

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY



George von Lengerke Meyer, who has been transferred from the postmaster general's office to the navy department, was brought into the cabinet in February, 1907, to succeed Postmaster General Cortelyou. He was at that time ambassador to St. Petersburg, to which post he had been transferred from Rome, where he had served five years. He is a native of Massachusetts and is an officer and director in many large manufacturing and financial concerns.

FINDS CITY OF PAST

Ranoher Makes Important Archeological Discovery.

On the Side of Southern California Mountain About 1,000 Primitive Houses Cluster Below Watch Tower.

Los Angeles, Cal.—What is said to be one of the most important archeological discoveries ever made in the southwest has been unearthed in the Coachella valley and the San Jacinto mountains by B. F. Bond, who has just returned from a trip to that section, and given his find publicity.

Mr. Bond found the ruins of an ancient city of unknown origin and never previously reported, hidden in the mountains made up of in the neighborhood of 1,000 stone houses, which range in size from 16 by 13 feet to 8 by 12 feet, each containing only one room.

Mr. Bond made his discovery by accident. He is the owner of a desert ranch claim and was on a tramping trip into the mountains when he was astonished to see a heap of stones of more regular formation than the others.

Approaching nearer, he beheld a series of streets paved with blocks of stones, lined with the ruins of one-room stone houses which had been built on terraces on the mountain side.

Searching among the ruins, Mr. Bond says, he found several pieces of earthenware of strange design and skillful workmanship. One piece, an "olla," perhaps three feet in diameter, he has cashed and will preserve intact, except that its bottom is broken out.

Whole Family Appendicitis. New York.—By submitting to an operation for the removal of his vermiform appendix, Henry B. Halsey, village trustee of South Orange, N. J., achieved for his family the novel distinction of being collectively appendicitis. Within the last year Mr. Halsey's wife and both of his daughters have undergone the same operation.

LIGHTNING AIDS IN RELEASE.

It Extinguished All the Lamps So Prisoner Slipped into Handy Coal Chute and Got Out.

Springfield, Mo.—Law, justice and all the rest of it may have rightfully put Oscar Rowe into jail here, but one of the mysterious elements of nature in the shape of a bolt of lightning got him out again and the authorities, not without admiration for his cleverness, are looking for help. Following the old axiom Rowe helped nature to help himself, although there was a combination of circumstances in his favor.

He was imprisoned on a charge of burglary and he chafed much against confinement. Many times he had suggested that he should be freed, but always there was a difference of opinion so far as the duly constituted authorities were concerned.

Then, like another Prometheus, he stole the lightning, although he did not know it at the time. As a matter of fact, the lightning visited him. It came one night in a short, sharp shock while he was meditating on his untoward fate behind a lifelong lock, and it put out the lights.

Rowe instantly seized the chance. By some means or other he got out of his cell and made his way into the basement, thinking that would be an easy means of escape. When he got there, however, he found all the doors locked and barred and nothing in the way of invitation except a coal chute. He did not know where that might lead, but there were possibilities in it, and, adjusting his clothing carefully, he fitted himself into the funnel and climbed up. A few seconds later he was in the outer world and now nobody knows where he is.

'FRISCO'S FIGHT ON RODENTS.

Approximately 1,000,000 Rats Slain in Fight to Wipe Out Dreaded Bubonic Plague.

Washington.—The story of the long, hard fought campaign to rid San Francisco of its recent epidemic of the bubonic plague is told in an interesting report just made public by the marine hospital service.

The disease was spread by a certain breed of flea that infested the rats, which in turn carried the plague broadcast.

Approximately 1,000,000 rodents were slain in the effort to wipe out the plague. Nearly 100,000 rats were examined and of this number more than 300 carried fleas infested with the disease.

The campaign was directed to killing off rats, disinfecting premises and ships where the plague-infested rats had been found and preventing the breeding and spread of the pests.

There were 2,796 steamships disinfecting, which required the use of 820,000 pounds of sulphur and 4,342 gallons of alcohol; 330 houses disinfecting; 1,490 suspected cases examined and 3,973 inspections of the dead to determine whether they had died from the plague. Up to June 30, 1908, there had been 159 cases of plague and deaths.

The campaign was directed by the marine hospital service with the aid of the local authorities in San Francisco.

Elopes with Parishioner. Westbury, Conn.—Rev. C. W. Dane who on a recent Sunday preached about the manner in which his parishioners had criticized him for calling too frequently on one of the women of his congregation, has eloped with Mrs. George N. Proctor, wife of a grocer and treasurer of his Methodist church in Woodbury, a suburb. Mrs. Dane has filed suit for divorce.

MR. JONES IN AN EMERGENCY.

