

Gov. Hughes of New York



Recent photograph of executive of the Empire state taken at his office at the capitol at Albany.

ROW OVER OLD WALL

TEXAS WOMEN CLASH RESPECTING MISSION ADJOINING ALAMO.

Daughters of Republic in Wrangle About Use of Site—Park Project Meets Opposition of Those Wishing Museum.

San Antonio, Tex.—Texas women composing the organization known as the Daughters of the Republic are in a wrangle that promises to make all their former troubles over the Alamo look small. The present trouble grows out of the desire of a faction in the organization to tear away the old mission of San Antonio de Valero. It is proposed to replace the present unattractive fortlike structure with a park.

The old mission walls adjoin the Alamo and cover a large area of land. This land was purchased by the state at the last session of the legislature and custody of it given to the Daughters of the Republic. It is claimed by one side that a part of the old adobe walls in the present building stood in the original mission walls, behind which the Texas patriots fought and from which not one escaped alive. The other faction contends that no vestige of the old walls remains and that it is practically impossible to locate the old site with sufficient accuracy to restore the walls.

The war is being fought in the press of Texas and it is to be taken before the legislature with a view to securing a law authorizing the destruction of the old mission. This mission was purchased by Miss Clara Driscoll, now Mrs. Hal Sevier, a Texas woman who has a reputation as a novelist and dramatist. She made it possible for the state to purchase the Alamo and the Mission de Velero property by investing her own money and holding the property until the appropriation was made.

The opposing faction of Daughters of the Republic in this Alamo battle is led by Miss Adina de Zavala, daughter of a veteran of the Texas war of independence. The fight is exceedingly acrimonious and involves many of the leading society women of Texas.

Miss De Zavala claims that the old walls may be made into an arcade and used as a museum of Texas history. At this time the building is used as a wholesale grocery and whisky warehouse. This trouble all came up over the offer of a St. Louis man named Charles M. Reeves, representing owners of land just back of the old walls to defray the entire expense of wrecking the old building and making a park in its place.

Graveyard to Lose Odd Sign.

Franklin, Ky.—Now that the body of H. C. Atkinson has been laid in its last resting place in Green Lawn cemetery, that burying place will lose its queerest epithet. For many years a handsome tombstone has stood in the cemetery bearing on one side this inscription:

"H. C. Atkinson will occupy a space in this lot just as soon as his present contract with nature is completed. Please keep off the grass."

This stone was erected by Mr. Atkinson many years ago and was in line with other of his eccentricities.

Cost of One Kiss \$47.75.

Baltimore, Md.—A kiss taken from the lips of Mrs. Pansy Schmidt while she was tending her husband's case the other night cost George Wilkinson \$47.75 by order of court. Wilkinson claimed he had kissed her a number of times before, but she declared he hadn't.

CAMERA TRIPOD SAVED HIM.

Thrilling Experience of Photographer During the Kingston Earthquake.

Ashland, Pa.—A graphic story of how a photographer's tripod and the activity of American marines saved a human life during the earthquake at Kingston is told by Nathan McBride, who has just arrived in Butler township from the stricken city.

McBride was asleep when the earth tremor occurred. Then came a terrific crash and finally a blow on the head which knocked him unconscious. McBride was representing a photographic firm in Jamaica and a camera tripod was in position in his room. The stout oaken legs caught the falling debris just over his head as he lay unconscious and prevented it from striking him.

When he returned to consciousness McBride found himself a prisoner in a little apartment in which he had hardly room to raise his head. He shouted for help, but got no reply. After hours spent in efforts to free himself he again swooned. He was awakened by the sound of voices, speaking with unmistakable American accent. "Help! Help!" shouted McBride.

Shouts of encouragement showed that he was heard and willing hands removed the heavy timbers that held him. His rescuers were American marines, but he was hustled off to the British hospital without a chance to learn their names or even thank them.

TAFT TO REVISIT CUBA.

Will Compare Present Conditions on Island With Those of Last Fall.

Washington.—Secretary Taft has announced his purpose of paying another visit to Cuba to look for himself into conditions there and compare them with those he left in Havana when he quitted the city last fall. The secretary will make this trip early in April, stopping at Havana on his voyage either to or from the isthmus.

The secretary in answer to inquiries as to the prospects of a withdrawal of the American forces in Cuba indicated that the date would be determined entirely by the complete restoration of order and the demonstration of the fact that a peaceful and fair election could be held.

