

MORGAN STORIES.

The Great Banker, Blunt and Gruff, Could Enjoy a Joke.

HIS KEEN SENSE OF JUSTICE.

It Was Strikingly Illustrated by the Way He Handled Two Defaulting Employees and the Rebuke He Administered to a Wall Street Shark.

Most people who knew J. P. Morgan knew him as a man blunt to the point of gruffness, yet he had a keen sense of humor. This is recalled by the way he appreciated so well the joke of a young Irishman who served in his office as a sort of exalted porter that he raised his salary.

The joke was on one of the banker's visitors, who, thinking to have some fun with the young man, remarked to him his was a most difficult task, keeping those whom Mr. Morgan did not wish to see away from him without giving offense.

"That's so," said the Irishman, "but I don't mind. I earn \$50 a week."

Duly impressed, the visitor remarked to Mr. Morgan that he paid pretty good salaries, mentioning the figure given him by the doorman. Mr. Morgan rang for him.

"What do you mean," he demanded, "by telling this gentleman that I pay you \$50 a week?"

"I never told him anything of the sort, sir," the man replied. "I told him I earned \$50 a week keeping cranks out, and I think I do."

"Well," said Morgan, lighting up, "we won't discuss that now, but just tell the bookkeeper you are to have \$5 more a week. And have no more talk with my inquisitive friend here on the private affairs of the office."

Every banking house has little peculations at one time or another. No public record exists to show that the Morgan house suffered in this respect, but that is because the banker handled these cases in his own way. Two such cases are recalled by a veteran in the street. In one the culprit, a married man, admitted that he was some \$3,500 short when the head of the house called him into his office. It had gone in speculation, he said. He admitted that his salary was ample for his needs.

Mr. Morgan advised him to go home and tell his wife about it and see him in the morning. In the morning he handed him the amount he was short after the clerk had said he had told his wife everything.

"Put that where you took the money from," he ordered. "It is a loan from me. I expect you to pay it back. None of the others know anything about it. Let's see if you can't be a man."

Later the clerk returned the money to him, with a stammering expression of thanks.

"Humph!" said the banker. "It was a bit harder saving than losing it, wasn't it? Well, now, take it home and give it to your wife. I guess she saved more of it than you did."

The other clerk, unmarried, became involved through associating with too lively a group. Like the other, he was advanced the amount of his shortage and, like the other, repaid it. Not long afterward Mr. Morgan called him into his office and gave him three months' notice.

"But, Mr. Morgan," he protested, "I'm all right. I haven't taken a dollar of your money since you gave me another chance."

"I know it," said Morgan, "but it won't be long before you will. You're traveling with your old clique again."

There is one banker, not of the second class in importance, who probably never will forget his experience on the "Black Monday" panic. The head of one of the largest commission houses in the "street" went to Morgan for aid.

"We are absolutely solvent," he said, "but Mr. Blank has called a loan on us for \$1,000,000. We can't make it and must close. We'll pay 100 cents and have enough left for all of us, but we don't want to sacrifice that business of years."

"What security have you got?" asked the banker.

The broker told him, "All right. I'll give you the money. Send the stuff here. Jack, telephone Blank I want to see him."

"I sent for you," roared the man who had been up days and nights trying to bring financial peace out of chaos, "to tell you what I think about you, but I haven't the time now. You've been pounding this market ever since this trouble began, trying to make money when everybody else has been trying to help those in trouble. You go back to your office and stop calling loans. If you call another one I'll break you and drive you out of business!"

And that settled it. David Dows, in his day one of the great men in the financial district, once said to the banker:

"Morgan, you see a lot of young men and seem to be able to pick up better ones than any man I know. I want a man whom I can trust to look out for my affairs when I am away. If you can get me such a man I'll pay him \$15,000 a year and forever be your debtor."

"Dows!" said Morgan, "when you find that man send him to me, and I'll pay him \$50,000 a year and pay you a bonus for discovering him." — New York World.

Any man or woman, in any age and under any circumstances, who will can live the heroic life and exercise heroic influence.—Charles Kingsley.

ATLANTIC LINERS' WIRELESS.

The First Messages Are Sent Just Five Minutes After Sailing.

