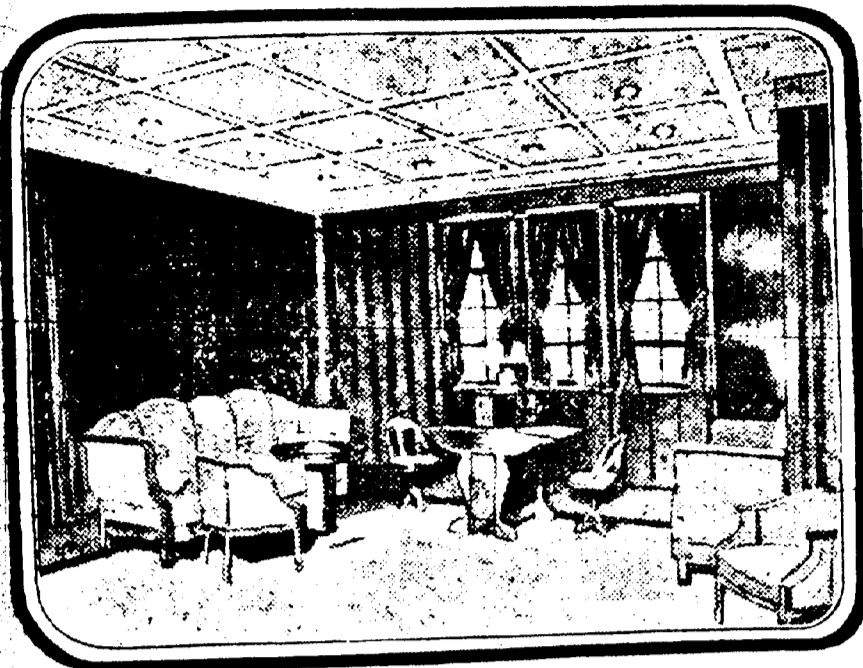


READING ROOM OF NEW OCEAN LINER



Passengers on the new ocean steamship "George Washington," named in honor of the first president of the United States, the latest addition of the North German Lloyd fleet, could easily imagine they were in some sumptuously furnished colonial homestead instead of on the boundless deep, as this new transatlantic liner is to be decorated and furnished in a style which recalls our own colonial type. The vessel will offer many innovations to ocean travelers. It will make its first trip sailing from New York July 1.

TRAMPS SHUN TOWN

"WEARY WILLIES" STEAR CLEAR OF BURLINGTON, N. J.

Policeman McCormick Solves Problem of Handling Case—Free Gentry by Putting Them to Work Cleaning Streets.

Burlington, N. J.—All hall Police-man Joseph McCormick! The feats of Horatius, who kept the bridge and other heroes of ancient history are naught compared to the brave deed he accomplished and, to think of it, single-handed, too.

What did Officer McCormick do to earn all this praise? Why, he tackled the tramp problem single-handed and now tramps tramping through Jersey are heard singing "Gee, But This Is a Lonesome Town" as they steer away from the city of Burlington.

The town has been worried by tramps for the past few months. They would apply to the lodging house conducted by the city, obtain a hearty meal, a good bed and then, with a courteous "Thank you," leave the place next morning.

Many were caught "ringing"—that is, trying to return the same evening and work the stunt all over again. Then McCormick took affairs in hand. Seeing the matter required careful thought he asked for a two-weeks' vacation, that he might not be disturbed in righting a municipal wrong.

The chief of police was aghast when McCormick made his request, as his absence would deplete the force and the other policemen in the town would have double patrol duty to do, but granted the request.

In a few days he was back on the job, a smile of satisfaction spread over his countenance. The tramp problem was solved.

Tramps who applied for lodging and supper were surprised at the kind way in which they were received. Never in all their tramp lives had they been escorted to the supper table with such grace.

Then came a cot and then breakfast in the morning. Immediately after their morning repast they were conducted to the city's dirtiest streets, given a broom and told to sweep. One who rebelled was immediately given ten days in the city jail. The rest decided that discretion was the better part of valor.

The tale spread. Every tramp in the state soon heard of the methods of Burlington, in treating the tramp problem.

