

### CAUSE OF DELUSIONS

#### New Disease Mixes Sounds, Colors, Odors and Tastes.

#### Physicians Now Recognize Condition Which Probably Accounts for Hallucinations of Insane—It is Called Synesthesia.

New York—Physicians now recognize a condition which probably accounts for the hallucinations and delusions of the insane. It is called synesthesia, and those afflicted with it are known as synesthetes. It is that peculiar condition in which sounds create the idea of colors, and vice versa, or in which colors, tastes, sounds and odors are confused.

"Synesthesia is not a matter of much practical importance," says American Medicine, "but it is highly interesting to say the least. It is that curious phenomenon of the overflow of sensations so that air waves, for instance, give a sensation of color as well as sound. It seems that through some defect of development the cortical centers of the brain are not insulated from each other completely, so that a stimulus received from the retina say, is not confined to the visual centers, but affects adjoining ganglia. The commonest form is colored hearing, and most of the cases of synesthesia investigated up to a few years ago were of this type. No two were alike, that is, the same sound would cause different colors or shades in the different cases; a locomotive whistle would be yellow to one, or white to another, and so on.

"Moreover, in some cases only a few sounds are colored, such as the tones of a piano from black in the bass to white in the upper keys with a spectrum in between. In other cases every sound has a light sensation added to it. Then there are cases in which colors or odors give sound sensations—glaring colors being loud, literally as well as figuratively, and, of course, there must be an infinite variety or mixture of the other sensations.

The most distressing cases are those in which there is no actual confusion of sensations, so that odors and tastes and sounds are not differentiated. No doubt these abnormalities are at the base of many delusions and hallucinations of the insane.

"The nervous instability of synesthesia is the practical side of this subject. Without an exception, the cases present evidences indicating considerable nervous involvement in the way of abnormal development. Some if not most of them are highly intelligent, though incapable of that hard work necessary for success, and all are very sensitive to irritations which the average man ignores.

"Perhaps the condition is far from common than we imagine, and it would be well to keep it in mind in the treatment of neurasthenics. We might find that they are great sufferers from faring sensations, not in the way usually thought of, but in these overflows to other centers. A normal woman may be made actually ill by garish colors or coarsely arranged music, and we all know the bad effects of certain tastes and colors; how much more suffering these must be in synesthetes where the irritant affects more than one center.

"Of course the cases are so few in number that the general practitioner rarely if ever sees them, but he is liable to have milder borderland types in which a little attention to aesthetics may make all the difference between success and failure in treatment."

### FIGHT WITH BIG COPPERHEAD

#### Pennsylvania Sign Painter Frightened at First, Returns and Dispatches Reptiles.

Allentown, Pa.—Eugene Carl, an Allentown sign painter, is laid up with twitching nerves as a result of a battle with a monster copperhead. He was walking across the meadow at Dorney park to paint a sign, when he heard a hissing noise and saw the reptile coiled to strike.

He fought the snake off as best he could by striking it with his paint brush and kettle, but the reptile was so skillful as a boxer, and finally reached him; but, fortunately, its fangs were only imbedded in his trousers and did not strike the skin. Carl's cries brought to his help Calvin Nye, who killed the snake with a stick. It was 5 1/2 feet long.

After thinking over the matter over night Nye went to the spot again and found the snake's companion, a female with 14 young ones, which were dispatched.

### GET WHEAT BISCUITS QUICK

#### From Field to Table in Just Half an Hour Is Record Made by Farmer Near Beloit, Kan.

Beloit, Kan.—Biscuits ready to eat made from wheat that was standing in the field just thirty minutes before is the record made by W. S. Cable, a farmer living two miles from here. The header was driven into the wheat field at 3:14 o'clock. One minute later the wheat in the straw was at the separator. A quantity was threshed, loaded into the farmer's automobile and at 3:24 was at the mill.

Six minutes saw the wheat come out as flour and a minute later the automobile delivered flour at a downtown bakery. Fourteen minutes later, at 3:44 o'clock, the biscuits were removed from the oven, baked and ready to eat.

