WIFE OF SECRETARY OF WAR



J. M. Dickinson, Wife of President Taft's War Secretary.

# SCHOOL WINE ORGIES

Charged That Expense Accounts Padded to Exorbitant Degree.

Pittsburg Trustees Hear Stories of High Old Times Where Young idea is Taught in the Steel City.

Pittsburg.-The opening round in a school scandal of seeming magnitude was made public here the other day, and before it is finished it is promised that there will be much of interest made public, and it is threatened that suits will be entered.

It is charged that expense accounts in the last year were padded to an exorbitant degree, and an expert accountant, who has just finished an investigation, has made a return setting under the head "Legitimate expenses," \$9,000, while under the head 'questionable' he has entered items aggregating \$21,000.

The real sensation came when Director Edward Edwards, who appears to be most centrally under fire as the man who had charge of the finances of the school, openly accuses Mrs. W. D. McAuliffe, the buxom janitress. and her invalid husband, of giving wine parties in the cellar of the school building two or three times a week. Mrs. McAuliffe, who it appears is not only the janitress but the engineer of the school building as well, came

back later in the afternoon with a mtatement that Edwards' statement is false-that she never had anything more than "a little beer" at her parties-and she announces that she is nemared to go into court and show how certain "drunken directors have in the past been in the habit of coming to the school when in session and trying to dance with the 1-achers."

> The janitress, who is both young and pretty, received newspaper men at her home in the school clad in a fine black ekirt, neat white shirt waist and a hat searing valuable plumes. She admitted that after a serious injury to her husband, who was janitor, she had taken up the work and that the board mas raised the salary from \$100 to \$150 per month

> With reference to the story that we have wine parties here I want to say it's a lie," said Mrs. McAuliffe. "We have had some parties, it is true, for my husband, who has been hurt, and perhaps we did drink some beer. but what of that? Just let those direcfore start something and I will finish if for them

## MAN PINCHED BY LIGHTNING

Marylander Viotim of Que.r Accident While Seated on a Chair :During a Storm.

Rising Sun, Md.-To be pinched by aghtning where a man frequently strikes a match was an occurrence hat William Conner of Greenburst, this county, does not care to have reseated. He was sitting on a chair, fining with the family of James Arnour, during a storm, when lightning atruck the house. The seat of the chair split and closed again, catching connor by the flesh. The chair had to Kir broken before he could be released Everyone at the table felt the shock and the house was considerably dam wed.

Neur the bridge to Harry England's meamery, lightning struck a telephone wile, flashed across a road to a plow zoint that lay incide a fence and tnocked it down the field for a dishace of 30 feet, making a furrow as

- 1 went. "Rate" Passe, Says Actress. New York.-Miss Lillian Russell returned the other night from a trip shroad on the steamer New York. Do you know, pulls and 'rats' are loomed forever?" she asked, "and you must wear your own hair parted in he middle and draped down over

four ears and then brought around

he head in a coll Simplicity Itself.

that is, if you have the hair If you

bet, go out and buy some."

# GIVES MEDALS FOR BABIES

Boston Committee Adopts Unique Plan for Reduction of Mortality Among Infants.

Boston -The Boston committee on hygiene will offer gold and silver medals to mothers who bring them bables which conform to the standards of the board of health. Mothers who have the healthiest babies will receive a gold medal. Those whose babies are healthy, but not in the gold medal class, will receive silver medals. Then, too, there is to be some form of recognition for the mothers who start out with a sickly baby and bring it to a high degree of health.

"This scheme is a direct result of the Huddersfield plan for the prevention of infant mortality, although a great improvement upon the Huddersfield plan," says Dr. J. M. Connolly, the medical director of the committee on milk and baby hygiene. "The Huddersfield plan arose in the following way: Mayor Broadbent, of Huddersfield, England, offered five dollars to every mother in the Longwood district of Huddersfield who should, during his term of office, produce at the city hall a healthy child of one year of age. At the same time mothers and prospective mothers were visited by 'voltary lady helpers', who showed them the most approved methods of feeding ing and caring for the babies.

"There are four cities in the United States which have improved upon the Budin and the Huddersfield plans These four are New York, Cleveland. Rochester, N. Y., and Boston. Boston, whose committee has been able to profit from the experiences of foreign as well as American cities, has a system for in advance of them all."

"Conditions are different in every locality, and treatments must be modi-

#### KISSES HIS MARRIED NIECE

Uncle Saved from Penalties of Law by Magistrate's Sage Advice to Complainant.

Lordon.-A young married woman named Julia Gent of Mare street. Hackney, applied at Waltham Abbey police court for a summons against her uncle. She alleged that he had assaulted her by kissing her.

