

EX-CHIEF OF MINERS



John Mitchell, former president of the United Mine Workers of America, who recently accepted the position of manager of the trade agreement department of the Civic federation.

HAS PENSION RAISED

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT MADE LAW FIT VETERAN'S CASE.

Letter's Arm Was Useless But Not Amputated—Ingenious Interpretation of Provision Results in Larger Allowance.

Lone Tree, Ia.—In a letter found among the effects of the late John W. Jayne of Lone Tree, is told the manner in which President Roosevelt secured an increase of pension for Whitaker Jayne, of Colorado, the son of John W. Jayne.

When the president was on a hunting expedition in Colorado early in his present administration, he stopped for some days near the ranch owned by Mr. Jayne and was an occasional visitor on the property.

Mr. Jayne had never even heard of him, but as he came up he said in his characteristic, hearty manner:

"I might have known an old soldier lived here. No one else would have arranged such a patriotic demonstration."

When the two men were introduced the president noticed that Mr. Jayne extended his left hand.

"What is the matter with your right arm?" he asked.

"The old soldier replied that it was shattered by a bullet at the battle of Shiloh, that the elbow was stiff.

"Do you get a pension?" was the next query, and then: "How much?"

"Do you know," asked Mr. Roosevelt, when he had learned the amount, "that if your right arm had been amputated above the elbow you would receive a much larger pension?"

Mr. Jayne knew it. The president continued:

"So you have an arm and you have not an arm. What you have is useless and you ought to get as large a pension as if you didn't have it. Now, I don't regulate the pensions, but I name the men who do, and I am going to use my influence to get you the pension you deserve."

The president did not forget his promise. Before he left he asked Mr. Jayne if he had any pension blanks, and receiving an affirmative reply, obtained one of them.

The next Sunday Mr. Jayne went to church with his family. Mr. Roosevelt was there and, seeing Mr. Jayne on the other side of the building, went over to him at once.

"I sent the blank to Washington," the president said, "and you can now be expecting your increase."

The letter to the late John W. Jayne was written immediately after this last conversation, so it does not record the change, but any one who knows Mr. Jayne's penchant for getting things done may easily guess that Mr. Jayne is drawing a pension for the arm which lost its usefulness at Shiloh.

Trades Suit for Coffin.

York, Pa.—When an undertaker went into the tailor shop of his friend Elmer R. Bowers, ordered a suit and said he had no money, Bowers jokingly replied: "Well, take it out in trade." Bowers became ill the next day, was operated on for appendicitis and died. The undertaker furnished the coffin.

BOONE'S COFFIN IDENTIFIED.

Relative of Famous Trapper Tells of Early Days.

St. Louis.—Lorance N. Boone of Webster Groves, Mo., a great-grandson of Daniel Boone, is positive that the body of the famous trapper was removed from the Bryan cemetery, near Martinsville, Mo., and reinterred at Frankfort, Ky. He discredits a statement made recently by Rev. R. E. McQuie of Montgomery, Mo., to the effect that the body disinterred was not Boone's.

Daniel Boone died at the home of his son, Col. Nathan Boone, near Martinsville. "My father, John Boone," said Lorance Boone, "was Col. Boone's youngest son. He was present when Daniel died and I often heard him tell stories about his grandfather."

"The coffin in which Daniel Boone was buried was purchased by him ten years before his death. He had been very sick and my grandfather, believing his father about to die, went to St. Charles, Mo., and had a box of rough wood made in which to bury him."

"But Daniel got well and did not like the coffin, so he destroyed it and went to St. Charles to get a coffin to his own liking. He had one made of black walnut and took it back to Martinsville with him. It was put in the attic. I have often heard my father tell how the children used to play in it."

"It was in this box that Daniel Boone was buried, and this is the one that was found at the time of the disinterment. My father was present then and I have heard him say that the coffin was well preserved. It was opened, but only a few bones were left. The coffin of Daniel Boone's wife was well preserved, too. Her remains were removed to Frankfort with her husband's. Stones marked both graves."

TO SNAP DAD'S BIG GAME.

Kermit Roosevelt is Official Photographer for Jungle Hunt.

New York.—Kermit Roosevelt is to be the official photographer with the president's party on the African hunting trip. In preparation for this important work the young man is studying with Frank M. Chapman, the ornithologist of this city.

The responsibility which will rest on Kermit's shoulders will be heavy, for all his father's accounts of his adventures in the jungles of the dark continent are to be illustrated. It is understood the president is anxious to bring back photographs of rare African birds and other animals taken in life for the big museums, including the Smithsonian institution at Washington and the American Museum of Natural History here.

