

BACKER OF WRIGHT BROTHERS



Charles R. Flint, well-known New York banker and merchant, whose financial aid has made possible the experiments by the Wright brothers with their aeroplane.

WOULD CURB CUPID

CALIFORNIA PLANS TO RESTRICT HASTY MARRIAGES.

State Legislature Will Be Asked to Enact Laws Aimed at Evil—Change in Divorce Laws Also Sought.

Los Angeles, Cal.—The next California legislature will be asked to put a legal curb on impetuous Dan Cupid in such a way as to prevent hasty and ill-considered marriages by passing a bill aiming at the reform and divorce laws which are being fathered by the Inter-denominational Commission for Marriage and Divorce of Southern California.

Details of the proposed bill are being worked out by Judge J. H. Merriam of Pasadena, a member of the executive committee of the commission and an authority on the marriage and divorce laws of the United States. It is expected that California will have the most severe marriage and divorce laws of any state in the union.

One of the most interesting provisions to be incorporated in the bill is a requirement that notice of all applications for marriage licenses be published two weeks before they are issued.

This would be a practical way of reviving the old custom of publishing the bans in church, a custom that still prevails in the Catholic church and in the State Church of England. Judge Merriam explained, "Its revival in this fashion would have a most wholesome effect as a deterrent of hasty marriages and would engender a respect and reverence for the sanctity of marriage that is too often lacking today."

Systematic unkindness to one's better half, desertion and the hundred and one other causes now recognized by the courts as good ground for divorce probably will be made to constitute acts punishable under the criminal law by another provision of the measure.

It will be asked that the statute make it a criminal offense to be guilty of any of the acts or omissions constituting grounds for divorce.

Another feature provides for a divorce from bed and board. This is a form of partial divorce which exists in many eastern states, and the parties to such agreements are not allowed to remarry. Other relations of marriage are not affected by such a partial divorce, including that of heirship, and it is a distinction from the complete divorce, which places the parties upon the same footing as before they were wedded.

Another high hurdle proposed in this obstacle race to freedom from marriage bonds is a provision by which the state would take an active interest in all divorce trials by being represented either by the state's attorney or by counsel chosen by the interdenominational commission or some other reform body and authorized to represent the state.

This would compel a full investigation of all divorce cases by the courts, and be a check on "divorces by mutual agreement" or collusion on insufficient legal grounds. The people's representatives would be expected to resist the granting of divorces just as earnestly as they at present attempt to send a criminal to jail.

Ancient Deed a Curiosity. New York.—This curious clause has been discovered in an ancient deed just unearthed at the county clerk's office. It relates to a few acres of land in New Jersey, which William Patterson deeded to his sons in 1852, and reads as follows:

"If at any time the grantor shall be born on earth again, the within described parcel of land shall revert to him. In the event that he is not born again or that the second coming of Christ is delayed more than 999 years, then the said William D. and Samuel Patterson shall be possessed of the property."

DOCTOR ADVOCATES MORE REST.

Defends Romans and Urges Americans Should Recline at Meals.

Washington.—Now comes a physician with the grave assertion that to have perfect health one must not sit at the table in the conventional way, but must revive the Roman custom of reclining at meals. Nor does he confine himself to that advice, for he also counsels breakfasting in bed.

His explanation is that "in this age of rush there is far too little rest for the muscles and organs. People tear madly about and are on the strain all day. They stand too much, and, even when sitting, they are usually sitting 'up,' and the strain is almost as great in this position as when standing."

"The opportunity of reclining should be taken at meals when possible," this doctor goes on. "The Romans knew this well," and used couches, not chairs, at their meals. They knew that while digestion is going on the body should be kept as quiet as possible. I should not care to say that sitting at meals is actually harmful, but a trial might well be given to the other method. It is only possible, of course, to do this in one's own home, but there it should certainly be experimented with.

"It is a good thing, too, to break fast in bed occasionally. It means eating leisurely. Most people bolt their breakfast. More reclining, too, should be done. The introduction of sofas into offices might prove a stimulus to workers. Try resting your legs and body on a sofa for an hour or two in the afternoon, after working all the morning. It will mean a clearer brain and more ability to concentrate on your work afterward."

ASKS CASH TO STUDY COMET.

Amateur Astronomer Petitions Congress to Give Him \$2,000.

Washington.—To enable him to collect a series of photographs and make a study of Halley's comet, which he "first saw when he was a baby in his mother's arms," Frederick Hess of Pascagoula, Miss., has petitioned congress to appropriate \$2,000. He claims to have been employed by a railroad of which President Roosevelt's father was a director at the time he acquired title to a part of Round Island, in Pascagoula bay.

