

WASHINGTON SOCIAL LEADER.



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MODEL CITY ORPHAN

Burrage, Mass., Abandoned and \$10,000 Tax Overdue.

Place Started Only Three Years Ago by a Multimillionaire with a Great Rush of Industries, Now Lacks Owner.

Boston.—The selectmen, tax collector, constable and other officials of Hanson have been trying for months into records, interviewing people, and even employing detectives to find an owner for Burrage, a town in Plymouth county. But no owner has been found, and now the residents are looking to one man to solve the vexing problem for them.

That man is Albert C. Burrage, a multimillionaire. For this town, now an orphan among the villages of the state, is all that is left of the copper man's famous "model town" scheme of only three years ago.

In accordance with the plans of its owner, there were erected factories, houses, a hotel, a railroad station and several big power plants. The factories were started, and the cottages were filled with employees.

Then things began to go wrong in the factory of the Metal Foil Company, one of the names under which the community was becoming known to the business world. This trouble became so serious that after six months of uncertainty the factory was shut down. As a result, half of the tenants of the new "model" houses left town.

Other mishaps followed until, a year and a half ago, so the citizens of Hanson say, Burrage was suddenly and finally deserted. The hotel was closed, the power plant nailed up and the shutters drawn in the 30 or more cottages.

It was only about six months ago that the Hansons say, they first discovered that the large property had no owner. That was when they started in to collect some of the taxes due. No one could be found who would acknowledge that he knew anything about the property.

Mr. Burrage denies that he has a controlling interest in the property. The Hanson Manufacturing Company denies that it knows anything about the ownership. Residents of Hanson say that there is a \$10,000 board bill to be paid for the "keep" of this orphan village, and they want their money.

Within the last few weeks a record has been found in the registry of deeds announcing the sale of some of the land and houses to the General Electric Company. Is the General Electric Company to take over the entire plant? That is the question uppermost in Plymouth county now.

Thirty, Hot; Gets Ice by Mail. Reno, Nev.—Uncle Sam's ability to handle almost anything as mail matter was demonstrated recently when 15 pounds of ice, carefully wrapped in a rubber covering, was delivered to Dr. A. M. Miller of Hawthorne, Nev., the package being consigned to him by the Reno Ice Company.

It was entry of Hawthorne and Dr. Miller, who is a millionaire, longed for a cooling drink. He telegraphed the local ice company for 15 pounds of ice by mail. It was forwarded as requested, bearing many stamps. Eleven pounds were lost in transit.

Tornado Plucks Geese. Mattson, Ill.—Caught in the furious blast of a tornado which swept farms six miles southwest of this city the other afternoon, seven geese, swimming on a pond on the farm of E. M. Thomas, were plucked clean by the wind, swept up in the air and blown into the haymow. Scarcely a feather was left on the birds when Thomas found them after the cyclone had passed.

GOLD HUNT SCARES POLICE.

Negro Couple Who Believe in Dreams Burrow for Bullion in the Cellar—Work in the Night.

Boston.—Four police officers of station No. 5 delved to the bottom of a supposed murder mystery in the cellar of the house at 3 Wentworth place, South end, the other night.

Picks and shovels were employed and blisters were raised, but the bodies of the victims failed to materialize. Instead, the officers learned that dreams of buried treasure had so worked upon the minds of occupants of the house that they had burrowed for gold ingots, silver bricks and chests filled with bullion. Nocturnal hours had been employed in the quest, so it was small wonder that other parties living in the house who discovered the "grave diggers" notified the police and brought on the fiasco.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Pratt apparently believe in dreams, say the police. They are negroes, and when Mrs. Pratt recently dreamed three nights running that there was treasure buried in the cellar of their abiding place Mr. Pratt decided to investigate. The couple called in Rev. Mr. Gordon of the negro Baptist church in order that he might participate in the good things which were to accrue.

The little party went to work in the cellar and dug a trench ten feet long four feet wide and eight feet deep. While they were at work the sound of the implements reached the ears of George Walker, who also lives in the house. Walker went to the cellar, moving stealthily, and saw the trench and the workers without their noting his appearance. Visions of a full murder entered his mind, and he informed the police.

PITCHFORK TINE IN HIS LEG.

Man Carries Forgotten Bit of Steel for Twenty-Seven Years Without His Knowledge.

St. Louis.—For 27 years three inches of pitchfork prong has been embedded in the flesh of Juman Nedin, a Hungarian leather worker, without his knowledge. The discovery was made at the City hospital.

