

WIFE OF BLIND SENATOR.



Mrs. Thomas Pryor Gore, wife of the sightless senator from Oklahoma, is one of the most interesting of the women of the congressional circle at Washington.

MULE GETS PENSION

Animal First to Know of Impending Disaster Gives Alarm.

Runs Away a Few Seconds Before Serious Cave-In Occurs and Men Follow Him, Thereby Escaping Being Buried Alive.

St. Louis, Md.—Pete is a pensioner now.

Heroism and long service have at last won recognition. Pete saved the lives of ten men, and for the remainder of his life he will have nothing to do but eat and sleep and kick up his heels.

Pete is a little bay mule, who for many years has worked in the Summit coal mines, four miles west of Belleville. He was never idle a day, except Sundays, and most of the time he was far below the surface of the earth, pulling cars of coal through the narrow mine passages.

Unlike most animals of his service, Pete did not go blind. His eyes are still keen and he will have no difficulty finding choice tid-bits of thistle-down in the big pasture which in future will be his country estate.

Pete has been the pride of the mine since the day when he saved the lives of the shift with which he worked.

Pulling his little car of coal through one of the mine passages, Pete suddenly broke from the brick walk which was his usual gait and started off down the dimly lighted corridor at a gallop.

The ten men behind him thought he was running away, and they started after him into the next chamber they followed him, and just as they reached it there was a rumble, a roar, and a crash behind them. The roof of the chamber had just left had given way. Had they been there they would have been buried under tons of rock.

Pete's ears, however, had heard the warning sound and he had led them to safety.

In the 26 years that Pete has worked in the mine he has been 6,250 days below ground. Fifty days in each year he worked on the surface, hauling timbers and rubbish.

While in the mine he traveled an average of four miles a day, the total distance which he covered being 25,000 miles. Had he stayed above ground and followed his nose he would have gone around the earth in that time.

He hauled an average of five tons of coal a day, a total of 31,250 tons, or 79,312,500 pounds. At the St. Louis market price of three dollars a ton this coal would bring \$93,750.

William Edwin, manager of the mine, issued an order by which Pete is forever relieved of doing his humble share in adding to the wealth of nations.

Man Coughs Up Lizard. Georgetown, Del.—Under treatment for a long time for what was supposed to be cancer of the stomach, Clarence Thompson, a young farmer near here, suddenly found relief when he vomited up a small lizard-like creature.

Ever since last summer, when, during the haying time, Thompson drank from a small stream in one end of the field, he has been suffering from the pains in his stomach, and has gradually grown to be a mere shadow of his former robust self. It is believed he unwittingly swallowed the queer creature at that time.

IN THE MATTER OF SPENDING.

Much Truth in the Assertion That Any One Can Afford Anything if He Thinks He Can.

We are all of us inclined to feel that a certain sum spent for a certain thing is extravagance while the same sum expended for something else is not undue extravagance on the part of an almost pauper.

Well, here is Mecenas, junior spends \$7 for a dinner with wine and gets so befuddled at it that next day he is not sure whether he dined at all, but he has a dim recollection that some lobster disagreed with him writes Charles Hattell Loomis in the Smart Set.

How wildly extravagant to spend so large a sum and get so little for it! No man but a millionaire would ever do such a thing.

Still, I'm not sure that we won't find that Jack M. Pekunios, who is glad to make a thousand dollars a year by the sale of his landscapes, has spent just the same amount and got as little for it.

He had a year's lease of his house, for which he paid \$25 a month, and on the first of June he left it and went down to Provincetown to paint for three months. But his rent for his unused house went on just the same. He handed out \$75 for not even a dinner with wine. He didn't try to sulk it. Said it would be too much bother.

Old Alexander Q. Croesus has the notion that he hasn't much time for pleasure, so he and his wife—who is deaf—go to the opera just once in a season, and it costs them \$10.

Little Eleanor Shaminart—whose name belies her, for she is genuine clear through—has lots of time in the evenings, but she hasn't much money. Yet she spends just as much on the opera as Croesus does, only she gets 50-cent seats and goes 20 times.