### FUN BY BARONET AND WIFE

#### Disguise Themselves as "Poor Musicians" and Go on Tour—Friends Drive Them Away.

London—An escapade in which figure a well-known baronet, his wife, a cavalry officer, the heir of another baronet and a street organ is reported from Warwickshire.

The incident, which took place a few miles from Nuneaton, has caused much amusement among those connected with the Atherstone hunt.

Having hired a piano-organ from some traveling foreigners, the baronet and his wife disguised themselves as Italian musicians. The former wore a slouch hat and old clothes which had done duty in amateur theatrical performances; the latter wore old garments and bound her head with a colored silk handkerchief.

Accompanied by a kinsman of the baronet, they set out to the neighboring mansion occupied by the son of a baronet well known in London.

No sooner had they begun to reel off popular music hall airs than the gentleman appeared upon the scene and, in a peremptory manner, ordered their instant withdrawal under threat of calling in the police.

When, after a time, they made themselves known, he joined them in a peregrination of the village, and eventually the "adventurers" reached the seat of a country magnate, a leading justice of the peace.

Here the butler was sent to tell them to leave the grounds immediately, and it was not until the squire himself appeared on the scene that the quartet retired.

The climax was reached when the party arrived at another country residence. The family were away from home, but the servants in a body descended upon the "poor musicians."

But the party reached home with their disguises unpenetrated, and a few days later details of the "joke" leaked out, and were discussed and greatly enjoyed by the field that met the Atherstone hounds near the village where the escapade was planned.

### MAUD WAS GOING BACK HOME

#### Mule Showed Great Affection for Her Owner and as Deep Hatred for Others is Said.

Logansport, Ind.—Bert Hymar was the owner of a mule named Maud, which showed great affection for its owner and deep hatred for all others. Recently he sold the mule to John Volpert, sheriff of Miami county. Volpert found the barn door shattered. Maud was missing. Being state president of the Horseback Detective association, he asked the assistance of members of the association throughout Miami, Cass and Howard counties in recovering her.

Maud was found near Clymer's station, standing at the junction of two roads, gazing at a signboard which read: "Logansport five miles." Ten or fifteen members of the Cass County Horseback Detective association spent an hour trying to capture her, and she sent for Hymar. When he arrived, Maud brayed loudly in welcome, and ran to him, placing her nose under his arm.

Hymar says she was homesick in Peru and started back to him, and after reading the crossroads sign she would have been in Logansport and in his barn in a half hour.

### TALKING CANARY WINS \$500

#### New Yorkers Lose Wager When Philadelphia Boats of Remarkable Attainments of Bird.

Atlantic City.—A wager of \$500 changed hands in the Hotel Fredonia when a canary bird, owned by Mrs. Peter Kearney of Philadelphia, who is spending the summer at that hotel, repeated after her in parrot fashion a number of phrases. Included among the visitors at the hotel are two bird fanciers from New York and J. A. Clark of Philadelphia, who had heard the bird on several occasions, told the New Yorkers of the remarkable attainments of the canary.

When one of them scoffed at the idea and offered to wager \$500 that the apparent talking of the bird was nothing more than clever ventriloquism on the part of the owner, a test was arranged and, in addition to the hotel guests, a number of newspaper men were invited. The canary, which answers to the name of "Pete," sang for a time and then, in response to the coaching of Mrs. Kearney, repeated in a shrill tone, "Pretty little birdie," "Pretty little Pete," so clear that the bird fanciers were convinced and paid over their wager to Clark.

### GERMANY HAS NEW WARSHIP

#### Series of Experiments Results in Cutting Down Cost and Increasing Speed of Big Vessels.

London.—Semi-official information has reached London from Berlin that the German ministry of marine has just completed a series of experiments upon which it has been engaged for some months, with a new model for the hull of warships and other vessels of great size. The experiments are said to have proved a complete success and a report upon them has been laid before the Kaiser.

The closest guard is being kept upon the details of the invention, but it is stated that it aims at an economy of from 25 to 30 per cent. in the engine power required for an agreed speed, and achieves this result by a new adjustment of the propellers and a reduction of the water's resistance to the hull.