Nedin was admitted to the hospital suffering from an aneurism of the femoral artery.

Interest of the doctors was at once attracted to the case. A study was made of Nedin's case. The patient was submitted to the X-rays. To the astonishment of the doctors the shadow outlines of a foreign substance was shown in the aneurism at Nedin's thigh. The patient was questioned through an interpreter. After being prodded with questions and racking his brain Nedin remembered that when a boy of ten years his brother accidentally stuck a pitchfork in his leg. This was in far-away Hungary. The wound bled at times, but soon healed. The operation of ligating the aneurism was performed and the piece of steel which gave rise to the trouble was removed.

Town Gets Its First Church.

Hawthorne, Nev.—The corner-stone of the Methodist church, the first Christian place of worship in this town, was laid the other day. A town of 1,500 persons, prosperous, formerly the city seat, and in the heart of a rich mining district, Hawthorne never had a church. The only religious edifice has been a Chinese joss house, which was practically abandoned more than a year ago. Several years ago Goldfield succeeded in taking the county seat away from Hawthorne—one of the arguments being that "Hawthorne did not have a church."

Taft Wine Sauerkraut.

Sandusky, O.—President Taft holds the ticket which drew a barrel of sauerkraut, worth three dollars, at the Elks' fair here. It was presented to him by William Homer Reinhart, president of the Perry Victory and International Centennial Peace commission, who was in Washington recently.

NOT YET READY FOR COFFIN.

Prospective Juror's Assertion That He Was Not Dead Comparatively Easy to Believe.

On a recent jury day in the first district court a stolid-looking German presented to Justice Joseph a certificate from the commissioner of jurors. After a rapid glance at the document the justice ordered the man to raise his right hand and administered the oath.

"Your name is Herman Kaufman?"

"Yes, your honor."

"This paper," continued the court, "requests me to excuse Herman Kaufman from jury duty on the ground that he is dead. Now, remember that you have sworn to tell the truth, and think well before you answer: Are you dead?"

"No, your honor," was the bewildered reply, "I don't think I am."

"You claim that you are alive?"

"Yes, your honor."

"That will do. Now take this paper back to the commissioner of jurors."

The man did so. When the commissioner examined the certificate it bore the following indorsement in the justice's handwriting: "The deceased, appearing before me in open court, insists, under oath, that he is not dead. Please investigate, and, if his testimony be false, have him indicted for perjury."—New York Press.

NATIONAL FOOD OF MEXICANS

The Tortilla Is the Bread Used by Our Southern Neighbors—Frijoles Are Boiled Beans.

The tortilla is the ancient Indian bread of Mexico. Its only constituent is Indian corn (maize), which the women soak in lime water until the kernels are at the point of bursting, then wash thoroughly until it is free from lime, when they grind it by rubbing it on a large block of stone, specially cut for the purpose, with a smaller stone which they hold in their hands.

The operation looks very much like rubbing clothes on a washboard and is a laborious and tedious one. The lime renders the corn dough adhesive, like wheat flour dough, and it is easily patted between the hands into cakes the size and shape of an ordinary griddle. Though no salt or leaven is added fresh tortillas are exceedingly palatable.

The one other food mainstay is frijoles—ordinary beans. They are boiled to a mush and with a liberal quantity of lard are warmed as required in a flat earthen dish that answers for a frying pan. The very poor people do not always have the luxury of frijoles and when they do have them cannot always afford the lard.

English Difficult to Pronounce.

The difficulty of English for strangers does not lie in its orthography, but in its pronunciation. Abroad, people will constantly say that they can read and write English readily while unable to utter a word or to understand a word of the spoken language; as, of course, vice versa, a great many English and Americans can read and write French long before they can understand, or make themselves understood; the other languages are just as difficult for them to pronounce as English is for others. The only difference is that English stands alone with its system or lack of system, of pronunciation. When a Frenchman knows how to write German, he is at the same time able to speak the language, if not beautifully, at least so as to be understood; the same holds for a German speaking French.—Prof. Albert Schins, in the North American Review.

All Can Work and Try.

Milton wrote: "Who best can suffer, best can do." The progress and success of the other fellow always looks easy. But only the other fellow knows all about it. We cannot all work just the same way. Brilliant minds make great leaps. They are daring and courageous. Timid ones must plod because it is their nature. The old saying, "What others have done, I can do," is not strictly true, and is misleading to the inferior intellect. A strong man can lift great weights, for he has the muscular strength. Weaker men cannot do what he has done. But they can work and try. That's about all that most of us can do.

