

WIDOW OF FAMOUS GENERAL



To Mrs. McClellan belongs the double distinction of being the widow of one of the generals prominent in the civil war, while she is also mother of the present mayor of Greater New York.

CATCH COD; NO BAIT

INVENTION OF FISHERMAN MAY REVOLUTIONIZE INDUSTRY.

Old Salt at Gloucester Has a Device Called "the Jigger" Which May Mean a Great Saving to the New Englanders.

Gloucester, Mass.—Capt. Angus Hines, a weather-beaten fisherman, has invented a new method of capturing cod without bait that promises to revolutionize the fishing industry of New England.

For nearly a score of years the cost of salted clams, squid and eels and other cod fish has been an important factor in reducing the profits of New England fishermen.

Captains of fishing schooners that sail from Boston, Cape Ann and Cape Cod have been obliged to fill their vessels' holds with bait in barrels before proceeding to the fishing grounds.

Capt. Hines, who recently sailed in Gloucester in his vessel, the Annie M. Parker, with 275,000 pounds of cod, a record load, created a sensation among fishing concerns by catching fifty bait fish by means of his latest fangled device for luring the cod from the depths.

Capt. Hines, when he started for Sable Island in May, carried 140 barrels of salted clams for bait. Before returning he threw 50 barrels overboard and gave away 20 barrels to other fishermen.

This new device for taking fish has been named "the jigger." It consists of a molded fish-shaped piece of alloy lead, about eight inches long, from the head of which projects a lead of big hooks.

When Capt. Hines arrived on the fishing grounds at Sable Island last May he discovered that the schools of fish were slow to take the clam bait. Instead, the cod seemed to be pursuing the herring which infested the waters.

Confronted with this problem, the captain set to work to solve it. It was impossible to obtain herring enough for bait, and the thought struck him that a device made to deceive the cod would solve his troubles.

With a piece of lead the captain fashioned a little fish over the upper ends of two large cod hooks and threw the device overboard at the end of a line as an experiment.

A cod snapped at the jigger and was hauled aboard the dory. Another and another were caught by the same method in rapid succession. Immediately the crew of 21 on Capt. Hines' vessel set to work modeling jiggers. In another day the men were busy hauling aboard scores of cod caught by the new device.

55,000 New Autos in 1908. New York.—The automobile manufacturers of the country are now figuring on next year's output of machines. According to figures given out at the office of the American Motor Car Manufacturers' association the total American production will be about 55,000 machines, of which the association members will build 37,000. Placing the average selling price of these 55,000 automobiles at \$2,533 the manufacturers will receive \$139,955,000.

See Sting Penetrates Brain. Canton, S. D.—Stung on the temple by a common honey bee while he was picking up potatoes on the farm of Henry Tripp, Michael Galbreath died 15 minutes afterward in convulsions. Physicians gave it as their opinion that the sting penetrated the brain through the knitted part of the skull.

"SWEET" GIRL ROBS ORPHANAGE.

Goes Through Odd Fellows' Building on Donation Day.

Philadelphia.—A woman, described as slim, dark, of medium height, and sweet manners, has been reported to the police of the Lehigh avenue station as a persistent sneak thief. Families of that neighborhood have noticed losses after visits she made under specious pretenses, and formal complaint was lodged by a representative of the Odd Fellows' orphanage.

Donation day, with its customary reception, was observed at the orphanage, and the pleasant-mannered woman was there. Representing herself as a warm friend of the matron, Mrs. Enoch, she visited every room in the place.

Mrs. Mary Webb, who has charge of the sewing department, missed a purse containing \$5.20 after her visitor left; the laundress bewailed a purse containing four dollars, in addition to a gold cross and a gold chain, and Mrs. A. R. Graham, assistant matron, found that she was no longer possessor of 75 cents in money, a silver bracelet, and a silver manicure set she owned prior to the engaging stranger's call.

Inmates complained to Mrs. Enoch of the suspicious events following her "friends' visits, but when the stranger was pointed out Mrs. Enoch said she never knew her. Meanwhile the woman escaped, but has since been recognized making "calls" at private residences.