The first regular wireless message is sent out as the steamer slowly backs from her pier. It is timed just five minutes after sailing. The sharp crack of the sending apparatus is usually drowned by the roar of the whistle calling for a clear passage in mid-stream. All transatlantic steamers send to the wireless station at Sea Gate, while the coastwise steamers call up the station on top of one of the skyscrapers on lower Broadway.

This is merely a formal message, but no wireless log would be complete without it, writes Francis Arnold Collins in St. Nicholas. This first message is known as the "T. R." No one seems to know just why. The wireless station replies as briefly as possible, and the wireless operator shuts off.

Business soon picks up. Before the passengers are through waving farewells some one has usually remembered a forgotten errand ashore or decided to send a wireless (aerogram is the word), and visitors begin to look up the wireless station. It is usually a detached house on the uppermost or sun deck, just large enough for the mysterious looking apparatus and a bank or two. Before the voyage is over most of the passengers will have become familiar with the station, for it is after all about the most interesting place aboard.

If no messages are filed for sending the operator picks up the shore station and clicks off the name of his ship—as, for instance, "Atlantis—nil here," meaning "nothing here." Should the operator have any messages to file he will add the number—for example, "Atlantis 3." The receiving station picks this up and replies quickly. If it has no message to send it will reply: "O. K. Nil here." Should there be any messages to deliver it will reply, "O. K. G." (Go ahead.)

All the way down the harbor the great ship is in constant communication, sending and receiving belated questions and answers. The passengers, who have been calling their farewells from the ship's side as the waters widen, are merely continuing their conversations with the shores now rapidly slipping past. Your message meanwhile will be delivered almost anywhere in the United States within an hour and in nearby cities in much less time.

Lending a Couple of Miles.

"Three to Albany," said a club car passenger as he handed over a mileage book to the conductor and pointed to his two companions. The conductor ran his eye down the long strip and then turned about with the query:

"Who will give this man two miles?" Half a dozen books were presented immediately, and the conductor tore off two miles from one of them while the man who had been short expressed his thanks.

"Yes, it's a kind of treating frequently practiced," said the conductor afterward. "It's the same as with a postage stamp. When you need the extra mile or two you need it bad, but there are a few passengers who will accept the proffer of payment on the part of the man whose book has run out."—New York Sun.

The Lion of Janina.

About a century ago London was threatened with a grisly show from Janina. The fame of Ali Pasha was considerable in England, enhanced by Byron's stanzas in "Childe Harold." So when the great Albanian had at last been murdered and his head was exhibited to the public at Constantinople on a dish a merchant of the city thought the head and dish would be a paying sight in London. We need not regret that a former confidential agent of Ali offered the executioner a higher price than the merchant had and obtained the head, with those of Ali's three sons and grandsons. He deposited them near one of the city gates with a tombstone and inscription.—London Spectator.

Something Awful.

"Is your wife pretty fierce in the scolding line?" asked the new acquaintance who was trying to find out what particular kind of sympathy his friend most wanted.

"Fierce! Oh, it's something awful when she scolds."

"What does she say?"

"She doesn't say anything. She just shuts her mouth tight and looks at me."—Buffalo Express.

Just a Suggestion.

A young lawyer appeared before a Washington judge with his umbrella under his arm and his hat on his head. The young man was so agitated that he forgot to put aside his umbrella or to remove his hat. He began speaking, when the court kindly suggested:

"Hadn't you better raise your umbrella?"—Exchange.

Punishment.

"What's the matter, Hans?"

"Father caught me in the shed smoking his pipe."

"Ah! So you got a good whacking, I suppose?"

"No; father made me finish it out."—Fliegende Blätter.

A Prescription.

"If you say your wife is a doctor why didn't you go to her for your cold?"

"Too expensive, doctor. Last time she ordered me six weeks in the Riviera and came with me herself."—Fliegende Blätter.

Great is the art of beginning, but greater is the art of ending.—Longfellow.

LOST EXPLORERS.

Pathos and Tragedy Fill the Pages of Their Diaries.

SOME FAMOUS LAST RECORDS.