She said that her uncle, who is about 65 years of age, lived at Chingford. She visited his house recently with her father and husband, and while walking alone with her uncle in the evening he put his arm around her and kissed her twice.

Sir Fowell Buxton, the chairman, said: "But you are his niece."

"Yes," - answered the applicant; "but I have seen him only twice." "I think you would better go home and talk the matter over again with your husband," said Sir Powell Buxton. "Then, if you have not changed your mind you can apply again next

#### PAINT THAT DESTROYS GERMS

Bacilli of Tuberculosis Killed in Three Days by Invention at Chemnitz, Saxony.

Berlin.-An invention to destroy bacterial disease is reported from Chemnitz. Saxony It is a highly lustrous paint, applied

to all surfaces in the ordinary way. with a basis of white lead or zinc w hite.

The German office, after exhaustive tests of "vitralin," says that when in contact with a vitralin coating the bacilli of tuberculosis are destroyed in three days. Diphtheria bacilli require nve hours and typhold becill eight

Cat Saves Man's Life. Franklin, Pa.-N. G. Cole, a farmer, living near Tionesta, perhaps owes his life to the family cat. Cole was sleeping under a tree near the house when a four-foot rattlesnake emerged from bushes and crawled toward him. The cat sprang at the anake, which

was too quick and sank its fangs into the animal. A daughter of Cole, who heard the warning rattle of the snake, saw the incident and roused the father. Cole den't happen to have hair crough for killed the snake. The cat died from the bite it received.

### UALISBY-FRODUCES

TAR ONE OF THE MOST VALU-ABLE IN COKE MAKING.

Splendid Work Done by Chemists In Working Up Useful Substances from This Once Despised "Waste" Material.

Few are familiar with the completeness with which former wasted elements of coal are recovered and transformed into valuable products in the manufacture of coke from hard coal.

It is not so long ago that gas works were paying to have one of these byproducts, then called a waste-product, carted away from the works. This was tar. Not only was no revenue derived from it, but it actually cost money to get rid of it. Now, this tar is one of the most valuable by-products in coke making. From every ton of coal converted into coke about nine gallons of coal tar are produced, and the history of chemistry tells of no more skillful work than was done in working up useful and valuable prod-

ucts from this black, sticky mass. Over 200 separate substances have been isolated from tar. Of the first importance are anthracene and naphthalene. Anthracene, in a pure state. is a beautiful yellow crystal, and is the starting point for a series of the well-known coal tar dyes. Naphtha lene is also the basis of a series of dyes, but is better known in the form of moth-balls. Although coal tar is black, the naphthalene comes out of it as white as snow

Two other important products obtained from the tar are carbolic and crysylic acids. The uses of these two products as disinfectants and germicides need no description. But there is another use for carbolic acid which is not so generally known, viz., that transforming of it into pictic acid by treatment with concentrated nitric acid This picric acid is the base for deadly "high explosives." And, strangely enough, after you have shot a man to pieces with picric acid, you can allay his pain with the same thing for pierie seld has a place in surgery.

Books have been written on the products obtained from coal tar, but here we can but touch upon the subject, and we may conclude with the mere mention of creosote oil for preserving timber, etc., of pitch for roofs and for roads, of pyridine for denaturing alcohol. We must leave untouched the great number of complex chemicals which are either used themselves or are transformed into other aubstances in a never-enging

Besides the tar, every ton of coal made into coke from hard coal produces about 51/2 pounds of pure ammonia, which is equivalent to about 22 pounds of ammonium sulphate, a tertilizer of unrivaled merit. This fertilizer is made from the ammonia by combining it with sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol. Or the ammonia may be converted to the liquid ammonia of the drug stores, or it may finally appear as real liquid ammonia, which is pure ammonia gas liquified by pressure and cold.

Further uses of ammonia are as sinciling salts and the carbonate of the baker, which makes possible all the modern dainty confections. The ammonium chloride used in batteries also is derived from the coal which

goes to make coke. Other products of commercial importance derived from the hard coal coke processes are benzol and toluol. From benzol nitro-benzol is made, and from that aniline is made, and from aniline springs a series of dye-stuffs of such importance that millions of dollars are invested in plants for their manufacture. Besides making dyes, benzol and toluel have a-multitude of uses. Benzol is the best solvent known for organic compounds, and is used for extracting grease from garbage, in the "degrassing" of hides, in varnishes, shellac, varnish removers; for dissolving rubber, waxes and gums. Toluol in general is used for similar solvent purposes. One important use for benzol is gas enrichment. One per cent, of benzol vapor introduced into ordinary coal gas will increase its luminosity by about 12 can-

There are many strange things with strange names made from benzol and toluol, and their development during the last century is one of the beacon lights of chemical history.

