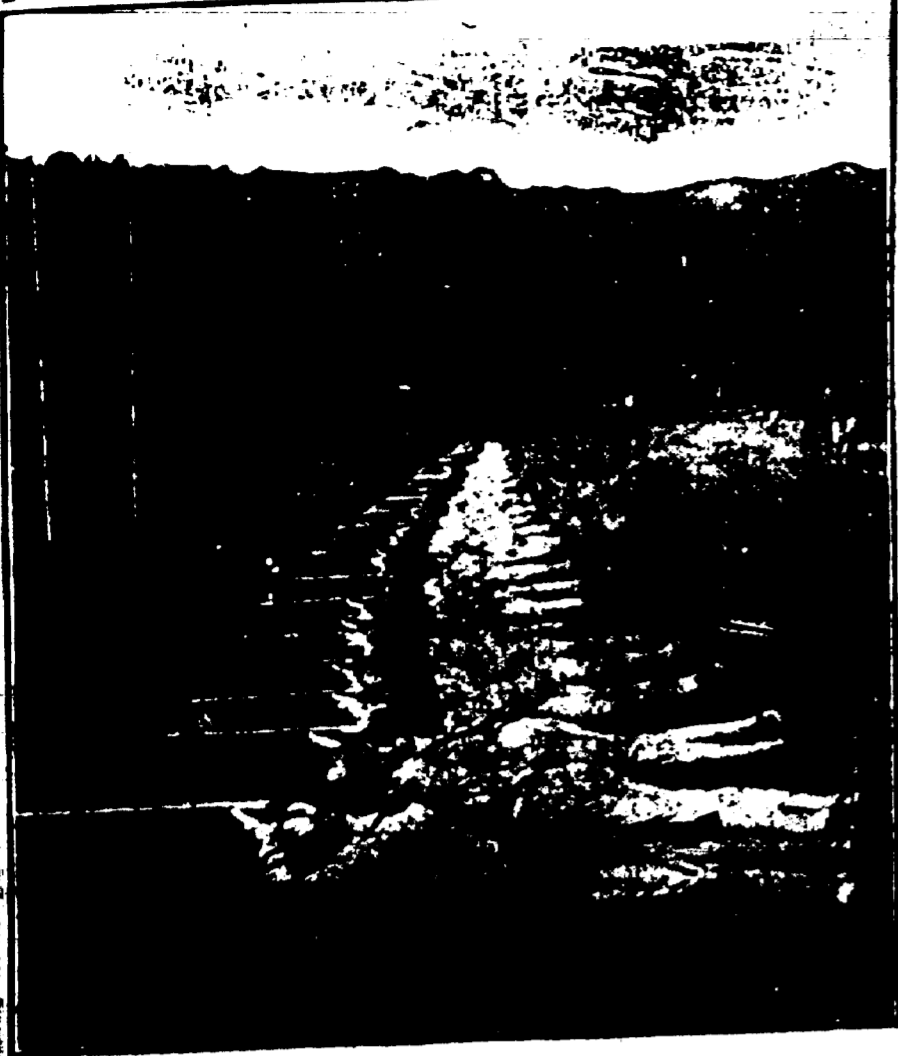


FUTURE GENERALS



Cadets at the United States Military academy at West Point in skirmish line drill.

HAS ELECTRIC HANDS

SCHOONER OF QUEER SORT SAILS INTO BOSTON HARBOR.

Mysterious Devices Are Used to Unload the Vessel's Cargo, Which Is Done in Unusually Fast Time.

Boston.—The schooner Northland, which sailed into Boston a few days ago, is a vessel of mystery. Her captain says she is equipped with electrical hands. They handle her cargo far better than steredores—better, in fact, than the cargoes of the mammoth ocean liners.

Just what these "electrical hands" are the captain will not tell, as it is a secret shared only by himself and the owners of the vessel. But one thing is certain, her interior machinery is different from any vessel of her kind that ever sailed the sea, and her construction marks a new era in marine architecture.

Just imagine, if you can, an ordinary coal-carrying vessel fitted with elevators, electric lights and other electrical machinery for handling freight faster than it was ever handled before. Picture in your mind's eye the hold of that vessel, with four powerful engines set up in tandem so that they may be driven singly or together, either to drive the vessel against head winds or to work the powerful machinery for discharging her freight.