SUN DIAL FOR UNIVERSITY.

Is Copy of Famous Instrument at Oxford University.

Princeton, N. J.—Princeton university is having erected a new sun dial, which will stand directly north of the new McCosh recitation hall, recently completed. It will be designed after the copy of the famous Turnbull sun dial at Corpus Christi college, Oxford, and will be finished in about two weeks, but will not be unveiled until early in November.

Sir William Mather, M. P., the donor of the sun dial, is a prominent figure in educational work. The original sun dial was given Corpus Christi college by Charles Turnbull in 1605. It consists of a stone column 18 inches in diameter and 9 feet high, resting on a square base. This column is surmounted by a square stone, on the four sides of which are carved the armorial bearings of the University of Oxford, King Henry VII, the founder of the college, and Hugh Aldam, who is closely associated with the beginnings of Corpus Christi.

On top of this stone is a large ball, on which is perched a pelican, the emblem of Cardinal Wolsey. The Princeton dial, which is an exact copy, will be placed on a series of bases, the lowest one being 14 feet square. When completed the dial will be over 24 feet high.

HERMIT HAD WAR MEDALS.

Mysterious Black Bag Contained Wealth and Evidence of Honors.

Seguin, Tex.—Charles Dean, a negro, has turned over to County Judge H. M. Wurrbach a black bag and its contents which belonged to a white man named John Stephen Geake, who had lived with him for 20 years. This man was an Englishman, who died and was buried the other day. He was a hermit, a recluse—never coming to town or mixing with people.

When the black bag was opened two Crimean war medals were found, a certificate of deposit of money in bank here, and a considerable amount of mining stock in Goldfield, Nev., in California and in Australia. Letters were found from his kinfolk in Dunmore, Cornwall, England, and the authorities here will correspond with them at once.

NO "DASHING" FOR THE POLE.

Progress Northward is Rather by Slow and Painful Stages.

"Will someone kindly tell me," spoke the man from behind a newspaper, "why they are always speaking about a dash for the pole? My impression of these Polar expeditions, gained from reading, is that they proceed by painful and tedious stages, creeping along over vast expanses of ice and snow, climbing wearily over the ice hills and hummocks and stopping to bridge yawning crevasses and pitfalls. The word 'dash' in my mind is always associated with a sharp, quick run to a certain point, and yet we are told that sometimes Polar explorers manage to make only a mile or two a day and that by the hardest work. How can any one call progress that often lasts several months a 'dash'?"

"We read that Wellman is going to make a 'dash' for the pole by means of a balloon. We are told that Peary is going to make a dash for the pole by means of ice sledges drawn by Eskimo dogs. And now I see by the paper here that another explorer is going to make a 'dash' for the pole in sledges drawn by Polar bears. Now my impressions of Polar bears are that they are slow and sluggish in movement. How is one going to make a 'dash' with such ungainly creatures?"

RAILWAYS BUILT FOR WAR.

Russia Has Recently Completed Last Strategic Line.

Russia has at length completed the great steel and concrete bridge across the Oxus at Karki, on which it has been busy ever since the autumn of 1905. This bridge is the last and principal link in the new strategic railway which is being built between the great city of Samarkand, in Russian Turkestan, and the little village of Bosaga, on the Afghan frontier, and as soon as the rails are laid, which will be in a few months' time, the czar will be able, should he so wish, to mass easily a million of men upon the borders of this debatable territory. Another of these strategic railways has also been recently completed from the Caspian to Poudjeh, by way of Merv. This means that Herat, the traditional "key of India," is now within easy striking distance of St. Petersburg. These great trunk lines have been constructed secretly. They have never been opened for traffic, except local on certain sections. They are, in fact, railways built for war. The sterile regions through which they run can, for the most part, never support any permanent population. They stop short on the frontier of Afghanistan, amid a jumble of mountains and morasses and uninhabited salt deserts.

A Backwoods Humorist.

The eastern tourists decided to have a little fun with a Billville citizen to whom they had applied for information as to the road they were traveling.

"How long have you lived here?" they asked. "Long enough to know better." "Don't you like the country?" "When it goes to suit me." "Ever been up in an airship?" "No. When I make up my mind to fly, I'll know what to light."

