Dr. James Douglas said that the "monstrous wastefulness" of the mining methods in vogue in this country would soon bring about the exhaustion of "these resources which we have fondly regarded as inexhaustible."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

HABIT MAY SAVE LIVES.

Physician's Hint That May Be Valuable to Parents.

The physician's specialty was children's diseases, and he was lamenting that many little lives were lost because the child did not know how to help itself. "If mothers would only teach their children to swell up their throats in the manner of a bird the little ones would have a trick at their command which might save them endless trouble later. In throat diseases, which often develop into diphtheria, the physician finds a great difficulty in examining the child's throat. The little one has not the slightest idea how to throw its head back and swell the throat up so that the doctor may peer into it satisfactorily. And what's more, the child is afraid that something is going to happen and resists all efforts toward an examination.

"Now, if a child has been taught to imitate a bird or she walks up to the physician without hesitation and throws back the head in pride to show what it can do. Later, if gargling is prescribed, the child knows just how to go about it, and consequently gets well quick.

"In case of threatened pneumonia children are handicapped because they do not know how to raise the mucus. If they have been taught the throat-swelling trick, however, they easily raise the mucus and materially help themselves toward recovery."

Contradiction of Terms. An Englishman always keen to criticize, was looking at the Flatiron building from the Worth monument.

"Queer people, you Americans, don't you know," he said, "you call that the Flatiron building. It's fat enough, I must admit, but it's stone, don't you know, not iron?"—N. Y. Press.

Warm and Cool. "Many people like their opposites," "That's so, I know some Boston girls who have many warm friends."

JOHN WAS IN LUCK

GOOD STORY, WITH NO SHAMBLANCE OF A MORAL.

Showing How Important It Is for Forgetful Husbands That Their Wives Should Have Rich and Generous Brothers.

"John dear," remarked Mrs. Horton across the breakfast table, "do you know what day this is?"

"Why, yes," replied John; "it's the—the why, it's Thursday, of course. Hang it—where's that calendar?"

"O, I don't mean that," replied the wife, with a suspicion of tears in her voice.

"It's my birthday, and you forgot it!"

"Not at all, dear, not at all. Of course, I remember that. The date escaped me for a moment. Of course, I knew it was your birthday. You wait and see the present I have ordered for you, and you will be filled with remorse at having suspected me of forgetting. You wait."

John was a wicked prevaricator, but his bluff "went."

"O, John dear, what is it? Do tell me," urged his wife.

"Not now," said the deceitful John. "It's a surprise, you know. My Jove, I must hurry down town. I've an important engagement at nine o'clock. Wonder if I can make it?"

It was John's intention to stop on his way down town and order a present for his wife; but, becoming engrossed in his paper, he was so far down town before he realized it that he concluded to go on to the office, and then to visit some jeweler later in the day.

There was an unusual amount of business to be attended to that day, and John's mental and physical resources were taxed to the utmost. Naturally he forgot all about the birthday present, and it was only when he was hanging up his hat in the hall and his wife's voice came sweetly down the stairs, "Is that you, dear?" that the horrible fact flashed upon him. Before he could find his hat, however, there was a troufion of skirts, and Mrs. Horton came gliding down the stairs and threw her arms around the wretched man's neck with a joyful little cry of "O, John, the present came. It was just what I wanted. It was just lovely of you."

John was bewildered, but he was a man of resources.

"Yes," he said, "I thought you'd like it. Er—where is it?"

"Where is it?" retorted the wife. "Why, John, are you blind? Can't you see I have it on?" And she pointed to a brooch of rubies and diamonds which glittered on her bosom.

"Who the d—?" he growled, but the rest of the sentence, which went had the cheek to send diamonds and rubies to my wife?" was unuttered.

"Why, what makes you growl so?" inquired the surprised woman.

"Oh, nothing," was the reply. "I only thought at first it was not the same one I picked out, but I see it is."

In the evening Mrs. Horton's rich brother called. As soon as his name was announced John snatched a nap and jumped at the solution of the mystery of the birthday present in a second.

"O, how nice of you, George, to come on my birthday. See what a beautiful present John gave me!" was Mrs. Horton's first greeting to her brother.

"That!" replied the brother, with a look of perplexity on his face. "Why, I—"

"Yes," broke in John, looking the other man threateningly in the eye. "I ordered it a week ago at Biffany's and was afraid it would not be ready in time. Come into the library a minute. I want to speak with you for a second on a matter of the greatest importance." And before the astonished George could gather his wits he was seized, dragged into the library and the door shut behind him.

"If you give me away, I'll murder you," whispered John. Mrs. Horton could hear her husband's voice pitched low and speaking earnestly behind the closed door.

"That's really a very pretty piece of jewelry," said George. "Not many wives have such thoughtful and attentive husbands as you have, Lorna. My present will be up to-morrow. They didn't have it ready to-day."