Knew When to Stop.

The shrewd lawyer knows when to stop questioning, and none is more shrewd than the one who, conducting a case of bribery, questioned a man the other day, who is rated high in the business world.

"Have you yourself ever refused a bribe?" he asked.

"No, but—"

"That is all," said the lawyer.

At a later time he was asked why he had dismissed the witness so soon.

"Because," he replied, "I knew by the 'but' that he was going to tell me no one had ever attempted to bribe him."

In Memory of Samuel Johnson.

The memory of Samuel Johnson has been honored by the placing of a stained glass window in St. Clement Dances church, in London. It is near the pew wherein he used to sit. Boswell gives us a glimpse of the good man in that pew: "His behavior was, as I had imagined to myself, solemnly devout. I never shall forget the tremendous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany. In the hour of death and in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us."

IN DEFENSE OF THE PILLORY

English Writer Shows Some Good Points About This Old-Time Form of Punishment.

Perhaps one of the few really democratic institutions ever created was the pillory. I do not say that it was a humane institution, though it was certainly more humane than our system of silent imprisonment. But being humane has nothing to do with being democratic. You may have humane and inhumane democracies, just as you may have humane and inhumane despots.

The point is that the pillory was a real appeal to the people. If it was cruel, it was because the people were cruel, or perhaps justly indignant. The people threw dead cats (the less humanitarian, I believe they live cats), but they could throw bouquets and crowns of laurel if they liked. Sometimes they did. The argument about the old public punishments cuts both ways. The publicity was an additional risk for the government as well as an additional risk for the prisoner, and this is especially true of the executions for treason. It was no small thing that half a million men might possibly treat as a martyr a man whom the king was treating as a murderer; that the prince had to concede to every obscure ruffian exactly what that ruffian probably wanted most—fame.—G. K. Chesterton, in London News.

REALLY NO PUZZLE AT ALL.

Erdute Editor Asks to Explain Why Women Descend From Street Cars the Wrong Way.

"It makes us tired," wrote the editor of the Hickory Ridge Misgurian, "when we see some city newspaper wondering why it is that a woman always gets off a street car the wrong way. There ain't no mystery about it at all. Our wife explained it to us years ago, and she never rode on a street car but once in her life, when she was visiting relations in Kansas City. A woman gets off a street car backward because she naturally grabs her skirts with her left hand. That's constitutional with a woman. Then she has to grab something with her right hand to hold on to, and that's the railing at the rear end of the car, so when she steps off she has to face the wrong way. You can't break women of that habit unless you make them get off on the left side of the street car, and if you did that it's just as likely as not they'd be contrary enough to grab their skirts with their right hands. But there ain't nothing strange about the way they get off now. Blamed if we don't think sometimes that some of the stupidest men in the world is working on the big city papers."—Chicago Tribune.

Wives and Wives.

"Mahomedans are not so much more reckless in their number of wives," remarked the Arabian doctor who makes his home in New York, "than New Yorkers. The principal difference is that, instead of living in New Jersey rather than pay them alimony in New York, we keep them altogether in one house at home. Expensive on account of Easter hats? Not at all. The Arabian women wear veils, which are not expensive. But in the matter of the number of wives, many Mahomedans are very exclusive in that particular. For example, while my uncle has 15 wives, my father has never had but one, my mother. My parents are both now nearly 90 years old, but they are as much in love as they were when they were first married, and I am their only son. My uncle, who has 25 wives, has no children."

Carrion Pigeons for Country Doctors.

Provincial medical men have made and are making considerable use of pigeons in connection with their practice. They will take with them a basket of pigeons in their motor cars. After visiting the patients the necessary prescription is written out and forwarded home by pigeon post; the dispenser at once makes up the prescription and practically before the physician has finished his rounds and long before he has reached home again the boy in buttons starts off to deliver the bottles of medicine in his bicycle car. In many provincial districts it is of course useless to write out prescriptions to be sent to the local chemist, for the nearest is often some miles away.—London Tit-Bits.

Ordered to Muzzle Rooster.

In Mount Vernon, one of the suburbs north of New York a man was arrested the other day because his rooster had disturbed his neighbors by crowing at the break of day. "Although there is no ordinance in the village which prohibits the keeping of chickens on a man's premises, the owner of the aforesaid rooster was found guilty of maintaining a nuisance and was ordered to keep his rooster from crowing early in the morning like other roosters in less sensitive neighborhoods. Now the amateur chicken raiser has the choice between muzzling his rooster or exchanging him for one of a 'crowless' brand."