"Your petitioner," writes Hess, "whose self-acquired knowledge of astronomy and means of information are limited, is specially interested in the pending return of this comet, because, according to his mother's story, one early morning in October, 1835, when a ten-month-old boy in his mother's arms, she was greatly frightened by a sudden, unexpected sight of the comet just arising over the roof of his native place at Armstadt, Germany. Afterward his mother often told him that his baby eyes noticed it also and that he nearly jumped out of her arms trying to reach up for it and catch it with his baby hands."

Hess says he wants to devote his time during 1909 and 1910 to making photographs and observing the comet.

GIRL TO TRAMP IN AFRICA.

Adventurous Young Authoress Plans to Meet Roosevelt.

London.—Miss Charlotte Mansfield, an adventurous young authoress, called for Cape Town with the intention of starting on a lonely tramp of 8,000 miles toward Cairo. Two thousand miles of the journey will be through the wilds of central Africa. Miss Mansfield's only escort will be 30 native carriers. At Natal she expects to meet President Roosevelt.

Miss Mansfield is an athletic young woman, and although she has never been in Africa before, the journey, she said, has no terrors for her. She has trapped alone in several of the out-of-the-way districts of Europe. She is a good shot and expects to supply herself with fresh meat with the rifle. Otherwise her party will rely upon the resources of the country—corn, rice and fruit.

REAL ORIGIN OF "MEAL TIME"

Has Come Down to Us from the Anglo-Saxon "Maehl."

With regard to the difficulty of defining a "meal" it may be observed that, originally, a meal meant a repast taken at a fixed time. It is the Anglo-Saxon "maehl," a mark, sign, measure, fixed time, and so food partaken of then, and has no connection with "meal" of the oatmeal kind, except by one of those verbal coincidences in which language abounds. All the other senses of "maehl" but that of a repast have vanished except in the word "piece-meal," but German has still both "mael," a time (as in "maelmael" once and "mahl," a meal.

Of "mahl," however, tourists should beware. There is a story of a fatigued English pedestrian staggering into a German inn with a demand for "Abendmaehl." What he wanted was supper ("Abendessen"); what he got was a clerkman ready to administer the holy sacrament (which "Abendmaehl" in practice means), under the impression that he was dying. "Meal time" has got into the German language of greeting. It was the old fashion after supper in the home to shake hands all round and say "Gesegnete Mahlzeit"—a blessing on the meal-time. And the German digestion is so vigorous that the students at the universities part from each other, not with good-by or adieu, or any such suprarrestrial allusion but—"Mahlzeit!"

SAD STORY OF A WASTED LIFE.

Man a Lifelong Hermit Because He Forgot to Mail Letter.

Here's a life-story in a few lines, told in Answers:

"Half a century ago a young Englishman, while traveling, met a beautiful girl and promptly fell in love with her. A few days later he returned home and his first act was to write her a love letter. In it he told her, that if she regarded his proposal favorably he would expect a reply by the next mail. To this letter he received no answer, and so disappointed was he that, from that time until his death, which occurred recently, he shut himself up in his home and lived like a hermit. Most of his time was spent in reading, and the day after his funeral the heirs began to search the books of his library, for they thought it quite possible that the eccentric old man might have hidden some bank notes in them. They found none, but in a tattered old pamphlet they found another kind of note—the love letter which was written 50 years ago, and which the writer had forgotten to mail."

Bride of the Young Officer.

Consider, my daughter, ere thou hast said yes to the cadet of the slim waist and haughty air. For verily I say unto you, sad is the fate of the bride of the regimental goat. For her lord is haughty no more, but even the sergeants speak of him as a shavetail. Thou shalt have many nuptial gifts, yea, many of silver and glass, so that the packing of them is a weariness to the flesh, and thou shalt have no cupboards to stow them therein. And as soon as thy curtains hang fair at thy windows, then shalt thou be ranked out, till no spot on the post shall deem to be thine own. And at last it may be that rooms in the bachelors' building shall be assigned thy spouse; then shall bursts of music trouble thy dreams, and in weariness of spirit thou shalt say: "Why did I wed me to a shavetail? for only those of rank have spacious dwellings. Had I but wed the son of a banker my wedding gifts had not been fractured with many movings."—Army and Navy Life.

As to Cats.