It is said the president was anxious to have Mr. Chapman accompany him, but when this was found to be impossible, it was determined that Kermit should get a camera outfit and be trained in the use of it.

Mr. Chapman has long been a friend of the president. He is associate curator of the department of ornithology of the Museum of Natural History and has made a study of a photographing of birds and animals.

Goats' Hoofs Stop a Leak.

Trinidad, Colo.—Goats have been put to a novel use in the American Smelting and Refining Company at Kokdale. Trouble with leaking reservoirs baffled the engineers of the company until Engineer Sutton and Supt. Bayles determined to use goats to help them out of their dilemma.

One reservoir was emptied and herds of goats were driven back and forth over the bottom for several days. The reservoir is now as sound as a churn.

The goats packed the earth so hard that the water cannot get through. The same means will be used to make other reservoirs tight.

THEIR FREEDOM OF THE FARM.

Uncle Charlie Beaver's Welcome to a Large Picnic Party.

"I hope you don't mind if we tramp over your farm this afternoon and picnic awhile in your woods?" cheerfully asked the spokesman of a large picnic party as they walked into the gates of the yard, says Puck.

"Not at all! Not at all!" laughed Uncle Charlie Beaver as he dropped his stockings from the veranda post and showed up his specs. "Just moosey right along and have a good time. The farm is yours for the day. Take that road near the corcorb and help yourself. Step a little light, though, in going through those meadows along 't' crick, as I have never been able to 'sterminate that bed of rattlesnakes in there. But there's only a couple o' dozen of the peaky critters left. I'll get 'em all soon. Better walk around the north pasture where old Joshua is a-pawin' and a-bellerin', fer he's a powerful bad varmint, and when he commands 't' sun to rise you bet he gets it. That little ravine back o' the woods is a fine place for a picnic even if Hank Hawkins does say that 't' ice dam at the head o' 't' gully is weak and liable to bust any minute. I took some o' 't' braces out o' 't' dam yesterday 'fess to prove Hank is a liar."

"If that buck sheep over in the orchard gets funny one o' you grab him by 't' horns and kick 't' wool off him. He's been a mite too frisky since he nearly killed one o' the hired men. Don't let 't' young 'uns get too friendly with those hornets' nests in the berry patch below 't' grain fields. What? Goin' up 't' road a piece? Why, yes, I reckon Wall Weaver'll let ye in his big woods. Better stay right here. I give ye 't' freedom o' 't' farm!"

"What a funny one o' you grab him by 't' horns and kick 't' wool off him. He's been a mite too frisky since he nearly killed one o' the hired men. Don't let 't' young 'uns get too friendly with those hornets' nests in the berry patch below 't' grain fields. What? Goin' up 't' road a piece? Why, yes, I reckon Wall Weaver'll let ye in his big woods. Better stay right here. I give ye 't' freedom o' 't' farm!"

TRUE MONUMENT TO DICKENS.

Found in His Immortal Writings, Says London Journal.

Whether a statue should be erected to Dickens is the subject of an interesting article in the London Spectator. The writer in the course of his browsing quotes from Micawber and says: "Every reader of Dickens, of course, will be able to match his favorite passages against ours. The enthusiasm with which such competitions are often conducted is the truest proof of the solace—we do not use too strong a word—which such memories bring in time of vexation, dullness or grief. And in them—which ever they may be—detached as they are and properly should be, but complete and memorable to themselves, is the true monument to Dickens to be found."

The monument to Dickens was erected by himself. His characters live forever, for they are human in their nature, and we have all seen them. One remembers more of David Copperfield, or Little Nell, or Barkis, or Little Dorrit, or Peggotty, or Samuel Weller, than of the others, perhaps, but there is a reader of Dickens who has not fixed in his memory at least one of his characters?

Scene of Deadly Struggles.

It is doubtful if there is any portion of the earth upon which there are so many deadly struggles as upon the earth around the trunk of a tree. Upon this small arena there are struggles fierce and wild; here nature is "red in tooth and claw." When a tree is small and tender, countless insects come to feed upon it. Birds come to it to devour these insects. Around the tree daily are almost merciless struggles for existence. These death struggles occur not only in the daytime, but in the night. Mice, rats and rabbits destroy millions of young trees. While at their deadly feast, many a time have they been surprised by hawks, and then they are at a banquet where they themselves are eaten. The owl, the faithful night-watchman of trees, often swoops down at night, and as a result some little tree is splashed with the blood of the animal that came to feed upon it.—World's Work.

