

ARE YOUR FLOWERS MUSICAL?

Munich Professor Intimates Roses Improve on Dose of Quiet, Old-Fashioned Tunes.

London.—Give your flowers more music. Those lilies will mature rapidly on an hour or two of Beethoven.

This might well be the advice of one amateur gardener to another in the future if a discovery made by Professor Hans Teligen of Munich is taken seriously.

Professor Teligen states that flowers are sensitive to music and betray their individual natures by expanding their petals under the influence of certain melodies.

An eminent London botanist says that however fantastic Professor Teligen's discovery might appear, there was undoubtedly a good deal in it.

Two distinguished botanists, Harberlandt and Wager, have demonstrated that plants have special structures, corresponding to eyes, which are sensitive to light, he said.

"This proves that plants are sensitive to waves of light—as, of course, we know in the opening and shutting of certain flowers in the day and night.

"Why, then, should it not follow as a reasonable proposition that plants are sensitive to sound waves? If they have organs corresponding to ears, why shouldn't they possess some structure corresponding to ears?"

"The different waves of sound—take, for instance, a blast on a trombone and the shrill note of a piccolo—have separate lengths of sound wave, and it is possible that they may stimulate or retard the growth of plants.

"Waves of sound have, of course, a very considerable effect on human beings; to a delicate plant the effect is likely to be far more potent."

HOUSEWORK GOOD FOR BOYS

Judge Declares That Washing Dishes and Sweeping Floors Would Win Respect for Mothers.

Kansas City, Mo.—Fathers and mothers should see that their boys have training in washing dishes, sweeping floors and even cooking, just the same as the girls, Judge J. T. Sims of the Wyandotte county juvenile court believes.

Judge Sims expressed his belief to 60 boy wards of the court who had come to make their weekly reports. He had just paroled Arthur L. Smith, fifteen years old, with the injunction that he go home and assist his mother with the housework.

Smith had been taken to court by his father, W. L. Smith, a switchman. The father said he was unable to keep the boy home nights because he was at work then and the boy did not pay any attention to his mother.

The lad promised to take the place of a girl at home. He said he desired to learn to do those things, anyway.

GIFTS FOR PEACE PALACE

Decorations Contributed by the Various Nations to the Edifice at The Hague.

Amsterdam.—For the Palace of Peace at The Hague Holland itself has provided the grounds and in addition seven painted tablets for the main staircase and four paintings for the assembly room.

The door of bronze and iron comes from Belgium, while England's gift is four stained glass windows for the assembly room. France gives Gobelin tapestry, Germany a monumental entry gate for the park, Italy marble, Switzerland a marvelous clock, and Turkey a fine carpet.

Norway and Sweden supply the granite, Denmark a fountain for the courtyard, the United States a monument for the terrace. From China come four costly vases. Japan's contribution is some wonderfully worked wall hangings. Russia, the Argentine, Chile, Austria and Hungary are also represented.

VOICE SAVES FROM NOOSE

Sharon, Pa.—Music has handed the law a solar plexus in Mercer county. "Incidentally the county will again escape the stigma of having a hanging within its borders.

A good, mellow baritone voice has saved Veika Anikrovich from the hangman's noose, for the board of pardons has recommended to Governor John K. Tener that he commute the death sentence of the murderer of life imprisonment. The condemned man was told of the good news and he cried for joy.

REGAINS HIS SENSES

Man Lost Memory by Accident. Stroke Restores It.

Pittsburgher, Conscious of Identity Gone Seven Years, Recovers It Through Attack of Paralysis—Remembers Old Friends.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Changed by an accident so greatly that he could not recognize family or friends or recall events of the 50 years of his life, Samuel Edleman has now, after seven years of the new mental existence, been switched back to the first by a paralytic stroke, and the seven year period is as greatly a blank as had been his first 50 years.

