

WHY YOUTH BOOSTED CARY

New Reason Advanced for Advocating Election of Candidate for Political Office.

There are many reasons advanced by friends of political candidates why their favorite should be elected to office, some of which are humorous as the following: Nearly a year ago, Congressman William J. Cary announced his candidacy for the office of mayor at the next election, and immediately his friends started boosting him for the "job." Whenever they could get a man "cornered" they would immediately expound the virtues of Mr. Cary. A little boy approached a voter near the North-Western depot.

"Say, mister, will you vote for Mr. Cary for mayor?" he asked.

"Well, seeing as how you were kind enough to ask me, I will, my little man," returned the man good-naturedly.

"Thanks," said the little boy happily, and he started to walk away. The man, however, stopped him with a question.

"You seem to be interested in Congressman Cary?" he said.

"Yes," answered the "kid."

"How does it happen that you are out working for his election as mayor, and why do you ask me to vote for him?"

"Oh, he's a good fellow. He used to go with my mother before she married my father."

FEAR MIX-UP OF FALSE HAIR

Why Women, Apparent Strangers, Insist on Occupying Adjoining Berths in Pullman.

Nobody can tell funnier stories about the false-hair craze than railroad employes.

"For some time after women began to swell their heads out with such enormous quantities of hair," said a Pullman conductor, "we couldn't quite understand why women who were apparent strangers to each other should insist upon occupying neighboring berths, even bargaining to exchange with other passengers to obtain the desired accommodations. Finally a girl wearing about a bushel of blonde hair enlightened me.

"Have you noticed," she said, "that a blonde insists upon sleeping near another blonde, and a brunette near another brunette? They do that to prevent ludicrous mistakes in an emergency that necessitates quick dressing. Supposing there should be an accident in the night and everybody would have to throw on their clothes and hair in the dark. If I am shut up in the same compartment with a brunette I am likely to mix some of her black hair with my blonde puffs and she mine with hers. What we would both look like can be imagined. That happened to me once, so now I insist upon sleeping near a blonde neighbor, even if I have to pay extra for it."

MEASURING LIGHT FROM STARS.

Starlight has been measured in comparison with sunlight and the following results have been announced: The light received from a star of the first magnitude like Vega is about one forty-thousandth-million of the sun's.

Young places the total starlight received by the earth at the value of 3,000 first magnitude stars, thus making the whole starlight to be one-thirtieth that of the full moon. Light has an actual mechanical pressure, and can be measured in the laboratory. It has been found that the sun's light in itself presses against the earth with a force something like 70,000 tons. As the surface of a sphere varies as the square of the radius, and as the volume of mass varies as the cube of the radius, and as the mechanical pressure of light on the whole surface varies as that surface, and as the force of gravity varies as the mass— if a sphere were made smaller and smaller it is easily seen that the pressure of light would not decrease so fast as the force of gravity; so bodies beyond a certain minuteness could not reach the sun, but would be repelled by the mechanical force of its light.

AUTO FRIGHTENED NEGRO MAMMY.

"We had one rather ludicrous encounter which might have resulted in serious injury although it fortunately did not," said Mrs. Francis Boyd, in describing a recent trip through the south in an automobile.

"As we rounded a curve in crossing the mountains of Virginia, we saw approaching a wagon load of negro folks, drawn by a skinny horse that laboriously climbed toward us.

"In the group was a mother who held a baby close to her breast. She evidently had never seen an automobile before.

"O!" she shrieked; "it's a black devil and it will get us; and she threw the baby out of the wagon to the roadside and then jumped over the moving wheels to the ground.

"The woman was so thoroughly frightened that it took some time to quiet her and make her understand that the automobile was not dangerous."

HAD FAITH IN THE WIRELESS.

Demonstration of the practical use of wireless telegraphy on water was first made just twelve years ago between the Needles on the English coast and the incoming steamship St. Paul. The world doubted, but Marconi was positive. The St. Paul was sixty-five miles off the coast when the first connection was established. The wireless can now flash its message over the ocean fully 5,000 miles.

FRIEND OF THE YOUNG MEN

Undergraduates Make Themselves at Home in Apartment of Harvard Professor.