The Journals of Captain Scott, De Long, Livingstone, Franklin and Others Are Mute Testimonies of Their Heroic Sacrifices For Science.

A peculiar and pathetic interest attaches to the last records of lost explorers, dying alone and unaided amid icy wildernesses or in the steaming depths of tropical jungles.

The diary kept by the gallant Captain Scott teems with tragic touches, but it also has its beautiful and its heroic side. No more splendid instance of magnificent self sacrifice has been recorded than the action of the disabled Captain Oates in seeking voluntary death in the blizzard so as not to be a burden on his surviving companions.

The world is richer in the possession of facts such as these, which is why the last diaries of men dying in similar circumstances have always been ardently sought and carefully treasured.

It was, for example, in order to try to recover the papers belonging to the lost arctic explorer Mylius Erichsen that Captain Mikkelsen recently spent two awful years among the icy solitudes of northeast Greenland. He failed in his quest, and he and his solitary companion came near to losing their own lives.

These journals of poor Erichsen, if they are ever found, will doubtless tell a similarly stirring story to that left behind by Scott. Until then there is only one record that closely parallels it, and that is the diary left by the American, De Long, who, with other survivors from the arctic exploring ship Jeannette, perished amid the frozen wastes of northeastern Siberia in the winter of 1881.

De Long's diary, which was recovered and has been published, might almost be a duplicate in parts of that kept by poor Scott.

Only in De Long's case the tragedy was even more appalling than in Scott's, for his party consisted of no fewer than thirteen men, and these all died from starvation and exposure. The last entry reads as follows: "One hundred and fortieth day—Boyd and Gortz died during the night. Mr. Collins dying."

The gallant De Long was then left with but one companion, Dr. Ambler, the medical officer to the expedition, for the deaths of the other men had been previously recorded, and doubtless the two last of the survivors died that day or the next. At all events, the journal ended abruptly at this point.

By far the most dreadful tragedy of arctic exploration was the loss of the Franklin expedition, when the ill-fated officers and men of the two exploring ships, Erebus and Terror, 130 in all, perished. Curiously enough, though many relics of the ill-fated commander Sir John Franklin were recovered by search parties and are now preserved in the museum attached to the Greenwich hospital, none of his diaries or personal papers were ever found.

One single written record of the lost expedition remains to us. It is in the form of a sheet torn from a small pocket diary, and these are the words it contains: "April 25, 1848—Terror and Erebus were abandoned. Sir John Franklin died on June 11, 1847, and the total loss by deaths up to this date nine officers and fifteen men."

This precious scrap of paper was discovered in a cairn on King William's Island in the year 1858. There was no signature, but the handwriting was afterward identified as that of Captain Fitzjames, one of Sir John's officers.

In the tragic history of exploration no briefer record than this exists of a disaster so appalling in its magnitude, although Burke and Wills, who first crossed Australia, left behind them only a few tattered leaves from an old pocketbook to tell the story of how they and their companions had lain down in the desert to die.

Of all the many valuable and interesting documents left behind by lost explorers, however, none can vie in importance with the last journals of David Livingstone, who died, worn out by hunger and privation, at Ilaia, in central Africa, May 1, 1873. These were brought down to the coast, together with his body, by his faithful black "boys" and were published in December, 1874.

They told of vast and far-reaching discoveries and explorations undertaken under almost inconceivable conditions of hardship and privation. In fact, Livingstone literally laid down his life for his country since to his pioneer enterprise is largely due the fact that so great a part of Africa is today colored red upon the map.—London Answers.

Where the Benefit Was.

Widow's Daughter—Mamma, why did you tell Mrs. Lamode that I am only eighteen when I am really twenty-four?

Widow—Because eighteen is six years under twenty-four, my dear.

Daughter—Yes, I know, but surely I don't need the benefit of those six years at my age, do I?

Widow—Not at all, my child, but I do.

There are proper dignity and proportion to be observed in the performance of every act of life.—Marcus Aurelius.

STRENUOUS LOVEMAKING.

Duke William Tamed Matilda, and She Got Square on Brihtric.

