

FAMOUS HUNGARIAN PHYSICIAN



Dr. Ladislao Detro is a noted Hungarian scientist who was a conspicuous figure at the international congress of tuberculosis held in Washington recently.

WOMAN'S CLAIM ON GLACIER.

She Expects to Dig Some Precious Ore from Her Property.

Los Angeles.—Mrs. Mary E. Hart, formerly of Los Angeles, 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 action.

Sidney Morse, 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.

GATHERING DATA ON FARMS.

Country Life Commission Will Tour United States.

Washington.—The work of the country-life commission, appointed by the president last August, is fairly under way. The president intends to send a special message to congress on the necessity for improvement in the condition of rural life, and he has requested the commission to report its findings to him before the end of December, in order that he may have time to study them before sending in his recommendations for legislation.

The bureau of statistics of the department of agriculture and other government bureaus which possess data on crops and similar subjects have been set to work putting their information into a form which will be of service to the commission.

As soon as President Roosevelt's letter creating the commission was made public the farmers began writing to him and to the commission, giving their views to the features of farm life that needed remedying.

The country-life commission has planned its tour of the rural districts in all parts of the United States, north, south, east and west.

ANY OLD HATS? TURKS'LL BUY.

Sultan's Subjects About to Abandon Fez, Says Consul.

Washington.—American dealers soon will have a chance to dispose of their old hats, according to a prediction by Consul Jewett at Trebizond, as the sultan's subjects are about to abandon the fez.

The Turks are now free to follow their own inclination in covering their heads, and the consul suggests that as the fashion in hats is not even known in most parts of Turkey and as a majority of Turks will not want to pay much for a hat, American dealers may take the opportunity to dispose of ancient stock.

Until the restrictions were removed the fez proclaimed a Turkish subject and foreigners in the Turkish employ as well, and the hat was worn by foreigners only as a badge of extrajurisdictional rights and foreign protection.

MAINE GHOST ON HORSEBACK.

Peculiar Spook That Has Struck Terror to Farmer Folk.

The horseback riding ghost is the very latest variety that has appeared in Bowdoinham, and he is a particular spirit, making visitations only at certain times.

The hunter's ghost, they call him, and the big man on the big white horse who comes galloping down the Lisbon road on the full of the moon right up to the side door of Sunny Crest farm strikes terror to the panels of the door. Whenever one appears in answer to the knock the ghost, so they tell the story, wheels round and disappears at a gallop, turning into the old woods road much used in revolutionary times by the soldiers of that stormy period.

Ghost of the old Cap'n, they call him, connecting this horseback riding spook with a certain officer of un-savory fame who once haunted the district of Maine. It is on the hunters' moon when the ghost rides abroad, and nervous people on the Lisbon road are much disturbed by this galloping horseman.—Lewiston Journal.

A FEW OF LIFE'S PARADOXES.

All True, Though at First They Seem to Read Rather Odd.

Peace we secure by armaments, liberty by laws and constitutions, simplicity and naturalness are the consummate result of artificial breeding and training; health, strength and wealth are increased only by lavish use, expense and wear. Our mistrust of mistrust engenders our commercial system of credit; our tolerance of revolutionary utterances is the only way of lessening their danger; our charity has to say no to beggars in order not to defeat its own desires; the true sinner has to observe great sobriety; the way to certainty lies through radical doubt; virtue signifies not innocence but the knowledge of sin and its overcoming. The ethical and religious life are full of contradictions held in solution. You hate your enemy?—well, forgive him, and thereby heap coals of fire on his head; to realize yourself, renounce yourself; to save your soul, first lose it; in short, die to live.—Prof. William James, in Hibbert Journal.

Ancient Uses of Bloodhounds.

Although the use of bloodhounds for tracking criminals still survives, another ancient use of these dogs seems to have died out. Bloodhounds were at one time often called upon to assist an army in the field, the forces with which the earl of Essex suppressed the Irish rebellion in the time of Elizabeth, for instance, being accompanied by 500 dogs. In the Scottish clan feuds and the wars between England and Scotland, bloodhounds were regularly employed in tracking fugitive warriors, and both Wallace and Bruce were hunted in this manner. Wallace is said to have baffled his pursuers by killing a follower and leaving the corpse for the hound to find, while Bruce adopted the less cruel plan of wading some distance down a stream and ascending a tree which overhung the water.

Success. "He has achieved success who has lived long, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the trust of his fellow men, and the respect of intelligent women, and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty nor failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."—Beaule A. Stanley.

Blindness.

