

DAD SAID TO "GIT" WAS TOO MUCH FOR POLLY

THE BOYS DID SO, AND EACH MADE BIG FORTUNE.

Four Brothers Who Left Farm Fifty Years Ago With \$700 Apiece and Plenty of Good Advice Now Worth \$25,000,000.

Bridgport, Conn.—A little over fifty years ago a farmer named Miller, living near Middletown, Conn., called in his four sons—Darius, Frank, Nathan G. and Charles—read them a lecture on the use and abuse of money, gave them \$700 apiece, and told them to go out in the world and hustle.

Darius, the eldest, was not 20 then, the youngest was scarcely 20. They scattered and worked, schemed and thrived, and recently they met together in the home of Frank to celebrate the golden wedding of Darius and his wife, they told how they had multiplied that \$2,800 almost ten thousand fold. The estimated wealth of the brothers today is \$25,000,000.

The story reads like one from the "Arabian Nights." The four Aladdin apparently had but to rub their lamps to gain power and wealth, and throughout the story the figures 700 seem to dominate, for away back in 1860 the town of Middletown agreed to pay their ancestor, Thomas Miller, \$700 for establishing a mill there. The payment was never made, but the family still holds the claim for the sum with the compound interest for 260 years.

When the boys left the old farm, Darius went to New Britain, where he put his money into a dry goods business that prospered so rapidly that he is now one of the wealthiest men in the state, owning a big department store and having other large interests besides.

Nathan G., the second son, went to New York to seek his fortune. He developed a talent for high finance, made a fortune on the stock market, bought a railroad which he sold at an immense profit, organized a steamboat company, backed Thomas Edison in his inventions and now possesses millions.

Charles Miller went to Waterbury to invest his \$700, and accumulated money so fast that last January he outdistanced his fellow citizens by turning over to his clerks his immense establishment. He holds a great quantity of real estate, and controls many industrial concerns.

Frank Miller started his business career in Bridgport, studied the lumber market and now owns vast tracts of pine lumber in the south.

To celebrate the reunion of the brothers and slater a group photograph was taken—the first photograph for which Darius Miller had posed since he left the farm more than a half century ago.

The brothers recounted their business triumphs modestly. Throughout their struggles for fortune they had kept in touch with one another.

STRAW KILLS TONS OF FISH

Indiana Health Expert Believes He Has Solved Puzzle Where Factory Refuse Is Dumped.

Muncie, Ind.—A complete investigation of the slaughter of fish in the Mississippian river, when tons of fish were found dead in the stream, is being conducted in Delaware and Grant counties by State Fish Commissioner Miles.

The secretary of the state board of health, Dr. J. N. Hurty, has advanced a new reason for the death of fish in streams that are used by strawboard companies. He says that in his opinion there is no poison in the refuse emptied into the water from strawboard and paper mills that is destructive to animal life, as has always been supposed. He holds that the fish are killed by minute particles of straw, from this refuse, entering their gills and shutting off their supply of oxygen.

PRAYERS TIED TO NIGHTIES

New York Woman Has Unique Cure All and Lots of Patients.

New York.—Difference of opinion as to the therapeutic efficacy of scrubbing hieroglyphics on note paper and then tying the paper "prayers" to a lady's affected arm, head or leg led to the arraignment of Mrs. Eva Stein before Magistrate Butts in the Yorkville police court. Mrs. Stein is accused by the County Medical society of attempting to diagnose the ailments of patients and of then offering to cure them by sending them to bed with paper prayers tied to their nighties and with still other written prayers under their pillows.

A woman detective in the employ of the medical society submitted an affidavit which tells of her experience as a "patient" with Mrs. Stein, whose charge for treatment, the detective says, is only 15 cents.

STARCHED DRESS SAVES BABY

Stiff Skirt Catches in Auto Steering Gear and She is Carried With Machine.

New York.—The pretty, stiffer starched white frock in which her mother dressed 2-year-old Annie Westenberg of 1184 Fox street, Bronx, saved the baby from death under a touring car driven by its owner, William Wendelken of 1136 Fox street.

The baby tried to toddle across the street in front of her home. Wendelken did not see the tiny figure till he was within a few feet of the child. She fell flat and the big car swept over her. As it did so the stiff starched frock caught in the steering gear and lifted her clear of the pavement. It was fully half a block before Wendelken could stop the car. White faced he looked under his car, expecting to see the babe's mangled body. He gave a cry of wonder and delight as he dragged her out and found that she was not hurt at all.