Needless to say the town is free from tramps for the first time in many years.

WINNER GETS DIVORCE.

Land Office Must Decide if She Quit Mate Illegally.

Platte, S. D.—The officials of the Federal land office must decide whether Mary A. Meiser, who won No. 1 in the great Tripp county land drawing last fall, has traded off her husband for her \$40,000 prize, or whether her fortune has come to relieve her at a time when she was about to be left without support.

Mrs. Meiser was granted a divorce here upon the grounds of desertion. It was while on a visit to her parents in Lyman county that Mrs. Meiser learned of her good fortune. At the time it was wondered whether, as a married woman, she would be entitled to file on the land since she had not obtained a divorce.

But she asserted that she had not lived with Meiser since June, 1907; that she had given him up, and that she had supported herself since the separation, and the divorce was granted. Accordingly she will file on her claim when the time comes. Unquestionably other winners, coming after her, will raise the novel question of whether the divorce was not obtained for the purpose of allowing her to claim her prize.

In any event, the proposals of marriage, which were stopped at the time she was announced the winner by the statement that she was married, are certain to begin deluging the young woman, who, as shown by her pictures, is still youthful and fair to look upon.

MAN IS LIGHTNING PAINTER.

He Makes a Landscape in Oil in Two or Three Minutes.

Hamburg, Pa.—Every town has its genius, born with some intellectual faculties, gifted in a special way. Hamburg's is William Bodenborn, who has lived here ever since 1880, though he was born in Annville, Pa.

When he went to school he cared very little for books; but every minute that he could dodge the study of history, grammar, or arithmetic he would take a pencil and draw pictures, always, however, with some fear that the teacher would detect him, which he occasionally did, when Bodenborn squared matters by drawing a special picture for the teacher.

His great skill was first brought to the eye of the public at Lebanon, when William Showers was hanged for murder. Bodenborn was still a school boy, and he drew a picture of the schoolhouse where Showers was caught, which sketch was used later as evidence in the trial, and also for illustrations by many papers throughout the state.

Mr. Bodenborn took a special course under John R. Kessel, a famous artist and critic at the Academy of the Fine Arts of Philadelphia, and since then has devoted his time mainly to oil and landscape painting and Biblical fresco work. While thus engaged Mr. Bodenborn developed a manner of making oil paintings, which he calls the one-to-three-minute method. He sits in front of his easel with the palette and the oil colors in one hand, and the brushes in the other, and with a dozen strokes this way, and as many another, and a few touches at the corners, the novel little oil painting is done. Most of them are made in one and one-half minutes each.

DEVOTE LIVES TO TWO LEPERS.

Parents Spend Fortunes Hiding Disease of Sons and Nursing Them.

Galestown, Tex.—A pitiful case of parental devotion and self-sacrifice has been brought to light by the discovery of two cases of leprosy in this city. The victims are brothers, one 31 years of age and the other 18, and they are sons of Mr. and Mrs. James Younger, who for nearly twelve years have kept the secret of their sons' affliction from the public and have practically kept them prisoners in their home.

Twelve years ago the family was comfortably well to do, when the eldest son contracted the loathsome disease and became a prisoner in the home. The parents cared for him and secretly guarded their secret. Five years ago the other son was stricken. Both are declared to be beyond cure.

The expense of caring for the two lepers was a constant drain upon the resources of the family, and their last piece of property, the homestead, is about to be sold for taxes. With the discovery of the lepers by the authorities the aged parents, realizing their hopeless fight, are willing to have them sent to an institution for treatment.

DOG GOES ALONE 600 MILES.

Travels from Kentucky to Arkansas and Swims Two Rivers.

Lexington, Ky.—In a letter received by a member of the National Fox Hunters' association Judge A. Floyd Huff of Hot Springs, Ark., reports the return of his famous foxhound Hembolo, which was lost during the division field trial at the annual meeting of the association at Crab Orchard Springs, Ky., last November.

Judge Huff reports that the hound reached his home near Hot Springs bleeding from all four feet and almost starved to death from the long trip. In making the trip from Kentucky to Arkansas the hound was forced to swim the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers and to cover a distance of over 600 miles.

