

MERELY MATTER OF "NERVES"

The Nagger, Male or Female, Usually is the Victim of Business or Domestic Worry.

The newest German medical theories, as propounded by the famous, Dr. Sadolin, the nerve specialist, is that an occasional family scrap is the finest tonic in the world for married couples, but that continuous petty strife will, in the end, wear out the most vigorous constitution.

The nagger is about the most unhappy creature in existence, however high the bid her husband, but putting up with her, may make for a Carnegie prize for heroism. She doesn't get any real relief from her own sufferings and the more she makes unhappy those about her, the more miserable she is herself. If her husband will only stay scared half to death for the next couple of weeks, they stand a fair chance of getting along together, is the philosophical German view of a marital predicament which is peculiar to so many households.

There are, however, other authorities who are less inclined to advocate the extreme measure of a rebellious and insubordinate husband. Indeed, on this side of the Atlantic, there are prominent physicians who do not hesitate to say that we have men naggers who are as bad as the worst woman who ever swore to love, honor and nag the meekest of males. These experts put most of the trouble, whichever the nagger's sex, on plain everyday "nerves." That is the way such cases are regarded by Dr. Charles S. Potts, professor of neurology at the Medico-Chirurgical college of Philadelphia.

"It is hard to say which sex becomes the more irritable under prolonged nervous strain," declares Prof. Potts. "Men can be mighty cranky, especially to their subordinates in the business world, when they are worried and run down. There are probably thousands of employes in the United States who can name men bosses who are confirmed naggers—worrying, wearying, overnice, persecuting and annoying taskmasters who appear to take delight in continual faultfinding. Well, some of them are born that way, as some women are naggers by inherent disposition. But the majority of them, like the majority of women naggers, are just unfortunate whose own worries and inner discomforts are reflected in their attitude toward those about them. Apart from those who happen to be born with bad dispositions, it is the nervous exhaustion of life that predisposes women, as well as men, to nagging."

Uncle Joe's Divination.

One summer, in the back woods of Missouri, where I had accompanied Uncle Joe Cannon on a tour of the state stumping, a funny incident occurred at the close of a speech which the former speaker had delivered to a crowd of rustics, one of whom approached with extended hand, saying, with warmth:

"Hullo, Mr. Cannyun! Reckon ye don't 'member me?"

"Of course I remember you!" said the other, accepting the proffered hand of the farmer. "I remember you very well, indeed. How's the good wife? And the old white mule—how's he pulling along?"

"By crackin'!" laughed the farmer. "To think you'd 'member old Pete! Oh, he's still eatin' his head off, thanks."

Later in the evening I spoke to Cannon and asked him how he chanced upon the mule episode.

"To confess the truth," smiled the old man, "such a thing never entered my mind. I didn't know the man from Adam; but when I saw a long white hair on his coat I took a chance."—Judge.

Meaning of "At Half-Mast."

Perhaps you have noticed that whenever a prominent person dies, especially if he is connected with the government, the flags on public buildings are hoisted only part of the way up. This is called "half-mast." Did you ever stop to think what connection there could be between a flag that was not properly hoisted and the death of a great man?

Ever since flags were used in war it has been the custom to have the flag of the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten it hauled its flag down far enough for the flag of the victors to be placed above it on the same pole. This was a token not only of submission, but of respect.

In those days, when a famous soldier died, flags were lowered out of respect to his memory. The custom long ago passed from purely military usage to public life of all kinds, the flag flying at half-mast being a sign that the dead man was worthy of universal respect. The space left above it is for the flag of the great conqueror of all—the Angel of Death.

Art and Architecture.

John Sloan, the well-known artist of New York, takes the same intelligent interest in architecture as in painting.

A New York architect, aware of Mr. Sloan's excellent taste, took him to his motor car to see a huge and costly country house that he had erected for a millionaire on a bluff overlooking the Hudson.

As the architect stood with Mr. Sloan on the terrace of the new property, he looked up at the mansion's showy facade and said thoughtfully: "Stupendous! But I haven't decided yet what kind of creeper to have in front."

"The Virginia creeper," said Mr. Sloan, "would cover it up quickest."

WHO MADE FOOTPRINTS

QUESTION THAT HAS SCIENTISTS IN A QUANDARY.