The Adventurous Feline.

"Hello, is this the electric light company? Do you take cats down? yes, cats?—she is on a pole, and crying just terribly. She must have been up there a week, for she's just as thin as—What?—Oh, this is Fifty-ninth avenue. A big dog is barking at her, too, and she—what street? Why, I don't know. I don't live on this street, do I?—Oh, yes, of course!—Bristol street, the drugist says.—Oh, will you?—You are so good! And a man just said she is playing with the transformer and might short-circuit herself, or something. Well, thank you very much. I am so glad.—Good-by.—Success Magazine.

College Professors on Defensive.

President G. Stanley Hall of Clark university announces with solemnity that college professors must organize for self protection and boycott all news gatherers as enemies to academic dignity and weight. He says: "College professors must do something to keep themselves from being made ridiculous. The time has come when a college professor cannot open his mouth without being made to look, speak and act like a fool."

Not Her Style.

Patience—That man she was going with was on the police force, wasn't he?  
Patrice—Yes, he was.  
"Why didn't she marry him?"  
"Oh, he was a plain-clothes man, and that would never suit her."—Yorkers Statesman.

ROTHSCHILDS ONE LARGE CLAN.

Remarkable Number of Unions Between Cousins Belonging to Family.

The founder of the Rothschild family, Mayer Amichel of the Red Shield, dying in 1812, exhorted his five sons, engaged as loanmongers under him in Frankfurt, Vienna, London, Paris and Naples, not only to remain faithful to the law of Moses and stand ever united, but to undertake nothing of importance without first consulting their mother.

Nathan, founder of the London branch, also was so convinced of the business capacities of his wife, a Cohen, that he not only left the huge residue of his fortune at her disposal, but, says the Ladies' Realm, added instructions that his sons were to engage in no undertaking of moment without her consent.

How far the instruction was observed one is not in a position to say, but it is certain the Rothschilds have done their best to live in family unity, for from the Gentle point of view the number that have married cousins is appalling. Of the five children of the great Nathan each married a cousin.

And coming to contemporaries, Lord Rothschild is the son of cousins and the husband of a cousin. Returning to Nathan, the Sidonia of "Coningsby," though his offspring married cousins, a reaction followed in the next generation, for three of his granddaughters, two of whom have been already named, married not only out of the family, but out of the faith.

FOR CURTAINED BARBER SHOP.

Woman Decries the Common Practice of Publicity.

"Queer, isn't it," said the observant woman, "that though American men are modest individuals, they have been content all these years to be shaven and shored and massaged in full view of any one who happens to be passing. I mean that all the barber shops are on the street level or below it, and with a wealth of uncurtained glass front that allows a man's toilet to be regarded as a matter of public interest. You might think this exposure was tolerated by the customer only because it insures a good, strong light for the delicate operation of shaving; but not so, for even at night when the electric lights are glaring down the shades remain up, and pedestrians may gaze upon uninvited laundress faces in any barber shop they pass. Going over a comparatively small area last week I counted 200 barber parlors and not one of them attempted even the faintest screening between its customers and the public gaze. Personally I don't consider that a man is at his handsomest under the barber's hands, do you?"—New York Press.

The World's Greatest Fleet.

While Great Britain may claim the chief distinctions of the maritime world, the largest single fleet carries the red, white and black, and its house flag is the Hamburg-American. Its 68 distinct services carry the world's commerce into and out of nearly every important port of all continents. If the entire fleet were assembled in one harbor, it would present an imposing array of 160 ocean steamers, eight others under construction, and 215 river steamers and harbor craft—a total of 383 vessels, with a gross tonnage of nearly a million. If this fleet were welded into one mammoth steamer, it would be nearly five miles long, more than a mile wide and about a mile deep. To load it with bales of cotton would require the average yield of 2,000,000 acres; it could take the wheat crop of 3,000,000 acres, and half a billion feet of lumber would not fill it. This is the commercial hyphen that has connected Hamburg and America for 61 years.—World's Work.

Spongy Chromium.

