

SPURNS FILTHY LUCRE

ONE MAN FOUND WHO DOES NOT CARE FOR MONEY.

Lure of Comfortable Home, With Greenbacks in Profusion, Unable to Decoy Joseph Flusser From the Life He Loves.

If you were shoveling coal and getting no pay for it and sleeping nights under a wharf and getting such meager bits of food as just happened to fall your way and your brother should come along and discover you after a long, long search and take you by the hand and tell you that he had \$2,000 for you and a good home and plenty to eat, would you run away? Then, if running away, that brother should ask the judge to declare that you were crazy, wouldn't your brother have good ground for his move?

That's the situation presented in the singular case of Benjamin Flusser, who keeps a furniture store at 214 Springfield avenue, one of the main business streets of Newark, N. J., who has asked the court to look into the state of mind of his brother, Joseph, who has been sent to the detention ward of Bellevue hospital, New York, because he runs away from money which almost any man will chase for miles and lose his breath over and cheat and lie and scheme and sell gold bricks for. Benjamin had been looking for Joseph since their father died on November 25 last leaving an estate of \$14,000, of which \$2,000 was Joseph's share. Benjamin was walking along Grand street, New York, when he ran across Joseph busy shoveling coal into a cellar from a sidewalk.

When Benjamin told him what had happened, Joseph said: "I don't want anybody's money; I hate money; give it away and please go away and let me work. I know I am your brother, but I do not want money. I am working; I go to work and let me finish my job."

"My brother cannot be in his right senses," says Benjamin. "He will not sleep in a home and has a place under the Williamsburg bridge. He hates to be in a home and won't work in a store. I want to give him a good home, and I could get him a good job, but he will stay with nobody. He runs after wood and coal carts until they are ready to be unloaded and then he helps."

"Sometimes they give him ten cents, sometimes 15 and maybe a quarter. They say he will not take a quarter, saying he does not want any one's money, while lots of times he works and then goes away without looking for any money or waiting for it."

The money-hating brother is forty-four years old and came from Austria. Before leaving Europe he was one day leaning over a bridge watching bathers below, when the rail against which he leaned snapped and he fell on his head many feet below, striking a pile of lumber. After that he was semi-conscious for six months, and did not recover his mental or physical strength for a year. That was 28 years ago.

With two of his six brothers, Benjamin and Max, the eccentric one came to Newark. He worked with his brothers for a while, left them and worked in Salomon's tannery for four or five years. This was the longest he had ever stayed in one place, and he had saved up several hundred dollars.

The Chicago World's Fair then was advertised and Joseph went to the fair. He lost all his money and became lost to his brothers. They looked for him in Chicago, traced him to various parts, and finally found that he was in New York. From time to time they were told that he had been seen over there, and they went to look for him, but without success.

Max Flusser, a broker, died in Newark, November 25, leaving \$14,000, of which \$10,000 was in cash and \$4,000 in second mortgages. Benjamin Flusser is the administrator of the estate, and, as he says \$2,000 is Joseph's share, he wants to protect his brother and put him in some home or institution where he will be cared for. This is the \$2,000 that Joseph spurns.

Such a Dunce of a Cook.

Philander C. Knox, secretary of state, is a particular man about the food he eats. In fact, if the dishes do not suit him exactly his appetite fades away to nothing. One day in New York, being in a hurry, he rushed into a cheap restaurant and ordered roast beef. To his intense disgust he found that the beef was not good and immediately proceeded to denounce a well-developed roar.

To the proprietor, who hurried up, Mr. Knox exclaimed: "What do you mean by serving spoiled beef?"

"It's that bone-headed cook of mine," said the proprietor. "I told him to cut off that spoiled part before he served the beef!"

Whereupon Mr. Knox lost his appetite for a week.—Popular Magazine.

Golden Eloquence.

"I understand that you arranged the formation of your big trust at a banquet."

"Yes," replied Dustin Stax, "it has long been known that 'money talks.' But it remained for you to develop its capacities as an after dinner speaker."

Diplomatic.

"How did you get your wife to forego her desire for that expensive evening gown?"

"Told her it was just the thing a plain woman needed."—Judge.

CARRIES ITS HOME WITH IT

Peculiar Domicile Inhabited by the Larvae of the Caddis Fly—Is a Place of Refuge.