He has resumed at fifty-seven the trend of events as he knew them at fifty, and keeps his family busy telling him what manner of man he was during the intervening years. Edleman was a blacksmith's helper, when a piece of steel flew from under a hammer and penetrated his brain, destroying his memory. As many fever patients are obliged to learn to walk anew after leaving hospitals, Edleman was compelled to learn to use his brain a second time.

Edleman after the accident did not recognize his wife, his half grown children or his friends. He knew nothing of the blacksmith trade and nothing of the city in which he was born. But his mind was easily trained a second time, and his physical efficiency aided. He was set up in a shoe repairing business, earned fair sums, became a motorman, and during the last census was one of the enumerators. He made new friends, among them those who had known him before his injury, but he could not place their identities except as part of his new existence. It was absolutely impossible for him to realize that the woman and children who served him so devotedly were his wife and children.

Then came a slight stroke of paralysis. He was in bed only a few days. It was warm weather. Edleman, who had been hurt seven years before in the winter time, sat up suddenly and demanded to know what had caused the change from such extreme cold to the beautiful spring day.

"And, Mary, how fat you are," he exclaimed. Mrs. Edleman had grown very stout during the seven years. Then Edleman's oldest daughter came in. She was a young woman and he did not recognize her at first.

Soon friends of his blacksmith days came in, summoned by Mrs. Edleman, and he recognized them instantly, but when a man with whom he had worked for two years for the street railroad entered Edleman did not know him.

Edleman inquired for his brother, and although he had attended the brother's funeral three years ago he refused to believe that brother was dead. Finally he began to wonder how he had conducted himself during the seven years. His wife assured him he had been upright and honest, and had made more money than ever before in his life. That phase of the second existence appealed to Edleman, and he conceived the idea of undergoing an operation in an endeavor to restore himself to that condition, but physicians convinced him of its impossibility.

INJURED WHALE TOWS SHIP

Five Bombs Are Necessary to End the Life of a Mammoth That Makes a Hard Struggle.

Hoguelan, Wash.—Bringing in a large cow whale, which put up one of the toughest fights ever experienced, by whalers out of this port, the steamship Paterson arrived from a cruise down the coast. After the big mammal was harpooned she fought for five hours, several times threatening disaster to the whaling vessel, which got numerous hard bumps. It was finally necessary to fire five bombs because the whale was killed. During the early stages of the battle the whale, with a harpoon firmly imbedded in her flesh, dashed away northward with the whaling steamship in tow at a rate of 20 miles an hour.

While off the Columbia river, the crew of the Paterson witnessed a school of cod, pursued by fur seals and porpoises, almost filling the water with a solid mass of fish. Fully a thousand porpoises were in evidence, dashing about and often leaping ten or twelve feet from the water. The fur seal are on their way north to the rookeries of the Alaska peninsula.

The whale brought in by the Paterson is the tenth killed in thirty days. One other whale was shot on the cruise. The bomb killed the animal, but the harpoon failed to enter the flesh and the carcass sank. The whalers Paterson and Moran, now operating out of here, soon will be joined by the first of three new steam whalers being built at Seattle.

FALLING WINDOW HANGS BOY

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Harry Arbling, an 11-year-old boy, was killed here by a strange accident.

He went to his school to light the fire, and not having a key, stood on a board against the side of the building and climbed to the window. The board slipped and the window came down on his neck, leaving him suspended there.

A neighbor noticed the boy hanging from the window and hastened to his rescue, but found he was dead.

SHIP'S CAT REFUSES TO SAIL

Reuben, a Monster Yellow Tom, Defies Vessel and Crew in Superstitious.

Bangor.—Something new in sea superstition is just now engaging the attention of the Grand Banks fishermen who sail from Bucksport and Bangor. The facts are plain as day, but whether they mean good luck or bad no one has as yet been able to decide.

The sum and substance of it all is that Reuben, the monster white-and-yellow tomcat of the Bangor Grand Banker Lizzie Griffin has deserted—mutinied, in fact. He was born of a seafaring mother on board the schooner four years ago, and has sailed on her every season since, including hering trips to Newfoundland. But this spring, after a visit at the warehouse of the vessel's owners in Bangor, he manifested a strong aversion to the sea and declined to go to Bucksport to join the vessel. Captain Anderson had no idea of losing his pet and mascot, and so Reuben was put into a covered market basket and taken to Bucksport a prisoner.