### SHE WAS WAITING FOR IT

#### Oil Merchant Had Left a Faithful If Somewhat Ignorant, Substitute in His Office.

Having a pressing engagement with a good client, an oil merchant was obliged to leave his office in sole charge of a charwoman.

"Now, my good woman," he said, indicating the telephone, "when you hear the bell ring attached to that little box, just go to the tube and shout: 'Halloo! Who are you?' and wait for a reply."

The merchant had been gone about half an hour when the telephone bell rang furiously. The woman rushed to the tube, shouted out the necessary query and put the receiver to her ear.

"I'm Dobson from Dublin," came the answer. "Got a lot of oil for you, and wish to send it on at once. Be ready to receive it."

Presently the merchant returned, and, to his amazement, saw the charwoman holding an empty bucket under the telephone tube.

"What on earth are you doing—with that pail?" he asked.

"Well," she replied, "as soon as you was gone a man shouted through the tube that he was sending a large supply of oil, and asked someone to receive it, so I'm holding this bucket, waiting for it to run through!"—London Tit-Bits.

### MUST LISTEN TO SPEECHES

#### Members of British House of Commons Have No Diversions Provided for Them.

The close physical contact between the 650 members of the British house of commons, in a room not half the size of our house of representatives, brings the debater at the desk and the assembled body within close range to each other. There are no swivel chairs and desks upon which to write or to idle time away while a debate is in progress. The members sit in stiff-backed, long wooden benches like those in the old schoolhouse. If a member is not present at the opening of the session no seat or "bouquet" is reserved for him. Not one member was seen reading the paper, peering at postage stamps or enjoying diversions such as those at Washington.

They must at least make a pretense of paying attention through the proceedings, although the various postures of some of the members suggested the typical court scene, where the jurymen are under direct glance of judge and counsel—now bored, now interested, but always right there with in the optical vision of the speaker—"A Peep at Parliament," Joe Mitchell Chapple, in National Magazine.

### Success and Luck

A Paris newspaper has been asking eminent Frenchmen to state what they think the influence of chance is upon success in life. Many of them have amiably responded, the topic being obviously one of those admirable mid-summer themes on which one man's opinion is as good as another's and which can be discussed till cooler weather comes without arriving at a sure basis of judgment. The replies, indeed, vary according to the taste and temperament of the several authorities invoked. Some of them rate luck very high; others put it wholly out of the reckoning. The composer Massenet gave a cynical turn to the discussion by avowing that, for his part, he believed absolutely that good fortune was the determining element in the success—of others.

### Splinter Off the Coronation Chair

Dean Buckland when at Westminster used to tell a curious story of a brown paper parcel which he received one day by post. After many wrappings had been unfolded he found a small black splinter of oak about an inch and a half long. The writer of the unsigned note accompanying the parcel said that when he was a boy, many years before, he had chipped the splinter off the coronation chair. As age advanced, his conscience grew troublesome, and he asked the dean to be kind enough to restore the splinter to its place.—Fall Mall Gazette.

### Oregon Angler's Luck

The most remarkable fishing story brought to this city for some time comes through the reliable authority of Ski Meek, a Coburg angler, who asserts he caught five doubles. That is, with several hooks on his line, he caught two fish at once five times. All were trout and hooked within a rather short space of time.

They were caught in the McKenzie river near Coburg. He used a six-foot leader with two flies and a baited spoon hook.—Springfield correspondence Portland Oregonian.

### According to Promise

"Guess I'll hitch up the old mare to the wagon and drive down to the depot to meet those new city boarders," said the farmer. "Why don't you run down in the machine?" said his wife. "I won't do," replied the farmer sedately. "I'd like to, but it isn't business. You see I advertised this place as having all the comforts of an old-fashioned farm and I've got to give 'em what they expect."—Watertown Times.

### Appropriate Place

"I can't pay this taxicab bill." "Then I'll drive you to a police station." "Aw, be a game sport, and drive me to the poorhouse instead."