Have you ever in your walks in the country noticed what looks like a bit of stick crawling about the bottom of a pond? Perhaps the strange creature was more like a cylindrical mass of leaves, sand and shells. If you observed it closely you must have seen that it had a head and some feet, something like those of a small caterpillar, sticking out of a hole in front. These queer little things are the larvae of the caddis-fly and are quite common in the ponds of Long Island. Two of them may now be watched at close range in one of the aquaria at the Children's Museum, Bedford Park, Brooklyn.

Adult caddis-flies look so much like certain moths that they are often mistaken for them, but their larvae, while really grubs, live in the water and feed on submerged vegetation. Each larva or caddis-worm builds itself a case, selecting for the purpose such material as may be most handy. It sticks the bits of sand, fragments of leaves, capsules of moss, tiny shells and bits of stick together with a sort of cement and forms them into a cylinder about an inch long and three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. In this it lives, pulling its home about after it and never exposing more of its body than is necessary to allow free movement of its legs. If you touch one of them or pick it up by its shell its head and legs are instantly retracted within the tube, which now appears quite devoid of life.—New York World.

PICKED MEN FOR AVIATORS

High Qualifications Required of Those Who Would Aspire to Serve in Italian Army.

A special aviation corps has been established in the Italian army, and in connection with it Dr. M. Falchi, one of the military surgeons attached to the school of aviation, has published the following as his idea of the qualifications of a military aviator.

Officers are best between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age. Under twenty-five men are apt to attempt senseless and foolhardy flying; over thirty-five, they may be more susceptible to the dangers of aviation, because of the beginning of senile changes in circulatory and respiratory apparatus. They should be light in weight, weighing about 165 pounds; they should not, however, train excessively for the mere purpose of reducing weight. They must be of robust physique, should not be alcoholic, and have no inherited tendency toward epilepsy or other nervous disorders. They must have excellent vision and hearing, and no disease of circulatory or respiratory organs. They should be of even character, being neither emotional nor hesitating. They should be prompt in obedience as well as in command. They should, finally, be intelligent persons.

EAGER TO STUDY WIRELESS

Brooklyn Boys Avail Themselves With Avidity of the Opportunities Afforded Them.

It is just seven years since the Children's Museum in Bedford Park, Brooklyn installed a wireless telegraph plant and invited the boys of Brooklyn to come and learn how to operate it. At first they could send messages only a few blocks, but with each month came some improvement, until today they send messages 150 miles and have received them from New Orleans, Key West and vessels far out at sea.

There are always groups of boys practicing in the museum; how many have learned there would be difficult to say, but the number must run well up into the thousands. This is why Brooklyn roofs bristle with antennae, which have become a striking feature of the landscape.

Against the Circulation Lie. Legislation should be obtained that would result in treating the circulation lie on the same basis as any other swindle. When a business man makes representations to a bank in asking for credit and signs a false statement of his finances he will be prosecuted and convicted. The circulation lie should be treated in precisely the same way.—P. A. Conne.

An Artistic Consideration. "So you think you would improve the ballot?"

"We couldn't help improving it," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "I have seen pictures of a lot of ballots, and the decorations on them were simply atrocious."

To Prevent Being Fired. "So many of the men were discharged that they formed a union for protection."

"A sort of fire prevention association."

WARD OF GOVERNMENT

LONG AND ARDUOUS SERVICE OF MULE RECOGNIZED.

It Has Been Said That Republics Were Ever Ungrateful, but This Incident Seems to Disprove the Statement.

Almost thirty years ago, so the archives of the war department disclose, Lieutenant W. A. Kobbe of the Third artillery, who was stationed at Mount Vernon barracks, Alabama, reported to the war department that there was at that post a white mule named Mexique, which had been for many years in the service of the United States, but which had at last been ordered sold. The officers of the post, Lieutenant Kobbe said, desired permission to purchase the animal and keep and care for it at their own expense.

Major F. L. Guenther of the Second artillery, to whom the petition was referred, reported that the mule in question was originally left at Key West barracks in 1848 by a portion of the army returning from Mexico at the close of the war with that country. He added:

"During the time that I served at Key West, from 1875 to 1880, the mule did not miss a day's work from any cause. He is very old and has been worn out by his long service in the quartermaster's department. If there is any way to provide for him, I should be glad to have it done, as the expense to the government would be little or nothing."