"Ever ride on a railroad train?" "No. Nighest I ever come to it wuz bein' blowed up by a sawmill."

"Well, tell us what 'moonshine' liquor means." The Billville man shifted his "chaw" of tobacco from one jaw to the other, spat on the greensward, and as he prepared to climb a fence, said: "H—, and a heap of it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Turkish Labor Too Cheap.

An American manufacturer of laundry machinery tried to introduce it into Smyrna, Turkey, but Consul Ernest L. Harris has reported that so long as the price of labor in that Turkish city remains so low the practice will continue of doing the washing at home, and there will be no opportunity for the sale of laundry machinery. Of late years in Smyrna it has become the practice, he says, to a certain extent to send the washed linen to public laundries for ironing and starching, but even this is ceasing. Specifications were drawn up for the establishment of a laundry after the American plan, and careful consideration was given to the price of coal and labor. It was found that the margin was so small that the undertaking was bound to be a failure.

Encourage Child in Music.

Encourage your children if they show a fondness for music. Teach them little kindergarten and nursery songs which are bright and swinging. The music should be easy enough for the childish voices to master without any difficulty. Do not start a child to studying instrumental music when too young, for the practicing will become a drudgery and the child's talent may be ruined. A child should be at least 12 or 15 years of age before it is made to study music, and many authorities claim that 16 is the proper age. If a child has no taste or fondness for music, do not force it to study for it will be time and money wasted and it is sometimes ruinous to a child's disposition.

Theory and Practice.

"So you think aerial navigation has a future?" "Undoubtedly," answered the inventor. "What I am wondering is whether it will ever have a present!"

TO CONQUER WHITE PLAGUE.

New Methods of Successfully Dealing with the Disease.

The Boston Consumptives' hospital, in opening an out-patient department in Burroughs place for the treatment of tuberculosis, is extending a practice with regard to controlling the spread of the disease that has been approved and advised by numerous scientific authorities and societies, says the Boston Transcript. Even the women's clubs have for some time urged that measures be taken by which people can be instructed in the best ways to adapt to their home life and rules and regulations followed at hospitals and sanatoriums for the arresting or cure of consumption. Those who are farthest advanced in knowledge concerning the treatment of tuberculosis have long been of the opinion that the way one lives rather than the place of living may be depended upon to prevent or even to cure the ailment where cure is possible. This is the answer to the threatening quarantine against consumptives from the north, recently instituted by statute in Texas and likely to be followed in other southern and western communities.

VISITING CARDS FOR KINGS.

Those of the German Kaiser Are the Most Imposing.

The German emperor believes in being sufficiently represented, even on a visiting card. No ordinary sized piece of pasteboard will suffice him, for William's cards measure no less than six inches in length and four in width. On the upper line is the single word "Deutscher Kaiser" and the words "König von Preussen." The words are printed in large, fat, German script letters. Of course, the emperor does not carry these imposing sheets of pasteboard himself; they are confided to his chasseur, or body servant, who follows him.

The other sovereigns of Europe are content with more modest visiting cards, with the words upon them in Latin script. Among the simplest in size and appearance are those of the emperor of Austria and the prince of Wales. The prince has two sets of cards, one for use abroad and the other for England. The English one bears the words "The Prince of Wales," the other the French equivalent, "Prince de Galles."

As Might Be Expected.

A man who, with his family, had spent several weeks at a fashionable summer resort, discovered one morning that he had lost his pocketbook. Thinking it possible that it might have been found by some employe of the hotel at which he was staying, he reported his loss to the landlady.

"That's too bad, Mr. Johnson," said the landlady. "I'll make inquiries about it. What kind of pocketbook was it?" "Russian leather," answered the lodger.

"What color?" "Dark red." "Any distinguishing marks about it?" "It had a clasp." "What was the charge of it?" "Flat, of course," said Mr. Johnson. "Haven't I been here more than a month?"—Youth's Companion.

Menu Cards for Hunters.