Juvenile Astronomy.

On her third birthday little Elizabeth was allowed, as a special concession, to postpone going to bed until eight o'clock. As she stood at her bedroom window she saw for the first time in her life the full moon in all its silvery glory.

Hard to Handle.

"How are you going to keep complaints from arising among consumers?" "I don't know," answered Mr. Death. "Consumers are mighty troublesome. Sometimes I think they take advantage of the fact that we can't get along without 'em in our business."

American Simplicity.

An American bishop who was visiting in England was greatly amused, not to say annoyed, by the way the Englishmen addressed him. Indeed, he became heartily tired of "Your Grace." "When I returned to America," the bishop would say afterward, "you can imagine my surprise and delight, too, when one of my friends, standing on the pier, caught a glimpse of me as I waited to descend the gangplank, and called forth to me, 'Hello, Blah!'"

Explained.

"How does it happen that a third of the population of your vast country is in the east?" asked the visitor. "I presume the discomfort of riding brake beams has to be regarded as a factor," explained the only student of sociology.

PREMATURE AGE NOT NORMAL

Manhood, Not Nature, to Blame for Infirmities That Tend to Shorten Life.

It is not a crime to grow old if you do so naturally and gracefully. In fact it is most creditable, and highly honorable.

However, it is a crime to grow old beyond your years. To do so you must abuse and mistreat yourself. Nature never intended that any one should grow old prematurely, but to mature and ripen normally, and retain the natural vigor and tastes until the machine finally runs down and stops.

Infirmity is never sent upon any one, but every one who ages prematurely, or grows infirm must take the blame to himself. Infirmity, which is physical weakness, is invited, encouraged and maintained, and it comes not except in answer to distinct and oft-repeated invitations.

It is true that with centuries of ill-breeding, with selfish culture and wrong living, it is but natural that there should be many physical and moral defects, but the tendency is so strong toward the normal that it does not take long to get back to the right way.

This tendency to the normal is well marked and quite noticeable in all the kingdoms of nature.

The daisy is beaten down by the storm, but how quickly it recovers! A stalk of corn is bent and hindered by a clod, but when the hinderance is removed it soon straightens up. The twig may be bent and finally grow into unnatural form, but its branches point upright and their fruit is good.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

IS FRIEND OF THE FARMER.

Peculiar Qualities of the Swallow Should Endear Him to All Tillers of the Soil.

From the standpoint of the farmer and the orchardist perhaps no birds more useful than the swallows exist. They have been described as the light cavalry of the avian army.

Specially adapted for flight and unexcelled in aerial evolutions, they have few rivals in the art of capturing insects in midair. They eat nothing of value to man except a few predaceous wasps and bugs, and in return for their services in destroying vast numbers of noxious insects ask only for harborage and protection.

It is to the fact that they capture their prey on the wing that their peculiar value to the cotton grower is due. Orioles do royal service in catching weevils on the bolls, and blackbirds, wrens, flycatchers and others contribute to the good work, but when swallows are migrating over the cotton fields they find the weevils flying in the open and wage active war against them. As many as 47 adult weevils have been found in the stomach of a single cliff swallow.

A Little Sermon to Girls.

Each one of us, then, must do these two things: Understand ourselves, and understand others. It is not enough to claim the right of the individual to "grow" as he sees fit. It is impertinent to announce that "my mother is behind the times." None of us can grow rightly if we grow rudely, defiantly, wantonly, unecessarily, failing in kindness and consideration. We may sometimes have to give pain, as when one changes a church, and so offends a parental prejudice. But if conviction be strong, one cannot be irritable, the crisis is too vital, and it is just because we do lack real conviction in any stand we take that we grow irritable in little things. Conviction makes us self-reliant. It is when we have only half thought out some subject for ourselves that we grow irritable and prove unequal to the task of either enlightening those we wish or steering the bark of our overburdened purposes through distracting shoals.—Harper's Bazar.

Pie.

There are many people who never eat bread, but always eat pie, and are healthy. There is scarcely one ingredient in either of these articles that is not in the other, and yet tradition praises bread and condemns pie. As a matter of fact, no longer is pie what it was 50 years ago. The pie which nourished Abraham Lincoln, Ben Franklin, the Adamses, Sam and John; the pie about which Longfellow wrote, which Emerson ate three times a day, pie that was once an inspiration, a symphony, a ripe achievement and the most sacred performance of a patriotic duty, such pie is no longer ate—not even in New England.