If you climb the south stairway of Hollis hall, one of the ancient and honorable dormitories of Harvard, some Saturday night after ten o'clock you will find Charles Townsend Copeland in his room up under the roof by the side of a "sea coal fire," and, overflowing from a chair and settled on the floor at his feet, a crowd of undergraduates. There are athletes, editors of college papers, Socialists, athletes, gentlemen, social stars and the lesser orbs whose light is hid under the college bushel.

It is a wonderful room, lined from floor to low ceiling with books. The broad mantel and the little wall space are covered up with signed pictures of great people that you read about and all the long generations of boys whose friend he has been. Over the door is a horseshoe and a bunch of fawn berries. The only light is from the fire, perhaps a candle on the mantelpiece, and the reading light to the left of the fire, where sits the little man, interminably smoking an infamous brand of cigarettes. Everybody talks of the thing nearest his heart; everybody finds himself, alert, quick, almost brilliant. Startling theories are expounded and strange systems of philosophy. One tells of rowing, another of throwing the hammer, of "parties" in town, of clubs and books and college politics. I don't know whether the little man is interested in those things, which he has heard from so many classes, but he evidently loves the spirit of youth that is in them. Indeed, he once said that if ever he were cut off from youth he would wither up and die.

Assistant professor of English, Charles T. Copeland is known as "Copey" by the university and by hundreds of graduates, and the nickname shows how much he is loved. But there is no one of the teaching force more feared and respected than he.—American Magazine.

YUAN PARTIAL TO AMERICANS

How Chinese Dictator Obeyed Orders of Late Dowager Empress and Saved Foreigners.

Maj. Henry Leonard of the United States marine corps, retired, who lost an arm at Tientsin and won a captaincy in Pekin, has seen a great deal of Yuan Shih-kai, who, according to the dispatches, is now dictator in the Chinese empire. "Yuan's son used to come a great deal to my quarters in Pekin," says Maj. Leonard. "He spoke English fluently, but his father did not speak the language at all. For all that he seemed to have a great liking for Americans. That he is a man of great sagacity and foresight was shown by the way in which he obeyed the orders from the throne in 1900 to march against Pekin and crash the foreigners who were cooped up there in the legation quarters. At that time there was only 1,500 of us, all told, and matters had become so desperate with us when we were relieved that we had already drawn lots to see which would kill the women and children in case the Chinese army attacked us.

"Had Yuan come against us he could easily have exterminated us, as we wouldn't have had a show. Yuan was not afraid to lead such an attack, but he never reached Pekin. He marched his army up and down in Shantung province, of which he was governor, for a whole month. He could always report that he was actively in the field against the foreigners, but he was careful not to get near enough to us to attack us.

"Therefore, when China decided it wanted peace the foreign governments had Yuan as the mediator, and the dowager empress thought so well of his services that he could have had anything he wished in China so long as he lived."

ODDS AND ENDS OF TIME.

It is always easier to wish that we had more time than to use the time that we have. So, by wasting time, we still further reduce the precious asset of the actual and only time that is really ours.

The person who is not utilizing all the time he has at the rate of 60 seconds to the minute would not be much better off with 48 hours to his day.

Those who turn out what is, to the rest of us, a discouragingly large amount of work, have simply learned the art of using all their time, particularly the nooks and corners, the odds and ends, of their time.

They utilize a five or ten minute scrap of time as eagerly as they do a half day. And so things get done, and their year's output seems stupendous. With the average man, unless he can see several hours clear for a piece of work, he will attempt little out of the ordinary; and that is why he remains an average man.

EGYPTIAN CUSTOMS UNCHANGED.

Lord Cromer, speaking at a meeting of the Egyptian exploration fund in London of the fundamental resemblances between ancient and modern Egyptians, said that: "It was not only conceivable but highly probably that during those centuries most inaccurately enumerated by Napoleon as forty, during which the Pyramids had frowned down on the Valley of the Nile, Egyptian manners and customs had, relatively speaking, undergone less striking changes than was the case with any other community of which we had any precise knowledge."