Gen. R. B. Williams, a noted fox hunter, said that this was undoubtedly the record trip for a hound, although he had known frequent cases where they were returned to their homes from a distance of 200 miles.

Criticism of Ragtime Fiend. When some people play ragtime, one wonders how the piano stands the strain.—Exchange.

BETTER THAN ANY PHYSICIAN.

Mr. Brown's Remarks Quickly Brought Wife Back from Borderland.

"William, dear," feebly called the invalid wife, who was supposed to be nearing the end of her earthly career. "Yes, darling," answered the sorrowing husband. "What is it?"

"When I am gone," said she, "I feel that for the sake of the motherless little ones you should marry again."

"Do you really think it would be best, darling?" asked the faithful William.

"Yes, William, I really do," replied the invalid. "After a reasonable length of time you should seek the companionship of some good woman."

"Do you know, my dear?" said the husband, "that you have lifted a great burden from my mind? Now, there is that charming Widow Jones across the way. She has acted rather friendly toward me ever since you were taken ill. Of course, dear she could never fill your place, but she is young, plump and pretty, and I'm sure she would do her best to lessen my grief."

"William Henry Brown!" exclaimed the female whose days were supposed to be numbered, as she partly raised herself upon the pillow, "if you ever dare install that redden-headed, freckled-faced, squint-eyed hussy in my shoes, I'll—I'll—" And then she fainted.

But the next day Mrs. Brown was able to sit up, and two days later she was downstairs.

STILLED AUDIENCE IN MOMENT.

Presence of Mind of Daniel Webster Averted Great Peril.

Once, when Daniel Webster was addressing a political meeting in Faneuil hall, the standing multitude within the hall, pressed by those who were endeavoring to enter from without, began to sway to and fro, a solid mass of human bodies, as helpless to counteract the movement as if Faneuil hall were being rocked by an earthquake. The orator was in the midst of a stirring appeal, urging the necessity of individual exertion and unflinching patriotism to avert the dangers that threatened the political party whose principles he espoused, when he perceived the terrible swaying of the packed assembly and the imminent danger that might ensue.

Webster stopped short in the middle of a sentence, advanced to the edge of the platform, extended his arm in an authoritative attitude, and, in a stentorian voice of command, cried out: "Let each man stand firm!" The effect was instantaneous. Each man stood firm; the great heaving mass of humanity regained its equilibrium, and, save the long breath of relief that filled the air, perfect stillness ensued. "That," exclaimed the great orator, "is what we call self-government!"

Means the Same Thing.

In England to call a woman homely means that she is fond of anything about home and is unpretending; in the United States it means not handsome. To be clever in England means to be dextrous and with us the term signifies good-natured or honest. We say crackers, they say biscuits; our mail is the post; and a baggage check in England becomes brasses, while they say luggage for baggage. A tramp in the United States is a vagabond, but in England any traveler may be so called. But there is even a greater difference of terms in different parts of the United States than in the two countries. In New England a man is brought up and in the south he is reared and a colored man raised.

Author's Witty Remark.

Kinglake, the author of "Ethen," was afflicted with gout, and he had a fancy to try a lady doctor, and wrote to one to ask if gout was beyond her scope. She replied: "Dear sir, gout is not beyond my scope, but men are."

It was Kinglake who uttered one of the neatest mots on the peculiar character of the Times. He had little fondness for that journal, in spite of personal friendships which might have been expected to soften his view of the question. The paper was still to him a sort of juggernaut, irresistible and fateful. On seeing the announcement of the new editor's marriage, he exclaimed: "Heavens! that brings the Times into relations with humanity."

Mantle-rays.

"There are X-rays and N-rays and there are also rays from those mantle things that you put on gasburners to improve the light."

The speaker, a photographer, pointed to a batch of fogged plates. "I know to my cost that there are mantle-rays," said he. "For a month I stored new plates in a closet along with a mantle, and all of them got fogged. The mantle, you see, contained thorium, a radioactive substance that penetrates a cardboard glass box as easily as it penetrates plate. I didn't know that till my doctor told me so last week. My ignorance cost me a hundred plates."

