

ROSE ABOVE HANDICAP

POSTHUMOUS CHILDREN WHOSE NAMES ARE FAMOUS.

Birth of Child of John Jacob Astor Has Aroused Interest in the List, Which Contains Many Persons of Note.

The birth of a posthumous child of John Jacob Astor arouses especial interest and sympathy because of the tragic death of the father in the Titanic disaster. Yet all posthumous children excite such sentiments. Some of these children have moreover attracted additional attention from the world in after life through their own achievements.

Alexander the Great has been said by some historians to have been born after the death of his father, but according to other authorities Phillip of Macedon lived to enjoy the companionship of his son for several years. It may be that Alexander's stepbrother was a posthumous child; but that has not been proved.

Ben Jonson, the Elizabethan dramatist, was born in 1573, a month after his father's death. He was fortunate in acquiring a stepfather who was a good friend to him and gave him an excellent education.

Thomas Herbert was of posthumous birth, says his elder brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He is remembered chiefly as the brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and of George Herbert, the poet.

Early in the seventeenth century another child came into the world under similar conditions. This was Abraham Cowley, the English poet. His father, who had been a grocer in humble circumstances, died shortly before the birth of the son. Thanks to the unflagging struggle and devotion of his mother the boy received a good education and his poetic genius had opportunity for development.

Dean Swift was born a few months after his father's death. Kindly disposed relatives helped his mother with his upbringing and education.

Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," put in his appearance in this world some four months after the death of his father.

Still another English poet was a posthumous child. This was Thomas Chatterton, who was born in Bristol about the middle of the eighteenth century.

Andrew Jackson, seventh president of the United States, was born in a little log cabin on the border line between North and South Carolina. In that same cabin his father, who had come to America from the north coast of Ireland, died a few days before the birth of his son.

Rutherford Birchard Hayes, the nineteenth president, was another posthumous child. He was born in October and his father died in the July preceding.

The present king of Spain, Alfonso XIII, was born after his father's death.

Mary Queen of Scots just escaped posthumous birth, her father dying when she was a few days old. Richard Wagner, the composer, was also left fatherless very soon after his birth.

Europe's Rose Gardens. Though the rose is grown for trade in many parts of Europe, its culture for commercial purposes is now principally monopolized by the vast rose gardens of Grasse in France and of Kasanlik in Bulgaria—the rose gardens of Europe, par excellence—and the manufactures produced from them supply in a great measure the markets of the world. Here acres of roses take the place of corn, vines and orchards of other lands, and some idea of the French trade may be obtained when we learn that the gardens of Grasse, Cannes and the neighboring villages yield nearly 2,650,000 pounds of roses annually; on some days as many as 150 tons of blossoms are picked in the province of the Alpes Maritimes. The beautiful varieties, so much prized by gardeners, are useless for commercial purposes, and the only plant used is the Cablage Provence.

Let Them Down Lightly. They were strolling players—at least, that's what they called themselves. Their talent was as small as their efforts were great. To add to this, they arrived at the little country town minus their costumes and rather hazy as to their lines. However, the performance took place, albeit it was a "frost" of the worst description. They expected a fearful roasting from the reporter of the paper, and there was a rush the next morning for the local sheet. But, with true hospitality to strangers, the following paragraph appeared: "The company appeared last night at the Town Hall in East Lynne. The ventilation of the theater was perfect, and the orchestra rendered a number of pleasing selections."

Woman's Work in the World. Dr. George Draper of the Rockefeller Institute, discussing woman's work in the world, said: "And this, mind you, leaves child-bearing out of count. Two women sat one day by a windswept ocean pier. The first woman had three beautiful children, the other was childless. The childless woman, gazing wistfully out over the tumbling blue water, said, 'I'd give five years of my life to have three such children as yours.' Well, three children cost about that; the other woman answered gravely:—San Francisco Argonaut.

MAKE LIVING BY THEIR WITS

American Adventurers Who Have Got Wealthy Through Shady Deals in South America.