Just such a craft is the Northland, the forerunner of a type of vessel which is soon destined to increase while the present cry for great speed in every field of commercial endeavor exists. In the Northland the total horse power of the four gasoline engines is about 500, but even this can be raised in an emergency. Connected up in a series with the engines in this section of the schooner is a 125-volt generator of the Westinghouse pattern, which is used constantly for the lighting of the boat and the working of four elevator lifts which have been installed.

All of the riding, anchor and sailing lights of the vessel are supplied by this generator, and in the cabins, forecabin, holds and galleys the incandescents are used for the sake of convenience.

When the vessel came into the harbor it was at first reported that she was equipped with wireless apparatus. A searchlight was playing from her prow and the general appearance of the ship, while using the electric lights, excited the wonder of all persons along the water front. The vessel itself is 164 feet long. She has four hatches. Each of the two mid-hatches are equipped with electrically propelled elevators for the convenience of handling cargoes.

There seems, however, to be something in the nature of a mystery about the electrical equipment of the ship, for the captain refused to allow anybody to view or photograph the interior fittings of the engine room. Capt. Dow declared he was acting under the orders issued by the owners of the vessel, who were requested by the builders of the ship and engines not to allow the interior arrangements of the schooner to become public property. Besides Capt. Dow are his two sons, George and Norman, the engineers of the vessel and Mrs. Dow, with three younger children, Laura, Jeanette and Ferdinand.

See Saturn's Rings Vanish. Lima, Peru.—Prof. David P. Todd, of Amherst college, head of the Lowell astronomical expedition, has succeeded in obtaining at Iquique an observation of the rings of Saturn and saw them disappear. The Lowell expedition to South America arrived here May 20 on its way to the Andes to make observations of Mars and other planets.

OBJECTIONS HELD INVALID.

No Reasonable Grounds for Opposition to New Bullet.

Washington.—Experts of the army and navy ordnance bureaus are perplexed over a report from The Hague conference that a disposition exists in certain quarters to raise the question of prohibiting the rifle bullet adopted by Germany. Great Britain, France and America. Even the medical officers in both services are at a loss to conjecture what reasonable ground of objection can be found against the use of the new, cupronickel, sharp-pointed 1906 model bullet.

It was reported from The Hague that this bullet was more dangerous than the "dum-dum" bullet, but the experts here are a unit in declaring that the new bullet is, if anything, more humane than the old bullet, so far as concerns the nature of the wound inflicted by it.

But, according to the ordnance officers, in one way, at least, the new bullet is apt to be more dangerous than the old, and that is in killing or wounding more soldiers. It was designed expressly for that purpose, too. Because of its higher velocity, the bullet has a remarkable flat trajectory. The consequence is that, traveling in an almost horizontal plane, the new bullet would be certain to strike an object within the 1,000 yards range, which the old bullet would pass entirely over.

As no nation has heretofore made any objection on that score when the absolute necessity of war was demonstrated, it cannot now be regarded as a valid objection.

BUCHANAN REFUSED PASSES.

An Ante-Bellum Rebuke to a Railway Shown by the Pennsylvanian.

Philadelphia.—Just to show that the presidents were opposed to railroads granting passes before the civil war, even the Pennsylvania railroad has made public a letter written by James Buchanan in 1859 when he was the nation's chief executive. It was addressed to the secretary of the Northern Central railroad, which road afterwards passed into the hands of the Pennsylvania and in the archives of which it was recently discovered. The letter reads:

"I return free ticket which Mr. Gittings has directed to be forwarded to me for the Northern Central railroad with as many thanks for his kindness as though I had accepted it. It has been the practice of my life not to travel free on any railroad, being opposed to the whole system of granting such privileges to individuals not connected with these roads."

WANTS TO SNAPSHOT THE SOUL.

Man Thinks He Can Do It and Says It May Look Like an Oyster.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.—Henry Price, a retired teacher of music, believes he has discovered a process of photographing the soul as it leaves the body, and he is trying to obtain permission from Bellevue hospital to make experiments there.

"According to my belief," he said the other day, "the soul does not really take its flight, but passes into another body. It has to be removed by some one whom we will call an angel.

"The angel has to remove the soul from the body while it is yet warm and put it into another being. Necessarily the organism must be very small. It may be like an oyster or a mollusk."

"Red Noses" Get Good News.

Berlin.—Hope for the "red nosed" is held out by Dr. Kapp, a Berlin specialist, who has devised a process whereby the application of galvanic current at a certain strength eradicates "nasal erythema," usually after only one or two treatments of five minutes each.

A HERO OF THE BUSH.

Tale of Heroic Devotion That Is Hard to Parallel.