To Revolutionize Battles.

It will be necessary for the poets of the future to revise imagery as they describe the conflicts of arms. Furious Frank and fiery Hun no longer struggle under a sulphurous canopy. The lines of Tennyson in celebration of the exploit of the Light Brigade will become archaic. Soldiers on the eve of battle will not continue to dance until the roll of distant guns summons them from their partners. The battlefield during the most tremendous grapple may be as smiling as a plain of Provence, and the song of birds may be heard as missiles weighing a ton are hurled through the air.

SELF RULE FOR BOYS

ABOLITION OF PATERNALISM OBJECT OF NEW MOVEMENT.

Teaching of Citizenship in a Democracy is Sought by the Association of George Junior Republics.

New York.—That the teaching of citizenship in a democracy soon may supplant the present paternal form of government in every school in this country is the object of a movement set on foot in this city recently. Following the principles of self rule which have made hundreds of the best citizens out of boys and girls sent as "incorrigibles" to the George Junior Republic in this state during the last 14 years, an effort will be made to have all children fitted to be independent and self-reliant Americans before everything else.

With junior republics established in California, New York, Connecticut and Maryland, others set up in Massachusetts, New Jersey and Pennsylvania and still others projected in many more states, the organizers of this new school system are preparing to carry their object lesson into every public and private school of the nation.

One of the leading preparatory schools in this part of the country is making plans to revolutionize its methods and put its pupils on the basis of citizens in a little republic of their own, according to an announcement at the headquarters of the National Association of Junior Republics here. The term "master" is to be abolished and well-bred school boys are to learn to become bosses of themselves instead of servants of a political boss. In the public schools of this city as well as in a score of private and public educational institutions of the state the junior republic idea is reported to be applied substantially as it is in the successful substitute for the reformatory which Mr. George has worked out.

"The teaching under a democracy must be different from that under other systems of government," said Thomas M. Osborne, president of the National Association of Junior Republics, the other day. "We have changed our methods somewhat in the schools, but have not carried the reform to the bottom. We still call the teacher the 'master.' This is a relic of paternalism."

"Our American system of education not only has the fallacies of paternalism in it; it has the fallacies of aristocracy as well. Go to a boarding school and you will find as charming a little company of aristocrats as ever was. In the public schools you will find paternalism flourishing to a dangerous extent. Why? Because the students are trained not to be citizens but servants of a political boss. Yet the very life of the republic depends on them."

Educators in every section of the country will be invited to make an inspection of the George Junior Republics and to consider the adoption of their principles of child rule in every field of work. Before teachers' conventions, school and college faculties and bodies of parents this method will be advocated.

HIGH WIND PLUCKS DUCKS.

At Least, so Veracious Missouri Chronicle Sets Forth.

St. Louis, Mo.—From Elliptville, St. Louis county, comes a story—an authentic story—that will make Alton sit up and take notice.

Constable Jules Buermann of Meramec township was sitting in the front part of his store, at Elliptville, while the wind was blowing with great force when he suddenly noticed a flock of ducks blow over the large lake in front of his property.

The ducks were driven onward by the fierce gale, and as they neared the Buermann store the constable noticed feathers flying from them. Then there was a crash and three of the ducks were driven through the front window of the store, falling on the floor, almost entirely stripped of their feathers by the wind. Buermann said that all he had to do was to draw and cook them.

Buermann found two more of the flock of ducks minus their feathers; hanging on a barbed wire fence back of his store. The ducks had been driven into the fence by the wind and killed.

Trunk Is 150 Years Old.

Albion, Mich.—Fred Howard of this city, who has a large collection of relics, has just secured what he considers a prize in the form of an old-fashioned trunk 150 years old. It is a small leather covered affair, ornamented with brass tacks, and the inside of the trunk is lined with style sheets of ladies' hats of the years 1789-90.

On the inside of the cover the following brief history was written by Mrs. Sarah M. Tuttle, a pioneer of this city, who died a few years ago: "This trunk belonged to my great-grandmother, Mary Quantant, who was married to Dr. Stephen White in 1789. It was given to her by her mother and must be over 150 years old."