Jerry and Joe.

Jerry Simpson loved to work off fokes on prominent men who "got after" him. He and Joe Cannon, now speaker, had many lively tilts. One day Jerry made a rip snorting anti-expansion speech in the house; just the kind that a Populist like Jerry could

"Had you made that speech in Manila," said Cannon, getting the floor and leveling his finger at the Kansas congressman, "you would have been tried by a drum-head court-martial and

"Well," replied Jerry, "I would -just as leave be shot in Manila for making a speech of that kind as to be shot in congress by an old smooth bore brass Cannon from Illinois."

That reply tickled Tom Reed so much that he came up to Jerry and said: "That was all right, Jerry, I 'orgive you a lot of things for that!" -Kansas City Journal. \_\_

Not That Way in Life. "Wives are always so trustful on

be stage" "Which shows that realism on the stage is an utter myth."-Louisville Courier Journal

HIS LOVE NOT REAL ARTICLE

Protestations Proved False When Woman's Wit Put Glib Admirer to the Test.

A reporter ventured, on John D. Rockefeller's seventleth birthday, to question him about his very remark able present, a jar of petroleum butter, the latest by-product of Standard Oil that the remarkable Standard Oil

chemists have evolved Mr. Rockefeller, however, would not discuss the petroleum butter. He shook his head, laughed, and said:

Young man, I am ignorant about this butter. I am as ignorant as the man in the fable. "There is a fable, you know, about

a man in an eastern city who followed a lady about the bazars and shops a long time. Finally she turned and said: "'Why do you follow me?"

"'Because,' he answered, 'you are very beautiful, and my soul goes out to you in love. "The lady smiled and said: "'But I am not half so beautiful as

my sister there.' She pointed to the fountain in the square. 'Look at her, filling her water jar. She is a vision of loveliness. Go, then, and make love to her.

"The man took the lady at her word. He hastened to the fountain. But the maiden filling the jar there was very very ugly, and he returned and said. angrily:

"Your sister beautiful! Why did you tell me such a falsehood? "Ah, but why, said the lady, 'did you tell me a falsehood first?" But I didn't, said he. When, he

added, 'did I?' When you told me you loved me. said the lady. For if it had been true that you loved me, you would never have gone off to make love to another

Britain's Gift of Peace. The indispensable foundation for the working out of any principles of government is internal peace, and peace is the greatest of the blessings that British rule has bestowed upon India. The ravages of invaders, the horrors of civil war between state and state, race and race. creed and creed, have utterly ceased. An occasional clash between Moammedans and Hindus, easily and promptly quelled, is nowadays all that disturbs the tranquillity of a continent once the unceasing

prey of strife and disorder. But beneath the truce imposed by British power the old hatreds and passions are still straining, and it is a curious example of human inconsequence that the Bengalis, who have done most to impair the strength of the British Raj, and who have ever agitated for its abolition, would be the first to suffer were it to be overthrown.-From Sydney Brooke's British Rule in India" in the Century.

No Danger. Much sobered by the importance of the news he had to communicate, youthful Thomas strode into the house

and said, breathlessly: "Mother, they have a new baby next door, and the lady there is awful sick. Mother, you ought to go right in and see her."

Yes, dear, said his mother. I will go over in a day or two just as soon

as she gets better." "But, mother," persisted Thomas, "I think you ought to go in right away; she is real sick, and maybe you can do

something to belp." "Yes, dear," said the mother, patlently, "but wait a day or so until she

is just a little better." Thomas seemed much dissatisfied at his mother's apparent lack of neighborly interest, and then something seemed to dawn upon him, for he blurt-

"Mother, you needn't be afraid—it ain't catching."—Cosmopolitan.

Good at Addition.

Sammy's mother talked to him long and earnestly about the poor marks he had been getting in his work at school. She painted in alluring colors the career of the little boy who studies his lessons and gains the love and respect of his teachers. She went even further; she promised him a whole dime, all for his own. Sammy seemed impressed.

That afternoon he returned from school fairly dancing with joy. "Oh, mother," he shouted, "I got

a hundred!" "Sammy!" cried his delighted mother. She hugged him and kissed him

and petted him and—gave him a dime. "And what did you get a hundred i in?" she finally asked.

"In two things," replied Sammy, without hesitation. "I got 40 in readin" and 60 in spellin'."-Everybody's.

