

GEORGE VON LENGERKE MEYER



Secretary of the Navy (From an Official Photograph.)

WATER POWER SAVED ODDEST OF HERMITS

Secretary of Interior Takes Position in Favor of Conservation.

Hundreds of Thousands of Acres Are Saved to People in Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and Washington.

Washington—Secretary Ballinger, of the interior department, has taken an open and avowed stand in favor of the conservation of the water power of the country remaining on the public domain.

The director of the geological survey has assured the secretary that the temporary withdrawals of water-power sites already made from data in the possession of the survey, together with such as will hereafter be made prior to the convening of congress, will be ample to protect all the more important water-power sites undisturbed of on the public domain and enable congress to legislate intelligently for their disposition.

Five of the eleven withdrawals already made include all the power sites available in the areas that were withdrawn by Secretary Garfield and restored to entry by Secretary Ballinger.

All the recommendations by the geological survey have been based upon official data already on file. The streams in these states having been maintained for a series of years for the purpose of determining the water available for irrigation.

Wyoming Has Wool Record. Cheyenne, Wyo. Wyoming this year will produce 40,000,000 pounds of wool for which the growers will receive \$5,000,000 gross, according to conservative estimates from authoritative sources.

Clothed Alone in His Own Long White Hair.

Eccentric Old Man Reams Around the Gulf of Mexico and Lives in an Abandoned Mine; Mind is Affected.

El Paso, Tex.—Indians from the Las Playas river head waters, 120 miles from the town of Tornala, on the Gulf of Mexico, reported at that village recently that the wild man who has haunted the Montana Jabon district for many years, has again appeared.

The old man, known by the natives as "el hombre de silvestre de montana," has his abode near the Rio de las Playas, a stream at the foot of the Jabon mountain, and a tributary to the Tancocapa river. He is supposed to live in an old abandoned mine, one which has not been worked for more than a century, according to the older men of the district.

The old man is known to have lived in the neighborhood for more than fifty years, and in that time is said not to have spoken with another living soul. He is thought to be Spanish, because of the clearness of his skin. When seen recently by hunters his hair and beard were white and long, and his body entirely covered with white hair.

Three years ago the old man was seen near this abandoned mine, but soon afterward all trace of him was lost till some days ago. This time he was seen by an old Indian who was passing down Rio las Playas in a canoe. He reports the wild man as being much more feeble than when last seen, and his antics are of a wilder nature.

The Sweet Girl Graduate. Kalamazoo—Is she conversant with history? Becker—Yes, her graduating thesis is to be a combination of literature and middle ages.—New York Sun.

MRS. MALAPROP OF TODAY.

Modern Rival of the Famous Character That Made Richard Sheridan Famous.

In an uptown social circle it is a matter of gossip that a certain charming young woman never lets her mother out of ear shot because the older woman's conversational transports need to be continually checked.

When she returned from Paris last year some one asked her if she had seen the tulletries. "Why, certainly not!" she responded, drawing herself up majestically. "I've too much sense to push in where I'm not wanted, and if the tulletries had wanted us to visit them they would have called first. They didn't, did they, Carrie?" she asked, turning to her embarrassed daughter.

"Just tell him," she said, gazing languidly through her lorgnon at the card that had been handed her, "that he'll have to excuse me this time, as just at present I am decomposing on the sofa."—New York Press.

WHAT HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND

Hired Man Realized That Domestic Birds Were Weather Indicators, But Couldn't See Why.

The city man on the honeysuckle-old porch smoked and listened to the farm hand's talk. "Weather vases is wind indicators," said the farm hand, "but chickens and turkeys by ornams, is wind prophets."

"Come off," said the city man. "Gospel truth," declared the farm hand. "In a cam, when there ain't gots to be no wind, the birds allies roost on the tree boughs with their heads alternatin' each way—number one faces east, number two west, number three north and so on. That's a sign of cam. But supposin' there's gots to be a strong high wind. Then they all roost, every mother's son on 'em, facin' it. Accordin' as they face, so you can prophesy the wind will blow before mornin'."