Undoubtedly There, in a Solid Rock at Croton, N. Y., But How They Came There is Something That Puzzles the Wisest.

Mysterious footprints in the solid rock on the east and west banks of the Hudson at Croton, N. Y., have puzzled the scientists, who believe them to have been made by a primeval man before the Stone Age. On the east shore, along the old Albany post-road and at the bottom of a steep hill belonging to the A. P. Gardiner estate, lies a huge boulder shadowed by tall trees. Its smooth surface bears the imprint of a pair of human feet placed side by side, as if a barefooted man had walked down the hill and stood on the spot while the stone was still soft and yielding from nature's crucible. Every toe is clearly defined, and judging from the mold he left in the granite the foot of this ancient man was both large and shapely. Behind the footprints, all the way to the top of the rock, are a series of peculiar indentations such as the links of a heavy chain would make on soft earth. Exactly opposite, on High Tar mountain, on the other side of the Hudson, the footprints again appear on the rock, but with the heels turned toward the river, as if the man was traveling away from it due west. By actual measurement the footprints on both sides of the river correspond in every particular and were undoubtedly made by the same pair of feet.

Many weird and wonderful legends have been read from the footprints in the rock. One of these attributes them to the devil, who was chained up in Connecticut for a number of years, but finally escaped and fled into New York. Dragging his chain after him, he paused on the boulder at the foot of Hessian Hill to rest before he continued his flight to the vast Adirondack wilderness. The indentations in the Hessian Hill rock are pointed out as the marks of his chain, and the footprints on High Tar as further corroborative evidence of the truth of this tale. Another story relates that a cave man was approached from the rear by a terrible many-legged serpent as he stood upon the boulder, and that he was so frightened he leaped clear across the Hudson and landed on the other side. The indentations are supposed to have been made by the serpent's legs, which were in a row, one behind the other, Indian file.

A famous professor on first viewing the footprints advanced the theory that they were made by the "missing link" before he shed his caudal appendage, which trailed in the prehistoric clay behind him while he scanned the surrounding landscape for something good for breakfast. This accounted for the indentations and scored one for the Darwinian theory. The devil legend seems to have hit the public fancy, though, for the big boulder at Hessian Hill is known as the Devil's Rock, and Croton people point to the strange fact that nothing will grow in the unholy footprints, while the surface of the rock elsewhere is covered with gray-green lichens and thick moss. The Mohegans, who built their signal fires on the top of Hessian Hill before the first Dutch trader settled there to give rum and firearms for furs, regarded the giant boulder with deep veneration, and believed the footprints to have been made by the Great Spirit when he created the world.

Speculation on His Demise.

Friends of Massenet say that the great composer had a presentiment of his approaching death and liked to speculate on the way in which the news would be received. This is borne out by his memoirs, which he had just completed, for one of the later pages bears the following entry: "One evening paper, perhaps two, thought it better to inform their readers that I was dead. At dinner-time some people who knew me talked about the event. A few words were mentioned about it during the day, and in the theaters in the evening. 'Oh! he is dead!' said one. 'Then there won't be so many of his plays performed in future.' And my soul was listening to all the noise of the city. We, my body and my soul, were parting. As the hearse was going along the noise diminished, and I knew, inasmuch as I had taken the precaution to have my vault some time before, that when the heavy stone is sealed up it will be closing the door of forgetfulness."

Bartender Made a Guess.

According to a Cincinnati banker, who lives at the Plaza hotel in New York, an English guest at that hotel was recently presented with a bunch of handsome roses. He took them to his apartments and found no suitable receptacle. So he placed them on the table and wrapped them in a wet newspaper while waiting for the youngster came the Briton said: "Bring me—a rose jar." The boy saluted and went away. After a lapse of time he returned. "Beg pardon, sir," said he, "but what was it you wanted. He didn't understand."

"I want a rose jar—aw—," said the Englishman very distinctly. "A rose jar—aw. Quite so." The boy went away again. In due time he returned bearing something in his hand. "The bartender," said he, "thinks maybe you've got mixed on the names of these American drinks. He says he thinks you meant a mint julep."

MAKE LIVING BY THEIR WITS

American Adventurers Who Have Got Wealthy Through Shady Deals in South America.