### SHE HAD FIRST INSPIRATION

#### Excellent Reason Why Mr. B— Could Not Realize Money on His Wife's "Jewelry."

Mr. B— drove up in a hansom and entered the jeweler's shop, accompanied by his valet, who carried an oblong box of steel. Mr. B— asked for a private interview, and, on being shown into the office, he opened the box, exposing a splendid array of diamonds and pearl necklaces, earrings, bracelets and rings.

"Mrs. B—" he said, "is now abroad, before she returns I want you to extract these stones and replace them with good imitations, selling the real jewels, and giving me the money. This, of course, is to be a confidential transaction. Mrs. B— is to know nothing of it."

"My dear sir," said the jeweler, "I should be glad to do as you ask, but it is impossible. Two years ago Mrs. B— called her on the same errand that now brings you, and this errand, in her case, was successful. The paste jewels that you offer me are worth little more than the hire of the hansom awaiting you outside.

### BEE CAUSED MOTOR WRECK

#### Meeting of Pugnacious Insect Caused Driver to Lose His Control of the Steering Gear.

While motor car driving along Saybrook road at a rapid gait the other afternoon a little bee lighted on the nose of George Beele, son of William Beele, a wealthy resident of Brookline, Mass., who has his summer home at Essex, Conn. He involuntarily took both hands from the steering wheel, and the car bounced across a ditch near the residence of Henry Gladwin of Guilford, burying the autoist beneath it.

Beele was badly hurt, several stitches being required to close a nasty gash in one of his thighs, and he was covered with minor cuts and scratches. Though dazed and insensible at first, he recovered sufficiently at his home to talk about the peculiar accident. He cannot understand how the bee kept pace with him long enough to alight, and how it stuck so tenaciously, as he was traveling at a fast pace. The car was only slightly damaged.

### Mme. Curie's One Girl Helper

The success attained in science by Mme. Curie has been an inspiration to hundreds of women throughout the world. Many girls on being graduated from universities in this country and Europe have sought appointments as assistants to Mme. Curie. The famous French scientist, who has won so many laurels, however, is not eager to have women assistants, and at present employs men, with one exception. That is a Norwegian girl, who is regarded by many scientists as giving promise of duplicating the attainments of Mme. Curie. The girl passed her examinations with the highest honors and began to specialize in radio-activity, with the result she won a traveling scholarship. Mme. Curie heard of her skill and her talent. She was glad to see the girl and after talking to her for an hour begged her to become her assistant.—Paris Herald.

### Ingenious Etymology

In a recent article in the Nineteenth century the Rev. A. H. T. Clarke credits Prof. Richard Porson with a philological jeu d'esprit. Porson was a great English scholar, who, among other astounding feats of memory, could repeat all of Gibbon's footnotes by rote.

A farmer, once meeting him in a public house, challenged him to derive his own name, which was Jeremiah King, from cucumber. The farmer thought he had "stumped" the scholar, but Porson immediately accepted and won the challenge.

"Jeremiah King" he began. "Jeremy King, Jerry King, Jerry Kin, Jerkin, Gherkin," Porson triumphantly concluded, "which is a cucumber."—Youth's Companion.

### Cold Comfort From Mortar

The coldest place on a hot summer day is not on a roof garden, or in a subcellar or on the deck of a steamer, or upon some beach "sweet by ocean breezes." It is at the entrance of an uncompleted building where the mortar has been laid but has not yet "set." The air which comes out of this building is cool, damp and pleasantly suggestive of the heart of a stone quarry or a cavern grotto. Evaporation is perhaps the secret of it all, but why is it that other evaporation is not so efficacious, so pleasant?

### Tact

The narrative of one of the passengers on the damaged Cunarder, as given to a reporter of the Birmingham Daily Mail, contains this passage: "The baggage master deserved special praise. He had only been asleep a couple of hours when called up, but he arranged the baggage so cleverly that not a piece was lost save such as belonged to the steerage passengers." A truly first-class touch. To a steerage passenger, who has little enough to begin with, the loss of baggage is, of course, nothing.

### The Latest Fad

"Some society women have been assisting the shirt waist strikers." "How very interesting! You may put me down as a patroness whenever they have another strike."—Exchange.

### WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE

#### Gallant Colonel Points Out Danger of Too Much Politeness on Occasions.

"A man should always try to be polite to women, except, of course, on street cars," said Col. Wilbert Wumble the other day after he had stepped on a policeman's foot in his effort to return a feminine handkerchief. But there is one thing politeness should never lead you to do. Never try to pick up a woman's purse for her. If you see a woman drop her gloves or a book or a parcel, jump for it with all the eagerness of a bull pup, and return it to her in your best manner. You will be rewarded with a smile. But do not jump for her pocketbook. No, sir, do not. I once made that mistake, but never again. The owner did not understand. With the cry of a wounded lioness saving her cub, she pounced upon her property, nearly driving a hatpin through the padded bosom of my frock coat. No, you don't!" she blazed. "You can't snatch no hard working woman's purse like that."

"When you see a woman drop her money, give a yell and spring back from her about four feet and stand with your hands up. Then she can't possibly misunderstand your intentions."

### GIVING THEM A FAIR START

#### Warden of Colorado Penitentiary Says Discharged Prisoners Should Have Some Funds.

Tom Tynan, warden of the Colorado penitentiary, believes the released convict should be given money upon his discharge. George Creel, in an article in Success Magazine, quotes him as follows:

"And when the prisoner has been reformed—strengthened in body and mind, taught means of livelihood and the habits of industry—what then? Must he go out with nothing in his pockets but his hands? I don't think so. No fair man can think so.

"The released convict must have some money; enough at least to tide him over the first few months—to keep him from feeling like a vagrant—to prevent his despair and relapse. I am in favor of a law that will pay the men a certain salary toward the end of the sentence—say \$1 a day for the last sixty days. It is my endeavor to have every prisoner go back into the world from the ranch or head—clear eyed, brown faced—and heaven knows these fellows earn the money."

### A New Wrinkle in Firearms

Mr. Jack Flanagan of Mexico and Central America is a filibustering gentleman, miner and speculator by turns and a great lover of fancy firearms at all times. He was in New York the other day and he exhibited to a group of friends in his room at the Waldorf his latest pet wrinkle for shooting irons. Just behind the tip of the front sight on a long thin .45 he had mounted a tiny diamond about the size of a pinhead.

"Great for shooting in the dark," Flanagan explained. "Picks out the sight like a searchlight."

He invited those with him to take the gun by turns, step into the closet and with door half shut aim at any object in the room. Flanagan was right; the diamond picked out the sight like a searchlight.

### Fought Way to Success

Ernest Thompson Seton, the faunal naturalist, had a hard time to make both ends meet before fortune smiled on him. He was born in England, but went to Canada when a mere boy. After a time he sailed home to England and attended the public schools. Returning to Canada, he drifted to Manitoba, working as a day laborer. Later he went to New York, and because he could draw a little, was given a job in a lithographer's office at \$15 a week. He hated the big city, went west in a year or two and wrote two volumes on the birds and mammals of Manitoba, which won him recognition and paved the way for his success.

### Freezing the Hair On

It is reported that Sir Ernest Shackleton recommends extreme cold as one of the best means of strengthening the hair. Almost all that went with him on his Antarctic expedition found that their hair grew thicker and stronger as they approached the pole. It was also found that baldheaded men were almost never found among those who worked for a cold storage company, where the men work all day in a temperature of 20 degrees of frost, and the cold seems to make the hair thicker.

### Big Catch of Swordfish

The fishing schooner Ada Bell, Capt. Harry Christopherson, came in Monday with the largest catch of swordfish reported by any of the local schooners, 34 being the number caught in a week.

The boat left here a week ago yesterday and struck the fish quite plentiful. The fish were all large and seem to be working in shore. This record catch was shipped to Boston and markets from Stonington.—Noank Correspondence New London Day.

### Overweight

"That lifesaver seemed to have difficulty in getting to shore." "Yes. He took a terrible chance. He jumped overboard wearing all his hero medals."

