

# New News of Yesterday

By E. J. EDWARDS

## Earned Fortune With His Pen

Prof. Elias Loomis of Yale Made More Than \$300,000 by Writing Textbooks Which Had Great Sale.

One of the largest, if not actually the largest, bequest made to any American university by an officer of the university was the estate which by his will Prof. Elias Loomis, who died in 1889, bequeathed to Yale University.

Professor Loomis was an eccentric and yet very greatly respected member of the Yale faculty for more than a generation. There is no alumnus of Yale whose degree was received between the early sixties and the late eighties who does not recall affectionately and yet with a slight smile of humorous recollection this quaint and eccentric professor who learned in natural philosophy, mathematics and especially astronomy. Among men of science the world over Professor Loomis ranked with Dan, the great geologist; Hadley, the Greek scholar and father of Arthur Hadley, president at this time of Yale; and Silliman, one of the world's great authorities upon chemistry. The United States government recognized Professor Loomis as the foremost meteorologist of the United States, and when the government established its first weather bureau this was not done until after consultation with Professor Loomis.

Professor Loomis was a man of singular taciturnity. If he could express his thought in a single word, he would do that. Moreover, he led almost a hermit's life. The world of Yale University saw nothing of him except at chapel, at Sunday services, and in the lecture room. After lectures were ended or the recitations brought to a close, Professor Loomis would depart quietly, always unaccompanied, from the lecture room, crossing New Haven green to his lodgings, which he called the green. He always wore a conspicuous black and white checked necktie, gathered into a bow knot of mathematical accuracy; his linen was immaculate.

Within the time specified by statute after the death of Professor Loomis his will was offered for probate. It contained only two bequests, and one of these was a partial one. He bequeathed his entire estate to

Yale College, one-half of the estate to pass immediately into the possession of the college; in the other half his sons were to have a life interest, the income from it being divided between them, and after that interest lapsed, the entire estate was to go to Yale for the purpose of establishing as great and fully equipped an astronomical observatory as the amount of the estate would permit.

Every one around Yale gasped when he learned the provisions of the will. Had this quiet professor, who had led a lonely life, been able to save out of his salary a sum as great as twenty-five thousand dollars? That was the estimate of the value of the estate commonly made from the nature of the bequest. But when the administrators made their reports to the probate court, a most amazing state of affairs was disclosed. The quiet professor had amassed not \$25,000, but a fortune a little in excess of \$300,000; his investments had been made with wisdom, most of them were what are called quick assets. And one after another of his old faculty associates went about asking how had it been possible for Professor

Loomis to accumulate so large an estate as that. It was known that he had inherited nothing and that, however the estate was gained by him, it was the result of his own savings or work.

Not until some time after the probating of the estate did the true explanation of the manner in which his fortune had been accumulated begin to be made in a sort of confidential way to the inner circle at Yale college. Then it was said: Professor Loomis was one of the most successful of the writers of American text books, not only from the scholarly point of view, but from that of business. His text books upon mathematics and astronomy, his text books upon meteorology and allied sciences, had a sale wherever the English language was spoken, a sale the magnitude of which was only to Professor Loomis and his publishers. And in clearing up the estate evidence was also obtained among some of Professor Loomis' papers tending to show that at the time when he began to write text books he had no other purpose in view than the making of Yale University the beneficiary of all of his earnings from the books, subject to a life interest in a part of the estate which his sons were to have. (Copyright, 1911, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

## Only One Postmaster Then

Until Grant's Second Term the Persons in Charge of Offices Were but Deputies of the Postmaster General.

"Do you know that until the latter part of Grant's second administration there was only one postmaster in the United States?"

The questioner was James Henry Marr, who had entered the postoffice department as a clerk under Amos Kendall, Jackson's last postmaster general, risen to first assistant postmaster general under President Grant, and at the time he put this question was chief clerk to the first assistant postmaster general in Cleveland's first administration.

"Yes," continued Mr. Marr, from the foundation of the federal government until the latter part of Grant's second administration—nearly 100 years—the country had but one official postmaster,

though during that period there were many individuals who were but postmasters. The postmaster of the United States during all that time was always none other than the postmaster general.