The petition went through the regular channels until it reached the quartermaster general, who indorsed it as follows:

"To promote the sentiment of kindness toward animals that are so intimately connected with military men, it is recommended in this special case that this mule be kept in the department and left to the care of those whose kindly feelings are so deeply enlisted in his behalf."

General Sherman submitted the case to the secretary of war, with the following report:

"I have seen the mule, and whether true or not, the soldiers believe it was left at Big Spring, where Mount Vernon barracks now are, at the time General Jackson's army encamped there, about 1819-1820. Tradition says that it was once a sorrel, but now it is white from age. The quartermaster's department will be chargeable with ingratitude if the mule is sold, or the care of maintenance of it thrown on the charitable officers of the post. I advise that it be kept in the department, fed and maintained until death. I think the mule was at Fort Morgan, Mobile Point, when I was there in 1842."

The secretary of war thereupon made the following order: "Let this mule be kept and well cared for as long as he lives."

Scorpion's Fainting Fit.

The scorpion that is placed in the center of a ring of coals does not commit suicide by stinging himself to death, as has been claimed. In lands where the scorpion abounds it is a regular pastime among countrymen to ring a scorpion with fire and watch him commit, as is believed, the happy despatch. Nevertheless, the scorpion has the last laugh, as it were.

The scorpion, though an inhabitant of torrid regions, is so delicately organized that a very slight increase above the normal temperature produces a condition in him analogous to a fainting fit. Driven desperate by the heat, he lashes his tail wildly, giving the impression that he is plunging his sting into his own body. Then he falls motionless. As a presumably dead scorpion has no further interest for the spectators, he is usually left where he has fallen, and, after the fire has died down, he recovers and crawls away.

Peacock Throne of Persia.

The throne, itself, which now graces the audience hall of the Persian Shah, or "King of Kings," is a magnificent work of art, sumptuous in the extreme. It is a jeweled platform, sometimes compared to a "field bed," about four feet high and five feet by eight feet in area, resting on six massive legs, with four additional supports, and decorated by a double step. A heavy railing, mounted with metal knobs and finials, embosoms the rug-backed seat, and rises at the rear to form an elevated back, against which the shah sits in Oriental fashion, supported by a bolster-cushion and surrounded by pillows. The rich incrustations of jewels, the highly ornate character of the lacquer work, and the delicacy of the traceries and arabesque designs impart to the throne an exquisiteness of finish and beauty that is quite its own.—From Constantinople to Persia, by A. V. W. Jackson.

Unflattering.

"Philbrick, I never have the slightest trouble in remembering your name. I think of 'jackpot' and I've got you at once."

"What's the connection?"

"Well, jackpot suggests bathroom; bathroom reminds me of bath brick; and from bath brick to Philbrick the transition is easy."

Life Not All Gone Yet.

"I suppose you've been begging all your life, haven't you?" said the lady to the tramp at the back door.

"Not yet," was the wanderer's reply.

WAS CAREFUL IN MARKETING

Celery Had Lost Its Crispness While Cautious Woman Was Making Up Mind About Purchase.

Lady—Is this celery fresh?
Dealer—Yes'm.
"Real fresh?"
"Yes'm."
"Just in?"
"Yes'm."
"Is it crisp?"
"Yes'm."
"Are you sure it is all right?"
"Yes'm."
"Where did you get it?"
"From a market gardener, mum."
"Today?"
"Yes'm."
"How much is it?"
"Ten cents a bunch."
"Isn't that rather high?"
"Not at this season."
"I've got it here lately for less."
"That was small and rather green."
"Can you send it up?"
"Yes'm."
"In time for dinner?"
"Oh, yes'm."
"Just break off a piece and let me try it."
"Yes'm. Here is some."
"H'm! It isn't nice at all. It's withered."
"Well, mum, it's a good while since you asked if it was fresh."

Exasperating.

"Hold on a minute, Whiffits!"
"Speak fast, old chap, I'm in a great hurry."
"Just a moment."
"Well, well. What is it?"
"Are you aware of the fact that the wife of the emperor of Germany calls him 'Willie'?"
"No, confound your impertinence! And I don't care a hang what she calls him! You've made me miss my car."