Ever hear of Jim Dugan of Curacao? Well, Jim started a revolution in Central America some years ago, and was put out. He landed in Curacao with a stew and a \$5 gold piece. With the money he bought a lottery ticket, and won a prize. While he still had the money a man who owned a saloon, and who was looking for a sucker, sold out to him. But Jim has flourished. He got hold of a seal belonging to an American life insurance company, and he stamps his letters with that, and calls himself the Irish consul. When I was in to see Jim this time I found that everything passed as currency over his bar. He has a drawerful of such things as false teeth and glass eyes, and one morning I saw a man come in and ask for liquor and then calmly take out his eyes and put it on the counter.

But in Buenos Aires there lives and operates an American who is the prototype of J. Rufus Wallingford. He makes a specialty of turning out old masters and selling them at fancy prices to the wealthy Argentinians, who like to blow their money for works of art. This chap got hold of a Frenchman who can paint, and he does the actual work, and they try them with electric fans. When I was there the electric fans were playing on three Van Dykes. There was an elderly woman, a bit daft, who fancied she was stuck on the president of Argentina. What does the American do but get hold of a man who knows the old lady, and cause him to persuade her that the president is partial to Van Dykes. Soon she gives the American an order for a painting, and he collects the sum of \$10,000, of which the go-between gets \$1,000 and the artists \$500. The last report I had from him was to the effect: "You ask about the nutty old lady? I am getting afraid she might rub some of the paint of that old master, and this would affect my artistic sensibilities."

This chap has got hold of all sorts of concessions. When I first knew him, by the way, he was a colonel in the Nicaraguan army. One of his most successful ventures was to start a watch club, in which you pay one dollar for initiation, and then run the chances of getting a watch. Well, the American showed a high municipal official in Buenos Aires that in a watch club there is a pretty big percentage for whoever is running it, with the result that 40,000 policemen and other government employes were ordered to become members.

Didn't Look Like an Actor.

Lawrence Wheat (Larry for short), who has been more or less a Broadway star for several seasons, made his first big hit in the part of "Stub" Talmage in "The College Widow." Larry had not long been out of college when the Ade comedy was finishing its long run at the Garden theater. Two companies were to be placed on the road and Wheat, who had seen the play several times, felt that he was born to play the part of "Stub." Accordingly he waited upon Henry W. Savage, the producer. Savage studied the applicant keenly.

"So you want to play the part of 'Stub'?" said the colonel. "What makes you think you can play the part?"

"I'm just that sort of a type," said Wheat, swelling up his chest and trying to look real brave.

"Well," said the colonel, "we need an actor as well as a type for that part. Are you an actor?"

"I am," said Wheat.

"You don't look like an actor," said the colonel.

"I don't want to look like an actor," said Larry. "It's tough enough to have to be one."

That line got the job.

Some Words You Don't Know.

What is the use of coining slang words to express your meaning in a more picturesque fashion than your neighbor when the dictionary is full of words just as queer and far more correct. Here are a few perfectly good words to be found in any complete dictionary of the English language. But don't you go to the dictionary for them—yet. See first if you can figure out their meaning. Then, when you have looked them up, spring them on the next fellow. He will either brand you as a highbrow or else admire you as the inventor of a new language, though you are neither.

Here are the words: Opuscle, tobaccocong, nobby, node, futtock, gallmatias, fadie, duvet, dzig, getall, dwaie, periotic, prediant, younker, quintal, propense, quib, becker, chauvinism, beluga, gar, hypostyle, soundad, incoadite, fady, kelp, Jorum, rundlet, rupertrine, caddis, fiasle, calcar, flinder, hoppel, horary, thorp, ulstative, woor, acrothith, gaum.

All of them in the dictionary. Almost none of them jawbreakers or over long. What do any of them mean?

American Women Supreme.

The Countess Szechenyi, nee Gladys Vanderbilt, praised the good taste of American women at a luncheon. She ended her praise with an epigram both striking and true. "The women of all nationalities," she said, "can make their own clothes, but only the American woman can make them so that nobody ever suspects it."

English Getting Fond of Cheese.

Cheese is coming more and more in favor for lunches in England. In addition to the homemade product there were consumed last year imported cheeses that cost \$34,746,000.