"I haven't had such a pleasant birthday in a long time," said Mrs. Horton when she retired that night. John smiled a little wearily, for he was tired and had reason to be.—N. Y. Press.

English Women the Tallest. After taking measurements of the height of women in France, England and America, a doctor announces that an English woman is the tallest and the American woman comes next. The average height of the French woman is five feet one inch. The American woman is nearly two inches taller, and the women of Great Britain half an inch taller than the latter. American women, however, weigh slightly more than either of the others, their average weight being 117 pounds.

Sure Sign of Insanity. "Your honor, our client cannot be guilty. We contend that he is insane."

"But the defendant himself says he is of sound mind."

"It is largely upon that circumstance, your honor, we base our claim that his insanity is advanced and apparent."

TRAGEDIES IN MEN'S LIVES.

Tombstone Inscriptions That Tell Their Own Story.

"To any one who knows his New York," remarked an elderly local inhabitant, "there is no better opportunity to study the tragedies in men's lives than in one of our cemeteries."

I stopped in front of one great tomb the other day in Woodlawn, attracted partly by the beauty of the design of the tomb and partly, I confess, by the name of the family engraved on the principal sarcophagus. It was that of one of the wealthiest families in this city, whose name is known over the country, since it is attached to an article of food that almost every one uses. And yet when I studied the story told by four of the tombstones, I could not help but think how little happiness the man, who is the only member of his family left, could have with all his fortune.

"One stone bore the name of the youngest child, who had lived less than a year. The second showed that another boy had died the day he was born. The third showed that a third child, a boy, had lived to be 19, while the fourth stone covered his wife. There was a fifth stone, bare of any name, and I could not help wondering if the head of that house was not simply waiting for the time to come when he would rest beneath it, and the tragedy of his loneliness be ended.

Princeton Pastor a Humorist. The Rev. Dr. J. Addison Henry, for many years the Princeton pastor, had a keen sense of humor, and detested shams. Speaking of how useless to a congregation are the honorary degrees and titles that its pastor might have, he told of one of his daughters, Mrs. Obyde, when a child, conferred upon him. It seems Dr. Henry was attending one of the sessions of the general assembly and the little girl addressed a letter to him: "The Rev. J. Addison Henry, General A. S." He was famous as a punster, and his play of words on his name was often quoted. When the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Princeton he remarked: "So A. D. D. is on Henry." With children he was always in good luck. He had them one day in speaking of prayer, that his little daughter one Christmas eve made the following supplication: "Oh, Lord, do please make the night very short and to-morrow very long." The text for his address on his fortieth anniversary was "And Forty Years Have I Suffered These People."

Handshake Anguish. A correspondent who is one of the sex most liable to have its hand pressed, thanks us for our protest against the "physical anguish" that is daily inflicted by the handshake. But this acute pain, she confesses, is brought about altogether by the wearing of rings on the right hand. No one could possibly apply the word "anguish" to anything felt by the unadorned hand, but is by no means too violent a name for what many fragile fingers undergo between the diamond and the ruby. Our correspondent owns that an acute observer might see her many times fervently conveying all her right hand rings to the fingers of the left hand before a farewell likely to be heavy.

Few Women Stutterers. "Did you ever see a woman who stutters?"

"Now that I come to think of it, I never did."

"They are very rare," said the physician. "I think it is safe to say that the average person passes through life without ever meeting a stuttering woman."

"There are two reasons for this. First, woman naturally—don't know why—is less liable to the disease of stammering than man. Second, if she develops this disease she sets out with the determination to cure herself, and she succeeds, whereas careless man rather than take the trouble of a cure will go stammering on to the end."

Rehearsed His Own Funeral. Charles V. of France on one occasion celebrated his own funeral. Some years before his death he caused his tomb to be built in the chapel of the monastery, and was actually carried there as if he was dead. The king was placed in his coffin, and the burial ceremony enacted with all due solemnity. Tears were shed as if he was in the calm sleep of death. Chants and prayers were said over him, and then the mourners left him in his coffin in the chapel, where he remained for about two hours.—The Sunday Magazine.

Amusing to the Sultan. A good story reached me the other day. The sultan of Turkey was regretting to Sir Nicholas O'Connor, our ambassador at Constantinople, that in the new British cabinet should be Mr. Bryce, whose anti-Turkish and pro-Macedonian sentiments are well known.

"Your majesty need not worry about Mr. Bryce," said Sir Nicholas O'Connor, "for in Ireland he has a Macedonian of his own to keep him busy." The sultan was vastly amused.—London World.

Literary Treasure Found. The custodian of the royal library in Vienna found, the other day, in a pile of unsorted parchment, a valuable manuscript of the thirteenth century—about 300 lines of a verified translation of the Bible into the Slavonian-Albanian dialect, made by Rudolf von Eins, in Switzerland. Its importance lies in the fact that this was really the first Bible version into German.