Once on board the vessel, however, he glared savagely about, aloft and aloft, and then made a flying leap to the pier. Again and again was Reuben brought back on board, fifteen times in all, but every time he managed to escape and get back to the pier. Finally they put him in a box and fastened the cover securely, as they thought. Then the schooner's stern lines were cast off and she swung out into the stream, but the bow hawser was still out, and before it could be cast off Reuben managed in some mysterious way to get out of his prison box and in an instant was over the bows, treading the hawser like a tight rope performer and reaching the pier safely. So they had to let him go, and now he is back in Bangor, at the Jones fish house, where he spends the nights in chasing wharf rats and gossiping with the dissipated Toms and Tabs of Broad street.

Now, when rats desert a vessel, the crew all want to quit, for that is a sign of bad luck. To bring a black cat on board is also bad luck. The question is, "What sort of luck follows desertion and mutiny by a white and yellow cat—a regular sailor cat that can go aloft as quickly as any man?"

PAIR ARE BORN SAME DAY

G. W. Carroll, Jr., of Connecticut, and Miss Wilmsen of Pennsylvania, Entered World at Same Time.

Norwich, Conn.—At a hearts party given here recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Wyman Carroll in honor of the fiancée of their only child, George Wyman Carroll, Jr., Miss Bertha Gertrude Wilmsen of Elkins Park, Pa., it became known that the couple had the same birthday, each being 26.

The engagement, which was recently announced with a big party at the home of Miss Wilmsen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Wilmsen, at Elkins Park, is the result of a romantic meeting at Saranac Lake, where Mr. Carroll was staying for his health. The young lady is heiress to a large fortune, while young Carroll will inherit, in addition to the money of his parents, the colonial mansion and wealth of his great-aunt, Miss Sarah E. Pope; that of his bachelor uncle, Adams Pope Carroll, and considerable left him by his grandfather, the late Lucius W. Carroll, and his great-grandfather, Jonathan Pope, one of the pioneer cotton manufacturers and railroad magnates of Connecticut.

The young man was prominent in dramatic and athletic circles at Brown university and also at St. Paul's school, Garden City, class of 1904, and at the Holbrook Military school at Oosting, N. Y., from which he was graduated. He entered Brown university in 1908. The wedding will be celebrated at Elkins Park.

CHOPS OFF HER FINGERS

Step-Father Maims Girl Who Supports Him Because She Intended to Wed.

New York.—Salvator Spino was content to let his step-daughter sit up nights over shirtwaists brought home from the sweatshop, so long as the money she earned with her nimble fingers went to him.

Recently she brought a young man home with her, and told him they were going to wed. The girl's fiancé, who had picked a home for Antoinette, told Spino that he had better get a job, as in the future he would not live from a woman's earnings. "You'll never see for a worthless husband," cried the enraged man, and he struck her hand with a hatchet, chopping off all her fingers. He is held without bail for felonious assault.

FISH INTERESTS SCIENTISTS

Berkeley, Cal.—The garpike, a predatory fish of the Mississippi valley, one of the most remarkable creatures known to science for various reasons, has been discovered to possess another element of the unusual in a strange gland in the head, which exists in no other organism of the animal kingdom and which has no known use.

It is something like the vermiform appendix in human beings. Not so much in structure is this so, but in that it is apparently a vestige of evolution.

The garpike is one of the few remnants of a class of fishes which were abundant in prehistoric ages.

SEEING THE ECLIPSE

Moon's Passage Across Sun Watched in Holland.

Weather Ideal for Event—Neither Animal Nor Plant Life Was Affected in the Least by Midday Gloom and Cold.