Has Walked 43,700 Miles.

Middletown, N. Y.—Peter Johnson of Southfield, who has been employed as a track walker for the Erie railroad for the last 21 years, is not afraid to tackle Weston, the great pedestrian. During his term of service Johnson has walked 43,700 miles and has worn out 248 pairs of shoes. Johnson is 56 years old.

How to Land Him in a Week.

Monday—Be pretty. Smile once. Tuesday—Be prettier. Frown at him. Wednesday—Be positive. Sigh once. Thursday—Confess your regard for him. Friday—Laugh at him. Saturday—Be "out." Sunday—Name the day!—New York Herald.

NOT A DEALER IN FLATTERY.

African Native Gave Straight Answer to Straight Question.

The negroes of Africa are simple and direct in speech. It never occurs to them, writes Mr. R. H. Milligan in "The Jungle Folk in Africa," that the purpose of language is to conceal thought, and to commiserate the African for his color is a waste of sympathy. In illustration of this Mr. Milligan gives an amusing conversation with one of his pupils.

One day, when I was talking to Hodi, something in the course of the conversation prompted me to ask him whether he would like to be a white man. He replied respectfully but emphatically in the negative. I wished to know his reason. He hesitated to tell me, but I was insistent, and at last he replied:

"Well, we think we are better-looking."

I gasped when I thought of the vastly ill-looking faces I had seen in the jungles, and in apology for myself, I said:

"But you have not seen us in our own country, where there is no malaria, and where we are not yellow and green."

He quietly asked what color we were in our own country, to which I promptly replied, "Pink and white."

Looking at me steadily for a moment, he remarked:

"Mr. Milligan, if I should see you in your own country I don't believe I should know you."—Youth's Companion.

IN THE TEETH OF HURRICANE.

What Sailorman Meant When He Told of an Adventure in Force 10.

Doubtless there were many puzzled readers when a deep-sea skipper rolled into this harbor a few days ago and reported that his ship had been be-lated by a gale which had piped up to "force 10." "Force 10," it was explained, meant something like a hurricane.

It is a term borrowed from the Beaufort scale, a scheme of wind measurements devised by the British admiral Beaufort before the days of ocean-going steam. Force 1 was a calm, force 2 a light breeze, and so on up the hurricane velocity.

Perhaps, too, the Beaufort scale may give a clue to those who have been wondering for some time at the title of a popular German picture. It is just one example of frowning cloud and storm tossed billow, and the artist has named it "Windstärke 10, 11."—New York Sun.

On Being Happy.

Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are thrice blessed. There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favor is conferred with pain and received with confusion. There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we shower anonymous benefits upon the world. A happy man or a happy woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Bibulous Prisoner Punished.

In one of the Basque provinces of Spain there is a prison which opens the doors every morning and the prisoners go into the town for housework, gardening or some trade. Some act as commissioners. In the evening they quietly return at the appointed time to the prison, and the jailer most carefully identifies them before withdrawing the bolts for their admission. Once a prisoner ventured to present himself at the gates of the prison in a state of inebriety, and the jailer refused to admit him. "To punish you," he said, "you will to-night sleep out of doors." And the prisoner, it is recorded, in spite of tears and entreaties, was condemned to pass the night outside of prison!

Where Dante May Have Studied.

St. Edmund's hall, Oxford, Eng., is now the sole survivor of the original "halls" from which university life arose at Oxford. It bears the name not of the martyred Saxon monarch, but of Archbishop Edmund Rich, who possibly about 1218 delivered near this spot the first Oxford lectures on Aristotle. This legend once enabled the present principal to retort that if Dante really visited Oxford he might conceivably have studied at St. Edmund's hall, but not at Queen's college, which did not then exist.

Penalty of Firmness.

The comptroller of the treasury is an autocrat whose decision overrides even that of the chief magistrate of the nation. Some years ago the then incumbent of the office refused to sign a warrant for money which Gen. Grant thought it proper to expend. "That is right," the president said; "I admire your firmness. Where your conscience is concerned, never permit yourself to be coerced. You may consider yourself clear in this affair, for I shall appoint a new comptroller to-morrow."