By the Old Romans the god Mercury was credited with the invention of music.

According to Apollodorus, the belief was as follows: The Nile, after an overflow, left on the shore a dead tortoise. Its flesh was finally dried up by the hot sun, so that nothing remained in the shell but the cartilages, which, being braced and contracted by the heat, became resonant. Mercury, happening to be walking that way, and striking his foot against the shell, was so pleased with the sound produced that the idea of a lyre presented itself to his imagination. He immediately constructed the instrument in the form of a tortoise, and strung it with the sinews of dead animals. And so music began.—New York American.

Clothes.

There are promotions in life, which, independent of the more substantial rewards they offer, acquire peculiar value and dignity from the coats and waistcoats connected with them. A field marshal has his uniform; a bishop his silk apron; a counsellor his silk gown; a beadle his cocked hat. Strip the bishop of his apron, or the head of his hat and lace, what are they? Men, mere men. Dignity, and even holiness, too, sometimes, are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine.—Charles Dickens.

DUELING IS ANCIENT CUSTOM

Had its Origin in the Judicial Combat and Found Favor with All Nations.

Dueling in the proper sense of the word was based down from the early Germans, Danes and Franks, all of whom carried the practice of the judicial combat to such an extreme that only women, sick persons, cripples and men more than 60 years old were exempt from it. The judicial combat was especially authorized by Gungobald, king of the Burgundians, as early as 501 A. D.

Finally the practice of dueling was carried into France, where it soon became so common that it is estimated that 6,000 persons fell in mortal combat in the ten years of the reign of Henry IV.

Single combats are said to have been introduced in England by the Normans. During the period of chivalry in that country they were in common practice, but in the strict interpretation of the word they could not be called duels. In the literal sense of the word, the duel was introduced in England about the time that the practice became prevalent in France.

Dueling began in this country in the early days of its settlement. In fact, the code of honor was brought to the new world by the first settlers. The first encounter of this kind took place at Plymouth, Mass., in 1521. Two of the settlers deciding a question of honor with the heavy swords that were carried in those days.

WAS SOMETHING OF A JOLT.

Addressed by Child as "Grandpa," Man Forced to Admit He Is Getting Old.

"I hate to think it," said the man with frost in his hair, "but really I must be growing old."

"Three times within as many weeks young men have got up in street cars to give me their seat, showing thereby, as they fancied, due respect for age. I wish they wouldn't, for I don't feel old, and I don't believe I do. I think these three young men were too polite, well meaning and all that, but not good judges of age, misled by the gray in my whiskers; and so I don't consider that their mistaking me for an old looking man really proved me so or should in any way disturb me; but I did get a judgment on myself this morning, a natural instinctive and absolutely unbiased judgment that did give me quite a little jolt."

"A little child that I was looking at, a small child just old enough to be beginning to talk, looked at me and smiled and said: 'Grandpa' and that was hard to get away from."

"I guess now I'll have to dye my hair."

White Flowers in the South.

One morning you drive through the woods and see nothing but the usual green of winter; two days after on the same road you behold afar what seems to be a huge white sheet showing through the tree trunks and bushes. It is not a sheet, merely a solid curtain of Cherokee roses, wax white, fragrant and blooming so thickly that only here and there is any green to be seen.

A big dead tree that has been showing gray and hideous for months turns over night into an enormous purple bouquet; it is the work of a wisteria, sending down showers of lavender sweetness with every puff of wind. Sweet olive, bridal wreath, wild yasmine and 50 others rush into a prodigality of bloom that seems a wicked, delightful extravagance to northern eyes, and the noble army of Hillier marches up the side of each path and waves its banners beneath every wall.—Pass Christian correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Birth of Music.

By the old Romans the god Mercury was credited with the invention of music. According to Apollodorus, the belief was as follows: The Nile, after an overflow, left on the shore a dead tortoise. Its flesh was finally dried up by the hot sun, so that nothing remained in the shell but the cartilages, which, being braced and contracted by the heat, became resonant. Mercury, happening to be walking that way, and striking his foot against the shell, was so pleased with the sound produced that the idea of a lyre presented itself to his imagination. He immediately constructed the instrument in the form of a tortoise, and strung it with the sinews of dead animals. And so music began.—New York American.