The Hague, Holland.—Whether the Dutch astronomers have succeeded in solving the problems set themselves with regard to the sun and moon will only be known when all the photographs taken in the eclipse camp in Limburg have been developed and studied and the numerous observations then taken have all been worked out. The weather, every one admitted, was entirely favorable, so that a wealth of material was gathered.

One of the important tasks of the astronomers was to try to obtain data from which to determine the exact position and exact diameter of the moon. For that purpose they stationed observers at five different places.

At each of the points chosen two telescopes were erected on firm stone foundations—one for direct ocular observations, the other for projecting the phenomenon on a screen, on which could be followed the whole course of the sun and moon while in conjunction.

The sky was ideal for observing the eclipse. As for myself, I had chosen the open fields for taking observations. There it would be possible to note how birds, animals and plants comported themselves; for very conflicting stories are told of fear manifested by some creatures or of birds going to roost and of flowers closing their petals in sleep.

Exact to the half minute the sun began to show an indentation at the lower right hand side of the disk, but no dimming of the warmth of its rays could yet be felt. Not until the moon had covered more than half of the sun was it appreciably colder. But at the critical moment, when only one-twentieth part of the sun's disk remained, like the sickle of a golden new moon, the air became very cold.

At the moment of greatest intensity of eclipse the light effect over the landscape was peculiar. It was somewhat like a very bright moonlight night, only that the colors were more vivid; the grass was much greener and the red of the roofs of the distant houses more intense.

Contrary to everything I had ever heard the animals in the fields took not the slightest notice of the gathering gloom. Cows, sheep and horses grazed calmly on or lay quietly chewing the cud. Neither was there a sign of unrest in the bird world. The skylarks did not cease their warbling nor the plovers circling over the meadows uttering their plaintive cries. Starlings and crows flew about in little flocks as usual. No birds went to roost as far as I could see.

The plants and flowers around me utterly ignored the phenomenon; the daisies did not close their starry eyes and the clovers did not fold their trefoils in sleep as they do at eventide.

But as I looked the moon was passing swiftly across the sun's disk and the lower right hand "horn" of the sun was visibly lengthening. The colors in the landscape grew brighter; more light flooded the fields. It seemed as if the light increased with greater rapidity than it had diminished. The temperature rose as the sun's sickle now appeared standing upright like a golden new moon. Then in a few seconds the lower rim of the sun reappeared. Soon it was "half sun" then three-quarters sun and at ten minutes to 2 only a small dark indentation showed on the extreme left of the sun's surface. At 1:57 the phenomenon was over. It had lasted about two hours and thirty minutes.

EGG'S SKIN AS LEG PATCH

Hole in Broken Bone Filled With Albuminous Tissue by Physicians May Heal.

New York.—The skin of an egg has been used by the surgeons in the Babylon (L. I.) hospital to fill up a hole left in the broken leg of a man. By the use of the egg it is believed that the injured limb will heal and, after a short time, be as serviceable as ever.

A few days ago Babylon residents were surprised by an advertisement appearing in a local paper, stating that the Babylon hospital was in need of an egg ready for hatching. Inquiry as to the use to which the egg was to be put revealed a curious operation in reconstructive surgery performed upon Patrick Padian, a patient in the hospital.

A telephone pole fell on Padian's leg, fracturing it. In healing, a small hole was left in the bone. The skin of the egg was placed in the hole, and the development of the cells formed new bone tissue, which has completely filled the opening.

73 WOUNDS; CAN'T DIE YET

San Francisco, Cal.—Michael Asheim, until recently a cigar dealer at No. 735 Ellis street, made an unsuccessful attempt in Golden Gate park to end his life by inflicting 73 wounds in his body, with a pocket knife. When examined at the Park Emergency hospital it was found that Asheim had cut his throat from ear to ear, stabbed himself 27 times in the breast and 45 times in the scalp.

Despondency because of failure in business was given as the cause of the man's act.

GHOST ALARMS THE POLICE

New York Officers Say It Is a Veteran of the Revolutionary War—Roundsmen Doubts Story.

