

Justice Fitzgerald.



From photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

This jurist is at present achieving national prominence for it is in his courtroom in New York city that Harry K. Thaw is being tried for the murder of Stanford White.

TOO EXPENSIVE FOR HIM.

Cocktails Were a Luxury He Couldn't Afford Too Often.

A well-known promoter was invited by a friend to have a cocktail before dinner the other night at the Waldorf... "Cocktail?" snorted the promoter, indignantly. "Did I hear you say cocktail? Don't use that word when you talk to me, if you wish to remain my friend. Cocktail? Do you think I'm Rockefeller?" "No, but—" "Did you have a notion that I held it a disgrace to die rich? Well, if you do, don't. I can't afford to pay a million and a half for a cocktail oftener than once a month, and that's what one of those devil mixtures cost me last week. Yes, Bill, \$1,500,000, in this same identical cafe, talking business. Explain? Cert! The other day I was here with a party of men from Canada who had a mine to float. I listened to their story, and, as they had been vouched for by friends whom I trust, and besides which I wasn't separating myself from six cents, I believed them. I told them I'd turn the trick for them. They wanted only about \$750,000 for it. I became quite enthusiastic as I thought of the fat and juicy curb market in my midst, and I suggested a 600,000 share company, par value of some five dollars each. Those bloated Canucks demurred at this. They said they didn't want any water in theirs, and asserted that 300,000 shares, at five bricks per, was ample in their estimation. Did you ever? I stuck out for 600,000—it was only \$3,000,000—but they insisted that 300,000 shares were enough. There was a deadlock, and I suggested cocktails—I ordered them. It was not my first drink and it made me feel so good-natured that I gave in to them. The stock went in a week. I could have sold a million shares, leave alone 300,000, the cocktail made me consent not to issue. Cocktails? Take one with a strong dash of prussic acid, will you?"

DIFFICULT TO STEER A SHIP.

Man at the Helm Works with the Curtains Tightly Drawn.

The work of steering a great ship, even with the aid of all the machinery, is much more delicate than one would imagine. The larger and faster the ship the greater is the difficulty. It is not enough to hold the wheel in the same position to keep the ship on her course, for the wind and waves and the currents of the ocean tend constantly to knock the ship off her course. The great wall of steel for the hull may be 700 feet long and 60 feet high—offers a broad target for the wind and waves. The art of steering is to humor the ship to these forces and when she is deflected to bring her back quickly to her course. If you could watch the binnacle, especially in bad weather, you would see the needle of the compass constantly shifting from side to side, which means that the great steel prow is not going forward in a perfectly straight line. The most astonishing thing about the bridge is to find the wheelhouse with all its curtains tightly drawn, as often happens, and the man at the helm steering the boat without seeing ahead at all. At night or even by day, if the light of the binnacle is confusing, the wheelhouse is often completely shut in. The man at the wheel, it is explained, does not need to look ahead. The lookout high up in the "crow's nest" and the officer on watch on the bridge will keep him informed if any object is sighted. The duty of the man at the wheel is to keep the ship on her course. Through-out his watch of four hours he must keep his eyes on the compass and nowhere else.—St. Nicholas.

THAT POTENT WORD "IF."

Used by Great Whist Expert to Re-buke Caring Partner.

Mrs. Hollingsworth Andrews, of Philadelphia, is one of the best whist players in America. She will not, however, play for money. She holds that no mother should gamble. Mrs. Andrews at the end of a discussion on gambling, said the other day: "Never play for a stake if you have children, and never say to your partner in any case at the end of a game, 'If you had done this or that the outcome would have been different.' Whenever I have a partner of the 'If you had' kind, I think of the great Cavendish. "Cavendish, the famous whist expert, when a partner said to him, 'If you had done so-and-so we'd have made so-and-so,' always replied: "Did you ever hear the story of your uncle and your aunt?" "If the player had heard it he would at once become silent, not wishing to hear it again. If he had not heard it he would pause in his post-mortem of the game and say: "No. Tell it to me." "Then Cavendish would frown and say in a solemn voice: "If your aunt had been a man she would have been your uncle."

GAIN IN EGYPT'S POPULATION.

