

ANDREW JACKSON NOT POOR.

Five Sons Have Had Such Advantages as Were His, Says Writer.

Verily we must abandon the belief that Andrew Jackson belonged to the class of American youths who rode to fame and fortune by their own efforts.

Never did he taste the bitter cup of physical want, of hunger and cold, of sleepless spirit-breaking poverty. Never was he without home and loyal friends and a sufficiency of the comforts of life.

Few men have been more greatly indebted to the intelligent affection of a self-sacrificing mother. Few sons of poor parents have had such advantages as were his, and few lads of poor parents did such a scanty amount of manual labor.

COOKED BUT NOT FROZEN.

Horrible Slight That Met the Woman Who Loved Plants.

The young housekeeper had been obliged to leave home over night and, going so in a hurry, had not time to write down more than a dozen or so instructions for her husband to follow in the conduct of their household affairs.

During the night it turned very cold and the wife thought with many misgivings of her ferns and palms and other plants left out of doors. In the morning she telephoned her husband and asked him about 17 questions as to what he had done in her absence.

"Indeed, I did," he replied proudly; "they're all right. I brought them in and took good care of them."

Much relieved, she hung up the receiver. When she reached home that afternoon the steam heat was on at a high pressure and a peculiar odor struck her nostrils. Her plants had been placed with infinite care on the radiators.

Dog as Newsboy's Assistant. A small white dog who sells papers near the Park street entrance to the railway will soon be eligible for membership in the newsboys' union.

He carries on either side, secured by a strap around his body, a little leather pouch twice as large as that used by men for holding fountain pens and pencils. The dog's master sticks a paper into one pouch and waves another between his teeth.

The London and Provincial Ornithological society is celebrating the attainment of its majority by holding a cage bird show at the Amberwell Baths, where one can see to-day a good many freak birds.

There is, for instance, a hybrid of a canary and bullfinch, the only one of his class. Other rare crosses include the offspring of a red poll and goldfinch, of a siskin and goldfinch, of greenfinch and goldfinch and greenfinch and linnet. Then there are the albinos, marked out for a lack of coloring in plumage, which places them at a disadvantage in the struggle for existence.

A white jackdaw, a white robin and a white blackbird there are, thankful, perhaps, to be protected in cages; a whitish chaffinch has excited some doubts about his lineage.

Why Russian Names Are Long. "I often hear Americans make fun of the long Russian names," said Dr. George L. Alexis Hamilton, a Russian physician. "Let me tell you why these names are long when spelled out in the English language. It is because you have not enough letters in your alphabet. In Russian there are 36 letters. In translating a proper noun it is often necessary to use three or four English letters to express the sound of one Russian letter. So sometimes a name that if written in Russian would be as short as 'Smith' will be almost an inch long when spelled out in English."

Not Even Sultan Exempt. On one occasion when the famous Nasr-ed-din was pressed for money he went to the sultan for permission to levy a tax of a penny on every man in Turkey who was afraid of his wife. The sultan gave him leave, and at the end of a few months Nasr-ed-din returned with a hundred mules laden with gold. "But what am I to get out of all this?" inquired the sultan. "I have brought you a beautiful Georgian slave," replied the sage. "Hush!" said the sultan, glancing over his shoulder. "Don't let my wife hear!" And the wily Nasr-ed-din Hedja added another penny to his store.

Firmly Established. "Of course you're going to Palm Beach this winter?" "No." "No? I thought your position in society was such as to make it absolutely necessary for you to go." "Your position in society now is such that we don't have to go anywhere."

POKES FUN AT CEREMONY.

Ludwig Fulda Sees Humor in Americanians of Lecture Room.

In his "Impressions of America," Ludwig Fulda says this about the Americanians of the lecture room: "The speaker never ascends the rostrum alone. He is always accompanied by a guard of honor. He is not allowed to mount the rostrum at once, but is compelled to sit in a big chair, a sort of coronation throne. While he sits there, like a silent imperator, some well known person, a member of the committee, president of the society or head of a university, steps forward and tells all he knows about the guest of the evening by way of introduction. He tells the life story and enumerates the books which may have been written by the poor enthroned man, who tries in vain to assume a lectured expression. The speaker ends by pronouncing the name of the guest in a loud voice. That is the cue for the guest to rise and ascend to the reading desk. In the meantime the man who made the introduction sits down in the vacant chair and remains there until the lecture is over. I must confess that it is not a comfortable feeling to know that while one is speaking the man in the chair, despite all the words of praise which he may have uttered, may be yawning or sleeping."

VENICE HAS NO CEMETERY.

City Buries Its Dead on the Little Island of San Michele.

The Queen of the Adriatic, as Venetians love to term the famous old city, is privileged in many respects and in one particular at least she is unique among the cities of the world. She has no cemetery. The only burying ground is the little island of San Michele, lying solitary among the lagoons at some distance from the city.

This is one of the boons which Venice owes to Napoleon, who recognized the danger to a population from burial grounds in such a situation and had all intramural graveyards closed and ordered the dead to be taken for burial to this island resting place. The place is deserted all the year except on All Souls' day, and then there is a tremendous outflow of about 140,000 persons.

As such multitudes could never be landed from boats a boat bridge has been built specially for the occasion, with strict regulations as to control of the living stream in its outward and backward flow.

How to Register. "There's the ordinary everyday style," J. Y. Smith and wife, sometimes abbreviated to J. Y. Smith & wif. Then there's the more approved society form, "Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Smith," that's oftener written by the wife when registering for herself and husband. But the real thing, name and Newport of it is "J. Y. Smith on one line and on the next 'Mrs. J. Y. Smith.' When they come that way they're generally the real thing.

"One night, down at the old Palace, two college fellows drifted in late and sized up the book," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "The last two registrations were 'O. P. Dittlock & wif.' and 'J. Alcornon-Brewer & wif.' Then the collegians registered: 'Chris Bradley & suit case,' 'Billy Erb & overcoat.'"

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HOME OF EARLY MAN

KANSAS SAID TO HAVE BEEN INHABITED 20,000 YEARS AGO.

Scientists Offer Proof of Contention - Arrow Head Imbedded in Remains of Buffalo Found in Geological Formation.

Lawrence, Kan.—That prehistoric man existed in what is now the state of Kansas more than 20,000 years ago is the theory advanced by the paleontology department of the University of Kansas, and which it is now, after years of work, ready to prove by evidence. In other words, Kansas scientists declare this region was inhabited 20,000 centuries ago.

The complete skeleton of the fossil remains of a prehistoric buffalo, the first mounted specimen of its kind in the world, is the latest piece of evidence which the department has contributed to the question of prehistoric man in Kansas. In the right shoulder blade of this buffalo, which was discovered in western Kansas 11 years ago—the reconstruction was completed only last week—was found an Indian arrow head. This buffalo was found in the same geological formation as the "Lansing Man" which was discovered some two years ago.

It was the summer of 1895 that a University of Kansas collecting expedition, under the direction of H. T. Martin, first discovered the buffalo remains with the arrow head sticking in the right shoulder blade, and the question of prehistoric man in Kansas was first opened. For several weeks the party had been collecting in the hills and megal beds of Logan county in the western part of the state and had been meeting with much success. It was on Twelve Mile Creek, a little tributary of the Smoky hill and 11 miles east of Russell Springs that Mr. Martin made his great discovery.

In the same formation as that in which the buffalo was found, but in different localities, have been found hundreds of mammoth teeth, very large wild dogs, the interesting prehistoric horse, as well as species of wild hogs, taller, more slimly built, and more adapted to running than the modern hog.

After the bed had been abandoned for more than a year there came the hardest kind of a rain, and Mr. Martin, thinking that some more specimens might possibly have been exposed by the washing away of dirt, visited the scene of their excavations the year before. Here he found sticking out at the edge of the bank the ends of several fossilized bones of a buffalo. Striking into the right shoulder blade of the buffalo Mr. Martin found the flint arrowhead. This, while not so carefully formed as the arrowheads used by the American Indians at the time of the discovery of this continent, was still perfectly formed.

How could the arrow have got there? There was only one possibility. It must have been shot into the buffalo by some kind of a man, and that man must have existed some 20,000 years ago. The scientists know that it must have been done 20,000 years ago because it was found in the mortar beds, as the scientists call the great pleistocene beds of western Kansas.

The "Lansing Man" together with the buffalo, forms the chain of evidence Dr. McClung and Mr. Martin of the university advance for the existence of man so long ago. In March of 1902, while digging a tunnel for the storage of dairy products on his farm near Lansing, Martin Concannon discovered part of the skeleton of a human being.

The discovery was made about 60 feet from the entrance of the tunnel and in the pleistocene formation, the same as that in which the buffalo remains were found. Great interest was aroused by the discovery of the human bones at Lansing. Dr. Williston, now of the University of Chicago, then of the University of Kansas, gave as his opinion that the bones were at least 20,000 years old.

What kind of a man was this prehistoric being that ranged the plains of sunny Kansas so long ago, hunting the gigantic buffalo, wild dogs and fierce wild hogs, skeletons of which are included in the paleontology collection of the University of Kansas? Until a few decades ago it was not even believed by scientists that the age of man went back more than 5,000 years. Now it is placed anywhere from 20,000 to 50,000 years, and scientists are full of speculation about the earliest prehistoric man.

Live Toad in Deep Well. Murdo, S. D.—A live toad was brought up from a depth of 346 feet the other day by men drilling an artesian well near here. The toad weighed four pounds, and is thought to have been in the ground many years. The drill was working slowly through a clay drift when the toad was brought to the surface. No one believed the toad was alive, but after being in the cool air the reptile came to. Scientists say it is possible for toads to live years without air or nourishment, and that this toad must have crept to the place where found in a small subterranean passage, now closed. A few years ago at O'Neill, Neb., a snake was found imbedded alive in a limestone rock. It was explained that the reptile must have crept, while small into a crevice, which afterward was filled up by action of frost or other elements.

WHY DR. HENSON OBJECTED.

Stimulant Advertised Not the Kind He Had Referred To.

The Rev. P. S. Henson, pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, in speaking about being quoted, declared that never in his life was he caused more trouble and embarrassment than in Chicago during his pastorate in the Windy City. The embarrassment was so great that he always carries a manuscript for the newspapers when he speaks in that city.

"I was called upon to preach a sermon on one occasion," he said, "and choosing my own topic, I opened with the declaration, 'Stimulants are absolutely necessary for daily life.' I could see some of my audience gasp, but as I proceeded and said that it was necessary to stimulate the soul, the mind, our actions, add stimulus to our religion and exert ourselves to do good, they readily saw the point. There was one newspaper man present who evidently did not know what my point was and in his paper in the next edition was the glaring headline, 'Dr. Henson says stimulants are absolutely necessary for daily life. Drink whisky, the best stimulant on earth.'"

NOT LOOKING FOR HONORS. Bright Youth Had Reason for Being at Foot of Class.

Every sporting man in Salem and vicinity has heard of "Dinah" Brown, says a Massachusetts exchange. Some three or four years ago he, the writer and eight other young men were on a polo tour of Knox county, Maine. One morning we visited a country schoolhouse.

After a good half-hour show-out of the respective talents of the pupils, during which time we noticed that one bright-faced little chap, who was at the foot of the class, seemed to be the smartest scholar in the room, the teacher wanted to know if we had any questions to ask.

"Dinah" wanted to know what such a smart little chap was doing at the foot of the class.

"If that fellow from Salem was half as smart as he thinks he is he would notice that the foot of the class is nearest the stove."

Dies in Discharge of Duty. Champ Clark relates the experience of a Western politician who was making a house-to-house canvass some years ago.

This politician had come to a prosperous looking farm house at a cross road, when he observed a comely young woman standing at the gate. Pulling up his horse, the candidate for the people's favor gracefully lifted his hat in salute to the young woman and politely asked:

"No doubt, madam, your estimable husband is at home?"

"Yes," responded the woman.

"Might I have the pleasure of seeing him?" suavely inquired the politician.

"He's down in the pasture-a-buryn' the dog," came from the individual at the gate.

"I am very sorry indeed to learn of the death of your dog," came in sympathizing tone from the candidate.

"What killed him?"

"He wore hisself out a-barkin' at candidates," said the woman.—Rochester Herald.

Thus Men Puzzle Women. "We women," said a reflective member of the sex, "are said to be puzzles to men. However that may be, it certainly seems to me that the masculine mind is at least as puzzling. Why is it, for instance, that a man will devote himself with the utmost ardor to the task of winning a wife, and then, having gained her, calmly settle down as though there were nothing more left to do? Is not the male reason strong enough to perceive that love is something so elusive and subtle that it needs to be nourished and protected after having been captured?"—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

PUMPKIN SEEDS VALUABLE.

There is Money in Saving, Drying and Selling Them in Iowa.

Eldora, Ia.—Growing pumpkins for the seed is an industry which is developing among farmers in Iowa. Those who first tried the experiment found at once the industry a profitable one. The variety grown is the Connecticut Field.

The pumpkin is planted with the corn and requires to increase of acreage for its production, while it yields in seed from five to six dollars per acre. The average price paid is five cents per pound, and the market has reached at times as high as eight cents. The feeding value of the pumpkin is doubled by removing the seed, which possesses the properties of drying up milk cows.

The work of handling the seed is carried on by the children of the farm, who first take the ripe pumpkin and pound it lightly on the ground until the seeds are loose in the core. The pumpkin is then broken open and the seeds scooped out, and they are then washed thoroughly and dried and are ready for the scales.

One dealer at Independence, Ia., annually handles 7,000 pounds of pumpkin seeds, and urges the farmers in his region to raise more. One large grower annually gets a large check at Troy Mills for the summer's product, and in places the children get enough money to pay all their school and college expenses.

During the St. Louis fair many went to the fair on the money realized from selling pumpkin seeds, and numerous tales are told of the comforts received from the sale of this before unheard of product having a money value in the market.

BANKS CAN NOT BE INSURED.

Attorney General of Iowa Makes Ruling on Securing of Deposits.

Des Moines, Ia.—Attorney General Mullin has decided that banks can not be insured against fire, theft or burglary in Iowa and the banks can not take and hold stock of an insurance company organized for the purpose of insuring bank deposits, carrying such stock as part of their assets.

Inquiries on these points were submitted to the attorney general by Auditor of State Carroll, application for authority to organize a company to insure bank deposits having been filed with him by a Sioux county man.

Attorney General Mullin holds that the legislature of Iowa has clearly defined the kind and character of risks upon which insurance may be written. The effect of the act of the legislature is to prohibit insurance being written in this state upon any risks other than such as are defined and permitted by statute as subject to insurance.

The attorney general says "Under a familiar rule of law the naming of the character of risks that may be insured against excludes all others. As no authority is found in the statute for the insurance of bank deposits, it follows that such risks were excluded by the lawmaking power of the state and that no insurance company authorized to transact business under the laws of this state is authorized to issue its statute to enter into a contract of insurance of that character."

"Bank deposits are not, therefore, the subject of insurance under the laws of Iowa."

WOMAN SWINDLE, SAYS CORELLI.

Novelist Scores "Painted, Powdered, Padded, Shameless Creatures."

London.—Marie Corelli scores women who remove their hair, dyeing it, and give away in fashion papers. "There," she says, "man sees woman as the fool rampant. She is depicted as semi-bald, holding her wig in one hand, ready to put it on. She is shown in a half-nude state, very thin and scrawny, but again unblushingly holding artificially inflated pump portions of her body, which nature failed to supply, in readiness to fasten over the hollow places. She is exhibited plainly and pitilessly as a swindle."

"Do women imagine that men never look at such papers—never perceive the bold, prominent challenge of these degraded advertisements, which instructed them as to what a painted, powdered, padded, dyed, frizzled, shameless creature a woman may be and often is?"

A casual study of our modern women's pictorials will convince the most optimistic male supporter of women's rights that a majority of the fair sex is not as yet any way fitted for the franchise.

Burbank Has Sour Sweet Apples. Stanford University, Cal.—Students and faculty of Stanford university were astounded when Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, exhibited an apple which was red and sweet on one side and yellow and sour on the other. Burbank was speaking on plant evolution. He said a certain difficult experiment might be achieved by infinite patience and constant work, but it would be much more difficult than making a delicious fruit both sour and sweet. Burbank offered a reward of \$1,000 for an ounce of horse-radish seed, saying that he had tried ten years in vain to cultivate seed.

Increases Range of Torpedo.

New York.—United States government experiments with the dirigible Bloss-Leavitt submarine torpedo, held since April last off Sag Harbor, L. I., have closed. Frank Leavitt, the inventor, has increased the effective range of the torpedo. It is said, from 1,200 to 2,500 yards. The cost of trials was \$1,000 a day. Work will be resumed early in the spring of 1907.

WHEN HER MEMORY FAILED.

For Once Mrs. Binks Had Proved False to a Truth.

Mrs. Binks stands high in the ranks of club women and bears a reputation for possessing a keen and reliable memory. It is quite the thing when a question arises as to place or date or name, whether in ancient or modern history, in home or foreign lands, in the realms of literature or art, or personal data in club events, to decide the discussion by referring to the popular member. "Oh, ask Mrs. Binks, she'll remember," has become almost a watchword among the club women.

On a recent afternoon, as Mrs. Binks was starting out to attend a club meeting the house maid came with the room key. "Please ma'am, won't you get me a yeast cake on your way home? I forgot to order one when the grocery boy was here. Won't you please remember, ma'am," she cried with the freedom of a servant who has been long with the family.

When Mrs. Binks returned she brought her sister home with her to dinner. Nora had opened the door without waiting a moment or two before whispering to the younger woman: "Oh, Miss Grace, please won't you run around the corner for a yeast cake? I just knew Mrs. Binks would forget it! You know she never can remember anything!"

QUEER DISHES OF 1582.

Remarkable Viands Served at a Banquet in London.

A Spanish visitor to London in 1582 describes a banquet of that day: "I will tell you no lie," he begins cautiously. "I saw such kinds of meats eaten as are wont to be seen and not eaten as a horse roasted, a cat in zely, little lizards with what broth, frogs, toad and divers other sorts of meats, which I saw them eat, but I never knew what they were till they were eaten." The "quacking custard" of that period was a huge dish in the middle of the table, into which, at a private signal, the city fool suddenly leaped over the heads of the astonished feasters, who were instantly bespattered with this rich and savory mud. Undeterred, however, by this nasty behavior, the citizens not only ate plentifully of the custard, but even took some home to their wives. Nor were the women of those days backward in demanding expensive dainties for themselves. It seems, from an essayist of 1691 sarcastically asks: "Who will not admire our nice dames of London, who must have cherries at the dining table, and peascods at the sitting table, and chickens of an inch?"

The Limit for Her. "I am the thirteenth of a family of 12 and was born on the 12th of the month and have never had any luck in my life," said the superstitious woman. "Consequently I can not bring in the face of Providence in the matter of matrimony, for to say what extent, on the 12th day when a woman got on the 12th of the month, she sits in front of me, and four little animals, those crosses between squirrels and parrots, does they are working on their furs this winter on her muff, and two on her box, and then another woman got in and sat down by her with five little animals on her muff and two on her box, and every one of these little animals looked straight at me out of their bright eyes, I had the cat stopped and got off."

No Passenger for Poes. The American visit of the younger Irving recalls, to literary folk, the association between Sir Henry Irving and Tennyson. It will be remembered that the great actor-manager produced several of the poet laureate's plays, sometimes with notable success. One of the first of these ventures was The Cup and Tennyson was hugely pleased with the financial outcome, but not a little hurt when, attending a performance, he found that many lines had been cut.

But Irving thought quite as much of his art of the actor as did Tennyson of that of the poet.

"Yes," he said dryly, "we have cut several lines. We find it necessary to cut quite as much cutting in Shakespeare."

And Tennyson was silent.—Saturday Evening Post.

Coal Mining Under Sea. Up in Cape Breton Island, where there are a great number of collieries, digging out coal from under the sea, the submarine area thus undermined now amounts to about 16 ordinary farms of 100 acres each. The outer end of the hole is something over a mile from shore. Strange as it may seem, the workings have never been invaded by sea water streams. Although fresh water streams have been encountered flowing out in the strata under the ocean bed, the thickness of the strata over the mines varies from 500 to 1,140 feet. About 5,250,000 tons of coal have thus far been taken from these submarine workings, and there is as yet no indication of failure of the beds.

Hobo's Delight. "Scuse me, I got 8 cents an' I only need 2 cents more—"

"Oh, that's older than the hills. You don't want a bed. If I were to give you 2 cents you'd hurry to the nearest saloon and buy a drink."

"You got me sized up wrong, mister. I don't want no drink, an' I don't want no bed— I want t' buy a 10-cent magazine an' read de latest roast on John D. Rockefeller."