The Same Dimensions. The bride-to-be had the air of one who is unreconciled to the existing state of affairs. "Can't we take a wedding trip, as we'd planned?" she asked, plaintively.

"Not just now," said the young man, "on account of my partner's ill-"I thought it would be such fun tak-

ing that six days' journey in the cars!" she sighed. "Well, now, see here," said the young man. "If you take the flat I looked at yesterday, it'll be just the same as ilving in the parlor car stateroom, ex-

cept that the scenery won't change." Youth's Companion. His Preference. Knicker-Wouldn't you like to wake up to find yourself famous?

Newpop-No: I'd rather have the

baby go to sleep to find itself obscure.

ings st"inns tops hat Blate de Best. 'De publicité also dons les commens des constinuents du l'absonment ins l'appell il Billius Bestificus 250.0.

# IN OLD MONTREAL

GRAY WITH NUNNERIES AND GREEN WITH MEMORIES.

Still the Soul of the City Is French, as the Visitor Instinctively Feels It Should Be-Hero Remembered.

It is not necessary to speak French in Montreal, but it helps, says G. B. Lancaster in the New York Evening Post. The soul of the place is French; the spirit that pulses yet in the gray walls and the narrow streets and the queer little properpot gateways that belong to nothing in particular is French. The colonial passed the St. Lawrence boulevard into the east of the city, and here he found the line between French and English cut clean as a die. Never the old, old dwelling houses and pensions straight onto the street, the tiny lattice windows showing ladder stairs and naked rooms and dirt and infinite age, can mean to the English all that they mean to the French. La Salle, Cadillac, Bienville may have helped wear down the curve in those wooden steps. Once, before his day of shame, Vaudreuil, might have laughed at the children playing in that gutter as the passer-by laughs now. The sweet eyes of Helen, De Champlain's wife, looked down those crooked vistas when France's day was high

There is a sharp tragedy round the name of this Helen. The island bought by Champlain when he wedded her lies out in the stream, sullen yet with its old forts and blockhouses Here, 160 years since, a French general burned the golden lilies and the tricolor banners of France that they might not fall into English hands.

Montreal is gray with nunneries and green with memories; but it is also red and virile with blood poured out. One marvels that grass grows on the Champ de Mars. For ashes of Indians burnt at the stake have strewed it, the sweat of tortured men have dripped on it, the bent knees of the early Jesuits have worn it down

to the flint. Against the swell of grass, the dusty track below, and the stone houses in sunlight, the colonial shut his eyes for a space. And his fancy followed Paul de Maisonneuve up that slope at the head of his keen faced men; round in a rushing swing to the right, and across the Place d'Armes, where the Iroquois met them. The taint of blood and black powder and dust and heated men struck on the air again as once near three hundred years ago; the very day was quick with lust and hate and daring, red man and white rocked together and went down to gether under the tossing plumes; In dian yells and low French curses jarred. Here Montreal was won for France. And here, 120 years later, it was lost for France on a bloodless silent day, when France's soldiers laid down their arms before the Brit-

But Paul de Maisonneuve yet guards the earth he won. He guards it with the banner flung out in his hand and his hat thrust back from his eager face and his whole body instinct with that life which does not pass with the flesh. Through the changes that the years bring Paul de Maisonneuve yet guarda his own.

And beneath the statue, beside the other statues that cluster its base is written in the name of English and French:

"The citizens of Montreal grateful." Farther east, beyond the Jaques Cartier market, that on certain days pulses with French chatter and smells of onions and cabbage, stands a little low white house with green shutters and the plaster flaking off It was and still is the core of old Montreal. Its very atmosphere is misty with age. From the dim vaults where the windows slit into the deep walls look no more than half-healed wounds, vague memories unwind themsleves; memories of tragedy, of glory, of stately entertainments of keen business transactions of bitter sorrow, of war pluts, of

strategy and of simple, kindly life and

undaunted courage.

Acre of Grain from a Single Seed. Great interest has been manifested by the farmers of Russia over recent experiments in their country regarding the production of grain. It has been shown that a single seed can produce over an acre of grain. The method is to plant each grain in a conical pit 11 to 17 inches deep and 42 inches wide. After every three weeks the sprouting grain is covered with a layer of earth. This process is repeated ten times. The result is that each grain planted in the inverted apex of the conical pit gives a stalk with blades. Under these blades is a thickening of the stock, which is called the "bushing knots." The result of the first covering will be three stalks, and at the tenth covering there will be over fifty thousand. By a system of transplanting the grain is then raised in great quantities from the one seed.

An Anatomical Lecation, McMurf met Pleader, the lawyer, not long ago. "Ah," said he, "you're just the man I've been looking for for a week. I went over to your office, but found you'd moved."