In answer to an invitation to give his view of the present conditions in Cuba, his attention first being directed to apparently conflicting newspaper reports of the effect of the present situation in the island upon business, Secretary Taft said:

"I estimate the conditions in Cuba about in this way: The revenues of the island to-day are just as great as they were in the days of President Palma. They indicate that the business interests have full confidence in the success of the present year's sugar crop. Judging from the revenue exhibit, the indications in Cuba to-day are excellent."

Tramp Has Windfall.

Paris.—There is an interesting sequel to a sentence passed on a tramp named Chazuller at St. Marcellin. The tramp was found on the road without resources and was sentenced to eight days imprisonment. A lawyer saw the case in the paper and remembered that he had been instructed to find a man named Chazuller, who had been left 16,000 francs. Inquiries were made, and they showed that the man sought for and the tramp were one and the same. The man was overjoyed by the news.

Use Derrick to Bury Man.

Bellefonte, Ill.—It was necessary to use a derrick in lowering the body of Michael Keeley, a prominent contractor, from the second story of his home, and into the grave at his burial the other day. Keeley weighed 527 pounds, and his coffin was 45 inches wide.

TEACHES DOGS A LESSON.

Animals on One Letter Carrier's Route Never Attack Him Twice.

"No one comes in contact with all sorts of dogs more than the letter carrier," said the man in gray as the interviewer trudged along beside him. "Take it outside the business districts and every other family has a dog. Many of them I pay no attention to, but about one out of five aches to get his teeth into my legs at first sight. It is a part of my duty to teach such curs a fitting lesson."

"Do you kick them?" was asked.

"That would be foolish. I carry here in my side pocket about a quarter of a pound of dry fine cut tobacco. You see it is almost as fine as snuff. The dog that means to bite you won't come charging down with a roar. He sneaks up behind and gives a jump in. I am ready for it. Without seeming to be watching, I know where he is, and at the right moment he gets the tobacco dust in his eyes. Then there is a circus. That dog goes through such a performance as you never witnessed, and his owner, man or woman, indulges in all sorts of threats. I deliver the mail and say nothing and go on. The dog's eyes are sore for a fortnight, and if he afterward meets me on the street he will drop his tail and make a bolt for home. It's a lesson he never forgets, and I believe it increases his owner's respect for Uncle Sam's uniform."

ALL ARGUMENT AT AN END.

Youthful Logic That Completely Silenced Mother.

A small girl of ten was starting to consume a tower of graham crackers that she had ingeniously built at the table. Her parents remonstrated with her. The girl persisted and was finally sent to bed for disobedience.

The next morning after her father had gone down to the office she turned to her mother with an expression of resignation and the words:

"Well, how long is this going to last? I suppose I've got to stand it for the present, but just wait till I grow up and then I'm going to do exactly what I please."

"But, Carol," argued her mother, a bit alarmed at the child's persistence, "I'm grown up and I don't always do what I want to."

"Well," remarked Carol, with an air of conviction which contained a prophecy, "all I have to say is that you are very foolish."

The argument was unanswerable and the mother lapsed into silence.

Headed That Way.

The late Hon. Amasa Norcross of Fitchburg, Mass., who ably represented his district for three successive terms in congress, told the following story with evident enjoyment:

In the early days of his practice as a lawyer he was employed as attorney for a man who complained of a neighbor for trespassing upon his premises, who among other things said that when he went to talk with his neighbor about it that individual used very threatening and abusive language.

In cross-examining the defendant upon the witness stand Mr. Norcross asked:

"What did you say to my client when he came to see you about trespassing on his premises?"

"I told him to go to the devil."

"Well, did he go?"

"I think he did, sir, for I noticed that he started off directly toward your office."

Hogs' Strange Behavior.

Hogs over near the good church of Providence are acting queerly here recently. One of my grave dignified stewards was telling me about it the other day.

"Brother W.," said he, "a strange thing is happening over in our community." "What in the world is it?" said I. "Well," replied my steward, "it's the hogs. They are acting as I never saw them before. They are actually rubbing their tails off."

Steward—"Yes, sir, it's a fact. It seems it is some sort of a disease that peculiarly affects that part of the hog's anatomy, and he goes to a pine tree and rubs until the tail is excommunicated. We have more hotted hogs in my section than you can shake a stick at."—Southern Christian Advocate.

Berlin Barred Scriptural Sign.