WILL BOLSTERED HIS CREDIT

Not Until Woolen Jobber Failed Did His Creditors Get Wise to His Trick.

Credit men in the woolen trade are discussing an interesting bankruptcy case that was recently compounded out of court at a settlement of about 25 cents on the dollar; and some of the credit men, autobiographically reminiscient, are bewailing the fact that, to avoid the sting of other trades, "a victim is born every minute." These are the credit men who credited.

It seems that a well-known jobber in woolens became ill some months ago and grew worse and worse until, finally, the men in the trade heard that he was dying. About that time the jobber sent for a lawyer who— even outside of his own heraldings—is credited with doing about half of the litigation of that most litigious of trades. The jobber, groaning heavily, made his will. He disposed of about \$500,000 in it. Some went to charity, some went to old business friends, and a little went to the jobber's own family.

Soon afterward a turn for the better set in in the jobber's condition. Presently he was walking briskly about his business again, buying now from this mill, now from that—but always buying. He bought so much that several credit men became restive under his orders and began to consider the wisdom of holding back shipments on terms more akin to cash. One of them, however, happened to mention his suspicions to the lawyer who had drawn up the jobber's will.

"Have no fear," the lawyer reassured him, adding, by way of confidence, "I myself had an altogether erroneous notion of his finances until several weeks ago when he was ill. At that time I drew up his will for him, and was amazed at the extent of his fortune." And he divulged more confidences.

Good news travels just as fast as bad news in the woolen trade, and presently every credit man in the business knew of the jobber's will and his \$500,000. And the jobber continued to buy and buy, and buy still more, on ever easier terms. Then, when he had bought enough, he failed, and that, too, in almost as respectable a figure as the fortune in his late reputed will.

AN AUTHOR IN A GARRET.

Wearing Old Clothes and Eating Cheap Meals Was No Hardship to Moore.

In Paris I had lived very much as I lived in Victoria street, but it had never occurred to me that I showed any merit by accepting, without murmuring, the laborious life in the Temple that a sudden reverse of fortune had forced upon me; it was no suffering for me to live in a garret, wearing old clothes, and spending from two shillings to half a crown on my dinner, because I felt, and instinctively, that that is the natural life of a man of letters; and I can remember my surprise when my brother told me one day that my special agent had said he never knew anybody so economical as George.

Some time after Tom Rutledge himself came panting up my stairs, and during the course of conversation regarding certain large sums of money which I heard of for the first time, he said: "Well, you have spent very little money during the last few years."

And when I spoke of the folly of other landlords, he added: "There are very few who would be content to live in a cockloft like this."

And looking round my room I realized that what he said was true; I was living in a cockloft, bitterly cold in winter and stifling in summer; the sun beating fiercely on the windows in the afternoon, obliging me to write in my shirt sleeves.—George Moore in "Ave."

PATRIOTISM.

The priest of the Serbian Orthodox church at Wilmerding, Pa., made a Memorial day address in the town cemetery last spring. At the close of his speech in Serbian he said in English:

"I deem it my holiest duty to kiss this consecrated ground upon which your heroic ancestors shed their blood, and in which their bones are laid to rest. I deem it my Christian duty to offer God a prayer for the repose of their souls, just as if they were my own blood."

Then he kneeled, kissed the ground and offered a prayer for the repose of those who died for their fatherland. When he arose he said: "Glory to the dead soldiers, and prosperity to the American people."

The incident was related by Peter Roberts, director of the immigration work for the Y. M. C. A., to a group of Kansas City men at the association rooms yesterday. It emphasizes once more the fact that Americanism is a matter of the spirit, not of the blood.—Kansas City Times.

GOOD ADVICE.

Former Mayor Dunne of Chicago in a recent address to young men, preached the doctrine of sturdy democracy. "People bother too much," he said, "about their ancestors. If you believed all you heard you'd think that every other man was descended from William the Conqueror or Charlemagne. My advice to a young man would be this: Don't bother about your descent, unless you are an aviator."

WAS NO FAULT OF HIS

Pioneer Californian Explains How He Came Into Possession of Gambling House.

