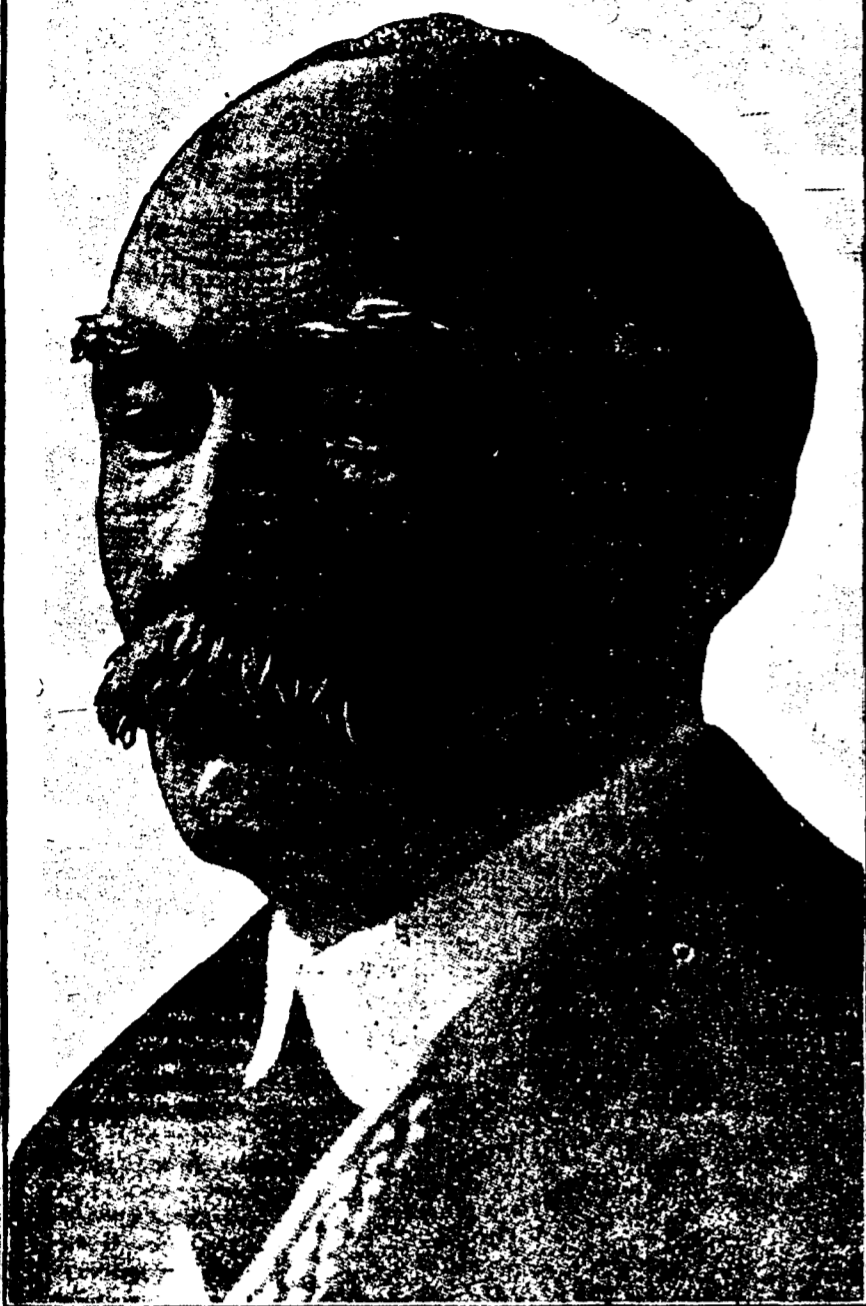


THOMAS HARDY THE GREATEST LIVING NOVELIST.



This is the latest portrait of Thomas Hardy, who issued his first book in 1865, and was recognized as a master of art nine years later, when he wrote "Far from the Madding Crowd." He has written some splendid poems.

HOUSE FLY COSTLY

Almost Incredible What Damage Is Being Done by Pest.

Expert Says People Lose 170,000,000 Years of Life and \$20,000,000,000 by Insect—Extinction Huge Task.