The Berlin police are extremely thorough in their methods, and Daniel Cziemec, who keeps a beer house opposite the Nazareth church there, has experienced this. In a moment of inspiration he christened his establishment "Daniel in the Lions' Den," and painted on the signboard over his door a picture of the great Hebrew sitting at ease among the lions.

The police came along and told Daniel that his sign and picture were calculated to offend religious susceptibilities and ordered their removal. "Daniel in the" might remain, but "Lions' Den" and the picture had to go.

Held in Reserve.

Peppery Colonel (at the club card table)—Good heavens, sir! Haven't you got a black suit?

Irrepressible sub.—Yes, sir; but I'm saving it for your funeral!

The Ruling Passion.

Doctor (looking at clinical thermometer)—Hello! This won't do—hundred and three!

Golfing Patient—What's bokey?

WORST CLIMATES ON EARTH.

Globe Trotter's Recollections of Three Unendurable Regions.

A harsh, raw wind was blowing. Now and then a flurry of icy rain fell. The streets were ankle deep in slush. "Speaking of rank climates," said a globe trotter as he laid on a fresh log, "I have experienced the three worst."

"Of these three unspeakable climates I give the palm to the Straits of Magellan. There it rains on an average 350 days in the year. The wind blows a hurricane from January to December. The thermometer never rises much above the freezing point. A year round of raw, bitter days of rain and snow."

"Next comes Sierra Leone, on the African west coast. That low-lying, marshy region has an average temperature of 81 degrees and the annual rainfall is 189 inches—enormous. There are, too, the 'smokes.' These are mists, smelling like oyster mud, that rise continually from the marshes, giving marsh fever to nine out of ten of the white men that breathe them. A year round of hot and sticky days, with vile-smelling clouds of mist and whirling clouds of mosquitoes."

"Last come the high table lands of central Asia, where the lack of moisture in the air makes the days Saharan and the nights arctic. Days like a red-hot furnace, nights like a January blizzard—before this range of temperature no human constitution can stand up."

AUTHOR WAS WAITING, TOO.

Heroine of His Novel Could Not Make Up Her Mind.

Henry M. Hyde relates that he gave half of the manuscript of his latest novel to a young woman typist to copy, telling her that the rest of the story would not be ready for several weeks, and that she would be notified when to call for it. Five days later she went to the office of Mr. Hyde and asked for the remainder of the manuscript. "You know I said it would not be ready for some weeks," the author answered, "I'll let you know when it is ready."

The young woman came back within 48 hours. "I thought perhaps you might have got it done," she apologized. Mr. Hyde shook his head. "Well," she went on, "won't you please tell me which one of them she finally married. Then I won't bother you again."

"I don't know yet, myself," was the answer. "She doesn't seem able to make up her mind. That's just what's causing the delay."

Wanted to Be Shown.

In the early 90's Uncle Moses Fowler of Lyme, Conn., was elected a member of the legislature in that state.

At that time great effort was being made to defeat pool selling at the Charter Oak Park races, and no member of that legislature was more zealous to faithfully serve his constituents than "Uncle Mose."

Having always lived in a farming community, his knowledge of gambling methods was very limited.

In pursuit of information on pool selling he stopped one day in the Chaffee House at Middletown, and, according to the proprietor, said:

"Mr. Chaffee, I hear you have a pool table here in your hotel. Now, there is so much said up at Hartford about the evils of this pool business that I would like to see how the game is played."

Was of High Degree.

A little West Philadelphia girl a few weeks ago became the owner of a puppy and the sister of a new baby brother all in one day. The puppy was of valuable collie stock. A week or so after these important events she met the minister of her church and he asked her the baby's name.

"He has not yet been named," was the child's answer.

"How about your little doggie; has it been named?" was the next question.

"Yes, sir; we call him Tip," replied the girl.

"How is it the puppy has a name and the little boy has not?" asked the minister.

"You know that Tip has a pedigree."

Uncommon Use.

A young couple moved into a new flat which had never been occupied. The young wife was prowling about with a pan full of books, big and little, inserting them in proper places for the hanging of clothes, etc. In one place the wood seemed too hard for the screw of the hook to enter, and she got a gimlet to make a little preliminary hole. The gimlet didn't work either, and she called to her husband: "Harry, I wish you'd see if you can make this gimlet go in."

Harry came, looked and laughed.

"Your difficulty speaks better for your morals than your mechanics, my dear," said he; "you're trying to bore a hole with the corkerew."

Trials of the Missionary.