ROSE ABOVE HANDICAP

POSTHUMOUS CHILDREN WHOSE NAMES ARE FAMOUS.

Birth of Child of John Jacob Astor Has Aroused Interest in the List, Which Contains Many Persons of Note.

The birth of a posthumous child of John Jacob Astor arouses special interest and sympathy because of the tragic death of the father in the Titanic disaster. Yet all posthumous children excite such sentiments. Some of these children have moreover attracted additional attention from the world in after life through their own achievements.

Alexander the Great has been said by some historians to have been born after the death of his father, but according to other authorities Philip of Macedon lived to enjoy the companionship of his son for several years. It may be that Alexander's stepbrother was a posthumous child, but that has not been proved.

Ben Jonson, the Elizabethan dramatist, was born in 1573, a month after his father's death. He was fortunate in acquiring a stepfather who was a good friend to him and gave him an excellent education.

Thomas Herbert was of posthumous birth, says his elder brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He is remembered chiefly as the brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and of George Herbert, the poet.

Early in the seventeenth century another child came into the world under similar conditions. This was Abraham Cowley, the English poet. His father, who had been a grocer in humble circumstances, died shortly before the birth of the son. Thanks to the unflagging struggle and devotion of his mother and his poetic genius had opportunity for development.

Dean Swift was born a few months after his father's death. Kindly disposed relatives helped his mother with his upbringing and education.

Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," put in his appearance in this world some four months after the death of his father.

Still another English poet was a posthumous child. This was Thomas Chatterton, who was born in Bristol about the middle of the eighteenth century.

Andrew Jackson, seventh president of the United States, was born in a little log cabin on the border line between North and South Carolina. In that same cabin his father, who had come to America from the north coast of Ireland, died a few days before the birth of his son.

Rutherford Birchard Hayes, the nineteenth president, was another posthumous child. He was born in October and his father died in the July preceding.

The present king of Spain, Alfonso XIII, was born after his father's death.

Mary Queen of Scots just escaped posthumous birth, her father dying when she was a few days old. Richard Wagner, the composer, was also left fatherless very soon after his birth.

Europe's Rose Gardens.

Though the rose is grown for trade in many parts of Europe, its culture for commercial purposes is now principally monopolized by the vast rose gardens of Grasse in France and of Kasanlik in Bulgaria—the rose gardens of Europe, par excellence—and the manufactures produced from them supply in a great measure the markets of the world. Here acres of roses take the place of corn, vines and orchards of other lands, and some idea of the French trade may be obtained when we learn that the gardens of Grasse, Cannes and the neighboring villages yield nearly 2,650,000 pounds of roses annually; on some days as many as 150 tons of blossoms are picked in the province of the Alpes Maritimes. The beautiful varieties, so much prized by gardeners, are useless for commercial purposes, and the only plant used is the Cabage Provence.

Let Them Down Lightly.

They were strolling players—at least, that's what they called themselves. Their talent was as small as their efforts were great. To add to this, they arrived at the little country town minus their costumes and rather hazy as to their lines. However, the performance took place, albeit it was a "frost" of the worst description. They expected a fearful roasting from the reporter of the paper, and there was a rush the next morning for the local sheet. But, with true hospitality to strangers, the following paragraph appeared: "The company appeared last night at the Town Hall in 'East Lynne.' The ventilation of the theater was perfect, and the orchestra rendered a number of pleasing selections."

Woman's Work in the World.

Dr. George Draper of the Rockefeller Institute, discussing woman's work in the world, said: "And this, mind you, leaves child-bearing out of count. Two women sat one day by a wind-swept ocean pier. The first woman had three beautiful children, the other was childless. The childless woman, gazing wistfully out over the tumbling blue water, said, 'I'd give ten years of my life to have three such children as yours.' Well, three children cost about that; the other woman answered gravely."—San Francisco Argonaut.

MANAGERIE A COSTLY THING

Captured Animals Cost Circus Man No Small Penny, Though Their Value is Fluctuating.