There are various degrees and kinds of blindness, widow. There is the congenital blindness, ma'am, which perhaps you may have observed in the course of your own experience, and which is a kind of willful and self-damning blindness. There is the blindness of party, ma'am, and public men, which is the blindness of a mad bull in the midst of a regiment of soldiers clothed in red. There is the blindness of youth, which is the blindness of young kittens, whose eyes have not yet opened on the world."—Charles Dickens.

Curious Mexican Indians.

Buried in the heart of a civilized, powerful and progressive foreign people, a little handful of Indians have lived for 300 years and have contrived to keep during all that time their national characteristics, their traditions and their individuality. If you seek them you will find them in Amatlan de los Reyes, a village in the state of Vera Cruz, Mexico. They are the Amatecas. The Amatecas are perhaps the only people in the republic who have succeeded in retaining for themselves what is practically self-government.

Willing to Oblige.

"When you feel any temptations come along," said the friend and adviser, "you may say: 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'" "That's what I done said," answered Mr. Erasmus Pinkley, "an' den I 'magines I bypas Satan an' answer me back: 'Da's all right. We's both gwine de same way, now, an' 'den' make no difference to me which leads de pubecation!"

TRUE STATUS OF A TRAITOR.

Well Defined by the Father of Sir Walter Scott.

Among the treasures which adorned the "den" of Sir Walter Scott was a china saucer—the memorial according to the author of "Edinburgh Under Sir Walter Scott," of a striking incident in the domestic life of Scott's father and mother. One autumn Mr. Scott, Sr., had a client who came regularly every evening at a certain hour to the house, and remained in his private room usually long after the family had gone to bed. The little mystery of the unknown visitor excited Mrs. Scott's curiosity, and her husband's vague statements increased it. One night, therefore, although she knew it was against her husband's desire, she entered the room with a salver in her hand, and offered the gentleman "a dish of tea," as it used to be called in eighteenth century parlance. Mr. Scott very coldly refused it, but the stranger bowed and accepted a cup. Presently he took his leave. Then Mr. Scott seized the empty cup and threw it out on the pavement. His wife was astonished at first, but not when she heard the explanation. "I may admit into my house, on business, persons wholly unworthy to be treated as guests of my wife. Neither lip of mine nor mine comes after Mr. Murray, or Broughton's." The client who had called was none other than the traitor, Secretary Murray, who bought off his life and fortune by giving evidence against his gallant Jacobite associates.—Dundee Advertiser.

SOME SMALL ENGLISH PARISHES.

Dozen Inhabitants in One; in Another Only Two Houses.

Probably few people know that this country contains a number of parishes so small that their population can be housed under one or two roofs. For instance, Upper Eddon, near Stockbridge, consists of two houses, with a tiny "God's Acre" in the middle of a farmyard adjoining one of the dwellings, comprising the whole parish. Not much larger is the population of Lullington, five miles from Eastbourne. Small as its church is—the interior dimensions are only 16 feet square—it is quite large enough for the inhabitants.

In Grove near Lighton Buzzard, there are only about a dozen inhabitants, the parish containing a modern farmhouse, two cottages and a tiny church. At Rhyd, in Flintshire, while there are only three adult inhabitants, the village contains five cottages and one shop. Until recently there were two licensed houses, one of which still remains.—Tit-Bits.

Store Carries Old Hotel Name.

Away up in Harlem is a sign which reads: "The Old Astor House Store." In reply to an inquiry the proprietor said: "The business was established in the vicinity of the old Astor house when the latter was the big hotel of New York. Later on it moved up to Fourteenth street and carried the name of the old hotel with it. Some years after it moved up to Forty-second street and the name went with it. Then it jumped all the way to Harlem, and, as the name had become one of the fixtures of the business, it was maintained. The business now is in the hands of the third generation of the family that established it. Just a bit of sentiment."—New York Press.

Pleasant Situation.

Clintonville, this county, had several thrills of nervous apprehension on Tuesday of last week. A driver in the employ of a torpedo firm started off with a load of 40 quarts of nitroglycerine, and when a short distance from the barn stopped, got off his wagon and started an argument with a bystander. The team became frightened and started to run, but had not gone far until the front wheel of the wagon struck an iron support of a porch at a street corner and the horses stripped themselves from the harness, leaving the wagon, with its load of condensed destruction, standing.—Oil City Derrick.

Waterproof Coats of Grass.