Menu cards in shooting lodges across the Atlantic have many attractive and appreciative designs. How they will strike the "high liver" is hard to say. By the way, that person may be forced to become a simple liver if he counts small hot birds among the necessities of his table, for sad are the reports about autumn hunting. Still, that American scarcity has nothing to do with the before mentioned cards. One bears in a corner a tiny pheasant, made of tin feathers, every one a perfect reproduction of the real bird's plumage. Other game birds also are copied, but at present it is the pheasant that is the chief embellishment of the cards.

Double Entendre.

He was a gallant colonel of militia, but scarcely a good horseman. Owning even large and popular "Emporium" on even the best of Edinburgh's best streets, does not of itself breed centaurs. His mount was "fresh" to an extreme, and the silent figure of Sir Walter Scott, looking down upon the assembling troops from its marble pedestal may well have expected to see an accident. That, too, was probably the thought of a small street urchin, who loitered just out of reach of the prancing hoofs.

The Chances.

"Which would you rather be?" asked the ambitious youth: "a great speaker or a great writer?" "It all depends," answered Mr. Strius Barker, "on whether you would rather take a chance on getting clergyman's sore throat or writer's cramp."

Rebuked.

Young College Woman (interested in politics)—The office should seek the man. Grandma (rather dead)—I know that's what girls think nowadays. But in my time it was considered very unladylike.—Puck.

ALL A MATTER OF INCHES.

Women's Increased Height Makes Her Superior to Man.

I wonder if the love ideals of womanhood are changing with the sex, which is certainly in a transition state. At one time it was a rare event for a woman to marry a man much younger than herself; now it is a common one. Not so very long ago, in her secret heart, the unattached maiden rather longed for a master to whom she might play the part of admiring and adoring satellite, but in the present year of grace she prefers to be sovereign herself, and to have a prime minister who is useful and subordinate. Can this change be in any way due to the superior inches of the modern woman? A difference must inevitably exist between the day dreams of the six-foot something and the day dreams of five-foot nothing. Only the other evening, at a concert, I was much struck by the imposing manner in which a very tall woman, splendidly gowned, made her entrance into the room. She swept in as if the whole world belonged to her, while behind her followed an insignificant creature in black carrying her costly cloak, her fan and I don't know what else. Honestly, I felt sorry for him, but realized that my pity was wasted. One could see he exulted in his wife's magnificent appearance and his own subject.

GOOD THING TO LEAVE ALONE.

Physicians Advice to Those Who Are Fond of Mushrooms.

It may be possible that when all the boys are dead they will quit eating toadstools and dying in spasms therefrom. The edible and poisonous varieties of these fungi are too close together in general and species for the average youngster to differentiate them. It continues, after many years, to be the same old story: Eat it; if it kills you it is a toadstool; if it agrees with you it is a mushroom. Some years ago the department of agriculture at Washington issued an elaborate and beautiful set of illustrations of mushrooms and "near" mushrooms, labeling one set edible and the other "poisonous." The story leaked out that the printers got the labels mixed, and that the transposition was not discovered until the work had been set at press. The officials did some tall busting in an effort to call in the issue. A well-known physician said to me the other day: "Owing to the very great difficulty in ordinary life of detecting the true from the false, my mushroom advice has usually been 'Let both kinds alone.'"—New York Press.

Porpoises in New York Harbor.

New York harbor was treated to a strange visitor one night recently. A school of porpoises, numbering as many as 100, and headed by a venerable patriarch in gray whiskers, swam in, took a leisurely survey of their surroundings and then returned to the open, something for which the oldest inhabitant could recall no precedent, says the Boston Transcript. The visitors came in through the new Ambrose deep water channel. Perhaps they assumed that it had been prepared expressly for their accommodation. At any rate, they seemed to approve of it. This phenomenon occurred on the night which a southeaster had appointed for a tidal wave. But the skeptical public did not take alarm. On the contrary, the old watermen said it betokened fine sea weather.

Wrecks in San Francisco Bay.