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BOWLING ALLEY IN CHURCH.

Philadelphia Baptists to Build Unique House of Worship.

Philadelphia.—Within a short time the congregation of the North Baptist church will begin to build a new home, which will be unique among the churches of this city, if not this whole section of the country.

The building will contain four rooms on its first floor. On the second and third floors there will be reading and smoking rooms. A bowling alley will be built in the basement, and on top of the building will be a roof garden. The church auditorium, where services will be held, will be in the rear. The entire building is to be 70 by 100 feet.

"It is the scheme of the congregation to run a church along distinctly practical lines," said Rev. W. T. Harris, the pastor. "I believe in making a church a business proposition."

The plan of the congregation is to help the poor financially and industrially, as well as spiritually. One of the objects will be to fight the saloon, and for this purpose smoking and reading rooms and bowling alleys will be installed.

There will also be a department for the training of children and a department which will look after poor and homeless little ones, teach them and find homes for them.

Mr. Harris is a young man. He came to this city a penniless boy from Nevada, and was successful in various lines before he entered the ministry. He had experience in newspaper work and in real estate transactions.

SOCIETY WOMEN RUN HOTEL.

Debutantes and Mamas Take Charge of Place for a Day.

Pasadena, Cal.—Pasadena society women had the old stunt of "running a newspaper for a day" beaten to a frazzle the other day when they took charge of the big Maryland hotel and operated it for a day for the benefit of charity.

All of the regular employes of the hotel went on vacation, while well-known society women took charge of the desk, the dining room, billiard room, kitchen, baggage and parcel room and all other departments of the big hostelry.

Young debutantes fetched ice water and performed the duties of the "bell hop," while their mammas and elder sisters looked after the culinary end of the establishment and saw to it that no guest received accommodations without payment in advance. From chambermaid to chef all of the employes for the day were women well-known in Pasadena's most exclusive social circles.

While the women were actuated by purely charitable motives, the charity did not extend to the hotel "beat." With the new managers in charge it was a case of settle or get out. The proceeds of the venture will be used to build a home for Pasadena training nurses.

TO DESTROY OLD CENT DIES.

Indian Head to Be Replaced by the Lincoln Design.

Philadelphia.—The United States mint in this city will in a few days destroy the dies from which the present one-cent pieces are made and will sink the new dies with the bronze medal design of the head of Abraham Lincoln, as ordered by the treasury department several days ago. The familiar Indian head on the present cent was made many years ago from a portrait of Mary Cunningham, a little Philadelphia girl, whose father was an employe of the mint.

Officials of the mint say that cents are the most habitually lost coins in all Uncle Sam's fractional currency. While none of them is retired because of loss of weight through wear, nearly all which come into the people's possession are from the mintage of comparatively recent years. They simply disappear through a thousand and one different channels and never again engage in their mission as a suitable exchange for commodities of small value.

With the retirement of the present coin the Indian head cent will, in fewer years than one would ordinarily think, be in the possession solely of coin collectors.

Lip Moved Up His Body.

Charlottesville, Va.—A remarkable double operation of skin grafting, which moved the cuticle by easy stages up his body, sent William Jones, ten years old, home from the University of Virginia hospital with a new lip.

The boy is from Rio, Albemarle county. Last September his lower lip was shot away by an accidental discharge of a gun.

Dr. S. H. Watts of the hospital staff first transplanted a flap of skin from the abdominal wall of the patient to the forearm. After growing to the forearm it was brought up and attached to the face, and after remaining there about two weeks to secure a blood supply, was cut off from the arm and molded into position, forming the new lip.

Send "Mither" His Voice.

Altoona, Pa.—As a surprise to his aged parents on the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding, John K. Findley, a Pennsylvanian, sent to them near Glasgow, Scotland, graphophone records into which he had spoken congratulations, speeches and sung songs. His mother had not heard his voice for 30 years, but on the first line of "Be Kind Tae Auld Grannie," the first selection, she cried: "Tis mae ain son, Johnny."