

ISEES GROWTH OF LUNACY

Dr. Forbes Winslow Declares There Will Be More Insane Than Sane in 300 Years.

London.—There will be more lunatics in the world than sane people three hundred years hence, was the prophecy Dr. Forbes Winslow made...

NEEDED THAT OTHER ROOT

Patients of Dentists Will Appreciate Story of "Nerve" That Comes From Kansas City.

In Kansas City there dwells a man whose boast is that he has "the nerve," and at least one dental surgeon will support him in his claim.

"That tooth must be pulled," said the "nerve man," "but I want to warn you right now, Doc, that you won't get it the first yank. I have had seven teeth pulled and no dentist lives who can pull one of my teeth the first yank."

FRAUD OF OBESE MILKMAN

Water From Cow Puzzles Paris Inspectors Until Secret Is Discovered.

Paris.—For many weeks complaints have been received that the milk sold by a Paris dairyman was too thick; samples were taken by the police, and on each occasion the milk was found to contain a large proportion of water.

Despite this, the man vehemently protested his innocence and invited the police to visit his dairy at any time to see the cows milked. Two inspectors did so, and after witnessing the milking carried away the milk, which on examination was found to contain a large proportion of water.

The police were much puzzled until one day Inspector Debout noticed that the milkman, who was very fat, milked with only one hand. Another curious point was that he also seemed to grow thinner as the milk pail grew fuller.

Inspector Debout at once ordered the milkman to undo his waistcoat, when two indiarubber bladders and a system of piping were revealed. One bladder contains air and the other water. By pressing the water to trickle out of the water bladder through a pipe into the milk pail, the operation being concealed by his artificial obesity.

TAKES UP PROSECUTOR'S BET

Husband Accepts Wager of \$5 That There is an Affinity in Case.

Washington, D. C.—George Hamill, a clerk in a big department store and living in Keeneland, D. C., who according to his wife's charge, does not properly clothe her, is being shadowed constantly for the corporation counsel's office in consequence of his wager of \$5 with Assistant Corporation Counsel George that there is not another woman in the case.

"Who is the other girl?" asked the prosecutor after the wife, Mary, had related her story of alleged neglect. "There is none," the husband replied.

"Oh, yes, there is; I'll bet \$5 on it." "You're on!" snapped Hamill as he covered the bet. He said he earned only \$20 a week, but Mrs. Hamill was certain that he received more.

"I am going to have you watched," said Mr. George, "and if I catch you with an affinity it will go mighty hard with you."

GIRL HAS \$1,100 WEDDING

Kansas City Laborer Spends Years Savings as Daughter Is Married.

Kansas City, Mo.—Eleven hundred dollars, the savings of a dozen years was spent by Giuseppe Anello, a laborer in the employ of the Kansas City street department, when his daughter, Mary, was married to the son of Vito Campanello, 19. Fifty-nine motor cars hired by Anello whirled the wedding guests on a long tour over the city's boulevards and the festivities ended with an elaborate banquet and ball at a hall in "Little Italy." Anello said he had been saving for the event since Mary was a little girl in Cicely.

Husband Is Too "Spoony." Fort Worth, Tex.—"A month of spooning after marriage is enough," says Mrs. Laura Seaman in her suit for divorce filed against Arthur Seaman, to whom she was married July 10 last. "My husband hugged me with such frequency and so often in view of the public," she adds, "that his demonstrative affection became embarrassing. He showed anger when I protested."

WONDERFUL WORK OF DOGS

If These Are Not Inventions of Drummers, They Surely Are Remarkable Animals.