Next Census is Expected to Show a Good Increase.

Egypt is to have a new census taken. Taking the census in Egypt, said, in fact, in all eastern countries, is an extremely difficult and delicate task, so from the time immemorial the ordeal has been looked upon with disfavour by orientals. The population of Egypt has been a very irregular one, varying in proportion as the country came under the subjection of successive invaders. Thus, when Egypt became a Roman province in B. C. 30 her population was estimated at about 18,000,000. That peace counts for a great factor in the increase of Egyptian population can be proved by the fact that in 1897 the census gave the total as 9,734,405, or an increase of 43 per cent in 15 years. With that as a basis, taking into consideration that there have been no events calculated to cause a decrease, that the Egyptians are a prolific race and that the prosperity of the past decade has attracted numbers of foreigners to the country, one would not be far wrong in computing the figures of the next census to be over 13,000,000—rather more than less.

MAKING LIFE WORTH LIVING.

Some Golden Rules Laid Down by Right Thinking Woman.

To be happy, hopeful, buoyant, kind, loving from the very depths of my heart, considerate and thoughtful regarding the peculiarities and eccentricities of human nature, adjusting myself to each so as to produce harmony and not friction; to be pure in word, thought and deed; to be broad-minded and liberal, not giving to petty denunciation of my fellows; moderate in methods of life, never adding a burden or sorrow where a little forethought would give pleasure, not hasty in speech or action; sincere, candid and truthful in every detail; conscientious in the execution of every duty; composed, unpretentious and simple, keeping close to nature's heart and always relying upon Him I most earnestly strive to serve, keeping ever before me that exemplary life as my rule of conduct toward men, thus creating an influence for good. This is my idea of making life worth living.—Louise M. Waddell in The Nurse.

Gold Mining in Siberia.

A curious and characteristic feature of mining in the Orak gold field, Siberia, is the way the ground is prospected and opened up by peasant "tributors." Permission is readily granted to sink shafts wherever they like, subject to the conditions that they can go down only as far as water level, usually about 60 feet, and that all the quartz extracted must be treated at the mill of the ground landlord and all gold extracted sold to him at a rate previously decided upon, leaving a fair profit for the peasant and an extra good one for the landlord. There is no philanthropy about the transaction, and the peasant is in no way bound to accept the terms. No charge whatever is made for the use of mill. The field is thus practically developed for nothing—rich reefs which would probably remain undiscovered are opened up by "tributors," who frequently make fortunes out of rich strikes. The mine owner is thus continually in touch with all that is going on, and duly records the results of the operations for his own benefit.

Hopeless Either Way.

When the teacher called the class for geography she noticed that Eben Wilkins, her dullest pupil, wore a particularly cheerful smile. "You look as if you knew your lesson to-day," she said, encouragingly. "Yes, I do," he answered briskly. "The answer to the first question is 'North,' and the next is 'Alaska,' and the next is 'United States,' and the next is—" "But that is not the way to learn your lesson, Eben," said the teacher struggling for a properly severe expression. "You must skip about. That is what I shall do in asking the questions." Eben looked as if the joy of living had departed once for all. "But supposing I didn't skip about just the way you do," he said, plaintively, "then I'd be all mixed up."—Youth's Companion.

Can't Kill This Man.

Henry Wright, a hodcarrier, employed in the construction of a new brewery at Hentleyville, this county, to-day lost his footing and plunged 88 feet from the roof of the structure. In falling he encountered two two-inch planks, which were broken in twain. Wright lay immobile for a few seconds and two physicians were summoned. As they entered the building they were met by Wright, who carelessly asked Dr. William Booth for a cigarette. An examination showed that not a bone was broken and but few minor bruises sustained. Wright resumed his work immediately in Washington (Pa.) Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Useful Medal.

There—it was Jane Strang, wasn't it, who won the gold medal for her graduation essay on "Female Suffrage" last year? "Yes—Gracious, no! It was three years ago." "Yes—Are you sure?" "Yes—Positive. I saw her baby cutting his teeth, that medal yesterday. She's Mrs. Popple now, you know."

As Others Saw Him.