"I figger it out," said the farm hand, "that in a cam the bunch faces different ways so as to look out for danger better. But if it's gots to blow in the night, then they face the blow so's they can best hang on to their perch. What I can't figger out, though, is how in the mischief they smell that wind five or six hours before it's due."

Was He Right?

An automobile stood at the curb in front of a theater. It was an imposing machine of burnished brass and crimson leather, and as its owner came out of the theater and was getting aboard one of a couple of children asked with the confidence—or maybe impudence—that goes with innocence and bare legs.

"Say, mister, drive us around the square, won't you? We ain't never been in a automobile—"

The man paid no attention and whisked away. Of course, children are a nuisance, but it would have been worth while, maybe, to give two small girls a memory to last them a lifetime.

And, maybe, again, got himself arrested for kidnaping.

You never can tell.—Washington Star.

Brought Her Own Potatoes.

A young German girl who has recently come to live with relatives in America, amused them exceedingly by bringing with her a large tin filled full of potatoes, because she is particularly partial to them, and was told that in this country we had only the variety known as "sweet," which did not sound to her nice at all.

When Youth Wanes. Old age has many definitions, and middle age more. But you may take it that you are not really an old man so long as you take an interest in your personal appearance.

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SIZE OF BUT LITTLE MOMENT

The Most Deadly and Destructive Foes of Mankind Are of Minute Proportion.

In one of Herbert Wells' brilliant stories the terribly scientific and practically invincible Martians who have invaded the earth and conquered England are stopped in the midst of their victories and utterly destroyed by the attacks of microscopic foes.

More clearly every day the world understands that in the life and affairs of mankind the most deadly and destructive foes are extremely small. All of the fierce mammals and poisonous serpents of Africa do not kill as many human beings in ten years as the tsetse fly slays in one.

TROUBLE FOR BOYISH KNIGHT

Unfeeling Police Officer Arrested Youth in the Act of Kissing Away Sweetheart's Tears.

It's a pity a boy can't kiss away his sweetheart's tears without a big, unsympathetic policeman taking 'hem both to the children's court, the New York Evening Telegram says.

Any fellow would have acted just as Jacob Kinsler did, especially if he was as fond of his sweetheart as Jacob is of Susie Stahl. Jacob is a manly little chap of 15 and Susie, two years his junior, is one of the prettiest little girls on the east side.

"We wasn't regular kissing," explained Jacob. "I'll tell you how it was. A boy nearly twice as big as I am came along and stepped Susie and she began to cry."

"Why didn't you tackle him?" asked the court. "He was too big for me to tackle, and I let him go. But I did the next best thing. Susie was crying awfully fierce, and I just grabbed her and was kissing away her tears when the cop came along and said I was violating the law. I didn't know what he meant, and as Susie kept on crying I kept on kissing. Then the cop stepped up."

A Quaint Tract. A quaint tract entitled "Woe to Drumkards," being a sermon by Samuel Woid, preacher, of Ipswich, was printed in London in 1677.

The Sermon. Poor old schoolhouse, long since become scattered ashes! Poor little backwoods academician, driven in about course, driven out toward dusk! Poor little tired books with nothing to lean against! Poor little here but that could never reach the sea! Poor little drop-headed figure, so sleepy in the long summer days, so afraid to fall asleep! Long, long since, little children of the past, your heads down—bumped—straight enough, measured on the same oval bed; sooner or later your feet, wherever wandering, have found their resting places in the soft earth; and all your drooping heads have come to step on the same dreamless pillow, and there are sleeping.—James Lane Allen.

Accounting for It. Outgoing heads of the government departments sometimes make a few "personal" promotions upon the eve of their departure, and a clerk in the department of agriculture, believing that Secretary Wilson would go the way of the rest of the Roosevelt cabinet, ventured to approach him with a little plan for special recognition.