The cat is the most active of all animals. As an acrobat it has no equal. I know that every friend of the column likes to read about animals; therefore I venture once in awhile to say something about cats and dogs. Every now and then I receive letters from people who insist upon "more cat and dog stories." Last night a fine specimen of a man called on me. After some refreshment, and as he was about to depart, I asked if he was married. "Sure," he replied; "many years." "Got any children?" "No, we had two and lost both; all we have in the house now is a cat and a canary bird. They in a measure keep my wife from being lonesome when I'm down town at business."—New York Press.

Their Fallen Idol.

Two little newshoys, ragged and soiled, recognized Napoleon Lajoie as he stood on a downtown corner, talking to an acquaintance. "Looker!" exclaimed the first boy in a hoarse whisper, "there's Larry!" "He's nothin' but a hen an' goose farmer now," returned the other lad, without any show of hero worship. "But he's the greatest ball player on earth," retorted the young admirer of the second baseman. "Mebby he is," admitted the other one, "mebby he is in the summer time, but—" disgustedly—"think of a feller raisin' chickens all winter! Polper, mister!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Diplomatic Clerk.

"It is quite a coincidence," observed the celebrated pugilist, coldly, "that every time I apply for accommodations at this hotel the house is full." "It is a bit singular," agreed the clerk, edging as far away from the register as possible, "but we trust that you will continue to let us have the refusal of your patronage."

FOR PHYSICIANS AND NURSES

New Watch That Indicates Number of Beats of the Pulse.

A new watch has been invented for the use of physicians and nurses in counting the pulse. The watch indicates, without mental calculation, the number of beats of the pulse in a minute. It operates on the principle of a stop-watch. By pressing the push-button a large second hand is set in motion, and the counting of the pulsations begins. At the twentieth pulsation the motion of the hand is stopped by another pressure of the push-button. The dial accurately indicates the exact number of pulsations per minute. A third pressure on the push-button brings the hand back to the starting point. The use of this instrument does away with the necessity of observing the progress of the watch while taking the pulse, and in addition insures an absolutely correct record. The instrument is also a chronographic counter, facilitating the making of observations, which are automatically recorded in minutes, seconds and fifths of a second. A small dial placed below the 12 records minutes from 9 to 30. The large hand records seconds and fifths of a second.—Scientific American.

HERRINGS NO LONGER SMOKED.

They Are Now Painted with a Harmless Chemical Extract.

"Extract of smoke," said the canner, dipping his brush into a pot of brown fluid.

"Extract of smoke?" repeated the dazed reporter.

"Smoke extract," said the canner. He took up a fresh herring, painted it with the dark mixture, and laid it on a board beside a long, long line of brother herrings. "Now, in the past," he explained, "you smoked herrings by hanging them up for days in smoke-houses wherein smoldered fires of costly aromatic woods. That process was slow and expensive; we have quite improved it out of existence. We paint our herring now with this really quite harmless chemical extract of smoke—a coal tar product—and as soon as he is dry he is ready for the market."

The reporter tasted one of the herrings. "But this isn't half as good as the smoked herring of my boyhood," he protested.

"Not as good, perhaps," agreed the canner, "but ever so much more profitable."

Error About Patents.

There is a very general notion that when the United States government gives a man a patent for an invention by this very act the patentee is in possession of exclusive and inalienable rights to his invention for a term of years. Now this is the very thing that does not necessarily exist, and the very thing that patentees, investors and the public would like to have established. Most patents are exploited by others than inventors, and the money for the purpose is largely supplied by those with little knowledge of the laws. It has happened time and time again that the governmental patent has proved worthless. It used to be that it was little more than prima facie evidence to be used in litigation. Of recent years there has been some improvement in the laws and practice, but at present there is no governmental guaranty behind the papers issued to any inventor.

Scots as Pilate's Body Guard.

Of Andrew Carnegie the London Chronicle remarks: "Mr. Carnegie is not only a millionaire of millionaires; he is also a Scot of Scots, who, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, remains a Scotsman. Ever since the fifth century, he says, 'Scotsmen had led the world; but he might have gone five centuries further back still and asseverated that the body-guard of Pontius Pilate was composed of Caledonians, the Dugald Dalgetys of their time. Such at least is the claim put forward by the Royal Scots, now the premier regiment of the British line, who are alternatively known as 'Pontius Pilate's bodyguard.'"

Justice Fuller's Idea of Interpreters.

Chief Justice Fuller has but a small opinion of expert witnesses and entertains scarcely a more favorable opinion of interpreters. He is not at all averse to expressing his mind on these subjects, and on one occasion summed up his idea of an interpreter as follows:

"An interpreter is a person who translates a language he does not understand into one that he does not speak."