Chromium in a remarkably new spongy form has been produced by Binet de Jassonex by heating cast chromium containing 15 per cent of boron in an electric furnace with a large mass of copper. The ingot shows the white, spongy metal in the midst of the copper. When the latter is dissolved out the dried residue is a brilliant, spongy mass of nearly pure chromium in the form of interlaced filaments or crystallites grouped like snowflakes or moss leaves. The small amount of boron present may be driven off by heating. The spongy chromium is attacked more easily than the ordinary metal, does not oxidize in air, but is flame-burns like tinder, glows very brightly in oxygen and is attacked by hydrochloric and sulphuric acid, but not by nitric acid.

Good Authority.

A Cincinnati paper, having spoken of people as "summering" at watering place, one of its residents asks ironically: "Would it be correct to say that a man is 'falling' in New York, or 'springing' in the mountains?" Unluckily language does not run by logic. As for summer as a verb, it is Isaiah good enough authority? Of the mountains he says: "The fowls shall summer upon them, and all the beasts of the earth shall winter upon them."

Proper Enough.

"Gracious, children, stop that noise," cried mamma.  
"But we're playing war," replied the eldest.  
"What? You mustn't play war on Sunday."  
"But, mamma, this is a religious war."

WOMAN HAS CLAIM ON GLACIER.

Expects to Dig Some Precious Ore From Her Moving Mining Property.

Mrs. Mary E. Hart, formerly of Los Angeles, Cal., who has just returned to Seattle after visiting Alaska, has the distinction of being the first person to stake out a mining claim on a glacier while it was still in motion.

Sidney Moise, with the local architect firm of Hunt & Gray, was on board the Seattle, which has just returned from a trip to the Klondike, and he states that for the first time in nine years passengers were able to make a landing at Muir glacier, near Skagway.

The glacier is considered far from safe, but Mrs. Hart, with natural love of adventure, stepped triumphantly ashore, and was followed by others eager for the experience of landing upon the forbidding ice field.

It was found that the moraine, a deposit freighted with precious ore, which is always carried with the ice in this section, had already become quite solid, and Mrs. Hart forthwith staked out a claim.

Mrs. Hart has passed a number of years in Alaska and is conversant with the mining situation there, having owned and superintended the work in several claims. In order to gain experience she at one time worked with a pick in her own mine.

THE LADY AND THE UMBRELLA.

Not Every Woman So Lucky as the Heroine of This Tale.

In the storeroom that every railroad maintains for the safe keeping of lost articles left in its care by forgetful passengers there are always to be found hundreds of umbrellas. But not every umbrella left in the care is lost long enough to find its way to the lost department; it may fortunately be recovered sooner.

Here was a woman who had just stepped from an elevated railroad train, to find it raining, and thus reminded:

"Oh, my umbrella!" she said, and, turning to the train, which had already started along, she added: "Wait a minute!" a request by the train conductor.

And yet this woman recovered her umbrella in a moment.

"Here it is," said another woman, who was traveling with her, had got off the car after her, and had galloped up her friend's umbrella with her own as she came along.

So this forgetful passenger recovered her umbrella promptly, but not all are so fortunate; thousands of umbrellas left behind by passengers go to the lost departments every year.

The Drug in Public Schools.

The pace of classes in our public grammar schools is determined by the average pupil, or perhaps pupils a little below the average. In view of the task thrust upon our grammar schools, of taking all sorts of raw material—children of foreign birth, children in whose homes study is impossible—we can hardly complain that the work often drags. Our chief criticism is that in so many cases no provision is made for promoting the bright children more rapidly. They are held back in a lock step with the rest. The boy who can easily complete the program for three years in two or two and a half, and who would profit largely by moving ahead quickly, is not allowed to break the ranks. He is under no stimulus to exert himself and do his best. As a result, he dawdles and forms thoroughly bad habits of application, habits which may cling to him and clog him through life.—New York Post.

Plant Stones of Philippines.

"Plant stones" seem to be among the rarest of the strange products of the Philippine islands. The tabasbir is a variety of opal sometimes deposited in the joints of the bamboo, and the beautiful greenish-pink scintillating specimens of the Philippines are stated by a German publication to be much more costly than the ordinary opal. Thousands of canestalks may be examined without finding one of these curious gems, which are probably the result of disease or injury. Beautiful bluish pearls or stony secretions are occasionally formed in some cocconuts and are found, ranging in size from a pinhead to a pea, by carefully examining the interior of ripe nuts. About a dozen of these exquisite pearls—all from the Philippines—are said to be preserved among the treasures of European museums.

Difference of Opinion.

Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson thinks that American women, with the possible exception of Chicago women, are too much interested in their own individuality and think too little of the community. In other words are lacking in civic pride. In England, she says, there is not the sharp line between men's interests and women's interests, but the policemen who are detailed to keep the ladies out of the house of commons may have a different opinion on the subject.