"But at one time during that period, if it had not been for John C. Calhoun, the law which designated the postmaster general as the postmaster of the United States would have regarded as a dead letter and treated accordingly.

"A short time after Mr. Calhoun had resigned the vice-presidency of the United States and been elected senator from South Carolina—that was in 1832—he one day entered the office of the postmaster general, Amos Kendall. Mr. Calhoun's long, dark hair was brushed straight back from his forehead; his eyes looked like two burning coals of fire. I was with Mr. Kendall; Mr. Calhoun spoke most courteously to me—he was courteous to everybody—and then turned to the postmaster general.

"Mr. Postmaster General," he said, "I have just noticed a disposition to make out improperly commissions to those appointed to take charge of postoffices throughout the country. Mr. Postmaster General, you are the only postmaster in the United States; your successor will be the only postmaster; all men appointed to take immediate charge of the various postoffices throughout the country are, under the law, deputy postmasters, and nothing more. The man in charge of the postoffice at New York is a deputy postmaster; so is the man in charge of the postoffice at Philadelphia. Let us say that, probably by inadvertence, a commission has just been made out appointing a man postmaster. I desire to have that corrected. No man under the law can qualify or take charge of a postoffice under the designation of 'postmaster.' Until now, so far as I know, no commission has been made out since I have been in public life by which any one has qualified to take charge of any postoffice in the country except under the title of 'deputy postmaster.' And if it is possible for me to prevent it, no commission shall be made out in any other way."

"Mr. Kendall thanked the great Calhoun for calling the matter to his attention, and assured him that all commissions to appointees to take charge of postoffices should be made out in strict accordance with the law; and that way they were made in every case, to my personal knowledge, as long as Calhoun lived.

"Furthermore, I had occasion not long ago to look over the records relating to the appointment of men to take charge of postoffices. I found that as late as Gen. Grant's second administration the postmaster general was the sole postmaster of the United States, all the so-called postmasters throughout the country being deputy postmasters. But in Grant's second administration the law was changed so it became legal to drop the word 'deputy,' and the unique distinction that the postmaster general had enjoyed for nearly a century of legally being the country's only postmaster was lost to him."

"I used to be a big pond between Avenues C and D and between Sixth and Seventh streets," he said. "That was a long time ago. We called it Green's pond, and the boys used to fish there."

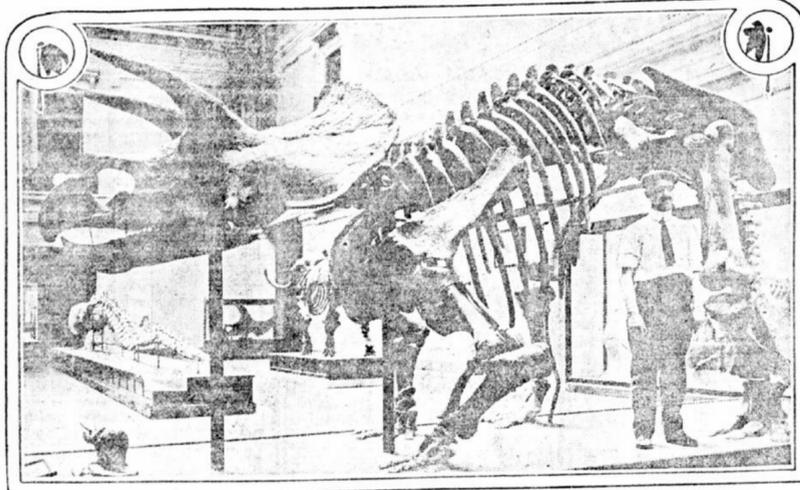
"All around these parts there were a lot of vacant lots. Astor owned a lot of them, and held them for a rise in value. These lots, all around here, would be let out to Germans who ran vegetable gardens. It's all changed now, and the only gardens I see are those little soap boxes with green things trying to grow in them that you see all along the street in the tenement house windows."

Yet that part of town is not so very modern. Very close to Jackman's door the horse car, trundling by, solves part of the rapid transit problem of the neighborhood. In his earlier days, the Drydock line of stakes ran up from the Battery to Twelfth street, and Second street had a cross-town line that was very convenient.