Ever hear of Jim Dugan of Curacao? Well, Jim started a revolution in Central America some years ago, and was put out. He landed in Curacao with a stew and a \$5 gold piece. With the money he bought a lottery ticket, and won a prize. While he still had the money a man who owned a saloon, and who was looking for a sucker, sold out to him. But Jim has flourished. He got hold of a seal belonging to an American life insurance company, and he stamps his letters with that, and calls himself the Irish consul. When I was in to see Jim this time I found that everything passed as currency over his bar. He has a drawerful of such things as false teeth and glass eyes, and one morning I saw a man come in and ask for liquor and then calmly take out his eye and put it on the counter.

But in Buenos Aires there lives and operates an American who is the prototype of J. Rufus Wallingford. He makes a specialty of turning out old masters and selling them at fancy prices to the wealthy Argentinians, who like to blow their money for works of art. This chap got hold of a Frenchman who can paint, and he does the actual work, and they dry them with electric fans. When I was there the electric fans were playing on three Van Dykes. There was an elderly woman, a bit daft, who fancied she was stuck on the president of Argentina. What does the American do but get hold of a man who knows the old lady, and cause him to persuade her that the president is partial to Van Dykes. Soon she gives the American an order for a painting, and he collects the sum of \$10,000, of which the go-between gets \$1,000 and the artist \$500. The last report I had from him was to the effect: "You ask about the nutty old lady? I am getting afraid she might rub some of the paint off that old master, and this would affect my artistic sensibilities."

This chap has got hold of all sorts of concessions. When I first knew him, by the way, he was a colonel in the Nicaraguan army. One of his most successful ventures was to start a watch club, in which you pay one dollar for initiation, and then run the chances of getting a watch. Well, the American showed a high municipal official in Buenos Aires that in a watch club there is a pretty big percentage for whoever is running it, with the result that 40,000 policemen and other government employes were ordered to become members.

Didn't Look Like an Actor. Lawrence Wheat (Larry for short), who has been more or less a Broadway star for several seasons, made his first big hit in the part of "Stub" Talmage in "The College Widow." Larry had not long been out of college when the Ade comedy was finishing its long run at the Garden theater. Two companies were to be placed on the road and Wheat, who had seen the play several times, felt that he was born to play the part of "Stub." Accordingly he waited upon Henry W. Savage, the producer. Savage studied the applicant keenly.

"So you want to play the part of Stub?" said the colonel. "What makes you think you can play the part?" "I'm just that sort of a type," said Wheat, swelling up his chest and trying to look real brave.

"Well," said the colonel, "we need an actor as well as a type for that part. Are you an actor?" "I am," said Wheat.

"You don't look like an actor," said the colonel.

"I don't want to look like an actor," said Larry. "It's tough enough to have to be one."

That line got the job.

Some Words You Don't Know. What is the use of coining slang words to express your meaning in a more picturesque fashion than your neighbor when the dictionary is full of words just as queer and far more correct. Here are a few perfectly good words to be found in any complete dictionary of the English language. But don't you go to the dictionary for them—yet. See first if you can figure out their meaning. Then, when you have looked them up, spring them on the next fellow. He will either brand you as a highbrow or else admire you as the inventor of a new language, though you are neither. Here are the words:

Opuscule, tobacconing, nobby, node, futtock, gallinatas, fadde, duvet, dzig detail, dwale, perlotie, predicant, younker, quintal, propense, quib, beckett, chauvinism, beluga, gar, hypostyle, soudad, incondite, inly, kelp, jorum, rundlet, rupetrine, caddis, fissle, calcar, flinder, hople, horary, thorp, ustative, wool, arcolith, gaum.

All of them in the dictionary. Almost none of them jawbreakers or over long. What do any of them mean?

American Women Supreme. The Countess Szechenyi, nee Gladys Vanderbilt, praised the good taste of American women at a luncheon. She ended her praise with an epigram both striking and true. "The women of all nationalities," she said, "can make their own clothes, but only the American woman can make them so that nobody ever suspects it."

English Getting Fond of Cheese. Cheese is coming more and more in favor for lunches in England. In addition to the homemade product there were consumed last year imported cheese that cost \$34,746,000.