When I was in California in the wild and woolly '70's," said the man who is now perfectly respectable, "I was the owner of a gambling house." He allowed one minute and thirty-nine seconds for horror and the expression thereof. Then he resumed: "I assure you that it was through no desire of my own. It came about this way:

"Back in those days people weren't particular in California about the company they kept, so I was thrown in with all sorts of chaps about whom I asked no questions. And one day, when I was seated in a restaurant partaking of supper, one of these casual acquaintances dashed into the place in a violent hurry and cast his eye around till it lighted on me. He rushed over to where I was seated.

"Dave," he said, "lend me fifty dollars. I have to leave town—just as quick as I possibly can."

"I handed him the money. He seized it and made for the door on the double-quick. On the way he turned.

"You'll never see me again," he announced. "I leave you my business in payment of the debt." He mentioned his business address. "Run around there after supper and take charge," he added. With that he vanished.

"Five minutes later a posse arrived, expressing a desire to lynch him. But he had made his get-away.

"Finishing my supper I walked to the address my acquaintance had given me and found that it was—a gambling house."

HOW THEY CARE FOR GUESTS

Conveniences of New York Hotels Show Great Consideration Given to Comfort of Ladies.

New York hotels may charge high prices for their restaurant and dining room service, but they are more than generous in some of the conveniences they furnish their women guests. Dressing rooms are equipped with the finest of soaps, the most delicate of toilet powders, ice water, abundance of hand towels of choice linen, hair-pins, pins and cold cream, all for the free use of the fair. There are hand mirrors and whisk brooms galore and even hair brushes and combs, if one cares to use them. That nobody ever does is apparent from their impeccable neatness. There is always a neat maid in attendance, who will furnish needles and thread for a consideration and even help you with your hair or mend your glove if it has played you false in an hour of need.

In one of the most fashionable of these benevolent hosteries a neat device is well worthy of imitation. It is a small celluloid box or jar with a hole in the cover. The box is filled with fine, white absorbent cotton, which is accessible through the opening. This is to be used in applying powder to the face instead of the customary powder puff. The guest picks out her little piece of cotton, powders her benign countenance and then discards the scrap when she is through with it. The idea is eminently sanitary and shows what careful consideration the hotel gives to every item affecting the welfare of its guests. Above the dressing table is a card bearing the significant inscription: "The conveniences of this room are for the use of paying guests only."

WOMEN TO STAY.

Booth Tarkington was telling stories to a group of college graduates in a New York club, when one of the party suddenly inquired: "What has become of Davis?"

"He has gone out of town on business for a few days, I guess," replied another of the party.

"He has gone for a long while," observed Mr. Tarkington, with a smile. "Davis is one of those men who leave unmistakable evidence of their purposes. Whenever Davis goes away to stay a long period he takes with him an old mouth organ, which he loves dearly to play while he occasionally nibbles at gingerbread. I have made an investigation of Davis' room, and have found that the mouth organ disappeared with him. The presence or absence of that instrument is enough to tell me what Davis' plans are."

The party learned soon after that Davis had left for Wisconsin to reside permanently.

GROWTH OF ST. PETERSBURG.

That St. Petersburg is rapidly growing in population is evidenced by the census taken in December, 1910, which showed the population, including certain suburban villages formerly not covered, to be 1,907,708. It is presently an "office town" and also a resort for six or eight months of the year.

The principal industry is the manufacture of cotton textiles, although its advantage as a port of entry for the interior is gaining recognition. A line of steamers has been established to Libau, connecting there with a trans-Atlantic line to New York. This enables American shippers to send goods direct to this port without the delays of transshipment in foreign ports.

DIDN'T GET ACROSS.

First Omaha Man (in surprise)—What! Back already? Why, I thought you were going to see Europe? Second Omaha Man (cheerfully)—So did I, but it seems that New York saw me first.—Puck.

IS LIKE LITTLE KINGDOM

Family Life Is Wholesome Because It Has Bracing Qualities of Commonwealth.