When doctors disagree the patient suffers.

MONKEY THAT TALKS

PROFESSOR GARNER BRINGS US A WONDERFUL APE.

Animal From Africa Jungle to Demonstrate Theory of Chimpanzee Intelligence, So the Professor Says.

New York.—After living for seven years in a bamboo hut in the heart of the African jungle with only two negro servants and wild chimpanzees and gorillas for companions, Professor Richard L. Garner, the anthropologist, has reached New York with "Susie," the 7-month-old ape, who can talk and understand the English language.

For twenty years Professor Garner has made a study of the animals that Darwin declared were our ancestors, and in 1903 he sailed on his fourth trip to Cape Lopez, Western Africa; his purpose being, as he said, to watch and learn the habits of the chimpanzees in its wild state and to observe its capabilities without suggestion or training and most important of all, to discover if the ape is able to distinguish different colors and forms.

He has returned with proof that the chimpanzee cannot only distinguish the difference between red, white, and blue, but that it can tell the difference between half a dozen shades of red, the difference between a sphere, a cube and a cylinder and that it has a language of its own, consisting of a vocabulary of about twenty words.

Susie spent most of her voyage in a cage in the butcher's room, but part of the time she was on deck. She has a little chair that she carries about, and when told to "come here," "sit down" or "laugh" she obeys with alacrity. When a match is lighted she cries out in a squeaky voice, "Fen," the French word for fire.

"During my four expeditions I have had a total of twenty-two chimpanzees and nine gorillas in my house," said Professor Garner. "They were all young ones, which I bought from natives to experiment with. I let them have their freedom, but they always came back at night to sleep. The gorillas were not so tractable and occasionally I had to confine and guard them. In my opinion the chimpanzee is the highest type of the lower animals and has the most brain power."

Professor Garner declared that from his studies of the chimpanzee he is convinced that it has a bad memory for very long and that it has not the resentment of the human being. Neither has the native of Congo, he added, the resentment of the white man.

"In my opinion, it will not be very long before chimpanzees will be able to speak a language that we understand," Professor Garner continued. "They will not only be able to repeat words, but they will know the meaning of what they say and hear."

RIDES HORSE WHILE ASLEEP

Lad of 12 Years Exhibits Most Remarkable Case of Somnambulism Ever Recorded in Texas.

Taylor, Tex.—One of the most, if not the most, remarkable cases of somnambulism on record in this state just occurred at Jonah, near here, when Arthur Nygrin, a lad of twelve, arose from his bed at his father's home in his night clothes, and without hat, coat or shoes, saddled a horse at 2 a. m. and rode a distance of four miles.

Stopping at the residence of Mrs. Oscar Swenson, the boy dismounted, hitched the horse and went into the house, stumbling over chairs and children who were sleeping on the porch. The intruder awoke Mrs. Swenson who called out, "Who is it?" He answered, "It's Dick; I came to tell you that brother is sick and they want you to come."

Believing the boy was asleep she told him to lie down, which he did and slept soundly until breakfast. Mrs. Nygrin, the boy's mother, was away from home at the time of the boy's wandering, but when his father awoke next morning and found his son gone, he was very much alarmed and became so excited that he fainted in his hurry to give the alarm. He feared the boy had ridden the horse over one of the numerous precipices which abound along the river near his home.

While the excitement was at its height, with the father, friends and neighbors scouring the woods for the boy, he returned home—his mind being a blank since he retired the night before until he was called for breakfast that morning four miles from the home of his aunt. Aside from all other evidences that the boy was asleep and oblivious to his movements the father, who gives this information, states that ordinarily no amount of money or other offering would induce the boy to venture out of the yard alone, he being of a decidedly timid and fearful disposition.

HUNG HER CASH OUT TO DRY

Delaware Woman Forgot Bill Roll of Bills Until It Was Almost Too Late.

Rehoboth, Del.—A week's washing of \$5 bills, placed on a line to dry, was the result of a bath which Mrs. Daniel Townsend took and in which no one can understand why the money did not drift out to sea.

Mrs. Townsend is the wife of a prominent Rehoboth hotel man, and in taking her usual surf bath she did not remove that portion of her apparel which the average woman uses as her pocketbook.