When Jackman talks of selling and moving, he speaks with no great conviction. Yet he's just a little lonely in Third street.

"Do you know," he said, "there isn't a person left anywhere about here that I used to know as a boy. They've all died or moved away."

## UNIQUE RELIC OF EARTH'S EARLY DAYS



THE HORNED DINOSAUR

WASHINGTON—Now that congress has adjourned, visitors to the national capital have more time to devote to the other sights of the city and the National Museum especially is crowded daily. There is now to be seen in the museum the skeleton of a monstrous horned dinosaur, the only specimen known of this animal, which existed millions of years ago. The skeleton was found embedded in rock and it has taken several years to excavate it with pneumatic chisels and mount it in the museum.

## LONG ON SAME SPOT

New Yorker Lived in One Place for 78 Years.

Edward Jackman Used to Catch Fish Where Skyscrapers Now Are—Kept Out of Doors Much as He Possibly Could.

New York.—Inhabitants of this island to whom life is just one apartment after another may read with wonder tinged with skepticism that one of their fellow-citizens, Edward Jackman, who was born some time ago on Third street, has been content to live on the same spot ever since. Not in the same house, understand, for the old frame dwelling, with the garden in front, where Jackman first opened his eyes upon the light of New York, was burned to the ground in a memorable fire that wiped out the whole neighborhood.

That was when he was a little boy, but he heard the story of the big fire from his father, who promptly built upon the same site the three-story brick dwelling, where his son has lived to this day. So it is not quite three-quarters of a century that Jackman has made his home in the one house. Still, that is long enough to justify him in referring to 210 East Third street as his permanent residence.

"Do you suppose you'll always live here?" persons often ask the old man.

"I don't rightly know," was his answer the other day. "Perhaps I'll sell. Don't know where I'd go. I'd like to move out to Westfield with my son, or up to Harlem, but if I did that I don't know what I'd do with my dogs. Guess I'll have to be moving on, anyway, pretty soon."

He said this last with the intonation that left no doubt as to its meaning. Jackman was 78 years old a few days ago, and he does not forget it. But he is a brisk old man, who has kept out of doors for a good share of his life. That is because he loves to go very far from his father's front door.

"There used to be a big pond between Avenues C and D and between Sixth and Seventh streets," he said. "That was a long time ago. We called it Green's pond, and the boys used to fish there."

All around these parts there were a lot of vacant lots. Astor owned a lot of them, and held them for a rise in value. These lots, all around here, would be let out to Germans who ran vegetable gardens. It's all changed now, and the only gardens I see are those little soap boxes with green things trying to grow in them that you see all along the street in the tenement house windows."

Yet that part of town is not so very modern. Very close to Jackman's door the horse car, trundling by, solves part of the rapid transit problem of the neighborhood. In his earlier days, the Drydock line of stakes ran up from the Battery to Twelfth street, and Second street had a cross-town line that was very convenient.

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## WHERE CHILDREN ARE MINERS

Cripple Creek Youngsters Overhauling Dumps and Making Money—Shipped Three Cars.

Cripple Creek, Colo.—Even the children are making money leasing in this camp. One can go to the dumps at the Christmas mine, on Bull Hill and find three youngsters carefully sorting the ore, shipping and making good profits. Jack Butler, aged 12, and Andy Carlson, 14, both of Goldfield, have been given a year's lease on a portion of the Christmas main shaft dump and are working steadily. In July they shipped three cars. Some of the ore was carefully sorted and all went to a sampler. High returns were received when it is considered that the ore was from a dump. One car returned \$22.49 per ton.

These youngsters are working beside two men they have employed. They can pick out a piece of ore from a bunch of muck as well as the most expert ore sorter in the camp. The quality of the rock in the dump they are working appears good and in all probability they will be able to ship full three cars a month for some time. The dump was made in the early days when ore running \$20 per ton was thrown out. Now many big mines are working on ore that average \$20 to \$25 per ton.