The grocery drummer from Chicago had just made some remarks about household pets, which awakened a memory in the mind of the agent from the New York Bond house, out selling securities:

"Speaking of that," said he, flicking the ashes of the end of his cigar, "I'm very fond of dogs. I have a pointer at home that's a wonder. Taking him all together, he is the most intelligent animal I ever saw. You gentlemen may not believe it, but it is nevertheless a fact that whenever I go out riding in my motor through a hitherto untraveled country I always take Roger along with me, and he sits up alongside of me in front. Whenever we come to a crossroad, and I find myself up to a tree as to which turning to take, I simply put the question to him, and in every blessed case he has instinctively pointed in the right direction."

"I can well believe that," said the grocery drummer. "I have a retriever in my house that is quite as wonderful. I don't believe my wife and I could possibly get along without him. If my wife mislays anything, from a rolling pin to a bridge score, anywhere around the house, all she has to do is to set Bob after it, and he finds it. When I am in a hurry to catch a train in the morning and my collar button slips out of my hands and disappears, as collar buttons are almost certain to do at such moments, good old Bob gives a yelp of delight and goes after it, saving me no end of trouble, much time, and some bad guage."—Lippincott's Magazine.

LABEL ON ARIZONA WEATHER

Tale Impressed Englishman, Who Probably Went Home and Wrote a Book About It.

"Hot weather reminds me," said the fellow who is always ready to tell a story when he gets an opening. "I was riding down through Arizona last summer on a train on which there was a party of Englishmen. You never know what hot weather is until you ride through some of those southwestern states in the summer. The heat rolls up in waves and smites you. Everything except the rattlesnakes and the Indians stay out of the sun's rays as much as possible."

"On a station platform stood a dilapidated sprinkling can. It was full of dents and the spout was lying near the can, both evidently not having been used for months."

"You know I have been telling you we have some hot weather out here," said a westerner to one of the Englishmen. "Well, look at that sprinkling can. It has been so hot that it has melted the spout right off! And the farther west you get the hotter it gets," the native son finished as he noticed the awed look on the foreigner's face."

Mind-Reading. A young man and his wife, accompanied by their two children, a boy and a girl, entered a street car and sat down on one of the side seats. The girl was a beauty, while the little boy, with strongly marked features and freckled skin, was quite the opposite.

Directly across the aisle sat two ladies, evidently a mother and daughter. The younger of the two looked critically at the children. Then she scrutinized the parents. Then she turned to the elder lady, smiled, and made a whispered remark. The young man, who had been watching her, leaned forward.

"Madam," he said, "you are quite right. The girl fortunately looks like mother, and the boy looks like me."

That he had guessed accurately what was passing in her mind, her look of confusion left no doubt.—Youth's Companion.

Took Care of It. A nice, new mackintosh was little Bessie's birthday present from her father, and the seven-year-old was very proud of it.

That very morning, as she set out for school proudly attired in the mac, mother called after her: "You'll be very careful of that nice cloak, dear, won't you?"

"Yes, mother," said Bessie dutifully. On coming out of school, Bessie started in horror. It was pouring hard; great, big drops of rain that splattered on the pavement. Hastily rolling up the nice, new mackintosh, she thrust it under her little pinafore and started for home.

"Why, dearie, you are drenched!" cried her mother, in surprise. "Why didn't you put on your mackintosh?" Bessie eyed her in sorrowful anger. "You—you told me—to take care of it!" she sobbed indignantly.—London Answers.

Early Pneumatic Tires. It has been discovered recently that as early as 1847 efforts were made to construct a pneumatic tire. At that time a patent was granted by the patent office of the United States to an Englishman, whose invention covered several forms of tire, one of which was maintained in a distended position by means of air under pressure. Other forms, kept distended by means of springs, were also contemplated and described by him at that time. In relating the advantages of his invention he called particular attention to the fact that a vehicle thus equipped was propelled with greatly decreased power.

BRING EASY LIVINGS

Traffic in White Slaves Profitable to Many.

Expert Who Seeks \$1,000,000 and a Uniform Law to Stop Traffic, Makes Some Startling Statements About the Evil.