Help.

The young divine untangled himself from a rather powerful blue pillow.

"I hope," he said, "that you are going to do something this summer for the slum children's seaside home?"  
"Oh, yes," she said, brightly, "as she brushed the water from her face. 'They're getting up a charity dance, you know; and I've already ordered my director's gown for it.'"

Carbon.

"A geologist says the coal tract will be forced out of business in the twenty-first century."

"What good is that going to do me? I'll be coal myself by that time."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

FABRICS FROM WASTE PLANTS.

Scientists Look for Important Commercial Possibilities.

Scientists in many lands have been giving an increasing amount of attention to the problem of producing from the plant world substitutes for the fibers and fabrics now generally in use. To find a new cotton plant or a new flax straw or a fiber which shall take the place of wool or silk, or to put among commercial possibilities a new material from which to manufacture fine paper, are among the aims. Four inventors have recently reached what they claim to be success, each in his own particular search, and descriptions of their products showing how widely varying results are being attained are printed in the Technical World Magazine.

From ramie, a nettle which came originally from China, but which grows well in various countries, is made a fiber which rivals cotton for usefulness, and has some of the beauties of silk. From the huge cactus leaves of our American deserts a kind of fabric called cactus-leather is manufactured, which while not a substitute for cowhide is useful for many of the purposes for which genuine leather is used. Pine needles are also being made to furnish a fiber which has qualities of usefulness in cloth-making, even clothing being successfully manufactured from it. And, finally, the Guayule shrub has been found to contain rubber to an extent which makes it commercially worth farming.

WAS A VIKING FUNERAL SHIP.

Interesting Relic of the Past Dug Up in Norway.

Recently in Norway was discovered a viking funeral ship at least 1,100 years old. Its mortuary chamber contained the bones of two women who, judging from the size of the craft and the elaborateness of its appointments, belonged to some noble and wealthy family. The vessel, which is 70 feet long and 16 feet 6 inches broad, was dug out of a tumulus, two and a half miles from the shore, near Tonsberg.

It contained an extremely valuable collection of historic remains, including a four-wheeled chariot, stably and quaintly decorated, four sledges, three of them curiously carved, several beds, linteas, a mill, spinning wheels, and a variety of kitchen utensils. A diligent examination of these has led to the conclusion that the funeral ship belongs to the ninth century.

Many of the ornaments, mostly of carved wood, are unique. The ship and its strange cargo, constituting one of the most important archaeological finds ever made in Scandinavia, after being carefully restored, will be placed in the Christiania museum.

Dialect of New York Newsboys.

Although Irish and German boys have largely disappeared from the ranks of the newsboys of the city hall district, their successors, Italian, Jewish and Greek, speak the dialect of their predecessors, says the New York Sun. That dialect was the result of the give and take mingling of the Irish-American and German-American accents, resembling neither. It established a dialect which has imposed itself upon a class, a language by itself which the late recruits into the army of newsboys acquire sometimes by painful conscious effort, sometimes, in the case of the very young, unconsciously. The result is remarkable in that the trained ear can detect among those who speak that language no trace of the Italian or Jewish accent, so plainly observed in the speech of their elders. It is a fused language, expressive, clear and musical, consisting of about 150 words.

Queer Fijian Plant.

There is nothing under the sun quite so quaint, so weird and witchlike as the pandanus prairies of Fiji. The pandanus, or screw plant, as it is called, is a most grotesque specimen of the vegetable kingdom even at the best and in the early stages of its growth. In its very young days it is of an extraordinary screwlike shape, and looks as though some kind of hand had taken hold of its long, swordlike leaves and twisted them round and round. Later it straightens out a bit, and from it grow a number of tall wooden stilts. Its foliage is simple, a number of drooping, ragged tufts for all the world like mops, and very mournful looking. Among these mops hang the fruit, in shape like a pineapple, made up of hard red and yellow kernels, woody and fibrous, and quite uneatable from a European's point of view.

Our Real Army.

No nation ever can or ever did maintain at all times a standing army sufficiently great to defend itself against all other powers. The strength and the dependence of every government is in her citizen soldiers, and is in exact proportion to their bravery and effectiveness. The "state militia" or "national guard" in our own country, the Landwehr and the Landsturm in Germany, stand behind and form the great military reserve of the regular armies of these nations.—Army and Navy, Life.