"I want to take little 'Georgie' to see the animals," is what every father says when he starts away from home on his annual visit to the circus, and the same bluff goes for little Gwendolen on Commonwealth avenue and little "Mike" at the north end. Fond relatives always are glad of the excuse to teach the youngsters all about the animals—and see the circus themselves—but the chances are that they do not appreciate the true significance of a menagerie. To the circus visitor it means strange animals and thrills, popcorn and peanuts. To the circus company it means something like \$750,000, says the Boston Transcript. This figure, however, is by no means arbitrary, for the value of wild beasts fluctuates remarkably. Today the value of a rhinoceros may be \$10,000, but let a few more rhinos be hauled from their African lairs and be put on the European market, and the value per animal may drop 50 per cent.

Another thing that affects the valuation of wild animals is the question as to whether they are acclimated or "green." The mortality rate among the latter—animals fresh from the jungle—is exceedingly high. The wild animal that has demonstrated the fact that it can live in a cage, particularly a cage that hops, skips and jumps over the country with a circus, has more than tripled his value.

A fresh chimpanzee from Africa is worth from \$300 to \$1,000. Let this same chimpanzee prove by his continued existence that cage life is not mortally tedious to him and immediately his value leaps to \$2,500.

Another instance is the giraffe. In spite of the fact that it is a rare beast, its market value is only about \$7,000. The simple reason for this is that the giraffe in captivity has such a small chance of continued existence that the average showman does not care to gamble \$7,000 on it.

The elephant market fluctuates a great deal. The price of a "green" elephant runs from \$1,000 to \$5,000. Get that elephant used to captivity and his value jumps, but train him to stand on his head, ring a bell, beat a drum or balance himself on a rolling ball, and immediately his value soars. That is why the herd of 40 elephants in one big show is valued at more than \$250,000. The animals born each winter in the menagerie of a large circus are worth about \$40,000.

Folling a Briber.

The justice of the peace was in the south and a marked state of ignorance. He was approached by a man desiring a divorce, and he did not know what to do. Calling a friend to his side, he whispered:

"What's the law on this p'int?"

"You can't do it," was the reply.

"It's out of your jurisdiction."

The husband, observing the consultation and feeling keenly his desire to escape from the matrimonial web, exclaimed:

"I'm willin' to pay well; got the money right here in my sock."

At this the justice assumed his gravest judicial air. Obviously he was deeply pained. Never before in all his life had he been so bowed down by grief.

"You knew before you came here," he said sadly, "that it wasn't for me to separate husband and wife, and yet you not only take up the valuable time of this court by talking, but you actually propose to bribe me with money. Now, how much have you got in that sock?"

"About \$5.50, your honor."

"Is that so? Then I fine you \$5 for bribery and \$1.50 for taking up my time with a case out of my jurisdiction; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"—Popular Magazine.

Japanese Wedding.

From beginning to end, curiously enough, religion does not play even a small part in a Japanese wedding. No priest appears at any stage. On the evening of the great day, the bride, with a white silk covering on her head and face, and entirely dressed in pure white—not the color of joy, but of deep mourning, for the girl is now parting forever from her parents, more so, indeed, than if it was death that had taken her away, for after death her spirit would continue to be present in the home of her childhood, whereas now both body and spirit are gone—is carried to her new home.

There she changes her mourning for a festive garb. A feast is celebrated . . . the young couple withdraw . . . in the presence of only the middleman and his wife and of two young girls who act as servants, they pledge each other in very solemn form, three times from each of three cups. This ceremony . . . is the essential part of the marriage celebration."—Japan of the Japanese, by Joseph H. Longford.

Swift Turtle.

July is the month when the turtles come out of the sea and lay their eggs in the hot sand of the Florida keys.

A turtle will accomplish this task in half an hour. She will emerge from the blue water, crawl up the beach, well out of reach of tide, dig a trench four feet long and a foot deep with her flippers, make in the middle of the trench a deep cylindrical hole, and, laying in this hole about one hundred eggs, she will fill up both hole and trench again and crawl back to the water.

If the hen could equal this celerity there would be more money in chickens than in Standard Oil.

BOB'S RACE FOR LIFE

ALL SPRINT RECORDS BROKEN BY YOUNG MR. DINKINS.

According to the Old Codger, He Traveled Fast, but the "Snake" Was a Close Second When He Reached Home.