Except for Single Unfortunate Incident He Was Just the Man to Deal with It.

When Jones reached home the other night he found Mrs. Jones huddled up in a corner of the sofa weeping, and about four inches of water on the kitchen floor.

The Joneses hadn't been married very long, so he contented himself with a general remark concerning the nonresourcefulness of women and asked how it happened.

"The water pipe under the sink burst," Mrs. Jones told him. Jones smiled pityingly, walked deliberately to the kitchen closet and produced a wrench. Opening the cellar door with a confident air he descended to the region below.

After bumping at least seven obstacles he finally reached the wall and reached out for the cock which he had noticed in a pipe which traversed the wall. He applied his wrench and shut it off.

Patting himself on the back for being able to cope with an emergency, he started back upstairs. Just halfway up the steps he bumped into his wife.

Mrs. Jones was the first to speak. "O, dear," she said, "what in the world did you turn off the gas for?"—Philadelphia Times.

NOT THE SPEAKER'S PROVINCE

Orator to Follow Was Proper Person to Comply with Request of Enthusiast.

Preachers of all denominations occupied chairs upon the platform. They were giving their voices and influence to the overthrow of a political boss. The Presbyterian clergyman had the floor and most vigorously attacked the enemy. He delivered some fierce, telling thrusts, and the audience was with him. The boss received some cruel jabs.

"That's right, soak him!" encouraged a man with a stentorian voice who had standing room in the rear. As the clergyman warmed up to his subject the interrupting "soak him!" came from the rear with greater power and frequency.

The speaker paused. He was not irritated, but gently threw the audience into a good-natured hysteria by saying:

"The intentions of the gentleman in the rear are good, but wholly inopportune and ill advised. If he'll kindly reserve his comments for the next speaker, Brother Herrick of the Baptist church he'll be accommodated, no doubt."

Moving on Short Notice.

I was lying on the floor of an old country loghouse one summer day, near a big, open fireplace, when I heard a peculiar, frightened squeak. I got up to see what looked like a huge mouse moving at a very rapid walk across the room. When I got closer look I saw that it was a mother mouse moving her whole family. At least, I hope there was none left behind, for very soon a small snake, but large enough to put into a panic the mother of four less than half-grown children, came through the empty fireplace, and after the little fugitive, the mother mouse had two in her mouth, and lay stretched on with their mouths and for "dear life" were the other two. I killed the snake, and watched the moving family disappear through a hole in the corner.—St. Nicholas.

This Mixed-Up World.

If things would not run into each other so, it would be a thousand times easier, and a million times pleasanter to get on in the world. Let the sheepiness be set on one side and the goatiness on the other, and immediately you know where you are. It is not necessary to ask that there be any increase of the one, or any diminution of the other, but only that each shall pre-empt its own territory and stay there. Milk is good, and water is good, but don't set the milk-pail under the pump. Pleasure softens pain, but pain softens pleasure; and who would not rather have his happiness concentrate into one memorable day, that shall gleam and glow through a lifetime, than have it spread out over a dozen comfortable commonplace, humdrum forenoons and afternoons, each one as like the other as two peas in a pod?—Gail Hamilton.

Salt Seasoned Timber.

A workman was packing salt about a pile of timber. "Seasoning timber with salt, eh?" It sounds like a joke, doesn't it? he said. "It is often done, though, especially in ship timber. Ships built of all-seasoned timber get a better insurance rate. Some very rich woods are seasoned in boiling oil. That's an ancient and costly process. A new dodge is electrical seasoning. With strong electric shocks the sap is driven out of the wood and replaced by a solution of borax and resin. The scheme is cheap; not half as good as salt."

Spanish Executioner's Remorse.

A curious story comes from Seville. On Sunday night the local executioner died, his death being due to remorse. For several years he had not carried out any executions, but recently he was summoned to Cordova to inflict the final penalty on some criminals. The impression made upon him was so painful that he was unable to face the ordeal when summoned to execute the last criminal condemned in Seville, and the sentence will have to be carried out by the Madrid executioner.

The Hour Glass.

Instead of being obsolete and simply an interesting relic, the hour glass in various forms is a twentieth century necessity. A machinist authority points out that for such purposes as timing, hardening and tempering heats in twist drill manufacture, where seconds or minutes must be gauged accurately, nothing serves like the hour glass with the right amount of sand. Accuracy to fractions of a second can be had much more easily than by watching the hands of a watch.

Tennis Court a Laws New.

Washington.—Another old Roosevelt landmark now lies under the sod at the White House. Preparatory to erecting an annex to the executive offices the landscape gardener of the president has torn up the old tennis court of President Roosevelt, made particularly famous by the so-called Roosevelt "tennis cabinet." He has sodded it and sown grass besides, with a view to burying it completely with a soft green lawn by early summer.

NOT A CORPOREAL DELIGHT.

Real Nature of the Kiss, as Viewed by a Writer Who Has Clearly Studied the Subject.

It is the fashion of the more bilious moralists to put kissing among the gross pleasures, with eating, yodling, snoring and the use of tobacco, but, as a matter of fact, it is not a corporeal delight at all, says a writer in the Baltimore Sun. Its sole physical accompaniment, indeed, is a sensation of suffocation, and this, as all will admit, is scarcely agreeable. No; the insidious charm of the pastime must be sought in its psychic effects—in its marvelous and delightful interference with the normal processes of ratiocination. A man kissed is a man transfigured and transmogrified. Let him be the worst of misanthropes before the sweet impingement of nose upon nose, and he may yet emerge from the turmoil a philanthropist. One kiss, properly stage-managed, is enough to transform a pirate into a poet, a politician into a philosopher, or vice versa. One small kiss, indeed, is sufficient to turn a proud, heaven-kissing bachelor into a servile married man—the most stupendous, antipodal and lamentable transformation possible, at this writing, in a mere human being.

Marriage No Bar to This Privilege of Women.

Attorney General Jackson of Kansas Decides Matter Rests Solely Upon Custom and No Rule of Law Would Be Violated.

Topeka, Kan.—Attorney General F. D. Jackson has handed down an opinion in which he says that a married woman doesn't have to take the name of her husband unless she wants to, that a husband can take the name of his wife if he sees fit, or that both can change names without even resorting to the courts or the legislature.

The opinion was rendered in a case submitted by Secretary of State C. E. Denton. A woman who was a notary public married. She wanted to know if she could still serve as notary under the commission granted her in her maiden name. The attorney general held that she could, but remarked that since she was now married she should drop the notary public business and attend to her household duties. The opinion follows:

"The taking of the name of the husband by the wife seems to be a matter wholly of custom and not of law, but it seems to be a general custom throughout the whole of the universe, and one that has prevailed for centuries."

NEWEST USE FOR NAIL FILE.

Guest at Philadelphia Dinner at First Caused Great Consternation by His Action.

A Philadelphia doctor has discovered a brand new use for a nail file, which is likely to become much more prominent than the old use. A short time ago this doctor was a guest at a dinner in one of Philadelphia's most exclusive houses. When the last exclusive house had been served and the cigars were being passed the doctor reached down into his trousers and extracted a penknife. Slowly he opened a blade. Everybody gasped. Could it be that Dr. would so far forget himself as to manure his nails at the table? All watched with bated breath. Slowly the doctor reached out and secured a match which was near his place. Then he deliberately struck his match on the rough part of the nail file and lit his cigar. The suspense was over and the doctor had not committed the frightful breach of etiquette which his associates had feared. Now the custom is spreading fast, for it is less effort than it is to stand on one leg to strike the match on one's shoe, and decidedly more elegant than the time-honored method of striking it on one's trousers.

Probably True.

"Say," said the farmer, who was unloading potatoes at the grocery, "do you believe that story about little George Washington and the hatched and the cherry tree?" "Don't ask me," laughed the grocer. "Well, I think it is probably true. I've got a boy ten years old at home, and after he had teased me for a year or so I bought him a boy's ax."

"And did he cut down your favorite cherry tree?" "He did a heap better than that. He cut down most of the apple orchard orchard."

"And did he tell a lie about it?" "Nope. Owned up like a little man."

"And, like Washington, you praised him?" "Unlike Washington, I didn't do any such blamed thing. I gave him a hiding on the spot, and have licked him once a day since and am going to keep it up until he is twenty-five years old."

Request for a Loan.

Hanging in our front hall was a large Japanese hat made of rice straw, and the colored girl in the kitchen was preparing to go to a masquerade ball, so we were not surprised when she sent the infant daughter of the house into the parlor Mardi Gras evening with the following note:

"Dear lady will you please lend me that hat that hang up in the front hall please and let me have 25 c again—and this will be the last time I am going to worry you but please lend me that hat please man this is the last time I am going to mess (mess) please lend me the hat please from Myrtle."

"Please lend me the hat."

"Answer soon."

"Don't come send me word."

She got the hat.—Houston Post.

First Fare on the Comet.

Dr. John Inglis remembers a conversation with an old gentleman who claimed to have been the first to pay passage money on board the first passenger steamer in Europe—the historic Comet. The voyage undertaken was from the Broomielaw to Dalnair—fourpence now by tramway car—and the fare was four shillings. It was taken by Henry Bell himself, the Comet was stopped and waited for half an hour till Bell and his passenger adjourned to an inn, where the first fare was the toast of prosperity to the pioneer passenger steamer.—Glasgow Herald.