THE REASON.



First Suburbanite—I'm not going to have a garden this year. I had one last summer and it kept me as thin as a rail.

Second Suburbanite—Worked too hard at it, eh?

First Suburbanite—No; I tried to live on what I raised in it.

As He Understood It.

The lofty browed, scholarly man who was officiating at the banquet turned to the man sitting next to him.

"What is the next thing in the order of exercises?" he asked.

The other made a whispered response.

"Please say that again; I didn't quite catch it."

The answer was repeated. "Gentlemen," said the toastmaster, rising, "the next thing will be an Irish song by that prince of entertainers, Mr. Bockleer, entitled, 'Ha! Zenny Bottle Leish Seen Kell Lee?'"

One of the Pioneers.

Isaac Pitman had invented his system of shorthand.

"It's merely speaking by sound," he explained; "every little character has a meaning all its own."

At a later period Prof. Bræer Mathuze and others tried to do the same thing with long-hand and made an egregiously absurd mess of it.

A New Recipe.

At an examination of nurses the young lady was asked by the physician: "What would you do to cure a cold in the head?"

She replied: "I would put my feet in hot water till you were in profuse perspiration."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Too Complicated.

An expert in occultation has contributed an article to a newspaper on how to kiss a girl.

"Well, did you learn how?"

"No. After I had reached the ninth stage in the proceeding without the kiss having been consummated, I had a brain storm and quit."

Near Enough.

A Chicago banker was dictating a letter to his stenographer. "Tell Mr. So-and-So," he ordered, "that I will meet him in Schenectady."

"How do you spell Schenectady?" asked the stenographer.

"S-c, S-c-e-r-e-r—Tell him I'll meet him in Albany."—Argonaut.

Sententious.

A north side school boy was asked to form a sentence with the word "horse sense." He said: "The man forgot to lock his stable door one night and he hasn't seen his horse since."

Promptly.

"Did the actor you spoke of get a notice in the new play he went out in?"

"Got it for two weeks as soon as he gave his first performance."

WHALE WAS A FIGHTER

EXACTED HEAVY PENALTY FOR DEATH OF HER CALF.

Hunters Paid Dearly for Blunder of Man Who Wielded Harpoon—Amazing Vindictiveness Shown by Ocean Monster.

The gray whale, a huge mammal that inhabits the North Pacific ocean, and is most often found along the American coast, particularly in the Gulf of California, makes so vigorous a fight when attacked and is so terrible an adversary that it is known among sailors as the devil-fish.

These huge sea mammals are sometimes a source of much danger to peaceful passing boats, having the same effect as a cow on a railroad track. A vessel bowling along at full speed, hitting one of these immense bodies, a broadside blow is visibly disturbed, and if the ship is small and weak there is often a wreck.

It has always been a standing order among the whalers that a calf should never be injured when the mother is near. Neglect of this order was once the cause of a catastrophe. A fleet of thirteen American whalers was off the coast of Lower California, and fifty-two boats, four from each ship, were out. In some way, in striking a large cow whale, a harpoon transfixed her calf, which was at her side, and killed it instantly.

The mother quickly satisfied herself that the calf was dead, and then turned upon her aggressors like a veritable demon of destruction.

While carefully avoiding the exposure of her body to attack, she spread devastation among the flotilla. When she arose to the surface it was but for a second, to emit an expiration like the hiss of a lifting safety-valve, and at the same instant to destroy a boat or complete the destruction of one already hopelessly damaged. Every blow was dealt with accuracy and an appearance of premeditation. The speed of the monster was so great that she appeared almost simultaneously at widely separated points. Not content with dealing one tremendous blow at a boat, and reducing it to a bundle of loose boards, she attacked the wreckage again and again.

Utter demoralization seized even the veterans. The distance to the shore was great, and the huge whale, so far from spending her fury, seemed only to grow more desperately in earnest as the work of destruction went on. At last two boats succeeded in reaching the beach. The crews had hardly leaped overboard to run their craft up when close behind them in the shallow water appeared their relentless enemy. She was just too late.

Out of the fifty-two boats only two escaped undamaged. More than fifty men were badly injured, and six, one of whom was the unfortunate originator of the mischief, were killed outright.

Moon's Weather Is Variable.