In the tropics of Mexico, where torrential rains fall a part of each year, raincoats are a very necessary part of man's apparel. Owing to the intense heat which prevails in the summer season, the ordinary rubber raincoat cannot be worn. A rainproof coat is made from native grasses, and is worn by the men of the middle and upper classes. The grasses are woven close together and it is impossible for the rain to beat through them, no matter how hard the storm may be. Some of these coats are made with a hood which protects the head as well as the body.

Will Found in a Hat.

Probate has been granted of the will of a peddler who left an estate valued at £11,337. He was Mr. Harris Norman, a Polish Jew, of Mill road, Cambridge. The document was found in his silk hat after his death. It was dated January 15, 1903, and by it he left the whole of his property equally between Addenbrooke's hospital, Cambridge, and the London Jewish synagogue for the relief of poor and needy Jews.—London Evening Standard.

Flagrant Violator.

Mrs. Crawford—What did your husband say when you told him that you and your daughters were going to join an anti-poise club? Mrs. Chatter—He said he hoped it would keep us quiet.

HID FORTUNE IN HANDBAG.

Murdered and Sixty Thousand-Dollar Bill Placed in Hotel Vault.

Los Angeles, Cal.—David Sloan of New York, accompanied by his wife and family, arrived in Los Angeles and registered at the Angelus. Mr. Sloan announced that he came to stay and that he has had enough of the infernal east. Clerk Olmstead assigned him to a superb suite of rooms.

In a few minutes Mr. Sloan returned to the clerk's desk carrying a small black handbag which greatly resembled a wallet.

"Will you keep this in your safety vaults over night?" he asked. The clerk reached politely for the black bag.

"At about what figure do you value this?" he asked, in a perfunctory manner.

"About \$160,000," calmly said Mr. Sloan, as he scratched a match to light a cigar, and it's all currency."

Olmstead gulped hard and then smiled wanly. Thrice he ceased to speak, but words failed him. He could not remove his eyes from that little black bag containing \$160,000 in crisp \$1,000 bank notes.

"Well," said Mr. Sloan, "if you do not care to keep it I guess I can place it under my pillow. That is the way I carried it across the continent."

The color was slowly coming back in Olmstead's face, and he called feebly for the help of Mr. Loomis. The black bag was carefully carried into the dark interior of the steel vault and the door hastily closed.

Mr. Sloan explained that he decided to come to Los Angeles to live permanently, and had converted some securities into cash for his immediate use. He deposited the money in a bank and went to Santa Barbara, where he will remain two days looking about.

CONCEALED IN MAIL WAGON.

Federal Judge Made Way Through Parade and Reached Train.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Federal Judge Edward G. Bradford of Wilmington, Del., went as a piece of mail matter from the Federal building in this city to the Union depot.

For several days Judge Bradford had been holding court in Pittsburg, but legal matters developed in Wilmington which made it imperative that the judge leave for Washington on the train which starts from the Union depot at one o'clock. He hurriedly started for the depot, and then just as suddenly stopped, for the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary parade was on and Fifth avenue was packed. He appealed to several policemen and told them who he was, but they laughed at him.

Time was getting short and his excitement was rushed back to the Federal building and appealed to Judge Joseph Buffington of the United States court. After a short conference the two judges handed down an opinion, in which there was no minority report. Something must be done immediately.

Judge Buffington hurried down to the postmaster and held a lasty conversation. Yes, there was a mail wagon just about to leave for the train. Judge Bradford climbed over the wheel and hid himself under a lot of mail sacks and tried to look pleasant while the wagon rattled over the cobble stones. The crowd was forced to part for the mail wagon, and Judge Bradford arrived at the depot just in time for the train.

WOOD PULP IS FIREPROOF.

Chemist Roberts Invents a Process Approved by Government.

Lockport, N. Y.—Isiah D. Roberts, a well-known chemist of New York city, who has been employed at the Cowles Aluminum works in this city for the last three years, has prepared a process of wood pulp, which the United States government has tested and found to be a wonderful material. In its test the government had a blow pipe upon the wood pulp for an hour, but it would not heat through, nor did the flames leave a mark upon it. It is absolutely fireproof.

The wood pulp can be used in the lining of battleships and buildings and also making of life preservers. The government is so pleased with Mr. Roberts' invention that it has given him assurances that they will use his material for lining all new United States battle fleets and life preservers. He has secured a patent on his invention. Mr. Roberts claims it will be a big thing. He says the United Indurated Fiber Company of this city, which manufactures fiber palls, twine, etc., will do away with all this small work and enter into the exclusive manufacture of wood pulp. It is understood Mr. Roberts will receive a big royalty from the fiber company for allowing them to manufacture his new material.