"I have been in the department since the time you were first made secretary, sir," the clerk began.

"I know it—I know it," the secretary said, waving his way. "Every one knows I am a very patient and considerate man."—Harper's Weekly.

Expelled for Cause.

Mrs. Brown—Why did you expel her from the Women's club?

Mrs. Leonard—She proposed a motion that, instead of expelling a professor of Hindu philosophy, we should hire some one to teach us how to get into a car, how to sharpen a pencil and how to carry an umbrella in a crowd.

What's the Use?

Cleveland Leader—Spence—I belong to the "Don't Worry club."

Frank—Do you live up to its principles?

Spence—I try to. Gee, it keeps me awake nights trying to remember all the rules.

BOOKKEEPING ON THE FARM.

Important Point That Seems to Concern Agriculturists Altogether Too Little.

It may be necessary to give up all cherished hopes for our life work as planned and partly entered upon, and betake ourselves to farming to get the outdoor life and activity which is demanded if we expect to remain in good health.

We are determined to learn all we can by experience of our own and from the experience of others. For whatever we do in the years to come in the line of outdoor work, be it truck gardening, light farming, raising poultry, or breeding live stock, it is our intention to be thoroughly business-like and aggressive to the extent that changed conditions of health demand. Whatever we do shall be well done and according to approved standards—and there is no better guide to profitable activity for the aggressive, ambitious business man than an efficient method of accounting, as simple as circumstances permit.

Many farmers now struggling to pay the interest on their heavily mortgaged properties might be happy and prosperous and owe no man if they could be brought to the point of willingness to learn the significance of the terms "debit" and "credit" and of raising themselves up and applying the knowledge to the business in hand.

GOING BACK INTO THE PAST.

Some Men Will Smile, and Some Frown, But Their Recollections Are Much the Same.

They do say that one of the things a fellow remembers is the first time he ever went courting a girl. And it is one of the last things he wants to forget, even if she turned him down later on.

It is not the trial now that it was high in the good old days. In the country districts folks lived in houses of one or two rooms, or three at most, so that when a fellow went courting he had to face the whole family, and you may depend upon it that the whole family faced him. Sometimes they didn't try to make life pleasant for him. This was especially true of the girl's younger brothers and sisters.

Do you remember how big your feet felt, and the trouble you had to find places for your hands, and how difficult it was to keep up a conversation? But if you had grit enough you would stay or die right there. But you never forget it, and you never will. Nor will you ever quite forget the effort necessary to get your courage up to the point of asking her if you might call on her, nor how glad some you were if she said you might, nor how mean you felt if she refused your request. As a treat this beat the June affair of '70.

One Comfort.

Dick was a very clean little boy, and dirt disgusted him. One day he found a poor little starved kitten crouching in a ditch at the roadside and he brought the wet, waddly little wail home with him.

He took it to the hydrant and carefully rinsed off all the mud, but the shock was too great for the sick little and the breath of life departed.

"The water was all used and I washed her," Dick replied. "Oh, Dick," his mother said, sorrowfully, "I'm afraid she's dead. Dick looked shocked and grieved for a moment, then his face lighted up with a gleam of comfort as he exclaimed:

"Well, she died clean, anyway."—The Delinquent.

Heights to Be Attained.

A crochety old farmer of Massachusetts had trouble with his neighbor, and as a result caught his neighbor—on—Governor Samuel L. Powers, says *Appreciation*.

"I want your car write him a letter or tell him this here foolishness has got to stop," he declared firmly. "I know what I want to say, but I ain't got the lingo to put it just right."

"What do you want to say?" Mr. Powers asked.

"Well, begin by tellin' him that he's the dumbest, lyin'est, thiev'est, low-downest skunk on earth—and then work up."

The Priest's Children.

The one of the medical men who named his four daughters after the eight notes of the tonic scale is mentioned by that of the provincial printer who named his children from the type fonts he used—Baby, Pearl, Diamond. The first two are an uncommon names for girls, only Baby happened to be a boy. He followed in his father's footsteps and afterward became a printer's manager in London.