A modern lover who resorted to brute force to win his lady would soon find himself in the street, if not in the police station. But fashions in proposals have changed in a thousand years, and when William the Conqueror set out to make Matilda, daughter of the Count of Flanders, the happiest of maidens he adopted measures that were forcible, to say the least. The New York Sun tells the story of his tempestuous wooing:

The suitor Matilda had she did not want, and the man she wished to woo her she could not get. The man she did not want happened to be William, duke of Normandy, and he decided to go to Bruges and conquer Matilda.

There were no national roads through France in those days, and William doubtless had a hard trip. Perhaps Matilda noticed the mud on his clothes when she came out of church and found him waiting for her.

At any rate, William descended from his horse, and taking Matilda firmly by the back of the neck, rolled her over and over in the mire of Bruges, planting wet directed blows upon her royal face and body with his other hand. Life was elemental a thousand years ago.

This strenuous lovemaking somehow appealed to Matilda. Perhaps it was what she would have liked to do to Brihtric, the gentleman she could not get, who was only the English ambassador at her father's court and not at all a proper person to be snubbing a princess. So Matilda sent word to her father that, "sick in health and dolorous in body," she had firmly resolved to marry no man but Duke William.

DESOLATE MONGOLIA.

A Bleak Country, the Very Spirit of Which Is Restlessness.

Beyond the forests of Siberia lies the barren center of the Asiatic continent—that inhospitable, desolate land of nakedness, the haunt of roaming nomads, a region of bitter winds and hostile climate. In the very heart of the greatest continent, in that part of the earth's surface which is farthest removed from the sea, lies the lone, bleak land of Mongolia.

In all its immense area there are but few towns where men live settled lives, and it possesses but a scanty population, while because by its very position it is cut off from the softening influence of the sea it presents a dreary aspect of windy wastes, endless steppes and barren mountains.

Wild and wide is Mongolia, stretching as it does for 2,000 miles in the savage splendor of limitless expanse. Man cannot rest in such a country nor live a sedentary life. It has been the birthplace of the greatest migrations the world has ever seen. Restless movement, in fact, is the very spirit of Mongolia.

What history this land could tell if only its deserts could speak and its mountains bear witness! Here rode Genghis, the Mongol Alexander, the most ruthless and inhuman destroyer the world has experienced. On these wide plateaus wandered those Mongol hordes who fed their flocks and moved their camps with complete content and splendid isolation until at last the wanderlust came over them and they burst out from their fastness to overrun the world.—Wide World Magazine.

The Oath Gesture.

The act of uplifting the hand during the taking of an oath is so ancient that it would be futile to even attempt to say when it started. Homer mentions it as common among the Greeks of his time, and it is also found in the earliest Biblical time. For instance, Abraham, the father of the Jewish people, says, "I have lifted up my hand to Jehovah," showing that even at that remote period the practice was existent. It was from the Jews, of course, that the practice found its way into Christendom, where it has ever since held its place in judicial trials.—New York American.

Good Advice.

"My son," said the old hunter, "you are starting out to earn your living as a guide. Remember that some people will want to see bear tracks, while others will want to see bear tracks."

"Yes, dad."

"If they're satisfied with tracks don't try to show 'em bear."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Turn About.

Banker—Allow me to call your attention, sir, to the fact that your account is \$100 overdrawn. Customer—Indeed! That means that I have \$100 of yours, doesn't it? Banker—Yes. Customer—Well, look here; last week you had \$150 of mine, and I didn't say anything about it.—London Telegraph.

Fine Idea.

Insurance Man—If you lose a hand we pay you \$1,000. Pat—I'll spare to me brother Mike. He's a contractor and do be losin' hands all the time.—Puck.

Cramping the Bank.

Cashier (to lady cashing check for \$15)—How will you have it, madam, gold or notes? Lady—Oh, all gold, please, if you've got it.—London Punch.

DARK, DEAD STARS

Millions on Millions of Them Are Flying Through Space.

THE PERILS OF A COLLISION.

What Would Happen if One of the Larger of These Erratic Derelicts Should Whirl Itself Into Our Solar System. The Birth of a Nebula.