Courage is not an attribute peculiar to the white man, nor is self-sacrifice the prerogative of civilization. In J. C. Firth's "Nation-Making" is told a story as touching, in its brave devotion, as any tale of the Victoria cross. The incident occurred at Orakau, where the English soldiers had just defeated the Maoris. A little party of colonial troops, pursuing fugitives, came upon three natives, two old men and one young fellow.

The youth, seeing the soldiers, dropped on one knee and aimed with his gun at the advancing party, which halted a moment, while the old men ran toward the forest. The old men had thrown away their firearms in order to make escape easier.

The soldiers fired at the youth, but missed. Without discharging his gun, he sprang to his feet and ran on in advance until he caught up with the old men once more. Then, facing about, he presented his gun as before, but reserved his fire.

The weary old men gradually drew near cover. Once more the soldiers fired and missed; once more the gallant fellow turned and bounded on. The old men were close to the forest when the youth, nearly fainting, again knelt and took aim, but still did not fire.

The soldiers shot him as he knelt and rushed to the forest, but failed to capture the two fugitives, who, safe in the dense underbrush, made their escape.

On their return the soldiers found the brave youth lying dead. His gun was empty. It had not been loaded at all. With it he had covered the retreat of the old men and secured their freedom by the loss of his own life. No more gallant deed of heroic devotion was ever accomplished in any land.—Youth's Companion.

THE KING OF BEVERAGES.

Water To-Day, as Ever, the Chief Staple of Human Life.

Water is the king of beverages; it is the beverage to which all turn when they would cure themselves of the injurious habit of consuming other beverages. But water that is not pure may be more harmful than the most harmful of other drinks, says a writer in What to Eat. Every health department should emphasize the dangers of impure water and urge upon the public the necessity of giving this matter first consideration. There are at my command numerous health reports bearing on this subject, and it is not difficult to prove that the death rate would be enormously lowered by greater care with regard to the consumption of pure water.

Water is the basis of all other beverages. All beverages of man's manufacture are water that has been adulterated by admixtures and chemical treatment.

Pure water is the one beverage which has stood the test of science and come down to us unscathed through continuous use for countless ages. It is nature's chief blessing to man. Other beverages undergo many changes with time. Each age brings them forth in new styles, new methods of manufacture, new processes of chemical treatment, aging and keeping. Foods change with each successive generation. We eat different kinds of foods from time to time each generation prepares them differently; there are different methods of compounding them. Pure water is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

From long before the time of Holy Writ, to the present time, pure water has undergone no change, and people have never lost a taste for it. Other tastes come and go; the taste for water never varies. So long as man and beast inhabit the earth, the "practice" of drinking water will never cease.

New Process for Aluminum.

Although the cost of extracting aluminum by electrolysis has been reduced from \$8 to less than 40 cents a pound, there is a "long felt want" for a cheaper process. According to a London Journal, that want is now met by a method which will make vast deposits of clay a source of boundless wealth and utility. In brief the new process is this: Obtain aluminum carbide by heating kaolin and carbon in an electric furnace. Then heat the aluminum carbide with alumina (oxide of aluminum), which will yield carbonic acid gas and pure metal.—Philadelphia Record.

Fish Do Not Hear.

Much controversy has taken place on the question of sense of hearing in fish, and many experiments have been tried with a view of settling it. Some of the latest of these are those of which M. Marage has given an account in the Paris Comptes Rendus. The fish experimented with were carp, tench, pike, eel and others, and the author finds no evidence of a sense of hearing. Sounds were transmitted into the water close to the fish with an energy capable of affecting deaf mutes. No effect was produced on the fish.

Two Views.

"No, sir," said the first business man, "I never work too hard. I believe that 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'"

"That's all right," replied the other, "but I don't believe in playing the fool as long as there is a chance to work one."

DOG THAT LIKES TO SWING.

Family Keeps Rope Constantly Ready for His Amusement.

In the front yard of a home on East Ninth street a rope dangles from a branch of a tree.

"Wonder what that rope's for?" asked a man of his companion as the two were passing the house one morning. "Go in and ask, if you're curious," the other advised.

A young woman came to the door. "We, that is—I was sort of curious about what the rope on that tree is for," the inquisitive one stammered.

"Why, that's Johnny's swing," the young woman answered.

Out of the door dashed Johnny—a fox terrier. A leap and he fastened his teeth in the rope and growling and jerking signified that he was ready to swing. The young woman pushed him back and forth until he reached the topmost branches of the tree.