WHO MADE FOOTPRINTS

QUESTION THAT HAS SCIENTISTS IN A QUANDARY.

Undoubtedly There, in a Solid Rock at Croton, N. Y., But How They Came There is Something That Puzzles the Wisest.

Mysterious footprints in the solid rock on the east and west banks of the Hudson at Croton, N. Y., have puzzled the scientists, who believe them to have been made by a primeval man before the Stone Age. On the east shore, along the old Albany post-road and at the bottom of a steep hill belonging to the A. P. Gardner estate, lies a huge boulder shadowed by tall trees. Its smooth surface bears the imprint of a pair of human feet placed side by side, as if a barefooted man had walked down the hill and stood on the spot while the stone was still soft and yielding from nature's crucible. Every toe is clearly defined, and judging from the mold he left in the granite the foot of this ancient man was both large and shapely. Behind the footprints, all the way to the top of the rock, are a series of peculiar indentations such as the links of a heavy chain would make on soft earth. Exactly opposite, on High Tar mountain, on the other side of the Hudson, the footprints again appear on the rock, but with the heels turned toward the river, as if the man was traveling away from it due west. By actual measurement the footprints on both sides of the river correspond in every particular and were undoubtedly made by the same pair of feet.

Many weird and wonderful legends have been read from the footprints in the rock. One of these attributes them to the devil, who was chained up in Connecticut for a number of years, but finally escaped and fled into New York. Dragging his chain after him, he paused on the boulder at the foot of Hessian Hill to rest before he continued his flight to the vast Adirondack wilderness. The indentations in the Hessian Hill rock are pointed out as the marks of his chain, and the footprints on High Tar as further corroborative evidence of the truth of this tale. Another story relates that a cave man was approached from the rear by a terrible many-legged serpent as he stood upon the boulder, and that he was so frightened he leaped clear across the Hudson and landed on the other side. The indentations are supposed to have been made by the serpent's legs, which were in a row, one behind the other, Indian file.

A famous professor on first viewing the footprints advanced the theory that they were made by the "missing link" before he shed his caudal appendage, which trailed in the prehistoric air behind him while he scanned the surrounding landscape for something good for breakfast. This accounted for the indentations and scored one for the Darwinian theory. The devil legend seems to have hit the public fancy, though, for the big boulder at Hessian Hill is known as the Devil's Rock, and Croton people point to the strange fact that nothing will grow in the unholy footprints, while the surface of the rock elsewhere is covered with gray-green lichens and thick moss. The Mokegans, who built their signal fires on the top of Hessian Hill before the first Dutch trader settled there to give rum and firearms for furs, regarded the giant boulder with deep veneration, and believed the footprints to have been made by the Great Spirit when he created the world.

Speculation on His Demise. Friends of Massenet say that the great composer had a presentiment of his approaching death and liked to speculate on the way in which the news would be received. This is borne out by his memoirs, which he had just completed, for one of the later pages bears the following entry: "One evening paper, perhaps two, thought it better to inform their readers that I was dead. At dinner-time some people who knew me talked about the event. A few words were mentioned about it during the day, and in the theaters in the evening. 'Oh! he is dead!' said one. 'Then there won't be so many of his plays performed in future.' And my soul was listening to all the noise of the city. We, my body and my soul, were parting. As the hearse was going along the noise diminished, and I knew, inasmuch as I had taken the precaution to have my vault some time before, that when the heavy stone is sealed up it will be closing the door of forgetfulness."

Bartender Made a Guess. According to a Cincinnati banker, who lives at the Plaza hotel in New York, an English guest at that hotel was recently presented with a bunch of handsome roses. He took them to his apartments and found no suitable receptacle. So he placed them on the table and wrapped them in a wet newspaper while waiting for the boy to answer the bell. When the youngster came the Briton said: "Bring me—a rose jar." The boy saluted and went away. After a lapse of time he returned. "Beg pardon, sir," said he, "but what was it you wanted. He didn't understand."

"I want a rose jar—aw," said the Englishman very distinctly. "A rose jar—aw. Quite so." The boy went away again. In due time he returned bearing something in his hand. "The bartender," said he, "thinks mebbe you've got mixed on the names of these American drinks. He says he thinks you meant a mint julep."