Any one can afford anything if he thinks he can.

MOST RARE OF AUTOGRAPHS.

That of Thomas Lynch, Jr., Signer of Declaration of Independence, Worth Much Money.

"What is the most expensive autograph you ever sold?" inquired the reporter.

"That of Thomas Lynch, Jr.," answered the dealer. The reporter looked perfectly blank. "Never heard of him," he confessed.

"Well, he was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He signed it as proxy for his father, who was ill at the time. Soon after he went to sea and was never heard of again. Now, autographs of Declaration signers are much sought by collectors. None approach, in rarity those of Thomas Lynch, Jr. In fact, so far as I know, there is only one in existence.

"This is affixed to an autograph letter addressed by Lynch to George Washington, which lends it additional value. It was owned at one time by Jared Sparks, president of Harvard college. Subsequently it passed to Thomas Addis Emmet, from whom I bought it for the sum of \$4,000. I sold it to Augustin Daly, who was a keen autograph collector for \$4,500. Later Emmet repented of letting the autograph go from his possession, and secured it from Daly for \$5,250, presenting it afterward to the Lenox library, New York, where it now is."

LOOK WELL TO THE KITCHEN.

Writer in Houston Post Comes Forward with Variations on Old Theme of "Feeding the Brute."

There is a great deal in the old saying that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. If he isn't well fed he is going to give trouble. Feed the old brute well and let him smoke in the house and he will be as tame as the family horse, but be careless about his feed and he is apt to swear and cut up like a balky mule. Therefore, it is wise for every girl to look well to her kitchen education. It is true that man is hooked in the parlor, but it is the kitchen that enables you to hold him.

A kitchen is to the home what the engine-room is to a power plant or a locomotive to a train. If things go wrong in the engine-room, there's the devil to pay. If the locomotive is out of fix, the train must be switched to the siding. If the kitchen is not competently and efficiently conducted the old man will fly off at a tangent and possibly swear where the children can hear him. Moreover, he is apt to find excuses to eat down town where pretty girls with white, fluffy-fringed aprons, dimples, ribbons and things do the hash-slinging.—Houston Post.

Watches Grow Tired. "I suppose," said the watchmaker to a friend who had just handed him his watch for repair, "you do not know that watches, like human beings, sometimes don't go for the very reason that they are tired out and need resting."

"Sometimes a watch is brought to me which is all right. Nothing about it out of order, and it is fairly clean. When they become sulky and refuse to run, except by fits and starts, the best thing to do is to lay them aside for a good rest. The mechanism in a 'tired' watch seems to be in perfect condition, but it just won't work. The fact is that long and faithful service has thrown it slightly out of adjustment to perhaps a dozen different places. Scraping and cleaning and readjusting a fine watch are the worst things that could be done to it. A month's rest will, instead, cause the works slowly to readjust themselves, and at the end of that time, after careful oiling, the watch will go as cheerfully as ever."

The Flow of Solids. The idea of flow is generally associated with the movement of liquids and gases, and indeed the term fluid is usually restricted to these two states of matter.

Nevertheless it is beginning to be understood that nearly every substance is capable of a movement corresponding to the idea of flow, and that such a thing is absolutely rigidity does not exist.

The flow of solids occurs in such mechanical operations as the drawing of wire, the manufacture of drawn tubing, the production of various shapes in the forming press and in the spinning lath, and all these are well known to the engineer. To the general observer it is apparent that we have in the mountain glacier an example of continuous flow of an apparently solid mass, and that, too, without rupture or disintegration.—Cassier's Magazine.

Auto-Suggestion Cure. After nerving himself with several goblets of old Scotch whisky, the king's fool touched on a subject which had been troubling him for some days.

"I hope you'll pardon my mentioning it, your majesty," he bravely said, "but I beg to remind you that my salary is 13 weeks in arrears."

"If you're lodging a little thing like that trouble you, Galsp," said the merry but impetuous monarch, "you should meditate daily on the fact that a fool and his money are soon parted."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Not as Bad as It Might Be. "Here's an Indiana man who wants a divorce because his wife takes all his money and goes out and buys tea cream."