## Auto Tire Hurls Stone.

Montclair, N. J.—Workmen are replacing a \$150 plate glass window in the front of a store here. It was broken by a stone dashed from the roadway by the wheel of a passing automobile. The stone was lying loose in the roadway and when the tire of the auto hit it the missile was hurled as if from a catapult.

## Bullet Sets \$50,000 Fire.

Gallad, Tex.—In a shooting quarrel at Fannin, a small town near here, two men were injured, and one of the bullets struck a gasoline can which exploded and set fire to a restaurant. Five buildings were destroyed with a loss of \$50,000.

## Stamps Worth a Million

Largest Collection Ever on Display to Be Seen at the Chicago Art Institute of Chicago.

Chicago.—A million dollars worth of rare postage stamps were placed on exhibition at the Art Institute the other day, the collection being the largest ever shown in the world. The exhibit is a feature of the meeting of the American Philatelic society and the exhibitors include millionaires, governors, senators and a number of boys.

Chicago's exhibit is not international, but the collection is more valuable than the one displayed at the last international exhibit at Birmingham, England. The doors of the Art Institute were opened to the public following the reception to the guests in Fullerton hall.

"I am sure the world has never seen a rare collection as we are placing on exhibition," said Henry M. Loth, director of the exhibit. "Our original intention was to experiment to see whether it would make it international in its scope. We had planned only a small exhibit, but they have completely swamped us. It will require four rooms and the corridors to place the exhibit."

The value of the single stamps range from 50 cents to priceless treasures. One of the most valuable is the last English stamp bought for \$5,200, which later passed into the hands of an American. Another interesting curio is the stamp that caused the revolutionary war, the

Caruso's Cousin Is Spanked. New York.—Riccardo Caruso, thirteen years old, son of a cousin of the famous tenor, was sentenced by Recorder Welles in Montclair to be spanked by his father, and when the sentence was executed neighbors say the lad reached vocal heights never dreamed of by the opera singer Riccardo and other lads were charged with having stoned a farmer's wagon.

Has Largest Tower in the World. Liverpool.—The new premises of the Royal Liver Friendly society on the Pier Head, Liverpool, have been formally opened. The premises form one of the largest office blocks in Europe and are eleven stories high, with a floor area of 40,000 square yards. The clock in the tower is the largest in the world. The dials, which are 250 feet from the ground, are 25 feet in diameter and the minute hands are 14 feet long and 3 feet broad. The clock will not need winding for another thirty years.

Caviar Is Antidote. St. Petersburg.—The Ottoman Bacteriological Institute has found that caviar is an antidote for cholera. The discovery is the result of a protest against the Turkish government's exclusion of Russian caviar from Turkish territory for fear of cholera infection. The institute after Turkey's ban experimented with a pot of caviar which had been infected with cholera bacilli. In four days' time it was found that all the cholera germs in the caviar had been destroyed.

Dwarf Had Long Life. A female dwarf of Spanish origin named Lianreus, who was less than 40 inches high, died recently near Paris at the age of 103.

## DYING MAN'S WISH BARS EVERY WOMAN

NONE PERMITTED TO ATTEND FUNERAL OR LOOK UPON HIS FACE.

## DECLARED ALL TREACHEROUS

Wife's Desertion Made Harness Maker Lifelong Enemy to Those of Her Sex—Tells Friend on Deathbed Why He Cherished Hatred.

Evansville, Ind.—Soured on the fair sex because his wife deserted him in Louisville, Ky., years ago, John Steller, aged 67 years, before he died here made the request that no women be permitted to look upon his face after he had passed away and that they be kept away from his funeral.

"They are mischief makers and as treacherous as a rattlesnake," the old man said on his deathbed.

Out of gratitude for the man who had been his true friend and who assisted him in his last days, Steller left a good farm in Warrick county, near here, to Joe Haas, a grocer and politician.

Years ago Steller came here from Louisville and got employment as a harness maker. He toiled steadily at his bench, and seldom left a day from his work. Among the large number of employes in this establishment Steller was regarded as eccentric. He talked little, and to none of his fellow workmen did he make any mention of his past life. Most of the men with whom he worked thought he was a bachelor, none knowing that at one time he had a happy home; that he had become a woman-hater because the wife he loved tenderly ceased to love him, and deserted him when the hand of affliction was laid upon him.

In silence and alone Steller bore his burden—and saved his money. He had no one to live for, and cared little about the companionship of his fellows. He lived alone above the



John Steller.

grocery store of Haas, and not until his last illness was the story of his life revealed.

Steller was taken ill and remained in his room. He was ill for several days before any one made inquiries about him. Then Haas, who had not seen the old man for some days, went to his room and found the door locked. He broke in, and there found Steller lying on the bed in a semi-conscious condition, from which he was with difficulty aroused.

When Steller fully realized that the end was near he told Haas that he wanted to talk over some matters with him. Then he told the grocer the story of his life.

He had been married, he said, and was happy with his wife in their home in Louisville. After their son was born his wife asked him to deed over his property to her. He arranged matters so that she could take control of half of it. A short time afterward he became ill with typhoid fever. After strangers had ministered to him, he asked for his wife. He was told she had gone away.

When he sent word begging her to return to him he said she replied that she didn't love him any more and he would have to get along without her. Later he obtained a divorce and came to Evansville to work at his trade.

"Now you know why I am a woman hater," he said. "I hate them all. They are a curse to the race, meddling and treacherous as a rattlesnake and as uncertain as life itself."

"I guess it's all up with me now. Before I die I want to make one request of you. I don't want any living woman to attend my funeral. Keep them all away. They would only come through curiosity, anyway."

A short while later he was dead. Haas obeyed the dying request. He alone accompanied the undertakers to the grave where the old man was buried. He will erect a monument over the grave and pay for it himself.

Besides the property left to Haas, Steller had a \$1,000 life insurance policy, payable to his son. The son did not attend the funeral. It is said he will collect the life insurance, but will not attempt to contest the will bequeathing the Indiana farm to Haas.

## FINDS POSSUMS IN BANANAS

Storekeeper Opens Box and Discovers Mother and Four Young Ones From the Tropics.

Nekoosa, Wis.—A storekeeper of this city found a traveling menagerie in a crate of bananas. Snuggly cuddled inside the crate were five "possums," a mother and four little ones.

The "possum" had built its nest in its native country. It gave birth to its young and was brought forth from the tropic to this part of the world without leaving the nest. The mother is about the size of a large rat, while the little ones are not much bigger than mice.

## Came to McKinley's Aid

Friends Relieved His Financial Distress, but It Was Messages of Confidence That Kept Him in Public Life.

One of the well-known incidents in the career of William McKinley was his financial failure during his first term as governor of Ohio. Out of the difficulties of that disaster he was helped by his friends; and how his friends flocked to his assistance, and what was the thing that really kept McKinley in public life at this time when he was seriously thinking of retiring under the burden of his personal misfortune, are made plain on the authority of E. Prentiss Bailey, the veteran newspaper proprietor and editor of Utica, N. Y., who now holds the record for the longest consecutive service in the office of any one daily newspaper in the United States. For years Mr. Bailey has enjoyed the confidence of leading men of both great political parties.

"One day in 1893, when I was dining at my hotel in New York city," said Mr. Bailey, "there walked into the room and sat down at my table my old friend, H. H. Kohlsaat of Chicago, then part owner of the Inter-Ocean of that city. We were in the midst of breakfast and the morning newspapers when, suddenly, Mr. Kohlsaat threw down the paper over which he had been glancing, exclaiming as he did so: 'This is dreadful news—dreadful!'"

"Then, though he was so excited that he could hardly speak, Mr. Kohlsaat told me that he had just read a dispatch from Columbus, Ohio, which reported that Governor William McKinley was bankrupt—that his own fortune was lost and that of his wife had been greatly impaired—and that the governor had decided to give up public life and to turn everything that he possessed over to his creditors.

"No man who knows William McKinley as I do can have the slightest doubt that if financial ruin has come upon him he has not been himself responsible for it," declared Mr. Kohlsaat, adding, "His friends must now come to his support."