MERELY MATTER OF "NERVES"

The Nagger, Male or Female, Usually is the Victim of Business or Domestic Worry.

The newest German medical theories, as propounded by the famous Dr. Sadolin, the nerve specialist, in that an occasional family scrap is the finest tonic in the world for married couples, but that continuous petty strife will, in the end, wear out the most vigorous constitution.

The nagger is about the most unhappy creature in existence, however high the bid her husband, but putting up with her, may make for a Carnegie prize for her. She doesn't get any real relief from her own sufferings and the more she makes unhappy those about her, the more miserable she is herself. If her husband will only stay scared half to death for the next couple of weeks, they stand a fair chance of getting along together. In the philosophical German view of a marital predicament which is peculiar to so many households.

There are, however, other authorities who are less inclined to advocate the extreme measure of a rebellious and insubordinate husband. Indeed, on this side of the Atlantic, there are prominent physicians who do not hesitate to say that we have men nagers who are as bad as the worst woman who ever swore to love, honor and nag the meekest of males. These experts put most of the trouble, which ever the nagger's sex, on plain everyday "nerves." That is the way such cases are regarded by Dr. Charles S. Potts, professor of neurology at the Medical-Chirurgical college of Philadelphia.

"It is hard to say which sex becomes the more tritabile under prolonged nervous strain," declares Prof. Potts. "Men can be mighty cranky, especially to their subordinates in the business world, when they are worried and run down. There are probably thousands of employes in the United States who can name men bosses who are confirmed nagers—worrying, worrying, overmastering, persecuting and annoying taskmasters who appear to take delight in continual faultfinding. Well, some of them are born that way, as some women are nagers by inherent disposition. But the majority of them, like the majority of women nagers, are just unfortunate whose own worries and inner discomforts are reflected in their attitude toward those about them. Apart from those who happen to be born with bad dispositions, it is the nervous exhaustion of life that predisposes women, as well as men, to nagging."

Uncle Joe's Divination. One summer, in the back woods of Missouri, where I had accompanied Uncle Joe Cannon on a tour of the state stumping, a funny incident occurred at the close of a speech which the former speaker had delivered to a crowd of rustics, one of whom approached with extended hand, saying, with warmth:

"Hullo, Mr. Cannym! Reckon ye don't 'member me."

"Of course I remember you!" said the other, accepting the proffered hand of the farmer. "I remember you very well, indeed. How's the good wife? And the old white mule—how's he pulling along?"

"By cracker!" laughed the farmer. "To thank ye!" member old Pete! Oh, he's still eatin' his head off, thankee."

Later in the evening I spoke to Cannon and asked him how he chanced upon the mule episode.

"To confess the truth," smiled the old man, "such a thing never entered my mind. I didn't know the man from Adam; but when I saw a long white hair on his coat I took a chance."—Judge.

Meaning of "At Half-Mast." Perhaps you have noticed that whenever a prominent person dies, especially if he is connected with the government, the flags on public buildings are hoisted only part of the way up. This is called "half-mast." Did you ever stop to think what connection there could be between a flag that was not properly hoisted and the death of a great man?

Ever since flags were used in war it has been the custom to have the flag of the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten it hoisted its flag down far enough for the flag of the victors to be placed above it on the same pole. This was a token not only of submission, but of respect.

In those days, when a famous soldier died, flags were lowered out of respect to his memory. The custom long ago passed from purely military usage to public life of all kinds, the flag flying at half-mast being a sign that the dead man was worthy of universal respect. The space left above it is for the flag of the great conqueror of all—the Angel of Death.

Art and Architecture. John Sloan, the well-known artist of New York, takes the same intelligent interest in architecture as in painting.

A New York architect, aware of Mr. Sloan's excellent taste, took him in his motor car to see a huge and costly country house that he had erected for a millionaire on a bluff overlooking the Hudson.

As the architect stood with Mr. Sloan on the terrace of the new property, he looked up at the mansion's above facade and said thoughtfully: "Stupendous! But I haven't decided yet what kind of creeper to have in front."