New York.—One hundred and seventy million years would be added to the lives of the people of the United States, or 4,000,000 lives of the present average length, and \$20,000,000,000 would be saved if the house fly were annihilated.

In these startling figures Dr. Daniel D. Jackson, a member of the Merchants' association water pollution committee, told the New Jersey Sanitary association his estimate of the damage by the common household fly.

"It is almost incredible what damage is being done by the pest," Dr. Jackson said. "Figures help to convey it in a way, but no figures can tell the whole tale. However, when I tell you that if the pestiferous household fly could at one swoop be annihilated two years would be added to your life, my life, and that of every man, woman and child in the world. That means something. And when we go further and find that this means the saving of 4,000,000 lives of the present average length, or a total of 170,000,000 years of life, that means a great more."

Dr. Jackson is an authority second to none on the subject. For years he has investigated the fly in its bearing on disease, and he is convinced that in doing away with the pest we will also do away, in a very large degree, with typhoid and other contagious fevers.

In investigating the pollution of the waters of New York harbor, Dr. Jackson found flies were most numerous in the neighborhood of sewer outlets, and that in the same neighborhoods typhoid fever and other intestinal diseases were most prevalent. Thousands of flies were caught and examined, and upon them millions of disease germs were found.

In the paper delivered before the Jerseymen, Dr. Jackson told of one model tenement block in Manhattan where more than 100 cases of typhoid fever developed in the recent epidemic. The health authorities were inclined to ascribe the fever to milk, but it was shown that other neighborhoods getting milk from the same source had little fever.

Investigation showed that two stables in unsanitary condition were immediately behind the model tenement and millions of flies swarmed from the two places, carrying on their legs and wings the filth from the stable refuse. So it was shown that the flies had caused the epidemic.

ELEPHANT HAS TOOTH FILLED

Big Animal in Bronx Zoo Chained Down while Keeper Fills Large Cavity in Molar.

New York.—Gunda, the big male elephant at the Bronx zoo, has had a tooth filled. His keeper, William Thumann, entered the cage alone and persuaded Gunda to lie down. Then, with the help of the keepers outside, chains were thrown over his head and finally he was pinned securely to the floor of the cage.

Next his mouth was pried open and wooden blocks were inserted to hold the jaws apart. When this had been accomplished Thumann got an ax, sat down on the elephant's head, and Dr. Reed took a look inside. He found a great hole in the first molar on the right side. The tooth was in bad shape, and before anything could be done to fill the cavity it had to be dug out and cleaned properly. When this was done medicine was put in to stop the pain, the hole was filled up with cement and polished off, and everybody but Thumann left the cage while the latter undid the chains and straps and things and let Gunda up on his feet again. The elephant was a bit unfriendly for a few minutes, but soon calmed down.

WIDOWS WOO RICH RANCHER

Farmer Receives Wheelbarrow Load of Letters from Unattached Who Seek Mate.

Spokane, Wash.—The Wilson Creek (Wash.) bachelor rancher, Edwin W. Hyde, who won a homestead valued at \$15,000 in the drawing for Indian lands in the Flathead reservation in western Montana, is carrying his mail home in a wheelbarrow these days, and the local postmaster threatens to resign because of overwork.

He is besieged by widows, spinsters and romantic young women who are eager for the position of housekeeper on his new ranch. He has also received a half hundred proposals of marriage from women in New York, Chicago, Boston and other large centers.

He says the flood of letters was started by the publication of his photograph in eastern and western newspapers at the time of the drawing, when the correspondents announced that he needed only a helmpate to make life complete.

Much Money in Bee Hives. Shelbyville, Ind.—D. C. Kerr, an auctioneer, recently cried a sale at the farm of the late William Hooker, near Southport. Charles H. McLane is the administrator, and under his direction much of the Hooker belongings were sold under the hammer.

During the sale a man purchased a number of bee hives, and later he called for them. In lifting one of the hives the bottom fell out and several papers were scattered about the ground.

They were certificates of deposit for \$500 on an Indianapolis bank.

Chew Tobacco for Uncle Sam. New York.—Several veteran seamen at the Brooklyn navy yard have been assigned for the next few days to the pleasant task of chewing tobacco for the navy department. The men are required to test several hundred samples submitted to the government by dealers who desire the contract for furnishing next year's supply. The United States will buy about 70,000 pounds of the approved brand for the men before the mast to use in 1910.

WOMAN LAWYER NOTHING NEW

Old Records Tell of Case Where One Pleaded Before Court in Ancient Babylonia.

Among the most interesting treasures of the British museum are the clay tablets of ancient Babylonia. These tablets, resembling unglazed tiles, throw quaint lights and shadows on the manners and customs of long ago. Usually the records are fragmentary, but are occasionally fairly complete, as is that of legal proceedings instituted by a "woman of Borsippa," which action is of particular interest as showing that a married woman's property law was in force as early as 550 B. C.

The proceedings to which the "documents" refer were taken by a woman against her brother-in-law to regain possession of property left by her husband. The evidence showed that a man of Babylon had married the woman from Borsippa, and with the money of her dowry he had bought an estate. After a few years, having no children of their own, they adopted a son, and shortly afterward the husband mortgaged the estate. Later he died, leaving the estate mortgaged, and his brother attempted to claim the property.

The widow took the matter before the court at Borsippa, but it was beyond the jurisdiction of this court and was referred to the high court at Babylon. Here the case was duly heard, and the judges rendered a decision to the effect that, as the property had been the husband's, the widow could have it upon paying off the mortgage, and that the brother had no claim. Eventually, the estate would be the property of the adopted son. It is expressly stated, as though a matter of some interest, that the woman pleaded her own case in the high court of Babylon without assistance.—The Sunday Magazine.

SHOULD NOT READ AT MEALS

Many Reasons Why the Habit Is Injurious as Well as Unmanly.

The habit of reading at meals is to be condemned, and more particularly when it has grown to one of actual study, and when the reader endeavors to gain knowledge and to save time at his meals. The solitary reader, if he reads, should only read what is light and amusing. The common practice of having the morning paper at our breakfast table is not especially injurious, as it furnishes items for conversation, and does not particularly exercise the brain, but if it should do so it is advisable to at once discontinue it. Digestion is always best when the physical processes of our frames are left to discharge their work free from nervous trammels. It is on the ground of the elevation of spirits produced by cheerful association with others that pleasant company at meals has always formed a condition of social enjoyment. The stimulus to nervous activity which is thus given acts beneficially on the digestive powers, just as the man who is harassed, worried and excited will not be likely to digest or eat a satisfactory meal.—Family Doctor.

Unwritable English. "Did you know that there is at least one sentence in English that can be spoken, but that it is impossible to write?" asked a Cambridge university don.

"Yes, it's correct English, I suppose, and then again it isn't. Here is the sentence, although I vow I don't know how you are going to write it: 'There are three twos in the English language.' You see, if you spell two, two, the sentence is incorrect, as it is if you spell it either 'too' or 'to.' Catch the point? Really it is incorrect to say it, although it certainly should be possible to express the thought. This thing has set me going, and it simply goes to show what a tangle the English language is. There certainly is a word 'two' and a word 'two,' and they are all three pronounced alike—two, too, or to—which makes it correct to say, 'There are three twos,' or 'three toos,' or 'three tos' in the English language. But what's the use?"

Would-Be Ciceros Take Notice. Unless a man can speak offhand, he ought not to engage in the Cicero business. Beyond all things, he should never read his speech from manuscript. It is like a pallful of icewater in the face of an audience. It would be wiser, better, to have it printed in the papers and let the audience read it. In such case, since a wordless Patrick Henry has his home in every breast, each of us would furnish what flash and fire the manuscript reading "orator" leaves out, and so save the latter's credit while multiplying the weight of his words. This I throw in for the good of those who are to come after, and in the hope of subtracting from what number of rostrum manuscripts are waiting to be read.—Alfred Henry Lewis, in Human Life.

"Aunt Arle." In one of the districts of southern France a bell is heard to ring on Christmas morning, which announces the arrival of "Aunt Arle," a beautiful being, who is the especial guardian and patroness of children. She is the declared enemy of idleness, and punishes it by some mischievous trick; but those who have behaved well may rejoice on hearing her bell, for it tells them that in some room of the house is to be found a store of presents and delicacies as rewards for good children.

DIED AS HE HAD FORESEEN

Curious Premonition of Coming End That Took Possession of Connecticut Man.

A peculiar case of a man foreseeing death and inviting his friends to a farewell meeting occurred at South Norwalk, Conn., the other day. Friends of John G. Hoffman, a retired manufacturer, who lived alone, received a summons from him, saying that he would like to see them. They went to the house and found the old man awaiting them. He observed that he had swept the walks, tidied up the rooms, dusted the furniture and had everything as neat as could be. "You are all dressed up, John; what is that for?" he was asked. "Yes, I'm going on a journey," the old man replied. "I want to leave the home in good condition and look well myself, too." Then he told them he had a premonition he was going to die. He said he was not ill, but that he suddenly had become cognizant of the fact that his end was approaching swiftly. His friends became much impressed as he took a chair and settled himself in a comfortable position, meantime bidding each of them farewell. They observed that he closed his eyes and took it for granted he was weary by the exertions of preparing the house for their reception. After ten minutes a lifelong friend stepped forward and laid his hand on the old man's shoulder. There was no response. He was dead.

CARRIES HIS OWN WELCOME

Man of Sweet Disposition Finds Friends Everywhere, While Sour One Is Shunned.

The preacher said there is no place in heaven for sour people; nor is there really any place on earth; but there are some people who too often insist upon occupying such a place. They wouldn't if they knew how little they were liked. A person may show sorrow and feel the pressure of a gloom upon his heart, but to be sour, crabbed, ill-natured, is to express a phase of disposition that is extremely distasteful, if not disgusting. To be sour is to find fault with everybody except oneself. It is the worst side of egotism. It is being mad at the world. Nobody enjoys being that way. It is punishing oneself in order to evoke sympathy, but it never works. Nobody cares for a sour person. One feels more like kicking him if it were lawful to do so.

The opposite of this spiteful condition of soul is sweetness of disposition—a kindly temper turned toward the world. Such a disposition is worth a ton of gold. A man can do more business with it, make more friends, create more happiness and insure happier homes than he can with almost any other grace. The genial man is always welcome. He is like a flower, a streak of sunshine, the song of a bird—he is in harmony with the beauty and joy of all things.

Asbestos Slates.

Asbestos slates, it is claimed, are as hard and as strong as the natural slates, and can, therefore, be laid on wall or roof construction without any wooden laths being necessary. They are very easily worked, and can be bored, nailed and cut just like wood, without any danger of splitting. They form a fireproof covering for inside and outside wooden walls, are valuable for insulation work of all kinds, even for electrical purposes; are of great use in building railway carriages as insulating material under the seats, for use in postal telegraph work for insulating the switches; for covering iron and wooden constructions; for use as fireproof doors for closing off single rooms in stores, warehouses, etc.; for lining wooden doors and for covering walls and ceilings of all kinds so as to protect them from fire, heat, cold, dampness, disease, germs and vermin.

How the Mule Got His Mate Up.

The street was slippery and the driver pulled at the reins. The mules strained in their effort to turn the wagon. One slipped. The next moment it was down and mixed up in the harness. The driver swore—and not gently.

"Twenty minutes now before I get that fool mule up," he grumbled as he left his seat on the wagon. But he didn't count on the mules. The one that was still on his feet looked at the one on the ground. Then he reached over and bit him on the "topknot." There was an animal grunt and a kicking of feet. Then without aid the mule got up. By the time the driver was back on his seat the mules were tugging again.—Kansas City Star.

Defects in Tires of Wheels.

Attention has been invited by technical writers to the fact that the wheels of vehicles intended for driving roads have not kept pace in development with the other parts in carrying mechanism. Experiments with heavy vehicles indicate that wheels should be made both higher and broader. In England it has been recommended that with a maximum axle load of eight tons the width of the tire should be about ten and one-half inches.

Wise Blitkins.

"Blitkins asks all his friends to give him their diaries when they are through with them."  
"What an idea! Does he get many?"  
"Lots."  
"But what a queer fad!"  
"It isn't a fad. It's economy. That's how he gets his blank books."

HAD OTHER USE FOR CLOTHES

Wife's Admitted Purpose Probably Didn't Add to Hubby's Enjoyment of the Evening.

There's at least one little nub of a man over on the West side who jumps through doughnuts when his wife's around. She is a large person with definite opinions about any given thing and she can give him one look and wither him up like dried beef. Not long ago this man and his wife were invited out to dinner. She went early in the afternoon, and he was to go home from the office, change his clothes and get around to the scene of the dinner festivities as soon as he could.

When he started to dress he ran across a large pasteboard box in a clothes closet containing a black sack suit that he hadn't seen for months and which his wife had told him was lost or stolen. He decided to surprise and delight her by wearing that suit and showing her that the lost was found.

Well, here's what happened, according to eye witnesses—and this is one of those true ones. His wife gave him a cold-storage look and inquired right sharply where he got that suit. He told her.

"And after this," says she raising her voice to its height, "don't you wear clothes that have been put away without asking me. I was saving that black suit for your funeral."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HARD TO REGULATE READING

Normal Boy and Girl Have Tastes Which They Should Be Allowed to Indulge.

Much nonsense has been put forth about the regulation of children's reading. This is a late day to attempt a rigid censorship of an urchin's literary acquaintances, and as for leading him, there is probably no method better than that of our grandfathers—to turn him loose in a man's library and let him taste its strong fare. For the rest, any normal boy ought to relish the absurdities of the dime novel, and any natural girl ought to be able to wallow in the sentimental fairy tale. Blood-curdling adventure is as necessary to the diet of the one as sugary romance is to that of the other. Even the watery pap provided by the average Christmas book or in the pages of the ordinary children's publication, probably does little harm if less good to the adolescent morale.

But we have a class of writers "for youth" whose influence is really demoralizing. It is their postulate which the comic supplement develops to the point of nausea. We mean that order of scribbling parasites who make a business of flattering children into the belief, or the "working hypothesis," that they are wiser and better than their elders.—New York Post.

The Moor and His Horse.

The horsemanship of the Moors is primitive and entirely successful, says the London Spectator. A Moor never walks when he can ride, and never by any chance gets off to ease his beast. How a Moorish pony would have chuckled at the weary walks enforced on tired men by well-meaning cavalry colonels in South Africa: "I don't think much of animals that can't carry 15 stone 15 hours a day; I must be a really superior kind of beast."

The Moorish (and Goumier) horse always spends his night in the open; he is never groomed nor clipped; his youth is passed wandering untended over the vast fields. When in work he gets all drink before his feed in the evening. From 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. he expects to work and to work hard without bite or super. His saddle is a wooden tree superimposed on at least half a dozen folded blankets, the thickness of which often reaches six inches, and he never gets a sore back.

Friend with Good Intentions.

Mrs. Holt could be depended upon at almost any time to say the wrong thing with the best intentions in the world. "Nobody minds what poor dear Fanny Holt says," her friends told each other when repeating her remarks. "We know she means all right."  
"Isn't it queer how differently things affect people?" one of Mrs. Holt's neighbors said to her the other day after a beach picnic. "We both got tired to death, you and I, but you say you've had just a little bit of indigestion while I have this fearful blind headache."

"Why, that's perfectly natural," said Mrs. Holt, cheerily. "Of course when people are tired out it goes straight to the weakest part of them. Mine is my stomach and everybody knows yours is your head, poor dear!"—Youth's Companion.

Preocious Boston Youngster.

A boy aged three years, named Gordon F. Parent, the son of a Boston grocer's assistant, was sent to school a fortnight ago. His progress has been so rapid that he has mastered the contents of the first primer, and can now read elaborate sentences without prompting. As the child appears nervous and high-strung a doctor has advised that he should be allowed to rest for fear of injuring his brain.

Specifications.

"My son, having graduated, is now looking for a position."  
"What kind of a job does he want?"  
"One that will allow him two months off in summer and six weeks every fall to coach his old college football team."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AIR NAVIGATION OLD STORY

For Many Years People Have Dreamed of Wonderful Things to Be Done by Balloons.