New York.—The old soldier is walking again on Morningside Heights. An uneasy veteran is he. Just because someone sneaked into his tent in the war of the Revolution and thrust one of the old fashioned broadswords through him he has been an annoyance to the residents of that vicinity for more than a hundred years. Nowadays the neighborhood is grown up in apartment houses, but that makes no difference to him. He oozes out of the janitor's door of the house which occupies the former site of his tent and goes for his midnight stroll as nonchalantly as ever. Fortunately he doesn't walk often.

The other night Cy Townsend, the policeman who has the fixed post at One Hundred and Nineteenth street and Morningside avenue, saw the hazy figure of the old soldier gliding by him. Policeman Townsend made a perfectly horrible noise as he beat it in the general direction of his patrolling mate. He found the officer in a high fever. He had seen the old soldier, too. A night hawk cab driver had also been favored by a sight of the visitant. The night hawk was making strange noises in his throat. As they were discussing the weird occurrence the roundsmen came by.

"We saw the old soldier," said the three in chorus. The roundsmen carefully smelled the breath of the three. The two coppers passed muster. The roundsmen stepped well to the windward of the night hawk after the first sniff and began his interrogatories.

"Nix on this ghost stuff," said the roundsmen, after he had concluded his questions. "If the old soldier comes around here again you guys want to make an arrest or you go up on charges."

Policeman Townsend and his mate were white and shaky. They wanted to know on what charge they could arrest a ghost—even supposing that the ghost submitted peaceably to arrest.

"Well," said the roundsmen, "what does this old soldier spook look like, anyway? Does he wear a uniform? Has he any legs?"

After consultation, the two policemen attested that the old soldier was in mufti. Also, he had no legs. He just sorta slipped along, kinda waver-er-like like. The roundsmen spoke with decision.

"If he ain't got no legs," said he, "you can pinch him for having no visible means of support."

Then he went away chortling. Policeman Townsend and his mate have decided they do not like that roundsmen.

LASHES SELF IN RIGGING

Wife of the Master on Wrecked Fishing Schooner Saves Life by Timely Act.

Seward, Alaska.—The mail steamer Dora, bringing 35 survivors of the wrecked cod fishing schooner Joseph Russ, including Mrs. Charles Foss, wife of the master of the lost vessel, arrived from Chirikof Island, where the Russ went ashore at one o'clock in the morning. The Russ struck at high tide during a terrific gale. Immense waves swept the decks and the crew and the lone woman lashed themselves to the rigging, where they remained six hours, when the tide went out, leaving the ship high and dry on the rocks. First Mate John Jorgenson, the only one to lose his life, was swept off the deck soon after the schooner struck and was dashed to death against the rocks.

When the tide went out and those aboard found it safe to descend from their places of refuge in the rigging, baggage, provisions and other articles that would enable them to live on the uninhabited island until rescuers came, were taken off the boat.

As soon as all had been made snug on shore, Second Mate A. E. Reeves set out in command of two small dories to row to Chignik, 100 miles distant, for aid.

They pulled into Chignik three hours before the steamer Dora, on her monthly voyage from Unalaska to Seward, entered the harbor. The Dora put about at once and steamed to Chirikof.

BULL SCORNS GAME RULES

Attacks and Nearly Kills Toreador in View of Thousands Despite Ancient Tradition.

Paris.—Among bull fighters there has long been a tradition that a bull would not attack a man if he posed as a statue in the ring, remaining motionless, the idea being that the beast would think him an inanimate object. In a modified bull fight at Pau recently a daring fighter put his theory to the test before thousands of people, including many American and English members of Pau's winter colony. A toreador, whitened to represent a statue, was placed on a pedestal in the ring and stood motionless. The gates were thrown open and the bull allowed to enter. There was a breathless moment and then suspense changed to horror as the bull charged directly at the man, knocked him from the pedestal and gored him. He was saved from death by the other toreadors.

Although badly injured he still wished to try his experiment, not being convinced that the ancient tradition was only a myth, but the public protested and would not allow him to again endanger his life.