Possibly it has never occurred to many people that there are such bodies as dark stars, but so great an authority as Sir Robert Ball has said that the dark stars are to the bright for numbers as the cold horseshoes in existence are to the red hot ones. For every such hot one there must be many hundreds of cold ones, so that if the simile is sound the heavens must contain an incredible number of these derelicts on the ocean of space, which, having lived their life, have grown cold and dead, but are still racing about at star speed until in their wanderings they meet some other heavenly body in terrific collision.

Such gigantic catastrophe as the clash of two suns, each perhaps millions of miles in diameter, rushing at each other at the rate of twenty or thirty or even more miles per second would result, so the mathematicians tell us, in a world splitting explosion exactly as if each were composed of billions of billions of tons of gunpowder, and as when gunpowder explodes nothing is left but gas and smoke, so in the clash of stars nothing would be left of the two great solid bodies which had collided but an immense whirling mass of incandescent gas called a nebula, of which, as most people know, there are quite a number dotted over the heavens. This maelstrom of gas would sail about among the stars for ages, in the course of which it would naturally cool down and condense into a star system much like our own, with probably a central sun, planets and moon.

DESOLATE MONGOLIA.

Some of these would sooner or later arrive at a condition of temperature suitable for the support of life and as the centuries passed would become peopled with sentient beings. Gradually they would grow too cold for life to exist and finally become frigid, cold, dark stars once more. The number of stars visible to the naked eye is only a few thousands. With the best telescope and other instruments it is calculated we can detect about a hundred millions—not a large number (there are fifteen times as many people as that living on this globe); but, judging by Sir Robert Ball's horseshoe simile and reckoning only a hundred dark ones to every bright one, we may take it that there must be at least 10,000,000,000 dark stars chasing about in space, most of which we have never seen and probably never will see.

I say most of which, for perhaps it may come as a surprise to some that the earth we live in is a dark star. So are all the other planets and planets of our solar system, which with their moons, of which bodies, shining only by the reflected light of the sun, there are at least 600 known to astronomers. Nor must we forget to mention those bodies called shooting stars which may be seen almost any clear night if patiently watched for. These, though they look like stars, are hardly, as every one knows, to be dignified by the name, being mostly but very small masses of matter flying about in space. They are quite cold and dark until they enter our atmosphere, which they do at such a speed as raises them at once to a white heat by friction of their passage through it, and thus they are revealed to us.

For every one we see there must be many thousands whose paths miss us entirely, ships that pass in the night, silently and unknown. Some of these are of immense magnitude and are undoubtedly regular in their course. Others are doubtless flying about the heavens on haphazard paths, and it is conceivable that one might come along and collide with us or our sun. The result of such a collision would undoubtedly be the end of this earth and its inhabitants.

If the intruder were of any respectable size a collision with any of the larger members of the solar system would produce such a conflagration as would raise the temperature of all the rest above the point at which life as we know it could exist. The earth and all the inhabitants thereof would be burnt up and the elements would melt with fervent heat. Even if such a star did not collide, but merely passed through our system, the effect of its attraction would altogether upset present conditions and almost certainly bring about the cessation of life on the earth.

Neither can we encourage ourselves with the hope that the collision would be too sudden for us to know much about it. No such thing. Our astronomers would see the star directly it got near enough for the sun to light it up, probably fifteen or twenty years before it arrived, according to its size and speed. They would be able to calculate its path and foretell to a few minutes the precise moment of the catastrophe, and we should have the added horror of the anticipation of our slowly advancing doom. Indeed, the passage of even a small star quite outside our system by many millions of miles would still have a sufficiently disturbing effect on us to draw us out of our path and alter entirely our climate and temperature.—Chambers' Journal.

Clear Case of Overwork.

Polite Doctor—Your husband, madam, is suffering either from overwork or excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants. It is difficult to say which. Anxious Wife—Oh, I'm sure it's overwork! Why, he can't even go to the theater without hurrying out half a dozen times to see one of his partners!—London Tatler.

Defined.

Tommy—Pop, what is flattery? Tommy's Pop—Flattery, my son, is having some one else tell us the nice things we have always thought about ourselves.—Philadelphia Record.

Neglected His Duty.

Mr. Pester—What made you get off that car backward? Any fool could have told you not to. Mrs. Pester—Then why didn't you?—Kansas City Star.