The artist possessed a strange talent. It was to depict a face as it will look after the years have gone by and made it old. At dinner with him sat an old man, old enough, in all conscience, and unbecomingly, the artist at once busied himself with drawing a sketch of him, which so exaggerated his age and ugliness that the lip of the old man trembled at the sight of it and a tear rose to his eye. A woman who sat at the same table took pencil and paper and began to draw not the old man but the artist, who, though young, was quite as unbecomingly. She fashioned the uneven line of his profile, the small, crooked nose, the unstable chin, the high bald forehead, the fringe of hair around the edge of the baldness, the neck, the collar, and handed it to him. "The likeness is perfect," cried the others. "We didn't know you could draw. When did you learn, and how?" "I can't remember when I learned or how, I have drawn so long," said she, "but, as she saw the chagrin of the artist, it seem to have been educated in art for the triumph of this moment."

Woes of a Drummer.

"I'm just a little discouraged with my work," said the tall New York boy who had started out on the road. "I was making my second trip west when I met an old drummer who had been on the road for more than 30 years. He sat with grip between his knees and talked to me. "Chuck, my boy, he said, 'if there is anything else in the world you can do, do it. Look at my gray hairs. I don't know what it is to have a home. For 30 years I have seen my wife about once in five weeks. I know that I've a wife and children in a flat in New York. But that's all I do know about them. The children have grown up and married, but I have not had time to attend their weddings. My wife has grown gray, too, but she has had a home and the children. If there is anything else in the world you can do, my boy,' he repeated, 'quit drumming and do it.'"

A Fool Question.

A witness from the country had been sworn and taken the witness stand, and the prosecuting attorney, settling down for the examination, asked as a starter: "What is your name, sir?" The old man instantly became angry. Leaning far forward he exclaimed: "Now, see here, you can't run any of this monkey business in on me. I heard you tell the clerk to call my name, and so I know you know it all right, blame ye, anyhow!"

Interruptions.

"I suppose you heard," said Louise Comedy, "that Danter made his debut in vaudeville last night?" "Yes," replied Hi Tragedy, "it was a monologue, wasn't it?" "Not quite; he intended it to be, but the audience chimed in with a few choice remarks before he got fairly started."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Last Word.

"Aw, gee, Mike," said the British soldier, attempting to end the argument, "you're a lobster." "To flatter me," retorted Mike; "shure a lobster's a wise animal, fur green is the color fur him as long as he lives, an' he'll die before he puts on a red coat."

RUNNING FARM WITHOUT WORK.

Not Quite That, But a Creek Does Many Things by Electricity.

A progressive farmer in New York state heralds the era of kid glove farming, according to the Technical World Magazine. He has made laziness a success, and can now do his farm work without a backache. There is a little creek running through his farm. This he has harnessed and forced to run a dynamo, which in turn gives light and heat for the house and out-buildings. But Mr. Miner was not satisfied with his accomplishment. The hardest task about the farm, the one which every-one most dreaded, was turning the milk separator at a speed of 7,400 revolutions per minute. This had been done by hand. So Mr. Miner installed a motor which turned the milk separator every morning and evening, satisfactorily without any hard labor on the part of the progressive farmer. The next job to be hatched up to the new horse was turning the big barrel churn. Then came the grindstone which is the farm hand's bugbear during the harvest season. The millstream was next made to pump the water for household use up to the roof, where there was a large reservoir for storing it. But wood had to be used for the cookstove, and the sled-length logs had to be cut down, so a circular saw was added to the outfit and a new use was thus found for the electric current.

Bees Died from Overwork.

The bee-man, as he gently removed a tawny cluster of bees from his beard said: "Above all things, never set a beehive near an arc light. If you do, your bees will die of overwork within a week. "An arc light emitting a powerful illumination was put up last spring near my beehives. The night it was put up the bees, mistaking its light for daylight, worked like beavers, though dead tired. "When the dawn came and the light was extinguished the bees, quite worn out, turned in; but in, a few minutes the sun was shining, and out the poor, bedraggled little creatures hurried again, for no bee will consent to pass the daylight hours in idleness. "They got through the day somehow and at dusk, after 36 hours of unceasing toil, they once more turned in. Alas, the arc light began to hiss and glow again, and the poor bees, worn to shadows, bent, pallid, staggered forth for another round of labor. "They were all dead by the end of the week—victims of overwork, every mother's son of them."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Cost of Cotton Picking.