What a melancholy sight the bottom of San Francisco bay must present! A diver recently told of going down to the City of Chester, sunk many years ago at the mouth of the harbor by one of the large China steamers. He descended with a stout beam and a mind lured to the tragedies of the sea, but when he saw two sisters of earth sleeping quietly in their berths, and nearby a man in his knees, away he went, and with the motion of the tide, and a dim, mysterious light over all the rumber objects, his heart failed him and he gave the signal to be hauled above. The San Rafael lies there, too. She went down in 1901, sent to the bottom by a collision with another steamer in the fog. The relentless tide runs over her cork cabins and beautiful stairway, dark with the passage of time.

Grieg as a Schoolboy.

Grieg was not a pattern schoolboy. In a description of his days at school he wrote: "Knowing that by arriving late I would not be allowed to enter the class until the end of the first lesson, I used, on wet mornings, to stand under a dripping roof, until I was soaked to the skin. The master then sent me home to change my clothes, but the distance being long this was equivalent to giving me a dispensation." You may guess that I played this prank pretty often, but when at last I carried it so far as to come one day wet through, though it had hardly rained at all, they became suspicious, and kept a lookout. One fine day I was caught, and made an intimate acquaintance with the birch!"

Could Have Their Choice.

Frederick Sandys, described by Ruskin as the greatest of English draughtsmen, was once asked before he was known to fame to paint the portrait of the mayor of a town, a most estimable grocer. The spokesman of the deputation said that the committee was prepared to pay as high as \$50 for a good portrait, but on seeing the artist's face grow long, added that they only wanted a half length. "Oh, of course, that makes a difference," said the artist, most orbanely, "which half would you prefer, gentlemen?"

A Narrow Escape.

Anxious mother (to small son who has just tumbled down stairs)—"Mercy me, quick! are you killed?" Little Dick—"No, m." "Are you hurt much?" "Do tell me, quick!" "No; that was the luckiest fall I ever had." "Lucky?" "Yes; I only struck one stair on the way down."

Strange Behavior.

Doctor—"I regret to inform you, Mrs. Tightwad, that I fear your husband is afflicted with softening of the brain." Mrs. Tightwad—"Goodness gracious! What makes you think so?" Doctor—"He insisted on paying me in advance."

RAIN WAS SURE TO COME.

Farmer So Certain That He Was Rather Unduly Impressive.

A New York man who had been summering in the White mountains, on his return to town, told of an encounter with a New Hampshire farmer. It was late in September, and it was almost time for the equinox, or "line storm," as the natives call it. The city man was planning a certain trip on his motor cycle, but the morning on which he had been intending to start was so gray and overcast that he felt some hesitation about setting out. He was trying to persuade himself out of this feeling, even though his better judgment was against him. The mountains were veiled in wreaths of mist and cloud that had settled down almost to their bases. He was getting his wheel ready, when one of the near-by farmers came up and leaned over the fence, watching him. "I s'pose ye don't mind gettin' some wet," he finally inquired. "Oh, I don't believe it's going to rain," answered the optimist, jauntily. "It looks a bit threatening, but I think it will clear up by noon, so I'm going to start just the same." The farmer was silent a moment, then he pointed solemnly toward the clouds, which had entirely shut out from view the mighty mountain four miles away. "Young man," he said impressively as he pointed, "Look thar. When the cloud settles down over Kearsarge, God Almighty couldn't stop the rain!"

HAD NO USE FOR BABIES.

Dog Intended to Be the Only Pet in the Household.

I owned a black and tan terrier from 1874 to 1881. I received him when quite a puppy and he was with me through part of my university and the whole of my seminary terms. In 1880 I married and in 1881 my first child was born. The first time she was brought down into the sitting room, I, like a proud father, took the little one in my arm. The dog came in and expressed his jealousy by a series of growls and an attempt to get at the child by jumping. I gave him a hint with my foot and he walked out of the house. We saw nothing of him for over three months. One day while walking near the outer part of the town where we lived we saw old Croaker, as we called him. He took no notice of us, but walked straight to a place where there was a trim-looking garden and a neat-looking house. Upon inquiry we found that it was inhabited by two elderly spinster sisters. The dog had gone to them and could not be induced to leave. He was determined to avoid a similar danger in the future.—Chicago Tribune.

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