SEEKS GRAVE DEED

Death Near to Aged New Yorker He Requests Lot.

Tell's Court Son Was Victim of Maine Disaster—Now He Wants to Buy Grave.

New York.—John Kelly, bent over a cane by the snows of eighty-six winters, pleaded in the Gates Avenue Police court, Brooklyn, for a summons that he might force his son's sweetheart to give him the deed to his grave, so that when death arrives he will not be buried in the potter's field. He lives near Tillary and Johnson streets. Numbers he cannot remember. He had eleven sons, he said, ten of whom "went to the bad."

In 1869 he purchased a deed to a grave in Holy Cross cemetery, and many years after gave it to John, Jr., the eleventh and only good son, to keep for him. They lived together until 1897, he said, when the Spanish-American war broke out and his son joined the navy.

He was assigned to the battleship Maine and was on board when that vessel was blown up. John never came back. His name was among the missing. Perhaps his bones were among those brought home for burial recently.

Before John left home he gave the deed and other family papers to his sweetheart, Miss Lizzie McShane, who, the old man said, lives at Franklin and Myrtle avenues. Feeling that he is getting too old to stand many winters such as the one he has just gone through, Kelly said he went to the girl and asked her to give him the deed.

"She told me that if I did not keep away from bothering her about deeds and such things, she would throw sardine water on me," lamented the man to the clerk.

He was given a summons and tottered out of court to regain his grave.

\$1,100 FOR PIGEON EGGS

Money Offers of Last Year Repeated Hope Entertained That the Bird is Not Extinct.

Milwaukee.—Rewards aggregating \$1,100 are available for Wisconsin bird lovers if they find an undisturbed nest of a pair of the nearly extinct passenger pigeon. In a pamphlet issued recently by Prof. C. F. Hodge, (Clark University, northeastern Wisconsin) is designated as "the most likely spot on the continent" for the finding of the specimens.

The object of the rewards, which are offered to bird-lovers in every state of the Union, is to determine whether or not the species has become entirely extinct. The rewards were offered last year, but despite exhaustive investigation, not a single reward was claimed. Many nestings were reported, but they were all found to be either doves or mourning pigeons.

The wild or passenger pigeon always nests in trees, generally ten or more feet from the ground, and lays but one egg. In case any of the species are found the finder is requested to communicate at once with Prof. C. F. Hodge, giving exactly the date, hour, number in flock and direction of flight. As soon as the report can be confirmed the reward will be forwarded.

HAVE CLEW TO LOST HEIRESS

Search Prosecuted in Munich for Miss Dorothy Arnold of New York.

Munich.—The search for the missing New York heiress, Miss Dorothy Arnold, who disappeared from her home a year ago last December, has now centered here in the Bavarian capital, after having extended over the greater part of southern Europe as well as all of America.

The police here have located Miss Arnold's uncle, Gustav Arnold, a wealthy retired real estate dealer living at 34 Frederick strasse. From his extreme unwillingness to aid them the police believe he knows something concerning the missing girl's whereabouts.

It has been ascertained by the investigators that the parents of Dorothy Arnold visited Gustav Arnold early last autumn—it is believed in September—and since then the old man has refused even to grant the police an interview.

The director of the detective bureau is convinced that the uncle is in communication with Miss Arnold, or at least knows where she is, and has given orders to keep a constant watch over Gustav Arnold's home.

MOTHER CHAINS HER BOY

Salt Lake City.—Cries of children pleading for help attracted neighbors to the home of Mrs. Rose Winegar, where they found a boy of nine years with a heavy dog collar around his neck, chained to the floor and the mother preparing to secure a second child in a like manner.

Mrs. Winegar told her neighbors that she had just received a revelation telling her to punish her children by chaining them up like dogs. The mother had convinced her oldest child, a girl of fourteen years, that the alleged revelation should be carried out, but the boy and a younger sister objected and called for help. Mrs. Winegar was taken in custody by juvenile court officers.