During the bath the surf played its usual pranks, and although the bands used to hold the money in its place were several times loosened, the money was found intact, although reduced almost to a pulp when Mrs. Townsend started to remove the bathing apparel.

A SOLITARY PICNIC

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The wide plaza of the farmhouse was deserted save for Helen Rogers swaying gently in the hammock near the door. The entire household had gone to a clam bake three miles distant; but Mrs. Blake, the farmer's wife; her maid servant, and all the summer boarders had rumbled away in two large hay wagons at 11 o'clock.

Helen had stoutly refused sacrifice on the part of her mother and sister. If her sprained ankle forbade her to take the jolting ride to the clam bake she could enjoy herself quite as well in the hammock with her books and needle work. She was not afraid. Ponto, the big collie, was her slave and the day would soon pass.

When the last wagon had rumbled away and she had cheerfully wiped her handkerchief as long as the picnicers remained in sight, Helen picked up her book. But her eyes strayed from the open page to the cool shadows on the grass under the drooping elms; to the distant sunlit fields where the men were gathering a belated hay crop, and with little sigh of contentment lingered on the preparation that had been made for her comfort.

A small table at her elbow held water pitcher and glass and a bottle of lime juice. Ned Freer had dropped a tempting box of chocolates within her reach, some one else had brought magazines, her mother had laid a gray shawl across her pretty little feet. Her slender ankle now swollen beyond belief. Farmer Blake had propped his knee against the door and Mrs. Blake had packed a little basket of lunch in order that the invalid might enjoy the favor of picnicking if nothing more.

An hour passed. The night before had been a painful one with many wakeful hours. Helen's book dropped from her fingers, her lips closed. Her eyes strayed from the open page.

Her white gown, there was neocolor about her—just a tinge of rose in the delicate lips and the blue-black luster of her hair.

The tall clock in the dining room chimed noon and the long hands swung around to the half hour. Bees tumbled in and out of the hollyhocks, a humming bird poised trembling above the honeysuckles. These were all the sounds save a cautious step on the grass.

Ponto lifted his nose and sniffed as a young man approached the house, scanning the many windows with a swift, searching glance. He murmured some words to the aroused dog and Ponto's head went down on its towney paws.

The man paused on the top step and stared at Helen Rogers, asleep in the hammock. With a sharply indrawn breath the stranger turned his eyes away from the sleeping girl and laid his hand on the knob of the screen door.

Ponto growled, the clock struck the half hour, and as if watching for these signals, Helen's dark eyes opened suddenly on the vision of a dusty, travel-stained youth about to enter the empty farmhouse.

She sat upright with a stifled cry, and he withdrew his hand from the knob. He faced her.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"I—er—really, must I explain my errand?"

"Of course," Helen's voice was crisp and did not harmonize with her soft eyes and winsome face. "Of course, you must explain whom you wish to see. You have no right to enter the house."

Courtesy Should Be Mutual. Persons who complain about the lack of respect for age exhibited by American youth do not always think it necessary to set an example of good manners to the rising genera-

tion by treating them with respect. Such persons might learn a lesson from the Japanese. "Not only are children gentle and courteous to their elders in Japan," says a recent writer on the Lotus Land, "but their elders are also gentle and courteous to them. Courtesy is mutual. The old folk never forget that they themselves were at one time young, and the young seem to divine instinctively why it is due to age."

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

ALFRED WELLER, WHO IS A REAL TELEGRAPHY PIONEER

TAKING the telegraphic returns of every presidential election from 1848 to 1896 is the record of Alfred Weller, formerly of Milwaukee, and residing in La Porte, Ind.

"Oh, by Jove! What have I done now—didn't I guess the child was hurt! Pucky little girl!" He bent down and lifted her carefully into the hammock. "Go, a sprained ankle—no wonder she fainted away."

He picked up the bottle of lime juice, eyed it critically and then poured some on a handkerchief.

"He mopped her forehead with the sticky mess and some of its pungent juice trickled into her eye and brought her to consciousness. He poured out a glass of water and held it to her lips.

"I'm very sorry—you see, I didn't know you had a bad foot. Do you feel better now?" He replaced the glass on the table and leaned against the porch pillar, looking down at her with friendly eyes. Helen with a swift upward glance noted that the intruder's face was not a villainous one; indeed, there was an air of engaging frankness about the dark blue eyes.

"What makes you do it?" she asked suddenly.

"Do what?"

"Struggle for a living. It's so—struggle, you know. A man as big and strong as you are should work."