As far back as 1844 the American public were led to believe that the Atlantic had been crossed in a balloon. On May 28 in that year the New York Sun published a detailed account of an aerial voyage from Liverpool to Charleston, which purported to have been accomplished by "the steering balloon Victoria in a period of 75 hours from land to land." Five columns were devoted to the description of the journey and to a scientific account of the balloon, of which a woodcut was given, and an air of verisimilitude was added by a list of eight passengers, one of the names mentioned being that of Harrison Alsworth, who was then at the height of his fame.

At the end of the eighteenth century balloons were all the rage. Then, as now, enthusiasts predicted a time near at hand when war would either be an awful matter of the annihilation of armies and forts by bombs from above, or would cease altogether through the abolition of frontiers and the fusion of nations. Prophecy went even further.

Canals and roads were to vanish and the space occupied by them to be restored to agriculture. And ships (if any still existed), when caught in a storm, would be grappled by the mast from balloons above and safely conveyed into port, or even carried over mountain ranges.

CURE FOR COLD IN THE HEAD

Remedy Simply Is to Abstain from All Liquids for Period of One or Two Days.

A Paris physician, P. L. Romme, has recently announced a new cure for a cold in the head. In reality, Dr. Romme's cure is said to have been discovered 150 years ago by an English doctor named Williams, well known at the close of the eighteenth century.

The remedy is simplicity itself. All one has to do is to abstain from all liquids during a period of 24 to 48 hours, starting from the moment when the sufferer feels the first irritating symptoms of a cold in the head.

Bread, fish, vegetables, white meat and pudding may be eaten, but beverages should be taken in very small quantities, a spoonful of tea, coffee or milk in the morning and a small glass of water going to bed, or if possible not taken at all.

It is not necessary to remain at home. The dry cure, in fact, is more rapid and complete if the sufferer breathes in the open air. Dr. Steinberg, a Viennese authority, has modernized it by forbidding soup and even the small quantity of tea or milk of Dr. Williams's system. But he allows a small glass of wine and water during the day.—Leslie's Weekly.

A Rare Appetite.

There is a certain banker and broker, doing business not 100 miles from Wall street, whose health for some time has not been all that he could desire. Not long ago he was complaining to his brother, a New Englander, just then visiting New York, when the latter, after a careful survey of his brother's countenance, said:

"What you need, old man, is plain country food. Come up to my place in Massachusetts, and we'll soon set you up. This rich New York food is proving too much for you. Take breakfast, for instance. All I have is two cups of coffee, a bit of steak with a baked potato, some light muffins or a stack of griddle cakes, together with a bit of water cress or lettuce. What do you have?"

For a moment the New Yorker gazed in hearty admiration at his brother. "A cup of hot water and two slices of dry toast," he replied soberly. "But, Jim, if you think a simple diet like yours will 'set me up,' why I'm perfectly willing to try it!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Why Women Are Deceitful.

The soiling of a pinafore means greater trouble for a baby girl than the soiling of an overall for her brother, and with the injustice is inculcated the idea that dress is to be a matter of first importance in her life. Later, when she goes to the drawing room, she must "look pretty," and "be nice," and say "sweet things" for mamma's friends; every effort is put forth, in fact, to make her an arrant little humbug. In the parlorhouse it is worse. It is the small girl who learns all the subtleties, all the deceptions, all the lies, which a miserable wife too often uses as a shield against a tyrannical and cruel husband.—T. P.'s Weekly, London.

Handling Telephones.

In holding a telephone a person naturally takes the transmitter in the right hand and places the receiver in the left ear with the other. In passing the instrument to another person the hands should be crossed, thus extending the transmitter and receiver to the right and left hands, respectively, and obviating the inconvenience and possible breakage occasioned by the other person's attempt to change from both hands at the same time.—Popular Mechanic.

Mature Fulfillment.

"When he first grew up he always wanted people running after him."  
"Did he gain his wish?"  
"Oh, yes; only the last time I heard of him the people who were running after him were the police."