### INFLUENCE OF WEST POINT

#### Cadet on Home Visit Surprises Young Brother and Teaches Him Good Lesson.

When Hub, our gallant West Point cadet, came home for his long fur loach he slept with 12-year-old Dick. In the morning he thoroughly shocked Master Larrybones by stripping the clothes from the bed and putting the room in good order before he came down to breakfast. Dick's eyes were rounder than ever when Hub explained that every cadet was required to keep his room and clothes in immaculate condition. Before the end of Hub's furlough the boys had turned the cozy little room into a bare apartment which Dick cared for with great pride.

The wholesome discipline and results of the West Point training seem to us to offer valuable lessons to American parents and teachers.

Shortly after Hub's visit the question of extra spending money worked itself out in a very satisfactory way. Dick often teased for things that were beyond the limits of his moderate allowance. He is now able to add to his income by working around the house and grounds. Each hour of conscientious effort adds six cents to his allowance. Consequently he is eager to wash dishes, sweep, weed, paint, wash windows, and do many other things that he formerly regarded as particularly obnoxious.

His parents and friends have noticed with amusement that the money he has earned is spent with much greater discrimination than that which is given to him.—Harper's Bazar.

### EASY, HONORABLE WAY OUT

#### French Ambassador's Good Story of a French Duke Illustrates His Definition of Diplomacy.

The French ambassador, at one of the superb dinners at the embassy in Washington, said of diplomacy:

"Diplomacy may be defined as a way out—an easy, pleasant, honorable way out."

"A young royalist duke, from a story current about him, is well versed in diplomacy."

"This young man visited a millionaire in Cannes during the Riviera season, and his host's daughter was thrown at his head—so much so, in fact, that when he came to leave Cannes his hostess took him aside and declared gravely:

"It's reported all over that you art to marry Claire. I don't know what to say to people."

"The duke smiled easily. "Oh, just tell them," he said, "that Claire refused me."

### The Useful Killdeer

The killdeer, if it is eaten at all in this part of the country, cannot stand in high favor. There is no talk of killdeer hunting. They are not to be perceived in the string of birds the successful hunter likes to display. But there are pathetic evidences to be noted on the beaches that those "sportsmen" who shoot at anything living find in the killdeer a target to their liking.

In a bulletin just put out by the agriculture department it appears that this beautiful, if somewhat unmusical bird, renders very efficient service to mankind. It preys upon mosquito larvae. The diving beetle, a great enemy to the fish hatcheries and destructive to fish food, is a titbit very much to the taste of the killdeer. He is an industrious hunter of the crayfish which are a nuisance where marshland is dyked. He follows the plow of the farmer and picks up grubs, cut worms, leaf beetles and other pests of agriculture. He eats little or no vegetable food, and probably then, as in the case of the quail, only if he can find no insects.—Toledo Blade.

### Smuggling in Italy

Smuggling goods into Italy by aeroplane, which has led to a serious accident near Mont Cenis, will probably be extensively practiced in the future, despite the attendant risks. The Italian laws against smuggling are most severe. A peasant caught with only a pound of contraband tobacco is pretty sure to incur two years' imprisonment, besides paying a heavy fine.

The customs officials, too, are authorized to shoot persons crossing the frontier who refuse to halt when challenged, and several lives are thus sacrificed every year. Still, the profits of smuggling are so great that many brave these perils. A knapsack filled with tobacco or salt, safely landed, yields a small fortune to the smuggler, so heavy are the taxes upon these.

### Cheese as Heirlooms

In some parts of Switzerland it is said that cheese forms family heirlooms which are sometimes handed down from one generation to another. At Les Ormonts, in the canton of Vaud, it is customary to make special cheeses for certain family feasts. They are tagged with explanatory labels and eaten several years later, at other feasts, or even at funerals. Recently, at Les Ormonts, in a concealed shelter, there was discovered a cheese dating from 1788. It was as hard as a rock and had to be cut with a saw. It is reported to have tasted good.

### Must Be Careful

Mr. Justrich—That there sculptor chap says he's going to make a bust of me. Mrs. Justrich—Henry, it's dreadful the way you talk. Say "burst" not "bust."