A quiet smile curved his lips. "But you see I do work. As a matter of fact I'm a jolly old grind—you see I'm a doctor—internate at the Civic hospital and—"

"You must know Mrs. Blake's son—oh, dear, of course you are Jack Blake!" Helen's face was crimson now.

"At your service," he said, with a sweeping bow.

"You can't blame me for the mistake," returned Helen saucily. "You certainly are a suspicious looking character."

He glanced down at his dusty blue clothes and rumbled his hair into worse untidiness. "I don't know what's got into the village—not a vehicle of any sort at the station nor on the road. Lost my straw hat climbing a fence and a hungry cow bit into the crown, so I let her have the rest of it. It's a hot, dusty walk from the station to Locust farm—three miles!" He looked appealingly at the lime juice, and at Helen's quickly voiced invitation he prepared himself a cooling drink.

"Have some?" he asked, holding out the glass.

"No, thanks. I'll just remove this from my face and then you may share my lunch. Everybody's gone to the clam bake and I was keeping house alone."

"I forgot to explain that I wanted to get in and surprise mother; she wasn't expecting me until next week." He brought her a basin of water from the kitchen and a clean towel and watched admiringly as she removed the traces of his restorative.

"Is lime juice one of your remedies?" she asked.

"I use whatever is at hand—you should be thankful it wasn't ink."

OKLAHOMA SENATOR IS NEARLY ONE-HALF INDIAN

THE state of Oklahoma, made up of the territory of that name and Indian Territory and admitted to the Union in 1907, contains about 65,000 Indians, more than any other state. It is right and proper, therefore, that the citizens of aboriginal blood should be represented in the law-making bodies at Washington. Of Oklahoma's two United States senators, one is the famous blind orator, Gore, and the other is Curtis, who is part Indian. Of her five congressmen at least one, Senator Charles Dougherty Carter, is nearly one-half Indian. Strictly speaking he is 7-16 Chickasaw and Cherokee and 9-16 Scotch and Irish. His ancestor, Nathan Carter, fell into the hands of the Indians during a massacre, was adopted into the tribe and married a full-blooded squaw. Since then there have been several intermarriages.

Recently Senator Carter has been before the nation as one of the witnesses in the Indian land fraud investigation.

Senator Carter was born in 1868 near Boggy Depot, an old fort in the Choctaw nation. His education was obtained in the common schools and in the Chickasaw manual labor academy. In youth he worked as a ranchman and as a clerk in a store. From 1892 to 1894 he was auditor of public accounts for the Chickasaw nation. Since then he has been superintendent of public schools of Indian Territory, member of the Chickasaw council and congressman. He is a banker, a Methodist, a Mason and an Elk.

DARING AVIATOR WHOSE FEATS THRILLED THE WORLD

ONE of the most daring aviators, whose feats have thrilled the world, is Louis Paulhan. Ever since he was a mere boy he has walked hand in hand with romance. His parents were ordinary people, unable to bestow upon him any of the luxuries of life, so at an early age he ran off with a traveling circus. At first he did odd jobs about the tents, but between performances he practiced on the tight-rope, and the proprietor, observing his skill, decided he was sufficiently proficient in that art to be exhibited. Before long he was the star artist, doing difficult somersaults and glides with reckless abandon and grace. It was while he thus cavorted on a slack-wire that he acquired the balancing facility which has enabled him to attain his rank among the "bird men."

When the circus life began to pall, Paulhan signed as a sailor. Later he became a soldier, enlisting in the Aeronautic battalion of the French army. Here he attained the practical knowledge of air craft which resulted in his adoption of his present profession.

Owing to his comparative poverty Paulhan was not able to own a machine of his own, but in the fall of 1906 he engaged himself to Surcouf, the designer of the famous dirigible

WIDOW OF LEOPOLD WEDS A FRENCH BUSINESS MAN

W HILE still greatly regretting the death of King Leopold of the Belgians, his widow, Baronesse Vaughan, has married Emmanuel Durier, a French citizen. The baronesse is only twenty-seven years of age and lacking experience in worldly affairs. Her friends say she finds it difficult to manage the huge fortune left her by Leopold and she fears that the legion of lawyers who have been fighting her in the courts will eventually swallow up not only the interest, but the principal of her estate. Durier is said to be a shrewd business man. The two sons of the baronesse have been sent to school.