Washington, D. C.—"From 15,000 to 20,000 girls between the ages of 13 and 25 years, a majority of whom are native-born Americans, are the victims each year of the white slave traffic in the United States. About 50,000 men and women make an 'easy' living every year selling, buying and living on the earnings of these girls."

Stanley W. Finch, for 20 years an attorney and official in the department of justice, made this startling statement. When Mr. Finch made the statement above quoted he qualified it by saying that it was a conservative estimate.

"White slave traffic in some form or other has existed for 6,000 years," said Mr. Finch. "In Europe it has been carried on with fluctuating success for 3,000 years; in the United States, with varying but ever growing success for 100 years."

Desire for fortune and "easy" living on the part of the dealers, and the susceptibility of young girls to fraud and deceit, are the causes, directly, for the startling growth of the traffic in the United States, Mr. Finch said.

"One million dollars will suppress the traffic, and for \$250,000 a year it can be kept suppressed," said Mr. Finch.

Mr. Finch began his real campaign for suppression of white slavery last May, and the system he has perfected has been installed in Maryland, Virginia, District of Columbia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Ohio, West Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky. It will be worked in all the states of the Union by May 1 next if the money holds out.

The system provides for at least one local officer of the department of justice in every city in the United States. The work of these officers is to keep track of the inmates of every questionable house, know who are the patrons of the cafes, and take cognizance of all the suspicious and new characters who come into their districts.

"White slave traffic is being rapidly suppressed," said Mr. Finch, "and once it is suppressed, it will cost only a comparatively small amount to keep it down. What is \$200,000 or \$300,000 a year if you know your homes are protected from these monsters?"

Efforts are being made to have uniform "slave" laws enacted in all the states, and with this law more criminals will be apprehended.

DIED BY PEACH-ROOT POISON

Death of New York Sculptor Traced to Ingredient in Chinese Medicine.

Seattle.—Poison extracted from the roots of peach trees, said to have been one of the ingredients of medicine prescribed by a Chinese herb doctor, is believed by Coroner J. C. Snyder to have caused the death of Louis Potter, a New York sculptor, who died here. An analysis of the medicine is being made and the police are instituting a search of the Pacific coast cities for the Chinese doctor, who has been missing since Potter's death.

Friends here say Potter had long been deeply interested in Oriental mysticism, but none of those questioned had heard anything from the sculptor of the treatment he was undergoing at the hands of the Chinaman.

Coroner Snyder described the woman who was with Potter at the hotel before he died as "apparently highly intellectual," about forty-eight years old, medium height and slender build.

GIVES UP FUN FOR CLOTHES

Former Moroccan Sultan Clings to Native Garb and Misses Sight.

Paris.—Mulid Hadu, who lately abdicated as sultan of Morocco, became a pensioner of France, drawing \$69,000 a year and came to see this country, has finished at Vichy the cure his gayer imposed upon him, spent a week at Yssalles and left for his native land.

France breathes a sigh of relief, for Mulid has been attracting too much attention with his wives, interpreters and slaves. He greatly wished to see the glories of Paris, but the authorities said it would only be permissible if he clothed himself like a European. He bought some "store clothes" and tried to wear them, but felt so uncomfortable in them he took them off, preferring to forego the delights of Paris.

The former sultan has left behind him a train of gold. He was the most generous giver of tips of any of the royal personages who have recently visited France.

Slang to Be Universal. Los Angeles.—Dr. C. Hanson, professor of languages at the University of Copenhagen, says that American slang will be the universal language of the future.

Arrested for Giggling. Rome, Ga.—Because they giggled during services, Rev. Mr. Curtis of this place had two daughters of L. G. Waters arrested and put in jail charged with disturbing public worship.

PENGUIN OIL INDUSTRY

BIRDS ARE CAPTURED AND BRED FOR PROFIT.

Macquarie Island, Between Tasmania and the Antarctic Continent, Is the Center of a Promising Commercial Enterprise.