GROOVED EYESTONES.

Found In Tiny Mollusks of the South American Coasts.

South American eyestones are tiny objects that look like flat, round bits of polished bone. Upon one side of each stone there are numerous concentric grooves.

If an eyestone is placed in vinegar or a weak solution of lime water it behaves very much as if it were alive. It moves slowly about in various directions and altogether conducts itself in a most mysterious manner. This strange activity has given rise among ignorant and superstitious persons to the notion that the eyestone has life and "loves to swim."

As a matter of fact, of course, an eyestone has no more life than a paving stone. It is composed of calcareous material, and in lime water or certain other liquids it is made to move about by the carbonic acid gas caused by the contact of the stone and the liquid.

These curious little stones were once the "front doors," so to speak, of the shells of a tiny mollusk that lives along the South American coasts. The calcareous formation occurs at the tip end of the mollusk, and when it draws itself into its shell to escape danger or to go to sleep that tip fits so snugly into the mouth of the shell that it affords the creature perfect protection against its enemies.

The natives collect these little mollusks for no other purpose than to get the eyestones. Sailors on the vessels engaged in the fruit trade with those regions get the stones, bring them to the United States and sell them to druggists.

The stones are often used for removing foreign substances from the eye when the services of a physician or an oculist are not to be had conveniently. Many persons think that before using one you must put it in vinegar to give it "life," but the notion is absurd. You need only insert the stone at the outer corner of the eye with the grooved side next to the lid. The pressure of the eyeball moves the stone about in the eye. The grooves collect and retain the foreign matter, and when the stone has accomplished its circuit it emerges at the end of the eye next the nose.

There are other eyestones. In the head of the common crawfish there are two little bones just behind and beneath the eyes. These bones resemble the South American eyestones, but the fish bones are wholly smooth instead of being grooved on one side. These crawfish bones have been used in the west as eyestones, but they are not so efficacious as those from South America.—Youth's Companion.

QUEER FORM OF INSANITY.

Why Some Men Are Angels Abroad and Demons at Home.

There is a form of insanity, so well recognized that wills have been broken on the strength of it, that takes the form of brutality to those of one's own family when at the same time his victim is kind, benevolent and charming to all outside. This is known to alienists and lawyers as "oikomania." Historic cases of it are those of Deas Swift, Mrs. John Wesley and the father of Frederick the Great.

In women it generally takes the form of an unreasoning and senseless jealousy, leading them to make life a burden to their husbands, to suik pervasively at home while shining in society or spending much time in religious devotion or in works of benevolence.

In men oikomania takes the form of active brutality to their wives and children. It is often accompanied by continuous and exhausting remorse, under the terrible consciousness that they are torturing those they really love. But they are unable to shake off the habit. Sometimes, when the object of their persecution is dead, they themselves become actually insane. Such was the case with Deas Swift after the death of Stella, the victim of his brutality, when he paid the penalty in pathetic alternations of delirium and melancholy.

So well is this form of insanity recognized that the courts will throw out the will of a man who has manifested it if this will cuts off his natural heirs.—New York World.

How They Cured Madness.

Murder as well as suicide was sometimes justified in the old days. In ancient parish registers in England there are such entries as "Hodgkinson Thomas died 14th day of April, 1617. N. B.—He was smothered for ye madness." Which means that as Hodgkinson had been bitten by a mad dog his kind hearted neighbors settled his fate for him by putting a feather bed on top of him and sitting on it till he was suffocated.

Clear Case of Overwork.

Polite Doctor—Your husband, madam, is suffering either from overwork or excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants. It is difficult to say which. Anxious Wife—Oh, I'm sure it's overwork! Why, he can't even go to the theater without hurrying out half a dozen times to see one of his partners!—London Tatler.

Defined.

Tommy—Pop, what is flattery? Tommy's Pop—Flattery, my son, is having some one else tell us the nice things we have always thought about ourselves.—Philadelphia Record.

Neglected His Duty.

Mr. Pester—What made you get off that car backward? Any fool could have told you not to. Mrs. Pester—Then why didn't you?—Kansas City Star.