Caruso, But Still—!

At a performance of "Aida," Caruso, as usual, soared into the highest altitudes of song with such consummate ease and thrilling power that he brought down the house—with the exception of one critical young woman in the family circle.

"Lou," she observed to her companion, "ain't it funny that Caruso don't seem to gripe your noives the way he does on the record? Queer, ain't it?"

Unusual Freedom.

"Are all married men as carefully watched as jokesmiths say they are?" "Certainly not. I know a married man who is allowed two nights out every week, just so he comes home before 11 o'clock, and tells his wife exactly where he has been and brings some sort of little gift, just to show that he has been thinking about her all the time."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

MRS. COMER'S BEST JUDGMENT.

Like That of Others, It Occasionally Was at Fault.

The mistakes which were plentifully sprinkled along Mrs. Comer's career were never regretted by any one more than by Mrs. Comer herself. "I used the very best judgment I had," she said, referring to one unfortunate occurrence, "but as usual, everything went wrong."

"You see, I went to Greenville in the morning with Mrs. Hobart, intending to go on to Nashua, but I changed my mind when the weather turned cool and spent the day with Anna Woods, going home at dusk. I'd forgotten my little bag with my key in it, so I went right over to Mrs. Hobart's."

"She'd gone down the road to Mrs. Cole's, but I found her key behind the left-hand blind, and went right in. 'The house was dark, but I said to myself, I won't light a lamp for fear of scaring her, a timid woman living all alone as she does.' So I sat in the dark till I heard her coming up the walk."

"When she found the door was unlocked she gave a kind of gasp; so I stepped forward, and then, long as I had a cold so my voice didn't sound natural and I was afraid I would scare her, she being so timid, I put out my hand and laid it on her arm."

"And if you'll believe me," finished Mrs. Comer, plaintively, "she fell right over in a faint, and cut her forehead on the edge of the rocking chair, and I thought I'd never bring her to!"

"There's no use trying to be careful with a woman like her."—Youth's Companion.

IRVING THE ABSTEMIOUS ONE.

Poet Had Forgotten Finishing Bottle of Port Himself.

It was while Irving was rehearsing "Becket" that he told a story of Tennyson that has both pathetic and humorous significance. In the earlier days, when "The Cup" was in preparation, he had been to see Tennyson in the Isle of Wight to discuss his ideas for its presentation. After dinner the dessert and wine were set out upon a separate table and when they were seated the poet asked Irving if he would like a glass of port.

"Yes, I like a glass of port," replied the actor.

Upon which Tennyson, taking him at his word, poured him out a glass of port and, all unconsciously, finished the remainder of the bottle himself.

Next morning the actor had to leave and had therefore taken leave of his host overnight. But he had scarcely awakened when he saw Lord Tennyson sitting at the foot of his bed.

"How are you this morning?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Very well, indeed," was the guest's reply.

"Are you?" came the response, with just a tinge of doubt in the tones of the voice. "You drank a lot of port last night."

That was Tennyson's way of repenting after a bottle of port!

East for Their Ancestors.

The Chinese are rapacious eaters at the feasts which are given in honor of their ancestors. At these feasts the tables groan with all the good things which the most efficient cooks can provide—pork, snow white rice, pickled cucumbers, chickens, ducks and bird's nest soup. For some minutes before the feast the six or seven hundred men sit at the tables in silence. Then at a given signal begin the clinking of chopsticks and the noise of indrawn breaths by which the Chinese cool the hot mouthfuls of rice which they shovel down their throats. Presently, when the hot samshu begins to work and the faces become flushed, a babel of voices fills the temple.

Irish Witty Before Foe.

Col. Nugent, commanding officer of the Irish guards, at the annual dinner of the Windsor and Eton chamber of commerce, told a story of an Irish soldier in the last war.

At dusk of a day throughout which they had been lying under heavy fire, an officer crawled up with orders for the battalion to assault, upon which the Irishman got up, shook himself and said: "And who not?"

On another occasion when a man screamed at the loss of a finger on the battlefield a sergeant shouted to him: "Hold yer row, yer cowardly skut; there's a man over there who's lost his head, and he hasn't said a word."

The Decorations.

The housekeeping bride was particularly to keep a flower or two in a vase on the dining-room table. One afternoon she came in late and started to arrange some roses when her colored maid exclaimed: "Oh, you got some, did you? I was afraid you'd forget, seeing it was so late, and I knowed we had to have something green; so I just fixed it."