"Well, he ought to be mighty thankful she doesn't make him turn the treasurer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

COMPANY MUST PAY POLICY.

Court Holds That Legal Execution Does Not Invalidate Insurance of Culprit.

Careful life insurance companies will do well to include in their queries to applicants for insurance a few as to what heredity has done for them in giving them a taste for murder. "Have you had any murderers in your family?" might answer the purpose, and if the applicant knew of any such nearer than Cain it would be in order for the company to turn the application down, lest the applicant imitate his ancestor by doing something perfectly killing, thus costing the company good money.

A final decision has been issued by the United States circuit court of appeals, Judges Pritchard, Waddell and Dayton rejecting a petition from the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee for a rehearing in the case of the heirs of J. Samuel McCue, former mayor of Charlottesville, Va., which means that the Northwestern Mutual will be forced to pay the death claim of \$20,000 on the life of McCue, hanged at Charlottesville, Va., for wife murder.

The case was tried in the United States circuit court for the Western district of Virginia at Lynchburg, where an opinion was handed down favorable to the insurance company. The case was taken to the United States circuit court of appeals, where it was brought to trial at the November term, 1908, at which time the decree of the lower tribunal was reversed. On December 14, 1908, the Northwestern Mutual, through its attorneys filed a petition with the appellate court, begging for a rehearing of the case. This is the petition which is refused. Judge Pritchard presided when the petition for a rehearing was submitted.

The decision is significant in that it means that life insurance companies hereafter will be required to pay policies in cases where the policy holders have been legally executed.

JOKE COST HUMORIST \$5 HAT

Intended Victim Got "Wise" to Trick and Thereby Saved His Priced Panama Head Covering.

James Mullin, an office holder at the Philadelphia navy yard, joined the barbed-wire walking pedestrian club a few nights ago—not as a matter of choice, however.

In supervising the assortment of some old material in the yard during the day referred to, there was under his supervision a big colored fellow, who seemed to be a very good hat.

Taking this occasion to get a joke off on his superior officer, he addressed his workman:

"Sam, you seem to be in need of a good hat. I have one I'll give you. Go over to building No. 24 and enter the private office, where you will see a Panama hat which I have discarded. Use that. I would rather let you have it than throw it away."

Sam went, but instead of finding the office unoccupied, as Mullin thought, the man on whom the trick was to be played was present, and when Sam told his mission he at once saw the plot, and retaliated.

"Well, Sam," he said, "I have decided to ask Mullin for that hat myself, but I will give you a good derby of mine that does not fit me."

Handing the hat to Sam, he left for the gate, as it was time to quit for the day. The derby was the property of Mullin, who took the joke very well, but is suffering the loss of a \$5 hat.—Philadelphia Times.

More Accurate. The pastor and his wife had called upon a member of the congregation, a widow with a small but exceedingly lively boy and were on their way home. "Well," said the preacher, "she seems to be a very intelligent woman, anyhow."

"And very positive in expressing her opinions," said his wife.

"On the contrary," said his wife, "she struck me as being strongly negative."

"Negative? How?" "Everytime she said to her little boy beging with a 'Don't, Johnny!'"—Youth's Companion.

A New One. A man employed in a hay and feed store at St. Louis has been taken to the city hospital suffering from "straw disease," which is said to be a new-comer among the ills that flesh is heir to. As its name may be taken to indicate, "straw disease" is connected with straw. It is, in fact, caused by handling or sleeping upon straw, and it is a thoroughly unpleasant but not very serious eruptive skin disease.

The first known cases of it were found recently by doctors at the Marine hospital at Philadelphia.

"Hard Times" and Marriage. The result of hard times, the statisticians have determined, is the sale of fewer diamonds and the record of fewer marriages. There are said to be 110,000 persons in New York who should have married last year if "hard times" had not happened to prevent. The statisticians fail to hazard a prediction as to the possibility of the same persons marrying this year.

Public Forests and Public Schools. Of the revenue accruing from the national forests in Colorado 25 per cent, or \$60,000 is yearly turned over to the state by the federal authorities for use on the public roads and schools.—Outing.