The modern writers who have suggested, in a more or less open manner, that the family is a bad institution, have generally confined themselves to suggesting, with much sharpness, bitterness, or pathos, that perhaps the family is a good institution because it is ungenial. It is wholesome precisely because it contains so many divergences and varieties. It is, as the sentimentalists say, like a little kingdom, and, like most other little kingdoms, it is generally in a state of something resembling anarchy. It is exactly because our brother George is not interested in our religious difficulties, but is interested in the Trocadero restaurant, that the family has some of the bracing qualities of the commonwealth. It is precisely because our uncle Henry does not approve of the theatrical ambitions of our sister Sarah that the family is like humanity. The men and women who, for good reasons and bad, revolt against the family, are, for good reasons and bad, simply revolting against mankind. Aunt Elizabeth is unreasonable, like mankind. Papa is excitable, like mankind. Our younger brother is mischievous, like mankind. Grandpa is stupid, like the world; he is old, like the world.—Gilbert Chesterton.

IN PRAISE OF PUMPKIN PIE

Editor of Yonkers Statesman Pays Deserving Tribute to Great American Institution.

There is another Richmond in the pie field and the pie editor of the Ohio State Journal would do well to look to his hauberk and his laurels. The new knight is Edwin A. Oliver, editor of the Yonkers Statesman, father of the paragraphic joke, and he prances into the arena armed cap-a-pie, as it were, and with his pie knife couched.

Listen to his praise of the flaky crust with the pumpkin filler:

"When one takes a huge bit of it in his mouth and his happy thoughts unfold into a dream and he hears afar the breaking waves dash high and a stern and rockbound coast, and the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed, one feels how happily related to a brave historic event is the modest pumpkin pie. It came when the conquerors came, and they shook the depths of the desert gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer." This is cheer—the sunbeams imbued in pumpkin pie.

"Nother cutting, please.—Cleveland Leader.

DEVICE OF A BRANDY SMUGGLER.

To conceal dutiable goods among free goods, in any importation, is the prime offense against the customs laws; yet the high rates of duty on some articles, such as tobacco and spirits, offer great temptation to illicit traders, who employ all sorts of artifices to smuggle—or evade the notice of the customs officers.

When silk was dutiable women were the chief offenders, and as they sometimes wound the contraband article around their persons, under their ordinary clothes, it was found necessary to employ female searchers, now no longer brought into requisition. One of the latter, on one occasion, made a curious discovery.

A female smuggler had had constructed—but not for running silk contraband—an india rubber dress for wearing under her ordinary clothes. She appeared, when this contrivance was in operation, to be a very fat woman; in reality, she was abnormally thin. But the india rubber underwear was double and hollow, and the space between the skins, as to speak, was filled with brandy!

EARLY ANTI-TRUST LAW.

An old statute has been unearthed by the Cincinnati Enquirer and applied to present conditions. If the law today were what it used to be in the early days of Kentucky and were carried out we might see Wall street dotted with men who had lost their ears for conspiring to restrain trade. A statute of some 363 years ago, which was intended to put a stop to the meat trust, the brewers' trust, the bread trust and the fruit trust of those days, makes the Sherman act look gentle. This statute became law in Virginia and therefore in Kentucky when Kentucky was formed out of Virginia. It is fair to point out that the statute of Edward VI. also went after any laborers who got together to keep up wages or limit the hours of work, so that it was markedly in opposition to the beliefs of our own day. Moreover, we violate no confidence in saying that it was enforced more violently against the laborers than against the dealers who kept up prices. Kentucky, it may be well to add, has since repealed the act.—Collier's.

WIT OF AUGUSTUS THOMAS.

"The trouble with amateur carriers," said Mr. Thomas, on one occasion, "is that the gravy so rarely matches the wall paper." A fatuous argument he characterized as "like a chorus girl's tights, which touch every point and cover nothing." When Mr. Thomas was rehearsing "The Witching Hour," one of the management stopped the players, and, turning to the author, remarked: "I think this would be a good place for some witty dialogue."

"Yes," replied Mr. Thomas. "As for instance?"—Channing Pollock in "The Footlights—Fore and Aft."

DAGUERRETYPE COMES BACK

Prints on Silver Are Again Coming Into Fashion, Says a Photographer.