"With that, Mr. Kohlsaat rose from the table and left the room. After a while he returned and explained that he had just telegraphed his sympathy to McKinley and told him that 'one-half of all I have in the world is yours, yours in whatever way may best serve you in this great emergency.' Mr. Kohlsaat was still greatly agitated, and without resuming his breakfast, shortly excused himself and went away.

"The next time I saw him—a few years later—he told me of McKinley's experience immediately following the publication of the news that he had lost his fortune. Telegrams by the hundred poured in upon the governor. Many came from Democrats who were his bitter political enemies; many others were sent by persons with whose names McKinley was not familiar; and all offered financial assistance, almost every one urged him not to give up public life, and every one of the dispatches—and the letters that soon began to flow in—assured him that he stood high in the estimation of the American people, and that his misfortune would speedily make that fact apparent to him.

"Several men of financial ability, as is well known, undertook the management of McKinley's affairs and financed him out of his embarrassment. Undoubtedly, many persons believe that it was the action of these men that persuaded McKinley to remain in public life. But it was not, and I have Mr. Kohlsaat's word for it. It was, rather, the many messages of confidence that came from all parts of the country that persuaded McKinley that it was his duty to remain in public life as long as the people wished him to continue there. After these messages had poured in upon him, and he had had time to realize what they meant, he felt that he could not justly resist those touching evidences of widespread confidence in his personal integrity."

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## The "Taint of Civilization"

One Part of the Earth Which Has Escaped, According to Writer in Outing Magazine.

About thirty miles east of the canal zone, in an irregular line, running from the Atlantic almost to the Pacific, begins the habitation of the most peculiar tribe of people, I believe, living in the western hemisphere today. Their country comprises the numerous, beautiful and fertile islands along the Atlantic coast between Puerto Bello and the Gulf of Uraba, and extends inland, approximately dividing the eastern end of the republic of Panama. Within this territory, civilization has cast no lights nor shadows, nor introduced new customs, nor gathered tithes for the propagation of foreign superstitions, nor taxes for governments of questionable integrity. These people still hunt with the bow and arrow and have the poisoned dart in reserve for their enemies.

The attention of the writer was first attracted to this part of the isthmus by rumors of unlimited game in the country and lurid pictures of gold, which is said virtually to "pave the beds of the streams." So, though it is known in all parts of the republic of Panama that the San Blas Indians permit no strangers, white men particularly, within their territory, we decided to try to explore it anyway by traveling at night in mid-stream in cayucas resembling their own and concealing ourselves in the jungle during the day.—From Outing.

How to Do It. Kenneth was trying to write the word "tree," says the Chicago Record-Herald. He knew how to make the first two letters, but could not remember the "ee." Russell, two years older, and who is fond of boasting, offered to help his little brother thus: "Kenneth, why don't you just pull out 'ee' like the two knots in it?"

## Mortality in French Army

Government Must Take the Physically Weak Because of Remarkable Decrease in Birth Rate.

London.—The Paris correspondent of the Lancet discusses the subject of mortality and illness in the French Army. He says it is true that in the last ten years mortality in the French army has been regularly diminishing. But its sum (4.25 a 1,000) is still higher than that of Prussia (1.31), Hungary (2.32) and Italy (3.23). With regard to the mortality returns, calculated from the number of soldiers entering the military hospital, it was in 1902, 600 a 1,000. At the present time it has reached 740 a 1,000.

As to the causes he writes: "A serious reason is one to which attention has been directed by several senators; the diminution in the birth rate in France by limiting the choice of possible recruits for the army while the same numerical strength is to be maintained renders it necessary to accept men of inferior physique, who in former days would have been rejected and who eventually constitute a large percentage of the hospital admissions, or an almost identical total of men less than 250,000 men to examine while in Germany there are 1,200,000 to choose from, so that France has to enlist 70 per cent of its contingent, Germany only 30 per cent, which gives that power the chances of accepting only the robust. Lastly must be added the law which fixes the period of military service at two years instead of three years; a soldier's instruction compressed into two years instead of three becomes much more fatiguing and is more likely to produce exhaustion and illness."

Dwarf Had Long Life. A female dwarf of Spanish origin named Lianreus, who was less than 40 inches high, died recently near Paris at the age of 103.