"Johnny would stay there hanging on that rope all day if we would let him," she said. "That's why the rope is kept tied up out of his reach."

Johnny is the property of Charles R. Hicks, of East Ninth street.—Kansas City Times.

HEARTS IN QUEER PLACES.

Some Long, Some Short and Some in the Small of the Back.

There is one curious fact which not everybody notices about the common, finger long, green caterpillars of our larger moths. Their hearts, instead of being in front, are at the back of the body and extend along the entire length of the animal. One can see the heart distinctly through the thin skin and can watch its slow beat, which starts at the tail and moves forward to the head.

Hearts of this sort reaching from head to tail are not at all uncommon in the simpler creatures, says St. Nicolas. The earthworm has one, and so have most worms, caterpillars and other crawling things.

Hearts in the middle of the back are also quite as frequent as those in what seems to us to be the natural place. Many animals, the lobster, for example, and the crawfish and the crab, which have short hearts like those of the beasts and birds, nevertheless have them placed just under the shell in what in ourselves would be the small of the back.

The Social Secretary.

Long ago it was found desirable to place the work of factory improvement in the hands of a salaried social secretary, says The Reader. This person, a man where men are employed, a woman where girls are in question, serves as a point of contact between the firm and the workers, supervising what may be called the domestic department of factory life to see that abuses which arise because of carelessness or other causes are corrected; that the man or woman has every chance for doing work in such a way as to deserve advancement and to see that it comes; to protect the firm from the wastefulness of keeping on the payroll those who fall to give a day's work for a day's pay; in some cases adjusting salaries according to capacity. Not in the least in the nature of a spy, the social secretary is concerned purely with the business of insuring fair play for both sides, more particularly from the employer's viewpoint.

Firms which employ such a person find the social secretary worth every cent of the good salary commended.

Duck Raising an Industry.

In Iceland, on certain islands, near Reykjavik, the elder duck is raised in a systematic manner. It is really more of a small goose than a duck, being so independent of fish and animal food as to be able to support itself by grazing on the seaweed at the bottom of the sea, at a considerable depth. It is a splendid diver, being as much at home under the water as on the surface. The great value of the elder duck's down is well known, and owing to the bird's tendency to pull out such large quantities for lining its nest that it leaves its lower breast almost bare when it is setting, there is no difficulty in getting a good supply of these feathers without destroying the birds. In Iceland it is strictly guarded against intrusion. The inhabitants consider it a crime worse than stealing deer in Scotland for any person to shoot an elder duck.

Preacher and the Pyramids.

A Concordia clergyman who is making a tour of Egypt writes home that, although one of the pyramids occupies 13 acres, it doesn't matter, for no crops would grow on the land any how. "It is wonderfully impressive, and as I rode around it I wished an unavailing wish that I could be alone. But this was impossible. The camel driver and all of his neighbors and relatives and friends were attending me, not because they cared as all for the stranger from a far country, but because they wanted a share of his money. I wished to enter the temple to see the few rooms there, but when I started in that direction a mighty host of Bedouins started, too. They had been lying in the sand, but now they came rushing up to be on hand at the very start. I gave it up, for I could not see or learn anything with such a rabble at my heels."—Kansas City Journal.

Blind Swimmers Swim Straight.

It is a puzzling fact that blind swimmers are able to hold an almost perfectly straight course for considerable distances, though no more guidance is given to them than some species of cat or whistle from the end of the course. A blind man, in fact, desiring to go in a straight line, possesses the curious power of being able to do so almost exactly.

Deceivers.

Benny—Do figures ever lie? Dick—Women's figures sometimes do.

MADE IT SEEM PLEASANT.

Lawyer Talked Extensively of Stay in the "Pen."

"I gave such a talk to a client of mine not long ago on the pleasant features of prison life," said a prominent local attorney recently. "That I actually got to thinking for a little while it would be a great task to spend a few weeks in some good penitentiary. You see, the fellow was guilty, and I knew it. I didn't see how it would be possible to clear him, and I knew he would get a lighter sentence by pleading guilty. But I had a job trying to talk him into changing his plea to guilty. He said he didn't think he would ever get reconciled to life in the penitentiary."

"I told him that, of course, there was a certain amount of prejudice against living in a penitentiary, but that it always struck me that it wouldn't be half bad if a man went with his mind made up to like it. The regular hours ought to be a great thing for a man," I told him, "and if you are at all sick you can fix up some scheme to get out of hard work. Then you are clear out of the prosaic business affairs of the outer world. You go to bed at night knowing just what you will have to do the next day, and no one can get in where you are to molest you. You won't get more than a couple of years, and that will just give you time to learn some good trade."