"People are inclined to smile at prints on silver of the daguerreotype of our grand fathers," said a photographer the other day, "but I want to say that the photograph of the present day is no improvement on it for artistic delicacy, for beauty and for quality. In subtlety of likeness, nothing ever has equaled the daguerreotype of seventy years ago, and those who possess any of them should treasure them as the choicest heirlooms.

"Most styles move in cycles, and it is the same with photographs. Many photographers are taking up the daguerreotype again. In view of the advance in photography, it is now possible to make daguerreotypes that are permanent, for the originals were wont to fade when exposed to light. That's why they were always put in covered cases.

"There is at least one very good reason for the daguerreotype being better, and that is that there is nothing but the camera lens between the subject and the picture, and the only loss is the reversal of the subject. Another thing is that the highly polished silver plate of the daguerreotype makes possible the greatest amount of detail, and the softer shadings, much of which is lost in photographs today by the rough surface of the emulsion on the negative, by the opaqueness of the glass in printing, and the unevenness of the paper."

TO SOLVE AERIAL PROBLEMS

Hungarian Has Craft Which He Believes Will Fly Easily Across the Atlantic.

Alexander Kopesa, a retired Hungarian army officer, has planned an airship which he declares will solve all difficulties of aerial navigation. He will start to build what he calls his "perfect" airship on the first of the new year. "Regardless of the weather conditions in Chicago," he said, "I will make a trial flight on May 1, 1912. If the airship proves what I am positive it will, I will attempt to make a trip across the Atlantic ocean in September." The new flying device, he says, will travel on land or water as well as in the air. According to specifications filed with the patent office, the Kopesa airship will carry 46 passengers, and on land or water or in the air will make a speed of over a mile a minute. At the top of the airship will be a large compartment containing seven hydrogen bags for balancing and added safety. Another safety contrivance consists of four air-suction devices that resemble the fins of a windmill. From the base of the hydrogen bags will stretch two huge planes, spreading 229 feet from tip to tip. Just beneath the planes will be placed two engines, each of 560 horsepower. There will be 13 propellers.—Chicago Record-Herald.

IGNORED HIS INSPIRATION.

"One day," said Representative Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, "I heard a perfectly good anecdote. It was about Thad Stevens, Stevens, then running the government during the Civil war, was walking down Pennsylvania avenue one morning with a colleague. They stopped in at George Parker's place, across from the old Willard, for a toddy, and before leaving Thad toyed for a few minutes with the fare bank and won \$100—a hundred dollar bill. Resuming his walk, he was accosted on the capital steps by a Quaker delegation from Pennsylvania, some of his constituents, who said they were interested in a worthy charity in his district, and would like to receive a contribution. Thad took the hundred dollar bill from his pocket and, with a grand flourish, handed it to the spokesman, who was profuse in his thanks. Turning away, Mr. Stevens said to his companion, 'God moves in a mysterious way. His wonders to perform.'"

"Well, I liked that anecdote. The more I thought of it the more I liked it, and finally I became interested in the career of Stevens and wrote his biography. But, do you know, after it was published I discovered that I had forgot to put the anecdote in the book."

MOTOR TRUCKS NEED NO REST.

In a paper read before the Electric Vehicle Association of America, Mr. Hayden Eames called attention to the fact that horse-drawn vehicles must remain idle for a certain portion of the day in order to rest the horses. A recent investigation showed that the teams of the different express companies in New York city were idle 40 per cent. of the total working hours, much of this idleness being due to the fact that the horses needed rest, and that the periods of loading the wagons had to be suited to these rest hours. The motor vehicle on the other hand requires no rest, and hence requires no adjustment of the loading hours.

BIG MONEY NEEDED.

Consumption might be wiped out if enough millions or billions are donated for the experts to use in accordance with their ideas. Perhaps some of the great cities of the world are rich enough to care for and try to cure the consumptives from every smaller city, town or hamlet accessible by railroad or steamboat. What is most needed is money, and that "what" is plenty of good food and warm clothing, and maybe it is worth while to see that the sufferers have "what" they need to help most to bring about cure.