Makes Fortune in Piccadilly.

London.—Solomon Andrew died the other day in Cardiff, age of 73, left a fortune of \$724,371 foundation of which he laid as a pie peddler. Out of the profits on apples, which he made himself, Mr. Andrew was able to establish himself in business as a baker and confectioner. The foundation of his fortune was now firmly laid, and the numerous other branches of commerce to which he turned his attention all proved prosperous. Here is a full list of them: Peddler, baker, bus proprietor, draper, undertaker, cab proprietor, restaurateur and coffee owner.

Twelve-Year-Old Boy is an Artist.

Paris.—The salon jury of 1908 accepted and will hang a picture by Maurice Levalard, aged 12, who believed to be the world's youngest artist.

MAY KEEP OLD NAME

Marion, Ind.—Mrs. Minerva Sanders of this city has heard from a brother, George Rigdon of near Albuquerque, N. M., whom she has not seen since 1856. It is the first time other members of the family have known anything of him since the civil war.

George Rigdon was born near Jonesboro, Ind., and in company with an uncle, went to Oregon, Mo., in 1856, where he lived until the civil war broke out. He joined the confederates and was one of a company of Missouri Jayhawkers in Price's army. At the battle of Pea Ridge he fought against his brothers, Wilson and Robert Rigdon, of an Indiana regiment in the union army. He did not know this at the time, but learning of it after the battle, searched the field and the prison camps in an effort to find if they had been killed or taken prisoners.

After the war Rigdon lived for a time at Topeka, Kan., but is said to have been much humiliated from fighting against his brothers in battle, and left Topeka to take up his residence in New Mexico, leaving no word of his whereabouts. A man of Topeka, who knew Rigdon there, found him on a ranch 30 miles from Albuquerque, and wrote to his brother, Wilson Rigdon, in Topeka. The latter at once sent word to a sister, Mrs. Minnie Frost, who has lived in Albuquerque 20 years in ignorance of the fact that her brother lived only 30 miles away.

"The husband, as the head of the family, has the right to fix the family name; the wife, by custom, takes the surname of the husband; but since by common law a man may legally change his name, there seems to be no legal objection to his adopting his wife's name should he desire."

Another authority is quoted as follows: "In accordance with this doctrine vesting in the husband the headship of the family, it is a general rule, fixed by custom at least, that marriage confers upon the wife the surname of the husband."

"There is no statute upon the subject in this state of which I am aware," says the attorney general. Then he quotes as follows: "That when a divorce shall be granted by reason of want of affection of the husband, the wife shall be restored to her maiden name if she so desires."

"This is a statutory recognition of the custom at least," says the attorney general. "If this matter rests upon custom, and the man has the right to change his name if he wishes to do so, I see no reason why the husband could not be known by one name and the wife by another. This would probably bring upon their heads the criticism of society, but I do not know of any rule of law that would be violated by such conduct. It will follow from this that a woman who has been commissioned as a notary public and who afterward marries may use the name under which she was commissioned in authenticating her official acts."

"I think it would be unwise for a person to accept a legal document signed by a notary public such as is above described when the action of the notary public in any way affects the validity or proof of the contract. If I were to accept an instrument under such circumstances I would insist upon the instrument being sworn to or acknowledged before a notary public about whom there could be no doubt. There is a question about a woman under such circumstances. A woman who is a notary public and who then gets married should drop the notary public business and attend to her other business."

KNOWS CUBS AFTER 2 YEARS.

Bear Mad with Delight When She is Accidentally Reunited with Her First Born.

San Francisco.—Although they had been separated for more than two years when they had been accidentally placed in the same cage at a local zoo to allow of some alterations in other enclosures, Nellie, a great grizzly bear, and her first-born cub, now almost grown, recognized each other at once, and displayed remarkable affection.

As soon as the cubs were taken to her cage the mother squealed with delight and jumped into the air, alighting stiff-legged on all fours. The bear children were equally enthusiastic, and hardly could be restrained long enough to enter the gate. They stuck their paws through the bars of the enclosure and attempted to squeeze through at the nearest point. Once they were inside Nellie took first one, then another of her offspring in her arms in true motherly fashion and rolled upon the ground, playfully biting and clawing them.

Following the first separation the big animal killed two little cubs. This was done, in the opinion of the superintendent, that she might be spared the pain of rearing them and finally being separated from them.

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SEPARATED 53 YEARS AGO.

Sister in Indiana Gets Trace of Brother in New Mexico After More Than Half Century.

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