It requires something like 1,500,000 cotton pickers, each picking 100 pounds of seed cotton an average for each picker and working 100 days, to pick a 10,000,000-bale crop. Of course some pick more than 100 pounds of seed cotton and some less. There are days when, on account of rain, no cotton can be picked. The average of 100 pounds a day for 100 days is not far wrong as an estimate of the picker's work. At 60 cents a hundredweight the cost of picking a bale of cotton is \$9. At 75 cents a hundredweight the cost is \$11.25 a bale. Therefore the cost of picking the entire crop will range somewhere between \$90,000,000 and \$112,000,000.

Commercial.

"I see a young man has raised \$60,000 on bad checks," he remarked, looking up from his paper. "Is that so?" responded his wife, indifferently. "I'd call such checks good myself."

He Shut Her Up.

Mrs. Cutting Hintz—Will you go to the Jamestown Exposition this summer? Mr. Cutting Hintz—Don't know. I haven't paid for the Christmas presents you gave me yet.

CLOCK TO LIGHT THE GAS.

Automatic Controller Used for Street Lamps in Birmingham.

Washington.—Consul Albert Halstead, of Birmingham, reports that an automatic gas controller has been patented and is now on sale in England which may materially lessen the cost of public lighting in the municipalities of the United States if in practical operation it fulfills the claims of its owners.

The controller is said to be adaptable to any type of incandescent burner, to fit any lamp and to be instantaneous in its lighting and extinguishing. The mechanism consists of a clock which can be so set as to light the gas each night and extinguish it each morning, so as to make an automatic variation of the time of lighting and extinguishing, according to a calendar. In short, by means of a chain, the street lights are turned on and off, lighted and extinguished, at a different moment each day throughout the year, according to the season. This is an advantage, it is claimed, over any other controller now on the market, one adjustment a year being sufficient.

The gas can be turned on and off in the ordinary way quite independently of the gas controller. This is important, as it might be necessary to turn off the gas for the renewing of the incandescent mantles.

These controllers are now on trial at Bath and the engineer of the gas company there informs the municipal gas department in Birmingham that so far as their experience goes it gives satisfactory results. In the city of Birmingham proper there are 13,860 street lights and in the district outside, which is supplied by the municipal gas department of Birmingham, there are 7,108 street lights, their care-taking costing \$102,488 per annum. To equip these street lights with this gas controller would involve an expenditure of \$153,061. The cost of operating, it is claimed, would be just one-half.

HAS WOOL INSTEAD OF HAIR.

Growth on Head of Michigan Boy So Bushy He Cannot Wear Hat.

Dearborn, Mich.—Johnny Reynolds, son of a local business man, is a curiosity in one respect. He has a head of wool, not of hair, and it is so big, the wool crop, that Johnny never wears a hat. He cannot. No manufacturer ever turned out a "lid" for man or boy that would stretch around the circumference of Johnny's wool. Aside from this fearful and wonderful top knot Johnny is a normal boy. He is bright, playful and healthy. He has one brother older than himself who has none of Johnny's hilarious eccentricity. It is said, though, that the lad's mother, in her early years, had just such a crop, which later resumed a normal growth. Johnny's "mat" is really wool, most people here will tell you, after they try to run their fingers through it, and find them tangled up. It is blond in color, and his head measures in diameter, including the mat, ten or 12 inches. A showman is trying to get the boy to appear at the state fair.

Dutch to Exclude Airships.

Paris.—A bill will shortly be submitted to the Dutch parliament, says the Matin, forbidding any balloon, airship or aeroplane access to Dutch "aerial territory." It is to be stipulated that every aeronaut crossing the Dutch frontier must immediately descend on seeing the signals of the frontier guards, to give his name and address and he will render himself liable to a fine of £40 or to three months' imprisonment.

Greatest Dry Dock to Be Built.

San Francisco.—The largest dry dock in the world, with a stone and concrete basin big enough to hold any two of the battleships of the United States navy at one time, is about to be constructed at Hunter's point at a cost of \$1,250,000.