The dry goods box and nail keg brigade were loafing luxuriously in the sunshine that was shedding warmth and lassitude on the platform in front of the village emporium, postoffice, etc. They were engaged, as usual, in the pleasant and unperilous business of assassinating time.

"Snakes! he's comin' out uv th' woods, soon," yawned a young yep who was expending first-class farm-hand energy in aimlessly whittling a hickory stick.

"Did any uv you-all ever hear uv Bob Dinkins' race for life 'fore his paw left Troublesome Bottoms an' went west?" inquired an old codger, with a small gray goatee.

It seemed that no one had heard of it, so the old codger proceeded to narrate:

"I reckon Bob run 'bout a mile in th' same length uv time 't would take to wind a watch. There wuz a heap uv black snakes that spring. 'Peared that durin' th' winter all th' snakes in th' woods had turned black. Bob wuz skeered uv snakes an', nacherly, wuz in a highly nervous state most uv th' time. He imagined ev'ry thing he saw movin' was a snake."

"Well, Bob, he took th' horses out to th' pasture one Sunday mornin', pulled th' halter off uv th' one he wuz leadin', slung it over his shoulder, and started back to th' barn. He hadn't gone far when he happened to glance behin' him."

"Wow! A long black thing wuz a-slidin' right up to his heels! He let out a whoop lack a Soo Indian an' struck out down th' path, jes' fairly splittin' th' wind wide open."

"When he'd run 'bout 500 yards he took a quick squint over his shoulders to see if he'd got away from it. He hadn't. There it wuz, spinnin' right along after him. Bob let out more yells an' ran lack a dawg after a rabbit. He done his best to git away from th' thing that wuz pursuin', but he couldn't gain an inch on it. He wuz barefooted, too, an' ev'ry mornin' he expected to feel it nab him by th' heel."

"His hat flew off an' his hair stood on end. His daddy an' mammy run out to meet him, an' when he come ripplin' into th' stable lot, hollerin', mammy drapt lack she'd been shot, clean into a dead faint. She thought it wuz all over with her darlin' son."

"Bob went tearin' round th' lot lack a colt shot away from his ma, stompin' an' kickin' an' yellin' fer 'em to kill it. His daddy gazed at him, powerless lack, till he saw what wuz th' matter. Then he got a healthy piece of hoop-pole an' went for his heroic son."

"Th' snake had hung its teeth in his breeches leg, I s'pose?" asked a fellow with a pair of green goggles.

"Snake!" snorted the old codger. "I didn't say 'twas a snake, did I?"

"But it was a snake that wuz after him, wuzn't it?" demanded a gawky chap who had his mouth open.

"Not on yer sweet life," replied the old codger. "It wuz nuthin' but th' long, black halter strop. It had slipped off his shoulder an' wuz draggin' in th' path behin' him. Th' young galoot saw it an' thought it was a snake!"—New York Times.

Betrayed by His Collar.

References which appeared satisfactory had been placed in the hands of the renting agent, who was on the point of declaring them unnecessary owing to the general appearance of the applicants, when suddenly he exclaimed: "By the way, I'm sorry, but I don't believe I can let you have that flat after all. It's been spoken for."

When the possible tenants had departed indignantly the agent said: "Do you know what made me change my mind so suddenly? It was their dog's collar. In lifting the little fellow to pet him I read the inscription on his collar, and saw it was engraved with four different addresses, all of which had been put on since last tax day. Three of the addresses had been scratched out and a fifth added by day after tomorrow. A dog's collar marked up like that shows that his owners don't stay in one place long enough to get a new plate on his collar between moves, and I don't care to rent to transients."

Power of the Mind.

Some people give up all mental effort as soon as they get sick or afflicted, but there are some minds that no pain or suffering can subdue. The most powerful warship afloat, which was launched in the Thames in England last February, was built by a man who can neither sit nor walk.

The most famous of our racing yacht designers is blind, but he could build a boat that was good enough to defend the America cup year after year.

The head of the "Thames" Iron Works company that built the Thunderer is a victim of chronic rheumatism and passes his days lying on a trundle bed upon which he is wheeled all over the immense works and oversees everything that is going forward. He knows every foreman in the shops and has the design of every piece of machinery by heart, and they point to him as a wonderful example of the truth of the old adage, "The eye of a master can do more work than a thousand hands."