"The Virginia creeper," said Mr. Sloan, "would cover it up quickest."

READS PAGE AT A GLANCE

Victim of Disease of Eyes Also is Enabled to Memorize Article at Sight.

New York.—Visual power by which a man can read the entire page of an ordinary book at a glance and repeat every line word for word is the subject of an article by Dr. George M. Gould in the current number of The Journal of the American Medical Association. That this power is due not to normal visual conditions, but to a disease of the eyes, is Dr. Gould's conclusion.

The man with the remarkable eyes is designated as "Mr. C." This man can read several books each evening, and usually he can repeat all he has read without error. He is fond of poetry and novels, and a quick glance at the pages suffices to fix its contents indelibly in his memory.

The case was easily explained by those who have knowledge of the physiology of binocular, or two-eyed vision, Dr. Gould says. Some time during the middle years of the man's life the central part of the retina, the "macular" region of the right eye, was destroyed by an inflammation caused by eye-itis. The "fixing" part of the retina was obliterated, leaving there a blind, round space or hole. The left eye was not diseased and continued the usual perfection of a macular or central vision.

"By long, unconscious and forced exercise," continues Dr. Gould, "the healthy zone of the right retina surrounding the macular was educated to such a degree that it could, when unmoved, receive and transmit to the brain the image of the entire page, except that part falling upon the central portion, which has been destroyed."

BRITISH PLAN KID REPUBLIC

Youthful Citizens Will Make Own Laws, Punish Offenders and Work at Some Profession.

London.—On a beautiful farm of 150 acres, in Dorsetshire, is soon to be established England's first boy and girl republic, modeled after the successful junior republics in the United States. The youthful citizens and citizenesses, who will be recruited mostly from industrial schools and reformatories, will formulate their own standards of honor, administer their own laws and chasten their own offenders. Special training will be provided for the trade or profession which they may display aptitude, and they will be remunerated on the results. Out of the wages the young republicans will pay for their own board and lodging.

Harold Large, who has been appointed superintendent of the novel institution, recently returned from an inspection of similar communities in America. "Over there," he said, "junior republics have jails in which delinquents are confined, but we believe we can get along without them. If a lawbreaker remains obdurate he will simply be expelled from his boarding house, and hunger doubtless will bring repentance."

The duchess of Marlborough, who is actively supporting the scheme, is providing one of the girls' cottages.

EAT CARROTS; PROLONG LIFE

French Scientist Asserts These Vegetables Make Skin Clear and Kill Bacteria.

Paris.—Since Professor Metchnikoff has been writing on the value of carrots for general health that homely vegetable has found a regular place on the menu of home and restaurant in Paris. It has been remembered that carrots form part of the daily food at Vichy, and the chefs at the big hotels are inventing recipes to satisfy the taste of the moment.

Cressy soup, as everybody knows, is hot mashed carrots diluted with milk, and at the fashionable gatherings in the Bois de Boulogne restaurants on Friday evenings there is scarcely a table where this soup is not served.

Carrots, according to Professor Metchnikoff, contain a sugar that kills a bacillus that prevents our attaining the age of one-hundred; besides this, carrots possess, according to tradition, the property of conferring a fine complexion on all who persistently eat them.

HAS BULLET-PROOF SKULL

Despondent Shoemaker Falls in His Attempt at Suicide—Physicians Are Surprised.

Ely, Cal.—This city will evidently furnish the state with the first case of felony charge under the new law, against a man who attempted to commit suicide and failed.

Joe Lofessio, a shoemaker despondent and tired of life, as he claims, when in his lodging house room placed a revolver to his head and fired. The bullet, instead of reaching the brain, as would ordinarily be expected, flattened against the skull, creating only a painful wound.

The physicians who revived him declare they are at a complete loss to explain how the missile failed to penetrate and produce instant death.

Yawn Is Fatal to Man. Part Collins, Colo.—A yawn caused John Cooney of Sidney, Neb., to force a gallstone through the abdominal wall, causing intense pain, from which he died a few hours later. Cooney was spending his vacation at Dale Creek. He was 55 years old, and apparently in the best of health.