"When I got through he decided to plead guilty, and I believe he was really looking forward to a year or two in the pen."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Ors of the Greatest and Most Ancient of Superstitions.

In our infancy there was pointed out to us the mysterious man in the moon, who looks solemnly down from his perch in the sky. No doubt we have made many a childish speculation concerning this grave personage, who has been watching the successive generations on the earth come and go for centuries, and wondered how he came to be away up there in the moon so many miles from us.

Well, he was sent there because he was a naughty fellow, a wicked man, who picked up some sticks that did not belong to him on Sunday. The first mention of this is in the Bible, where it is told that a certain individual was put to death for such a proceeding.

From this Bible story originated one of the greatest and most ancient superstitions—that of the man in the moon. The man in the moon is known to every nation, and is pictured as leaning on a fork on which he carries a bundle of thorns or brushwood, which he was caught stealing on the Sabbath day; and as a punishment he was confined in the moon. The dark lines and spots which compose the features of this traditional man are in reality the shadows of lunar mountains on the moon.

"The regular hours ought to be a great thing for a man," I told him, "and if you are at all sick you can fix up some scheme to get out of hard work. Then you are clear out of the prosaic business affairs of the outer world. You go to bed at night knowing just what you will have to do the next day, and no one can get in where you are to molest you. You won't get more than a couple of years, and that will just give you time to learn some good trade."

"When I got through he decided to plead guilty, and I believe he was really looking forward to a year or two in the pen."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TOLD OF PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

Incident Exemplifies His Devotion to His Wife.

The love which Mrs. McKinley bore her husband was so much the ruling passion of her life that she was extremely sensitive about him. In spite of herself, she was jealous even of the demands which the public made upon his time. Her love was matched by a most unusual devotion on the part of the president, as this heretofore unpublished incident illustrates. Col. John N. Taylor, of East Liverpool, Ohio, a lifelong friend of Mr. McKinley, who was known in Washington as "the man who had a latch-key to the White House," took his little granddaughter, Pauline Taylor, aged three, to the executive mansion for a visit.

She climbed upon Mr. McKinley's knee and soon discovered his watch. Then she pried open the back of the case, as if looking for something.

"Why, Mr. President," she lisped. "It's empty. My papa has my mamma's picture in his watch."

Mrs. McKinley's face fell on the instant, but the president was not found wanting.

"I carry my wife's picture in my heart, Pauline," he said, quietly, and Mrs. McKinley was all smiles again.

Accumulating Possession.

There is not a vice which more effectually contracts and deadens the feelings, makes a man's affections center in himself, and excludes all others from partaking in them, than the desire of accumulating possessions. When the desire has once gotten hold of the heart, it shuts out all other considerations, but such as may promote its views. In its zeal for the attainment of its end, it is not delicate in the choice of means. As it closes the heart, also it clouds the understanding. It cannot discern between right and wrong; it takes evil for good, and good for evil; it calls darkness light, and light darkness.—Bishop Maat.

Swigine in Versailles.

The chateaux at Versailles can now boast of possessing a portrait of the celebrated Mme. de Swigine, who was one of the brightest stars of the court of Louis XIV., and who, strange to say, was not represented by her portrait there. M. de Nolhae, the curator, has just supplied this deficiency, having found a fine portrait of the marquise at the age of 35 years. The portrait, which is of great beauty, presents the famous letter-writer with the long curls she brought into fashion, and which bore her name, and she wears the pearl necklace she described in her letters to her daughter.

The Sandal Question.

A college girl whose city home-debars her from a trial of the Knap cure has for her negligence footgear the same style of sandals that children wear in the summer time without hesitancy. "They give my feet a good airing every day and my toes a chance to spread out square as Mother Nature intended they should," is her simple explanation of the idea. She does not carry her feet outside the limits of her own private apartment, but even so, the time of release from hosiery and stylish shoes is a great relief, she claims, to tired feet.

Her Modesty.

"Ah! my love," sighed the ardent lover, "if you only knew how beautiful you are."

"You mustn't speak of it," protested the modest girl. "I don't want to know."

"Because it would make me too conceited."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Retort Courteous.

"Is any one waiting on you?" asked the haughty maid, finally conceding to notice the shopping person.

"I'm afraid not," replied the latter. "My husband was—I left him outside—but I'm afraid he's become disoriented and gone home."—Catholic Standard and Times.