"With the temperature ranging from the boiling point to a frigidify of 200 degrees below zero the same day, the climate of the moon is too uncertain for any human being, no matter how many changes of clothing he has."

This was the remark of Prof. F. R. Moulton, assistant instructor in astronomy at the University of Chicago, in an address at the Chicago Hebrew institute.

"Nothing lives on the moon," he said. "Any animal would be frozen to death in one hour and scorched to death in another. A day on the moon is twenty-eight and one-half of our normal days."

"It is believed by superstitious people that the moon has an effect upon the weather, the seasons and the crops. The earth is virtually independent of the moon. The satellite furnishes light at night, but no heat worth mentioning, and has nothing to do with storms and changes of temperature."

Reminder of Peter the Great.

Here was the place where Peter the Great made his arsenal, and here are now located the soldiers' barracks and the parade ground. Not far away, near a sort of market square, is the place where the great czar lodged in 1722 before taking quarters in the citadel. It is simply a vaulted hovel of mud or cement, entered by a small door, and now surrounded by an open portico that has across the front columns connected by a green painted railing, and with two wooden fences in the rear. A painted sign over the entrance, now nearly illegible, records the fact that Peter stayed there, and two antique cannons, which have long outlived the time when they were of use, still guard either side.—From Constantinople to Persia, by A. V. W. Jackson.

What the "Ads" Say.

Willis—Do you know that the mine we thought was no good has yielded \$9,000,000 in the past two months?

Gillis—Who says so? Our company?

Willis—No; the prospectus of the company that is promoting the mine next to ours.—Puck.

His Disappointment.

"You say he was disappointed in love?"

"He certainly was."

"But I thought he married the girl he loved?"

"So he did. And then he found that two cannot live as cheaply as one."



JUST A LITTLE FAMILY JAP

Amusing and Characteristic Conversation Between Husband and Wife During Squabble.

"Oh, Maria, what's the use of talking at cross purp—"

"Who's talking at a cross purp, John Dorkins, I'd like to know!"

"I was only going to say—"

"I know what you were going to say! I heard you say it!"

"I only wanted to—"

"You only wanted to call your wife a cross purp! And you did it!"

"I didn't!"

"You did!"

"All I started to say—"

"Was that I was a cross purp!"

"Was that we both—"

"Speak for yourself!"

"Were talking at—"

"I know just what you said! Cross purp!"

"At cross purposes."

"Well, if that's what you meant, why didn't you say so?"

We All Have Something.

"I've always had an ungratified ambition," remarked a well-known local business man.

"Nonsense," protested a friend.

"Why, you are wealthy enough to maintain a steam yacht."

"Just the same, I have never had this wish gratified."

"And what is it?"

"I have always wanted the magician who comes down among the audience to take his magic rabbit from my pocket. Sometimes he strikes a spectator near me, and I have always hoped that he would eventually choose me. But he never has."

Doing His Best.

He was a commercial traveler, and things were going very badly with him—so badly, in fact, that he wrote home in a very melancholy mood concerning the state of trade.

Thereupon the head of the firm wired: "Hang it, if you cannot get enough orders to make your expenses, you had better return at once."

The reply read: "Orders are very scarce, but am making a lot of expenses."—Ideas.

Seemed Popular.

"Scales!" the hardware merchant said. "Yes, sir; plenty of 'em. What kind do you want to look at?"

"Well," meditated the customer with the retreating chin; "I've heard a good deal about these San Jose scales. Friend of mine says every farmer out his way has got 'em. You might show me one of that kind."

ALL FOR LOVE.



Jimmy—Why don't you never wash your face?

Tommy—I want me goll ter tink I'm a chauffeur.

His Manners.

"You see that man across the way?"

"Yes; what of him?"

"I saw him puffing away lately in a room full of ladies."

"Did they allow it?"

"Certainly. He was dressing their hair."

Pessimism.

"Do you think the government will succeed in reducing the cost of living, even if it makes an investigation?"

"It may, but I doubt it. My wife is always able to think of plenty of 'things we can't afford.'"

A Rare Achievement.

"Biffkins seems to be an amiable sort of fellow."

"Biffkins is a wonder in that respect. He has even been known to make friends with a train 'butcher.'"

Retrospective.

"Afterthoughts are the best."

"Perhaps, but they are often darned bitter."