Up to the Minute. George Augustine Sala's eloquent testimony to the superiority of English vowels reminds us of Dr. Johnson's outburst after examining a French menu.

"Mr.," said he to the faithful Rowell, "my brain is afflicted with the paroxysm of this heterogeneous conglomeration of bastard English in speech and a foreign tongue. Did the stomach bring me a dish of hog's pudding, a slice or two from the upper end of a well roasted streak and two cups of champagne?"

TO RISE IN BUSINESS LIFE.

Some Few Essentials Must Be Kept in Mind, and One of These Is Advertising.

A man may have several carloads of ability. He may have brains and ideas and other desirable things. But all the ideas ever "ideas" will not avail to raise a man who neglects that all important item of advertising. You simply must get attention. Of course, you can get attention by firing off a revolver during office hours, or you can do it by wearing loud clothes and proclaiming your kinship. In the sporting fraternity, but most men who have risen from the ranks have carefully neglected to use methods of this kind.

Every office man must act as his own salesman. He must first prepare himself by increasing his efficiency. He must be able to do the work for which he is hired. Not only should he do that for which he is hired, but he must do that work better than it ever was done before. When that item has been attended to it is then time to look about for more work.

The wise employe will keep his eye on the job ahead, or, better still, will look at a job which does not exist, but which should exist for the good of the business. The next step is to think out a selling talk that will get the attention, arouse the interest, create a desire, and bring about in the mind of the employer a desire to do what the live employe desires him to do.—The Bookkeeper.

WAS NOT STRENUOUS WORKER

Youth Forced to Confess That His Duties Were Not What Might Be Called Arduous.

The son of a rich father quit college a few weeks ago—he was in love, he explained, and couldn't keep his mind on his books. He wanted to go to work and make a place for himself in the world. So his father got him on the payroll of a bank in which he was a director. The young man's sweetheart—in her second year at Vassar—kept writing him how proud she was over his independence and asking just what position he held so she could tell the other girls. The young man side-stepped the question as to his prominence in the bank's organization, and, finally, his intended wrote him a postpaid letter, saying that if he didn't give her the information by return mail she would be real angry. Then, after much thinking, the youth wrote her this:

"I've wanted all along to tell you about my position and would have done so before had I known myself. About all I do here is to raise a window when I come in the morning and put it down when I leave in the afternoon. The rest of the time I read or watch the others work. I don't know just what you could call my job. Better tell the girls that I'm the draught clerk. That will come the nearest to describing my duties."

Where Caesar Crossed Thames.

Where did Julius Caesar cross the Thames? This sounds like one of the questions set by staid old examiners in search of information they failed to acquire in their youth. There are perhaps as many places claiming to be the site of the famous fording as there were claiming to be the birthplace of Homer. This week *Illustrated* has stolen a march on other places and has erected a monument commemorating Caesar's crossing of the Thames there! Most historians and topographers agree in placing the point of crossing at Maidenhead at a point known as Caesar (i. e., Caesar) Ford, and but little support is found for the Brentford theory. To many people a monument is the most convincing of evidence, and though there is little tradition to support the Brentford claim, that column will no doubt serve to strengthen the tradition.—London Chronicle.

A Few Suggestions.

To the man who has too much flesh and suffers indigestion thereby, we suggest that he consult a quack doctor.

The man who married a grace without must not expect necessarily to live in clover.

Even if you are an Englishman, don't think that "egging is harmless, it's awful."

Save a post. "If misfortune overtakes you, write." Very good advice, but suppose that misfortune overtakes you in a strictly prohibition town?

Never carry your civic pride too far. Like the Minneapolis congregation which rose and left the church one Sunday because the minister took his text from St. Paul.—*Shubertian Magazine*.

As Dr. Johnson Said It.

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Mrs. Furvance—I don't think much of these cheap cars; my husband has an imported one.