What is probably the most southerly industry of the world is being carried on at Macquarie island, about halfway between Tasmania and the Antarctic continent, in capture of penguins for their oil. Macquarie island belongs to the state of Tasmania, and has an area of about 25,000 acres, being about twenty-five miles long and five miles wide. The island is leased by the Tasmania government to Joseph Hatch, who has established a penguin oil industry there. Recently meeting Mr. Hatch, I obtained the following particulars from him:

There are probably 80,000,000 penguins on the island, so that the stock to be drawn from seems almost limitless. There are also a large number of sea elephants about the shores of this island. The oil is obtained from the penguins by boiling the carcasses in digesters capable of dealing with 400 birds at a time. The tops of the digesters are fastened down and steam applied until about twenty-five pounds pressure is obtained. The steam is then turned off and water pumped into the bottoms of the digesters, this causing the oil to rise, when it is taken off the top by a tap.

The oil is placed in barrels and sold to binder twine makers in Australia and New Zealand. There is a good market for all the oil that is produced here, but the industry has met with several severe losses through wreck of ships attempting to visit the island. There is no harbor about the island, so that vessels have to lie about half a mile off the rocky coast, and all material has to be conveyed to and from the shore on rafts formed of casks. Owing to the roughness of the open roadstead, it is impossible to obtain insurance for vessels trading there.

Macquarie island is about 750 miles southeast of Hobart. The island is barren, being covered only with tussocky grass. Whaling ships visiting there introduced rabbits and Maori hens, which are now quite prolific. The Mawson Antarctic expedition from Australia has established a wireless station there, and daily messages are now being received at Hobart. It was the intention of this expedition to use Macquarie island as a means of sending messages all the way from their base at Adelle land to Hobart, but unfortunately the wireless station established at Adelle land has been unable to communicate with Macquarie island, owing, it is supposed, to being too near the magnetic disturbances caused by the proximity of the south magnetic pole.

The station at Macquarie island, however, has already proved of considerable value to shipping in Australian waters by giving warning of storms coming up from the south.—Consul Henry D Baker, Hobart, Tasmania.

American "Aristocracy." If gilt were only gold, or sugar candy common sense, what a fine thing our society would be! If to lavish money upon objects de vertu, to wear the most costly dresses and always to have them cut in the height of fashion; to build houses 30 feet broad as if they were palaces; to furnish them with all the luxurious devices of a Persian genius; to give superb banquets at which your guests laugh and which make you miserable; to drive a fine carriage and ape European liveries and crests and coats of arms; to resent the friendly advances of your baker's wife and the lady of your butcher (you being yourself a cobbler's daughter); to talk much of the "old families" and of your aristocratic foreign friends; to despise labor; to prate of "good society"; to travesty and parody, in every conceivable way, a society which we know only in books and by the superficial observation of foreign travel, which arises out of a social organization entirely unknown to us, and which is opposed to our fundamental and essential principles; if all these were fine, what a prodigiously fine society would ours be!—George William Curtis.

Drunken Monkeys. According to a recent letter from the Congo region on the west coast of Africa, the monkeys there are inordinately fond of a kind of beer made by the natives, who use the beverage to capture their poor relations.

Having placed quantities of the beer where the monkeys can get it, the natives wait until their victims are in various degrees of inebriation, and when they then mingle with them the poor creatures are too much fuddled to recognize the difference between negro and ape.

When a negro takes the hand of one of them to lead him off, some other fond creature clings to the hand of the latter one, and another one to his hand; thus a single negro may sometimes be seen carrying off a string of staggering monkeys.

When secured the bear is administered in decreasing quantities, so that they may only gradually awaken to the sad results of their spree.

Deserved Protest. A French newspaper refers to the members of the stock exchange singing "God save the King." "We must protest against this total misrepresentation of our national aspirations," observes Punch.

SIMPLY WASTE TIME

Mistakes That Mr. Wilkinson Will Not Repeat.

Has Practically Given Up Idea That Telephone Girl Can Be Induced to Acknowledge That She Has Made Mistake.

Mr. Wilkinson had just fallen into a sound sleep when at 11:45 his wife shook him, saying: "William, William! Hurry—get up. The telephone's ringing."

"Let it ring," Mr. Wilkinson sleepily replied.

"No, no! Hurry and answer it. It may be long distance. I'm so afraid mother may be worse—she might be dead! Please hurry! I'm so frightened I don't know what to do."

Mr. Wilkinson reluctantly crawled out of bed and stumbled through the darkness to the electric switch. While he was turning on the light the telephone bell rang again.

"Please hurry," Mrs. Wilkinson implored. "They may not wait."

"I am hurrying," Wilkinson grumbled. "If they don't want to wait let 'em go to the dickens."

At last he got down into the hall and took the receiver from the fork.

"Well?" he asked, "what is it?"

"There was no immediate reply. 'Hello!' he exclaimed. 'Still there was no response. Then he jiggled the arm a few times and presently a sweet voice asked: 'Number, please.'"

"Number nothin'!" replied William Wilkinson. "Who's calling us?"

"Number, please." "I say, who's calling us?" "Nobody is calling you."

"This bell has been ringing." "Nobody is calling you." "Well, what do you mean by getting people out of bed at this time of night?"

"Number, please." "I say, what do you mean by ringing us up at this time of night if nobody wants us?"

"Did you wish to call anybody?" "Didn't you ring this phone just now?"

"Number, please." "Has anybody been trying to get us?"

"Nobody is calling you." "The bell has been ringing for the past ten minutes."

"Has it? The wires must be crossed." While he was lying awake during the next two hours William Wilkinson arrived at the philosophical conclusion that it was useless to try to get a telephone girl to acknowledge a mistake.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Vandal. Senator Dewey was deprecating at Saratoga certain contemplated changes in the Constitution.

"To break up the venerable Constitution like that," he said with a smile, "smacks of vandalism, and recalls Tom Tunkin to my mind."

"Tom, traveling in Italy with a friend, said one day in Naples: 'Well, we've done Naples thoroughly—Aquarium and Arcade, Pompeii and Vesuvius. Let's get on to Florence.'"

"Oh, the dounce with Florence," his friend growled. "There's no cafe life there, nor nothin'."

"Look here," said Tom Tunkin sternly, "a man tours Europe for something a little bit more elevating than cafe life. I'm going on to Florence if I go alone. I've got to get a chunk off of Michael Angelo's famous statue of David for my souvenir collection."

Two Thrusts. Congressman Henry was deprecating in Washington an international "marriage de convenience."

"Two men were talking about this marriage cynically but truthfully," he said. "The first man remarked: 'Of course the earl won't be able to support Miss Lotta Golde in the style she's been accustomed to.'"

"Oh," said the other, "her father will make allowances for that." Congressman Henry gave a grim laugh and resumed.

"The first man looked thoughtful for a moment. Then he said: 'Despite the stories about the earl's past, it does seem to me that he's Miss Golde's devoted slave.'"

"Oh, yes," was the other man's reply, "he's eager for the bonds, all right."

Child Labor and Health. "Child labor predisposes to tuberculousness. This does not apply exclusively to child labor in the factory. In many cases child labor in the home is as bad as in the factory, and the danger from tuberculosis is just as great." These are among the statements made in a paper before the recent Congress on Hygiene and Demography in Washington by Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf of New York. "Tuberculosis is a social disease in the final analysis. It cannot be eradicated until we have social justice."

Of Course He Doesn't. "Do you find your husband much of a help?" asked the lady who was a candidate for the legislature.

"Yes," replied the one who was running for mayor, "I really don't know how I should be able to get along without him. He listens to all my speeches before I make them in public."

"Does he ever criticize them?" "Never. That is what gives me confidence in myself."