VARIETIES OF CORN FLOWER.

Three Hundred and Fifty Different Specimens in Existence, According to Botanists.

Germany adopted the corn flower as a national institution many years ago, the adoption coming about merely by way of a popular choice. It is a common flower all over Europe but rather more prolific in Germany than in any other of the countries graced by it.

Botanists tell us that there are no less than 350 varieties of the corn flower to be found, but the plant that is found in profusion in the realms of the Kaiser is said to be the most beautiful of all. The Germans admire it for the richness of its wreath-like circle of outer florets and the splendor of its deep azure tints as it opens to the sun.

At one time German scientists attributed certain medicinal properties to the corn flower, and its blue blossoms were used also to some extent in domestic dyeing, but latterly these properties are not so much credited to it.

Although Germany lays claim to the finest of the species, America may boast also of some beautiful specimens of the corn flower. It is said to have been brought to this country first in the ballast of ships in the days antedating the modern ocean flyer, which carries only water ballast. In this country it is variously known as the Bachelor's Button, Corn Bottle, Witch's Belles or Thimbles, Blue Bonnet, and Blue Poppy.

MUSICIAN A MASTER OF WIT.

Biography of Edward MacDowell Relates Some Examples of the Master's Caustic Humor.

In a biography of Edward MacDowell by Lawrence Gilman, the writer quotes some of the famous musician's witticisms. On one occasion he had been told of a performance of his composition, "To a Wild Rose," played by a high-school girl on a high-school piano at a high-school graduation festival. "Well," MacDowell remarked, "I suppose she pulled it up by the roots!"

Some one sent him about this time, relates Mr. Humiston, a program of an organ recital at which this same "Wild Rose" was to be played.

"He was not pleased with the idea, thinking doubtless of a style of performance which plays Schumann's 'Traumerei' on the great organ diaphanously. He remarked simply that it reminded him of a hippopotamus wearing a clover leaf in his mouth."

A member of one of his classes at Columbia, finding more unoccupied space on the page of his book, after finishing the exercise, filled up the vacancy with reats. When his book was returned the page was covered with corrections—all except these bars of reats, which were inclosed in a red line and marked:

"This is the only correct passage in the exercise."—Youth's Companion.

An Honest Boy Rewarded. Honesty is appreciated—even among politicians. During a recent political convention in North Carolina a newspaper named Cicero Alexander sold a paper to a delegate who gave him a dollar and was to wait for his change.

The boy on returning, could not find his customer and began to cry. The chairman of the convention, impressed by his honesty, announced the matter before the whole assembly—the result being not only that the man who had the change coming to him let the boy have it, but a collection of \$19.35 was taken up for him by the delegates. Some one shouted that the youngster should be made state treasurer, and by unanimous vote the convention recommended him for chief page in the legislature.—Exchange.

Bought by King George in 1771. The old house standing on the corner of Batavia and Roosevelt streets, New York, one of the few buildings left intact as a relic of colonial times, is about to be torn down to make way for an apartment house. The house, a bit altered, has been standing since the middle of the eighteenth century. It is one of the landmarks of the Fourth ward. In the year 1771 King George III. bought the house and property for the sum of \$75. The deed of sale, with the signature of the king attached, is now in the possession of the present owner, Thomas Farrell, of 72 West One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street. An option on the property has been given for about \$100,000.—Exchange.

Hunting Grounds for Naturalists. Those who are curious about birds may spend time to great profit in looking at the purveyors' shops when game is in season. There they will find many rare and even valuable specimens that apparently have been thrown into the hamper by the man who shot them on the chance of his receiving something from the London dealer. A very good museum of stuffed birds might be got by simply purchasing those that through ill luck have found their way into London's Market.—Country Life.

Well Named. "What's that you call your mother?" "I call her 'Competition.'" "An overed the old colored man."

"How did you come to give him such a name?" "From studying the principal on reading papers. The little girl was blame on' abrog' any anything else in the township, 'an' she should have her own way, just as mine."—Washington Star.