ARMY STYLES NEW TO HER

Conscientious Laundress Meant Well, but Her First Efforts Utterly Failed to Please.

At the army post a new laundry had been installed and the management was specially anxious to please and advised that mending would be included in the work.

The major was equally willing to be pleased and sent, among other things, a suit of duck as a first installment. The army officer's washable coats have buttons, but these are not sewed on. Instead, small eyelets are worked in the coat and the shanks of the regulation buttons are pushed through these holes, being held in place by brass rings on the other side. Before being laundered these buttons and rings are removed, to be put in place again after the wash. When the major's coat was returned from the new laundry the eyelets had been carefully sewed up and a bright brass button had been sewed firmly over each. Also the seams of the major's riding breeches, which open from just above the knees to just below, to admit of adjustment over the knees, had been sewed up so tightly that it took the major's wife half a day to rip them. The earnest and conscientious laundress thereupon received a course of special instruction pertaining to the requirements of the U. S. A.

FINE LINEN 6,000 YEARS OLD

Fruits of the Looms of Ancient Times Have Defied the Passing of the Centuries.

In one of the apartments at University college, London, Professor Flinders Petrie has placed on exhibition some remarkably interesting antiquities unearthed at Tarkhan, Heliopolis and Memphis under the auspices of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt.

The great cemetery of Tarkhan, which occupied a mile of desert 40 miles south of Cairo and which dates from the earliest historic age until the race of the pyramid builders, has proved to be exceedingly prolific in antiquities.

What has struck Professor Petrie is the extraordinary preservation of the woodwork and clothing unearthed from these places of interment of long ago.

A great sheet of linen which is placed on exhibition is as fresh and as firm as when cut from the original length—and it is some 6,000 years old. So, likewise, with the woodwork, which, in but few instances, shows signs of decay. Here are boxes that serve their purpose as funeral caskets, built of planks of acacia and siltum wood, and as firm and secure as when lowered into the bosom of the earth in dim antiquity.

Milk Saved the Auto.

A farmer named Richter, of Mill-wood, in Westchester county, N. Y., sacrificed a load of milk the other day to save a new touring car, in which two women were riding, from being destroyed by fire. The engine of the car began to spit flames. Finally it took fire. The occupants then abandoned it for fear the gasoline tank might explode. Richter came driving along with several cans of milk. With him was his eighteen-year-old son. He alighted from the wagon, and seizing a ten-quart can filled with milk threw the contents over the flames. The floor of the car was as fire and burning briskly. He saw he would have to waste several more cans of milk to save the auto. "Come, hand me those cans quickly," he said to his son. He emptied them over the auto as fast as he could. The flames were checked, but not until nearly one hundred and fifty quarts of milk had been sacrificed. The owner of the car asked him what the milk was worth. Richter fixed his loss at seven dollars, but the lady gave him twenty-five dollars, saying, "You deserve all this, if not more."

How Hot Is Lava?

To ascertain the temperature of lava as it is emitted from a volcano has baffled many scientists. The Roman academy has just published the results of the investigations made by Giovanni Platania during the eruption of Etna last year.

The eruption began September 10 and the scientist was unable to approach the mountain for ten days, when one crater was still in action. He camped as near as he could to this crater, close to a stream of lava flowing about a yard a second.

Using the new "telescope pyrometer," he got temperatures for the surface of the lava flow of all the way from 1,040 to 1,420 degrees.

A second series of observations, taken at a distance of a dozen feet, gave figures as high as 1,500 degrees. The estimates are that the incandescent lava, as it comes directly from the crater, has a temperature not less than 2,200 degrees.

Unforeseen Complication.

Jimpton, in London, had rung up a well known shop in Paris by telephone to communicate an order on behalf of Mrs. Jimpton. After waiting two hours for the connection to be made, he entered the booth and began. Two minutes later he emerged.

"Say, mister," said he to the attendant, "can't you put me on a wire that'll translate what I have to say in French? I can't make that darned jackass on the other end of the line understand a word I say.—Harper's Weekly.