"Yes, I'm a block around the corner now," said Pleader. "A dentist has my old place." "Bo?" ventured McMurf; "then aft-

er this when we want our testh pulled we'll have to go where we used to get our legs pulled."

BURLESQUE FIELD OF HONOR

Mirnic Dueling, with Wax Bullets, Popular in England and on the Continent.

Mume pistol dueling now popular in England and on the confluent, has become possible through the invention of Dr. Devillers of wax bullets with cartridges to fit the modern French dueling pistol and the regulation army revolver. The cartridge is fitted with a cap which contains a sufficient charge to insure accuracy of fire, and the projectile strikes the object at which it is aimed with considerable force. The combatants, however, wear wire masks with thick glass to protect the eyes, and they are attired in long, loose coats, for the protection of the body and limbs. Affixed to the pistol in front of the trigger is a steel shield for the hand.

Pistol dueling is a sport in which physical fitness and self-discipline are essential to success. It is necessary to be a good shot and something more, for there is a considerable difference between taking a deliberate aim at a fixed target and shooting at an armed opponent at the word of command within a period of a second and a half. In these mimic duels the ceremony of a "serious affair" is observed There is a director of assaults, a judge to decide which of the competitors fired first, and four "markers" to judge the hits.

Competitors are placed at 25 paces from each other-a distance of 22 yards. They stand with their pistols pointing downward clear of the feet and butt touching the thigh or knee The director gives the word "Fire," and while he counts, one, two, three, the combatant, raise their weapons and fire. If a competitor raises his pistol before the word of command, or if he fires after the word "three," the result of his shot is nullified.

Mr. Watterson Writes of London. How many "Mrs. Bouncers" have I not known in London, with nearly 50 years of intimate knowledge of every part of it; for I have lived in Blooms bury, as well as Belgravia; in Berkley square and Mount street and Picca dilly; and I know Billingsgate and Houndeditch almost as well as Tot tenham court road and the region around the Elephant and Castle. My first "Mrs. Bouncer!" She is in heaven now, bless her dear old soul! That was in Jermyn street, 58. It is all gone long ago, in its place big. burly skyscrappers stunted in their growth, just off St. James street. where White's and Crockford's were. and the sports of a hundred years ago danced to the giddy mazes of Lou and Hazzard when they were not playing for larger stakes in the palaces about Whitehall and Holland house, in which the heiresees displayed their charms and their rent rolls. What snowballs of pillows and boisters; what chops and potatoes; and how good old "Bouncer" was to her Babes in the Wood! I can still bear the chimes of St. James chapel ring out the hours, and, when the milkman's bell rang of a morning, the joke was, There's the queen again, and we not dressed yet!"-Louisville Courier Journal.

Famous Precious Stones

The formance of precious stones of absorbing interest, for many worldknown gems have strange histories connected with them The Cullinan diamond takes its name from T M Cullinan, who was born at Queenstown, Cape Colony. For many years he knew that diamonds existed on the Elandsfontein farm, which belonged to a Boer named Prinsloo, but he had to wait until after the Boer war before he could purchase the land. The Premier mine was first opened and the great Cullinan diamond was discovered there. It is three times larger than any diamond found before, and its subsequent presentation to King Edward VII. is well known. The Orloff diamond originally belonged to Empress Catherine of Russia, and it was given to her by Count Orloff. The diamond was stolen from the eye of an Indian idol, and an enormous price was paid for it. Catherine placed the "Orlog" in the imperial ecepter of Russia, where it still remains—a wonderful stone, as big as a walput, and perfect in purity and color.

A Roundabout Donation. An Indiana woman found one evening that she was short of kerosene for the evening lamp. As she could not depend on the slow delivery of the grocer's boy she took her oil can and started for the nearest grocery. On the way she met a neighbor who asked: "Well, what are you going to do?

Of all things, you carrying an oil can!"

"Why, don't get excited, my dear; I'm out on an errand of charity." "How is that?" the neighbor want-

ed to know. "Oh, I'm merely going to donate three cents to the Chicago university."

Lieut, Shackleton as Talker. People whom Lieut, Shackleton cas-

ually meets must be a trial to him with their trivial quations, but he has a merry wit. He was explaining how the penguins set up nest keeping. Mr. Penguin would feed his wife as she sat on the eggs. He brought her prawns and the like, carrying them in his gullet into which she dipped her beak. "Are the birds monogamic?" asked the naturalist present. "That we could not determine," replied the Great Iceman. "We frequently saw a male penguin feed another bird's wife, but we could not say whether his motives were absolutely disinterested."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS