

NEW SULTAN OF TURKEY.



Mehmed Reşad Effendi, brother of Abdul Hamid, has been placed on the throne as sultan of Turkey by the Young Turks. According to a Constantinople correspondent in describing him, he is not unprepossessing, although his face has a bloated appearance, owing to good living and lack of exercise. The new sultan bears a remarkable resemblance to his dethroned brother. His lips are thick and slightly protruding; he has the same curve to the nose and his hair is tinged with gray, but in other ways he shows signs of time's ravages.

MONUMENT TO ADAM

Marylander Erects One to Memory of First Man.

Declares He Was Hero Who Had His Troubles in Eden—Thinks It High Time Pioneer Was Honored.

Baltimore, Md.—Believing that it is better late than never, John P. Brady, a contractor and builder, has had erected at his country house, Hickory Grounds, near Gardenville, a monument to the memory of Adam, the first man.

After spending much thought upon designs for the monument, Mr. Brady came to the conclusion that nothing could be more fitting than a plain square shaft of concrete, surmounted by a sun dial.

Without saying that women will not be admitted Mr. Brady wishes the occasion of the dedication to be distinctly masculine. He has no intention at any time to erect a memorial to Eve. The monument bears two opposite panels, which read:

THIS, THE FIRST SHAFT IN AMERICA, IS DEDICATED TO ADAM, THE FIRST MAN.

It is circular form, surrounding the sun dial is the Latin quotation: "Sic transit gloria mundi."

"After all, there is no serious reason why there should not have been thousands of memorials to Adam," said Mr. Brady. "Some of us may blame him for the misfortunes which we get in this world, but few of us wish that we had not been brought here. It was kind of Adam to appear in the world. He paved the way and should receive the homage which we pay to pioneers in all fields. There seems to be glory enough to go around for every one who ever did anything, and many monuments and other tributes have honored men who never did anything."

"It being so easy to get one's name graven in stone, I thought it was high time that Adam had something to show for having been here. Adam had a pretty hard time of it. He was something of a hero, after all. Just think of it—to be here on this globe—not a soul until Eve came, and then—"

MAN GREETED BY TOMBSTONE

Virginian Gets Home to Find Himself Supposed Occupant of a Grave.

Blacksburg, Va.—After being mourned as dead for nearly a month by his wife, Charles Young, supposed to have been killed by a train at Dry Branch a short time ago, and whose supposed body was buried at Merrimac Mills several days later, arrived safe and well the other night at the home of his father-in-law, Charles Atkins, only to find that a tombstone had been erected on his memory and that his wife had donned black for him.

Young, who has not yet accustomed himself to the epitaph over the grave in the cemetery at Merrimac Mills, and to the mourning costume of his supposed widow, expressed himself as particularly disgusted, when, in addition to his other troubles, he was told of the laudable remarks expressed in his funeral sermon.

However, he has accepted the situation philosophically since the fatted calf has been killed in his behalf.

COMMERCE SETS A RECORD.

Exports in 1907 Put at \$14,000,000,000, While Imports Amount to \$16,000,000,000.

Washington.—A record for the international commerce of the world was established in 1907, according to the statistical abstract of the United States, prepared by the bureau of statistics. This abstract puts the total exports of the various countries and colonies of the world in that year at \$14,000,000,000 grand total the United States is accredited with 14.4 per cent. of the imports and with 9.2 per cent. of the exports. Ten countries contributed more than two-thirds of the total.

On the export side the united kingdom headed the list with \$2,073,000,000, the United States coming next with \$1,835,000,000, Germany next with \$1,628,000,000 and France fourth with \$1,080,000,000. On the import side the united Kingdom again headed the list with \$3,143,000,000, Germany coming second with \$2,082,000,000, France third with \$1,201,000,000 and the United States fourth with \$1,194,000,000. Practically two-thirds of this total of international trade is accredited to Europe.

In the year under consideration Canada took 58 per cent of her imports from the United States, Mexico 50 per cent, the Central American states more than 50 per cent, Cuba 49 per cent, Santo Domingo, 53 per cent, Haiti 71 per cent, the United Kingdom 31 per cent, Germany 15 per cent, Japan 17.8 per cent, and France 11 per cent.

WOMEN BECOME GUIDES.

Propaganda of "Equal Rights" Penetrates Even the Woods of Northern Maine.

Bangor, Me.—Certainly women are fast acquiring "equal rights" with men in the great woods of northern Maine. Each year more and more women are going there in the hunting season to enjoy camp life, to shoot and fish. So naturally, the hardy, adventurous women of the region, who love the woods and its denizens, are becoming guides, thus creating a new calling for women.

Miss Cornelia T. Crosby of Phillips, the first woman to register as a guide in Maine, had for years been famous as a fisherman and hunter. Although possessed of an excellent education, she found more pleasure in the haunts of the wild than in books or society. She is known as the most skillful angler in the entire Rangeley region, and she is said to be the only woman who ever shot a caribou in Maine. She has several moose to her credit, and so many deer that she has lost count.

Other women who have become guides are Mrs. Jennie Treese, now of this city; Mrs. J. G. Barlow and her daughter Ethel of Dead River, and Mrs. Brown of Camp Moosehorn, Schoodic Lake.

Rockefeller Has Rainbow Lake. Tarrytown, N. Y.—John D. Rockefeller has a rainbow lake. This is one of the unusual features of his new mansion on the hill. The lake is situated on the west side of his stone castle, and it is so paved with colored stones that the fountain which plays from the center of it throws out a mist which shows rainbows at every point of view. This is one of the unique features planned by Mr. Rockefeller and he expects to get much pleasure in viewing the thousands of rainbows which will be visible every day.

NERVES SHOULD BE TRAINED

Worry, Ill Temper and Overwork Are Simply Bad Habits Which Can Be Corrected.

We hear women talk of "nerves!" as though they looked upon them as their greatest foes. All the physical pleasures of life are brought to us through our nerves, and even the higher joys of the intellectual and the spiritual life we become aware of only through the medium of feeling, and for this reason alone it behooves one to keep one's nerves in a normal, healthful and responsive condition.

The fact that the nervous system is amenable to training and that its habits can be unerringly cultivated at one's own will, and under one's own direction, or with outside assistance if necessary, is a fact of growing importance. This is so because the recent work of scientific men is showing us to what a minute degree nerve habits can be controlled and also because especially in America, our climate and our modern civilization are making greater demands upon nervous force and contribute to the unconscious formation of detrimental nervous habits.

Worry, ill temper, haste, laziness, overwork, selfishness, egotism and distrust are in many cases bad habits of the nerves.—From the Delineator.

AS HIS MISTRESS HAD DONE.

Chinese Cook, Like All His Race, Capable Only of Imitating the Acts of Others.

"Chinese need to be taught to be more self-reliant," said the woman who employs a Chinese cook.—The other day I ordered my cook to make a pudding for dinner, stopping a minute to see if he followed my instructions, for I had taught him to make this particular pudding. He had seen me smelt the eggs before putting them into a bowl and he began by putting the first egg to his nose. He seemed on the right road, so I left the kitchen for a minute. Returning I discovered that he had used fire eggs instead of three as I had taught him. Taking him to task for not following my instructions he answered "Yes, three here (pointing to the bowl) two here (indicating where he had thrown the others). Same as you."

"It dawned on me that when I had taught him to make the pudding I had found the second and third eggs that I had broken to be bad and had thrown both away. He had simply done what he had seen me do—after smelling the second and third egg he had thrown them away."

Gems of Thought Lost Forever.

Mr. Jingle suddenly turned back his cuff and wrote upon it. It happened in an interval of the passing the champagne.

"Do you often take notes in that way?" asked a woman who sat by him, much interested.

"Often," the poet returned, "but the trouble of it is that when I read it over the next day I can't for the life of me make out what the notes are that I make out to take. Then the shirt goes into the wash and there's an end of it. What's the use, anyway?" as the waiter again passed the tall glass of champagne into his outstretched hand.

"True," the woman assented, quietly. "What's the use?"

Snakes of East Africa.

For one thing, East Africa must have credit; snakes are not numerous, as they are in the south, at least I never have seen many. There are pythons, but they do not appear to be dangerous. I shall never forget how, down in South Africa during the war, I once awoke and found a black mamba in bed with me.

This snake is absolutely deadly. It frightened me so that after the whole thing was over I went out and wrote it. Fortunately it was under the blankets with me and rolled out unconcernedly. Had I known it was there, in all probability it would have struck me.—Forest and Stream.

Slang.

Slang words and phrases are pioneers of the language to be. Some of these pioneers die on the plains, not virile enough to cross the centuries, and the purists rot with them. The really apt slang words inherit the earth, the people and the dictionaries.

They are born on the athletic field or in the stress of crowded life, where short cut speech is a necessity. You find them first in the yellow journals and the mouths of babes. If you are responsible for any of the babes you have to be a purist pro tem. Don't fret too hard! You are merely hearing language in the making. Ten years settles a word in the dictionary—or in oblivion.—From the Nautilus.

Biggest Noses, Worst Colds.

"One thing I have noticed," said the ear and nose specialist, "is that people with the biggest noses have the worst colds in the head. I don't know whether the nose is big because a succession of severe colds has extended the cartilage or whether the colds are heavy because the nose affords such ample breeding space. The one thing I am sure of is that the combination prevails."

Terrors of Anticipation.

"You look so pale and this. What's got you?" "Work. From morning to night and only a one-hour rest." "How long have you been at it?" "I begin to-morrow."—Success.

APATHY WAS NOT OF CHOICE.

Series of Misfortunes Precluded Investment in Bibles Just at That Particular Time.

The auctioneer with a wagon load of books had stopped on a corner in the village and quickly collected a crowd around him, but he held up book after book and failed to get a bid. He finally selected a family Bible, and fastening his gaze on an old man who was vigorously chewing tobacco, he asked: "My friend, are you a Christian man?"

"I ar," was the reply. "Do you believe in this book?" "I dew."

"Have you got one like it at home?" "No, I ain't."

"Then why don't you give me a bid on this? What's the matter with this crowd that I can't sell a Bible for a tenth of its worth? Don't your religion in this town include the Bible?"

"She does, stranger, she does," replied the old man, "but lemme explain things a little. On Monday we had a horse race. On Tuesday there was a dogfight. On Wednesday a feller came along with a guessing hog, and yesterday there was a scrap between lightweights for the gate receipts. We done on the Bible here, but we are also a sporty town, and if porus plasters was selling for two cents apiece there hain't one of us could raise the dough to invest. You'll jest have to wait till we recuperate and get a new bolt."

SWIFTER THAN THE PIGEON.

Swallow Easily Outdistances Companions in Flight Between Compiegne and Antwerp.

A citizen of Antwerp has put to a test the celerity and homing instinct of the swallow as compared with pigeons, a London correspondent of the New York Sun says. He caught a swallow in its nest under his roof at Antwerp, made a red mark on its feathers and sent the bird with a consignment of 250 carrier pigeons by train to Compiegne, in northern France, a distance of 147 miles.

The birds were released there simultaneously at 7:15 the next morning. The swallow without the slightest hesitation made for the north and disappeared like a flash. The pigeons circled laboriously around before deciding which direction they should take.

The swallow reached its nest in Antwerp in 47 minutes, while the pigeons took four hours and seven minutes to cover the distance. In other words, the messenger of spring flew at the rate of nearly 132 miles an hour, while the speed of the pigeons only slightly exceeded 25 1/2 miles an hour.

Never Let Go.

We hear much about forging to the front, taking time by the forelock, seizing the bull by the horns, and the like, and also that the man with the tail hold is entirely ignored. Nine men out of every ten wisely follow and succeed where one does who charges around at the front all the time. If you miss the forelock, seize the tail. It is the hanging on more than the particular hold that counts. The man will go just as fast and nearly as far who has hold of the tail as the one hanging on to the horn; besides, he can hold on better and is in less danger. Young man, don't be too anxious to get rapidly to the front, but hang on to what you have and you will get ahead in the world just as fast as you deserve.—Columbia (Ala.) Breeze.

Cooking Versus Piano Playing.

A distinguished man said the other day, at the opening of a new school of domestic science: "Though I speak not from personal experience, but putting myself in the position of a working man who married, I would infinitely sooner be certain of eating a good dinner than of listening to an indifferent pianist. It seems to me there is often more emphasis placed upon piano playing than there is on the more homely, but certainly more useful, offices of domestic life." Perfectly right, good sir; but you won't convince Conservatory pupils, or the aspirants for "culture" in the outlying districts, that good dinners are of the least consequence compared with their music lessons.—Boston Herald.

Disgusted Veteran Author.

Many years ago a youthful man of letters arrived at Etretat with a letter of introduction of Alphonse Karr. He had been particularly told of Karr's passionate love of the sea; and, finding the author of "Genevieve" seated on the beach, mending a net, he immediately began an enthusiastic outburst of commonplace about the grandeur of the ocean. "Monsieur," interrupted Karr, "I love the sea; but have lived together a long time. But if you have come all the way from Paris to disgust me with it, I can only say it is a wicked thing to do."

Remedy for Burns.

For burns apply lincseed oil and lime water. From experience I have learned to keep a bottle of this remedy in the kitchen with soft, clean pieces of old muslin, right where I can get them without a moment's delay. Apply the oil immediately, and bandage so that not a particle of air can reach the burn, and if it is just a skin burn no blister will form. Even if it is a deep burn this will give immediate and complete relief from pain; but of course a physician should be summoned at once if the burn is severe.—Exchange.

ONCE A ROYAL CHEF

But Now Edward Werner Is Unable to Get a Job.

Man Whose Flapjacks Delighted Czar, Former Cook for King of Denmark, Out of Work in New York for a Year.

New York.—What signifieth the praise spoken by royal lips or written by grateful remembrance of royal stomachs well content, if one is able and willing to work, but can't get a job? That is the question which Edward Werner, chef, inventor and painter of landscapes, is asking himself after being out of work for almost a year, and not through failure to hunt for a means of making a living.

Back in the early '90's Werner, who is a native of Copenhagen, came very close to royalty when he was employed as a chef for Prince Valdemar, the youngest son of the late King Christian IX, and in that capacity accompanied the prince when the latter, as commander of a Danish cruiser, made a trip from the Baltic to the Black sea. His cooking pleased the prince so much that on the return to Copenhagen Werner was recommended for a place in the royal household, and for two years and a half was one of the chosen 11 whom the king was fond of visiting and watching at their work.

Very naturally, owing to his place in the palace at Copenhagen, Werner cooked soups, entrees, and desserts for members of almost every royal family in Europe, and on one occasion his recipe for flapjacks was responsible for making Czar Alexander of Russia throw discretion to the winds and forget that the monarch had in his suite a cook who was specially engaged to see that no libellous substances, such as bombs and prussic acid, were used to give high seasoning to ragouts or caviar.

That was one day in the Gripakow, one of the largest forests in Denmark, about 30 miles from Copenhagen, where members of the royal families of Denmark, Russia, England and Germany were out hunting. The czar, who had paired off with the king of England, then prince of Wales, in the pursuit, drew away from the others in the chase, and was half famished when he and his companion came upon the inspector's lodge, which had been set aside as a kitchen for the day. Werner was deftly turning the batter into the steaming cakes when the pair of hunters entered, and without further ado set to sampling them.

When the czar had finished a plateful he suddenly forgot that it was not his own cook's concoctions he was devouring, and then with a laugh asked for another helping. The prince of Wales made a good pacemaker, and when the rest of the party came up Werner couldn't produce the flapjacks fast enough.

Werner, on the death of his first wife, 16 years ago, came to this country and has a portfolio full of recommendations from hotels, apartment houses and private families for which he has acted as chef. He holds a patent on an ice cream freezer which is so constructed as to make ice cream by its own motions, but he is without means to manufacture his invention.

His little apartment at 142 East Fifty-second street is hung with landscapes in oils by himself. He is a dapper and cheerful little man and has a clean record, as is attested by the letter of recommendation from the chief marshal of the royal household at Copenhagen, as well as testimonials to his faithful service from his American employers. What does the approval of either aristocratic or democratic stomachs matter, he is asking, if he can not cook for others at a time when the dearth of good cooks is said to be a trying problem in domestic economy?

Despite his vain search for work, Werner has been quietly helping others whose plight is worse than his own. Only recently he heard of a case of an elderly couple who were without food. One of them was blind and both were sick and in actual need of food, when Werner discovered them, because they were too ill to leave the house. He obtained a doctor's services and has since been supplying the couple with food and looking out for all their wants, and it was through the gratitude of these recipients of his kindness that his own unfortunate situation came to be known.

Ghost Makes Woman Tell.

Lowell, Mass.—Mrs. Frances Delory, at whose farm in West Ellica the alleged murderer of Annie Mullins worked, said that the spirit of the slain girl had prompted her to tell the police about Dionisos Spiropoulos, even at the risk of implicating her husband's people.

After finishing the story of the employment of Peter Delory and the Greek at her farm and their return from Arlington on the morning after the murder, she told of being haunted by the girl's spirit.

"For several weeks," she said, "I have felt at various times a hand upon my shoulder, and each time the words have been put into my mind: 'Why don't you write to the police?' I thought the first time that someone was actually behind me, but nobody was there, though I felt the pressure on my shoulder."

Mrs. Delory told her story calmly and said: "I am not a spiritualist and I do not believe in ghosts, but there are some things that only God can explain."

Picture in Egg a Puzzle.

Mount Holly, N. J.—A picture of a young and beautiful woman, attired in the latest fashion, is the freak of nature that William Stevenson, living on one of Joseph J. White's cranberry bogs, near Hanover, has found in an ordinary egg. He is at a loss to account for the presence of the picture in the egg, and all the scientists consulted thus far have failed to give any explanation.

MCNORRILL TO

Running of Train at 200 Miles an Hour.

Washington.—An American inventor has so far perfected the rail-rail system of railroad transportation that he has succeeded in convincing ordinarily conservative and sane government authorities that a revolution in transportation methods is impending, which will hardly be less significant than that which was caused when the steam railroad took the place long held by the stage coach and the canal.

British, American and German specialists in science and mechanics have for years been at work on the mono-rail idea, and an Irishman named Brennan has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the scientists that his project will work. It has until now been merely a question of whether it was worth while, or whether it would cost so much as to be of no commercial value.

This element of commercial utility is believed to have been put into the project by the American inventor. Recently he laid his plans before a member of the interstate commerce commission, and explained what he had done and proposed to do.

Briefly, he convinced his listeners that he could send a train across this continent at the rate of 200 miles an hour with less expense than would be required to haul a train of similar weight by present methods in five days; that his plan was perfectly safe; that it would operate on a railroad which would cost about two-thirds as much per mile for cost and maintenance as a standard road, and that his system will haul freight quite as well as passengers.

The possibilities of such a system have naturally attracted a good deal of attention among people who have known of this incident. That it should have made a real impression on a man accustomed to deal with cranks and forget their projects is the unusual feature of it.

PETE THE HIPPO A JOKER.

Keeps a Gotham Keeper Who Accidentally Fall into His Tank a Prisoner.

New York.—Keeper Richard Richards, who, with Keeper Thuman, has charge of the elephant house in the Bronx Zoo, came to the conclusion the other day that a hippopotamus may, and sometimes does, have a sardonic sense of humor. Before that he thought that hippopotami simply had stubbornness and liked hay.

Pete, the Bronx Zoo hippopotamus, has a fine, well-lighted, steam-heated, up-to-date room in the new elephant house, with no end of refined surroundings and all conveniences. One of these is a six-foot tank. Pete was in his room Wednesday at 2 p. m., chewing hay, when Keeper Richards thought it was a good time to clean Pete's tank in the doing of which he fell into the water.

The water was not quite over his head, but he had to walk around it on his tallest tiptoes to keep his mouth and nose above water. The walls of the tank are slippery, so that the only way out for Richards was up the stairs Pete uses. He tiptoed over them and was about to start up.

Just then Pete appeared at the top. He didn't come down the steps, but stood there, barring Richards' exit, chewing hay, with one eye closed. Richards tiptoed around in the tank, hoping that Pete would go away, but he didn't. After five or six minutes, Richards began to yell for help, his pride having kept him silent up to that time. Keeper Thuman came to his rescue and drove Pete away from the exit.

GREAT SHOW OF AIRSHIPS.

International Aeronautical Exposition at Frankfurt Next July Attracts Attention.

Washington.—The international aeronautical exposition, which will open at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany, next July, is attracting great interest, according to a report to the state department from Consul-General Richard Guenther. Many cash prizes have been offered and others are expected. Two prizes are of about \$5,000 each, one being given by the Frankfurt council.

The new Frankfurt festhalle, which will be used for the exposition, is 480 feet long, with a medium dome width of 215 feet, giving ample room for floating large inflated balloons. For the large dirigible balloons four immense halls are being constructed, to which another of the Zeppelin balloons probably will be added. The new Parseval balloon, which recently had a trial trip, will carry passengers to the vicinity of Frankfurt during the exhibition. An ample supply of gas has been provided. For the flights of aeroplanes a large even field of about one square kilometer will be available.

Mr. Mathis of Strauburg, who purchased the original Wright apparatus, will visit the exposition with it and with a Wright aeroplane.

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