Since her dramatic flight from Belgium on the death of King Leopold, which closed her regal career, the baronesse has been living sumptuously, although in the greatest privacy, in the Chateau Ballincourt at Arronville.

The penniless sisters of the baronesse, who are living in Paris, are studied at the news, and express themselves as amazed that she would marry so soon after the death of the king.

The career of the Baronesse Vaughn reads like a novel. The daughter of a janitor, she rose to be the acknowledged wife of the Belgian king. The marriage took place on December 7, while Leopold was on his deathbed, in fact, just eleven days before his death.

The thirteenth child of a family belonging to the lower class of "la petite bourgeoisie," though arrived at a dazzling degree of fortune, Blanche Caroline Delacroix never, so far as is known, exhibited the least intention of alleviating their lot, and all of them speak of her with unmistakable coldness.

Her eldest sister, Mme. Laure LeFebvre, fifty years old, was until recently a commission merchant at the central markets in Paris. Another, Mme. Maria Laluit, keeps a fruit and vegetable stand in Gobelins market. Another sister of the baronesse is Mme. Juliette Verger, who formerly was a flower girl in the Place de Clitvly.

The only surviving brother of the baronesse is a waiter in another cafe not far from the Place Republique. He alone of the family has something kindly to say of the widow of the Belgian king, whom he called, half jocularly, his brother-in-law.

The New Woman's Danger. This new element in reform which seems to be poking the fire from the top, this new woman, does not know now to wait. Hasten! That is surely the danger which walks at the elbow of our most noble instinct of social responsibility. It is this haste which has lately driven some of us into ludicrous and wicked disregard for law; it has made us, with mistaken kindness, seek to interfere with individual development which comes by wrongdoing and pain; it has robbed us of patience and differing opinions; it has created a god in its own image, and cries out that he shall be worshipped only in ways of which it approves. Oh, let us learn to wait; it does not follow that we must be idle because we refuse to be precipitate; it may only mean that we have a faith that is large in time, and that which shapes it to some perfect end. Indeed, there seems to me a certain un-humorous arrogance to this bustling, feminine haste to make over the world—it is as if we thought ourselves so important that nothing could go right without us—Margaret Deland in the Atlantic Monthly.

Cheaper Than a Funeral. A medico tells of two physicians in a certain town, the one elderly, with a long record of cures, the other young, with his record still to make. The older doctor, it appears, was inclined to surrender some of his night work to the younger man.

One night in winter the veteran was aroused by two farmers from a hamlet eight miles away, the wife of one of whom was seriously ill. The doctor at once referred them to his young colleague, but they refused the latter's services.

"Very well," replied the doctor, thinking to put a convincing argument before them. "In that case my fee is two guineas, payable now."

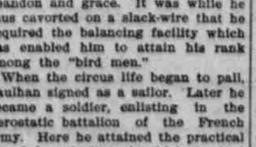
Whereupon there ensued a remonstrance on the part of the farmers, but the doctor was obdurate. Finally one of the men asked the other:

"Well, what do you think I ought to do?"

"I think you'd better pay him the two guineas," said the other. The funeral would cost you more."

Rather Sticky Substances. "And after we cast our bread upon the waters, what do we have then?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Mush!" piped the little lad with freckles on his nose.



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Christmas in Yucatan. Christmas in Yucatan is kept as a feast. The Indians for miles around Tikimkin flock into the town, bringing with them their wives, their children and the inevitable pack of dogs. Most of them come on horseback, two, and sometimes three, at a time, the horses dragging two stout poles behind them bearing the total "household effects" of their masters. Others come on

foot, the mothers carrying their babies, Eastern-fashion, across their hips, the fathers loaded with their world's goods, slung on their backs, with a hand across their foreheads to bear the weight.

The plaza is turned into a fair, with rows of tiny wooden booths, where cheap gewgaws and tasteless flimsy in cottons and linens, necklaces of beads and gaudy-looking ornaments are sold in hundreds at fabulous prices to the Indian women, while their husbands fiddle themselves with "firewater" (luckily more water than fire) in the drinking shops.—Wide World Magazine.

Some Comfort. The young mother of the Siamese twins was inspecting the ligament that bound them together.

"Well," she said, with a sigh of relief, "there's one consolation. I'll never have to answer the question, 'How do you tell 'em apart?'"

Later, however, when the press agents came along they succeeded in convincing her that there were other and more substantial consolations.

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