Dr. John Gibson Paton, the missionary, told in his autobiography how depressed he was when he first arrived in the New Hebrides in 1858. The natives were in their war paint and nakedness; a fight was going on, and five or six men had been killed. His native servant, who went out to procure water for tea, came back without it. The savages had cooked and eaten the dead bodies at the only available spring; had washed the blood into the water and had bathed in it. The missionary drank cocoanut water for a good while after that.

NOT THE ORDINARY KIND.

Their Love Was To Be Tender and Romantic Ever, But Alas!

"George, dear," she said, a night or two before the wedding, "do you think it possible that our love and our married life can become the commonplace, coldly practical love and life of the married people we see around us? Oh, George, my heart would break if I thought so."

"But it will not be so," said George, passionately. "We love each other too tenderly, too fondly for that. Our love is not of the ordinary kind, my darling, and our lives will not be so. Ah, no, no, my angel; that can never be."

"And the other day she said, 'I say, George, how would you like pork for dinner with apple sauce? You would? All right, then, and don't you forget that feeding bottle for the baby, or I'll send you back after it, and mind that you don't keep your dinner waiting.' And he, with falling off of the passion of ten-years ago, replied: 'All right, Lou; and I wish you'd sew a button on the back part of those striped trousers of mine; you'll find them hanging over a chair in our room. Don't have the pork as dry as last time, and you watch the baby's cold. That watering of the eyes looks like measles to me. There's my bus. Good-by.'"

EXPLAINED TO THE EMPRESS.

Kaiser Apologized For Length of Absence From Her.

A characteristic story may be related of Emperor Wilhelm II's peculiarities. One morning he made a call on Count Szogyeny, then Austrian ambassador at Berlin. The count was dawdling over his breakfast when his valet announced, "His majesty the emperor."

As the latter entered and took a chair, he said: "I have come for a glass of beer and a chat, as I have not seen you for so long. I will take a cigarette. And how is your wife?" At that moment the baroness entered the room, and the trio held a pleasant converse for some time. Suddenly the Kaiser looked at his watch and jumped to his feet. "Good gracious! Have we talked so long? I must use your telephone at once to bid the empress good bye, as I haven't time to return to the palace before starting for the maneuvers. I must, however, excuse myself to my wife." Thereupon the emperor rang up the empress to whom he spoke as follows:

"Don't be angry. I have chatted so long with Szogyeny that I must drive to the station from here, so I cannot give you my parting kiss. I am very sorry."

Blondes and Brunettes.

It is said, though whether it is worth remembering or not is a matter of choice, that more fair people than dark ones remain unmarried, and people residing in the country have lighter hair than those who live in towns, owing to the fact that they are more in the sun and fresh air. Black hair was most esteemed by the ancient Jews, while the Greeks and Romans gave the preference to the golden shades. Those with dark hair work most, those with fair hair think the most. Red hair is a sign of passion, jealousy and ardor; auburn shades indicate delicacy and refinement of taste; dark brown hair combines strength and susceptibility; while black hair denotes hasty temper, self-will and revenge, says Woman's Life. As to complaints, some one has said black-haired people are most liable to consumption, brown-haired to rheumatism and heart disease, red-haired to pleurisy, pneumonia, ague and neuralgia and fair-haired persons to skin diseases.

Mistaken Identity.

Judge Adams was sitting, and the officer had brought in a complaint against a Chinese, one Sing Lee, for breach of the ordinances.

"But you know, Mr. Officer," said his honor, "that no one but a police officer can be complainant in this case according to law. Now in this instance a citizen cannot make the complaint, and here is one Chinaman complaining of another."

"How is that, your honor?"

"Don't you see? 'George Nee,' complainant; 'Sing Lee,' defendant."

"Well, pardon me, your honor; it may sound a little like the Chinese, but George Nee happens to be my name."—Boston Herald.

Finery Didn't Fit.

A party of women were being entertained at afternoon tea the other day by an artist who has a large collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century costumes.

One of the girls present said she would like to try on a certain gown, and soon all the guests were slipping into the quaint old finery.

But with only one exception—and she was a slim little thing of 16—no one could induce her ancient gown to meet on her, and frocks that were meant to have trains were ankle high on their wearers. The artist laughingly admitted that not one of his models could wear them.

Professor's Brain Gives Way.

According to the Berlin correspondent of a Paris newspaper, Dr. Behring, of whose "cure" for tuberculosis so much was heard recently, is under confinement. Personal acquaintances of the doctor declare that the news is not at all improbable, as for some time the professor has been in a highly neurotic condition.

THE WORLD'S GREAT MEN.

Vote by Japanese School Children—Washington and Lincoln Lead.

Dr. Yamakawa, formerly president of Tokio University, recently offered to present a picture of a famous man or woman to the Iriye primary school at Hiogo and asked that a vote of the children should be taken to choose the subject of the portrait. The 343 boys and girls attending the school were consequently requested a day or two ago to write down the name of their favorite great man or woman. Washington and Lincoln came out at the head of the list with 69 and 53 votes, respectively, while Admiral Togo was a bad third with no more than 28.

Fourth on the list was Ninomiya Santoku, a famous philanthropist of olden days, who endeavored to construct a canal at Kioto at his own cost for the benefit of the people. The fifth was another American, Benjamin Franklin, with 21 votes, and after him came Kusunoki Masashige (Nanko), 14; Miss Florence Nightingale, 13; Wagono Kiyomaro (a famous Japanese loyalist), 12; Marquis Oyama, 11; Nelson, 11; Toyotomi Hideyoshi, 7; Gen. Kodama, 7; Saiko Takamori, 7; Nakase Toju, 6; Admiral Uru, 6; Murasaki Shikibu, 5; Bismarck, 5; Sugawara Michizane, 4; Commander Hirose, 4; Napoleon, 4. A few votes each were cast for President Roosevelt, Nijima Jo, Galileo, Columbus, Socrates, Count Katsura, Premier Saionji, Marquis Yamagata, Gen. Nogi, Peter the Great and Admiral Makharoff.

DANCING DAYS NOT OVER.

Elderly Ladies Still Enjoy the Pleasures of the Waltz.

An early caller at a West Side flat was received by the small girl of the family.

"Is your grandmother in?" asked the visitor.

"No," said the child; "she has gone to dancing school."

"To—what?" exclaimed the visitor. "Dancing school," repeated the girl. "Grandmother has been taking dancing lessons all season."

"Merciful heavens!" gasped the visitor.

Then being a grandmother herself, of the old-fashioned type, she went away dumb with amazement. However, upon inquiry she learned that that particular grandmother was not exceptionally giddy.

"Any number of elderly ladies are attending dancing school this season," said a teacher. "I have a large class of grandmothers. They do not confine themselves to simple dances, either, but take up all kinds of fancy, difficult steps. They do it to get limbered up and keep themselves young."—N. Y. Press.

How Swift Was Sold.

An amusing affair happened once between a coal dealer and a Mr. Swift of Boston. The latter was very anxious to see that the former did not cheat him, so he—the purchaser—inspected the weighing of the coal himself and felt perfectly satisfied that he got his allowance, without any desire on the part of the coal dealer to share. However, while the coal was weighing, the driver of the team could not help laughing, aware at the time that the purchaser was particularly about the full weight of the coal.

Mr. Swift, noticing the laughing driver, asked him what it was all about. So the driver told him.

"Why," said he, "when your coal was weighed you were standing on the scales and weighed with it."

"Is it possible? Why, I weigh nearly 200 pounds!"

"Well, sir," said the driver, "you are sold."

Puzzle for Post Office Clerks.

Cleverness is one of the attributes necessary for every man who is employed in the post office sorting mail, for he meets with all kinds of freaks in the shape of letters peculiarly addressed. Some jokers appear to think that all the postal clerk has to do is to solve puzzles.

Recently at the Boston office a letter was received addressed "Wood, Mass." with a line drawn under the "Wood" and over the "Mass." The letter went out the same day it was received and reached Mark Underwood, Andover, Mass., for whom it was intended, and the postal clerk who solved the riddle did not think he had done anything brilliant. It was all in his day's work.

Loot of Dinner Campaigns.

The Bohemienne was giving a dinner to a few friends. One of them unfolded their large white serviettes and held them up to the light from the chandelier.

"What prize did you draw?" the writer asked. "Mine is from Healy's."

"Mine," said the artist, "is from the 'Cafe Boulevard.'"

"And mine," the poet exclaimed grandiloquently, "is finest of all. It was swiped from the Waldorf."

"How can I help it?" the Bohemienne asked. "If they will persist in carving their names in letter of damask that won't come off!"—New York Press.

Hallucinations in the Sickroom.

Physician—The majority of my patients are victims of a peculiar hallucination.

Druggist—Indeed! What is the nature thereof?

Physician—They seem to think I haven't any earthly use for money.—Utica, N. Y. Observer.