Graphite Output is Smaller.

Washington.—The world's production of graphite for 1903 is estimated at 100,922 short tons, valued at \$3,052,386, less than the two previous years, says a report of the geological survey.

Although most of the graphite producers of the United States reported a better demand for refined graphite, the output of flake graphite in the United States showed a considerable decrease, and the value of the total production was the smallest since 1902.

Graphite was produced in Alabama, Alaska, Colorado, Georgia, Michigan, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin.

CHILDREN OF EXALTED TASTES.

Little Ones Used to Dignities of High Estate.

A well-known family in Catholic circles, living in Spring Garden street, and blessed with three very small daughters, spent last winter in Rome, where the small daughters were sent to school. The family, being quite hospitably inclined, entertained quite lavishly some of the dignitaries of the Vatican.

Returning to Philadelphia, they received a hearty welcome, and among others some of their old priest friends called to bid them welcome home. The mother, always proud of her three small daughters, sent for them to be brought downstairs to see the father. After awhile they came, the three little golden-haired girls; but they only stood in the doorway of the spacious room and refused to come any further.

The mother, much mortified at such behavior, said to the eldest: "Come here, dear; don't you remember good Father—who used to come and see us from the cathedral?"

There they stood, the three little blonde tots, and looking most disapprovingly at good Father—the eldest spoke: "We like cardinals; is what she said.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

NO WONDER SHE DIDN'T KNOW.

Woman of Experience Not Hasty in Expressing Opinion.

Before he had been in the car three minutes most of the women passengers and some of the men were explaining to their neighbors what they would do with the little imp if he belonged to them. Spanking was the popular remedy, and if that boy had received them and there all the paddings that his critics were acting to administer he certainly would have been well blistered.

To the general babel of advice and fault finding, however, there was one woman who contributed nothing. She was a gentle, gray-haired body, who remained unmoved in the midst of the usual commotion.

"If that child was mine," said the determined woman beside her, "I'd make him mind if I had to half kill him. Wouldn't you?"

"I don't know," said the little woman, mildly, "what I'd do."

"You don't?" said the determined woman. "Well, I know. But maybe you are not used to children? Maybe you never had any of your own?"

"Oh, yes," said the little woman. "I brought up 13. That is why I don't know what I'd do."

Concrete Not Modern.

Concrete is a very ancient material for construction, but reinforced concrete is scarcely half a century old. It is said to have started in a happy idea that came to a Frenchman who wanted large flower pots for his plants which should not be thick and clumsy. He reinforced them with wire. Nowadays we see glass reinforced to the same way, especially about elevator shafts.

Colin and others developed the reinforcement of concrete for buildings, at first merely useful buildings like conservatories. As early as 1874 a concrete villa was built on the north shore of Long Island sound, but it was many years before the idea "took" here, although in France, Belgium and Germany it was seized upon with avidity.—Smith's Magazine.

No More Gold Lace for Afghans.

The amer has published an edict, which applies to all parts of Afghanistan, prohibiting the import into the country of all kinds of gold lace, including embroidered kullas lungis and embroidered shoes. The amer is evidently actuated by a desire to prevent his subjects from spending their hard earned money on showy dress. It is the poorer classes who are notoriously addicted to this extravagance which his majesty has decided to check. The gold laced coat of the Afghan is decidedly handsome, and although the amer has acted wisely in bringing into general use clothing less costly, his majesty's orders will doubtless be received by his subjects with rather mixed feelings.

Proper Bestowal of Charity.

Dickens. There are not a few among the disciples of charity who require in their vocation, scarcely less excitement than the votaries of pleasure in theirs; and hence it is that diseased, sympathy and compassion are every day expended on out-of-the-way objects, when only too many demands upon the legitimate exercise of the same virtues in a healthy state are constantly within the sight and hearing of the most unobtrusive person alive. In short, charity must have its romance, as the novelist or the playwright must have his.

Sleeplessness.

A good remedy for sleeplessness is to wet a towel and apply to the back of the neck, pressing it hard up against the base of the brain and fastening over this cloth to prevent too rapid evaporation. The effect will be prompt and pleasant, cooling the brain and inducing a sweet and peaceful slumber. Warm water is better than cold for the purpose. This remedy will prove useful to people suffering from overwork, excitement or anxiety.

He Guessed It.

Howell—What became of Howell, who was here when I lived here? Powell—He died of throat trouble. Howell—Well, I'll be hanged. Powell—Yes, that's the way he died.