The bride went into the dining-room. In the center of the mahogany table stood one of her handiwork vases full of rosinse salad leaves.

His Professional Way.

The new waitress sidled up to a dapper young man at the breakfast table, who, after glancing at the bill, opened his mouth, and a noise issued forth that sounded like the ripping off of all the cogs on one of the wheels in the power house. The new waitress made her escape to the kitchen. "Follow out there insulted me," she said.

The head waiter looked at him. "I'll get it," he said. "That's just the train caller ordering his breakfast."

POSSIBLY NAME WAS "BILLY"

Anyway, Sleepy Passenger Ousted to Being Called "Bill."

There was a passenger on a Chestnut street car the other day who was peacefully dozing—not, it was quite evident, through having had too little sleep, but through having had too much drink.

When the conductor approached for the fare the somnolent one paid no attention whatever, but continued to sojourn in the land of dreams.

"Hey, wake up! Give us yer fare there!" said out the conductor. Snores from Peaceful Valley.

"Hey, wake up!"

Deep calm and content. The conductor grew more vehement. He leaned over and plucked the passenger's sleeve. With a start the somnolent one regained consciousness.

"Hey, Bill," remarked the conductor, "give us yer fare."

The other stared at the conductor. "Hurry up, Bill!"

"Bill" turned pale with fury.

"How—how?" he thundered, while all the other passengers jumped in alarm, "how you know my name ain't Louis?"

And until that was satisfactorily answered by the conductor there was no fare forthcoming.—Philadelphia Ledger

ROSE TO DIPLOMATIC HEIGHT.

Young Man 'Proved Decidedly Equal to the Occasion.

Harold visits on terms of intimacy a household that boasts of three good-looking sisters—Betty, Babbie and Ellen—and of these Harold has not yet quite made up his mind touching a certain important contingency.

On one occasion, when he had called early and no one was yet downstairs, Harold was half-dozing in a Morris chair in the library, when suddenly a pair of soft little hands covered his eyes and a sweet little voice commanded: "Guess who?"

Immediately Harold was up a tree. He couldn't for the life of him determine whose voice it was—Betty's? Babbie's? Ellen's? A wrong guess would mean complications too awful to contemplate. Finally, however, a happy solution of the difficulty offered itself, and Harold blandly announced: "It's the dearest, sweetest little girl in all the world!"

"Dear Harold," murmured the young thing, as she removed her hands.—Lippincott's.

Doctors Thick in New York.

The proportion of physicians to the general population is probably greater in New York city than anywhere else in the country. In the United States, for example, taking the estimated population of the census bureau for 1904 as a basis, there is one licensed physician to every 709 persons; in New York state there is one to 672, and in New York city, one to only 653.

It has been estimated that the physician in general practice must have a clientele of 750 persons, or 150 families, to support himself and his family in comfort, so if this estimate is accurate the New York doctor is short an average of 100 patients, and many of course are further behind than that.—Medical Record.

Ruskin on Art Critics.

A. Stodart Walker tells of Ruskin throwing a large quarto at his head because he had dared to question the artistic excellence, in the matter of proportion, of Michael Angelo's "Moses" in Rome. After the throwing was over he asked: "How often have you seen it?" "Oh, half a dozen times," Stodart Walker answered with confidence in his side as to the result of such a reminder. "Good heavens," Ruskin cried, "no man should dare to give an opinion on any work of art unless he has seen it every day for six months," adding after a pause, "and even then he should hold his tongue if he has used his eyes as you seem to have used them."

Pronunciation.

Here is what a recognized authority says on the subject: "In spoken language, pronunciation is the most striking element, and thus it happens that it is, more than any other one thing, the most obvious test of general culture. Even in a speaker of recognized ability, his mispronunciations fall harshly upon the ear, and cause the hearer to suspect that his early, if not later, education has been wanting in polish, or that he has not been accustomed to the society of refined and cultivated people." Surely this writer does not overestimate the case or exaggerate, in any way, the importance of correct pronunciation.

Dishpan Suicide.

Race suicide has resulted in one commercial contraction that not even President Roosevelt ever counted on. It has caused dishpans to grow smaller.

"Where are the enormous dishpans of yesterday?" queried a woman shopper. "The kind that you could pile all the dishes used by a family of 12 into at one time?"

"They don't make them any more," said the clerk, "because there are no families of 12. Smaller families mean fewer dishes to wash, and the size of the dishpans has shrunk accordingly."

Taking Chances.

"He is a professional gambler, is he not?" "No, a professional gambler never takes chances." "Does he take chances?" "He's going to get married."