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# The Prudential

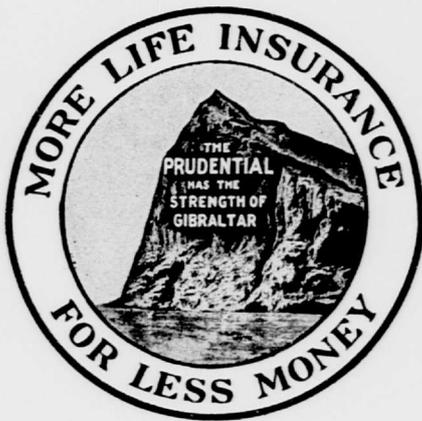
Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Dept. 119.

Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.



### COINCIDENCES

MANY a person has been surprised by events occurring, as it seems, at the immediate suggestion of the victim. The excitement of the moment claims fate, an unknown association, or power of mind over matter, telepathy, or what not, as suitable explanations; but calm reason would classify such phenomena as coming within the realm of pure coincidence.

A well known insurance man, who was accustomed to make frequent trips between New York and Albany, had the uncomfortable experience of having a wheel break directly beneath his seat while the train was going at full speed. By a fortunate jump he narrowly escaped with his life. This accident naturally made a strong impression on him.

Some weeks afterward he took the same train, and, as it happened, almost the same seat. As he was chatting with a fellow passenger, he chanced to look out of the window and recognized the landscape and the spot of his narrow escape. Naturally he told the other passenger the story of the broken wheel.

"Here's the exact spot where it happened," he said. "The train was making about the same speed. It was the most terrific grinding noise I ever heard. It makes me tremble to think of it. Great Heavens! here it comes again!"

The identical accident had actually happened on the same train, almost between the same two fields adjoining the track, and the victim of this strange coincidence barely escaped in the same manner as before.

Such coincidences happen frequently; but are always difficult of credence. Darwin, in his "Voyage of a Naturalist," mentions one of the same kind, though different in degree. One of the party was speaking of the earthquake of Talcahuano, in Northern Chile, where his father had lost all his property, and he himself had barely escaped with his life in the earthquake at Valparaiso. He mentioned a curious coincidence that then happened. A German, one of the party, got up, saying that he would never sit in a room in these countries with the door shut, as, owing to his having done so, he had nearly lost his life at Copiapó. Accordingly, he opened the door, and had no sooner done so than he cried out, "Here it comes again!" and the famous shock began. The whole party escaped.

A distinguished Englishman once vouched for the truth of a very singular coincidence, without which testimony it would have been hard to credit. About twenty-five years before a man who had been a clerk in a mercantile house in Manchester was convicted of theft from his employers, and was sentenced to imprisonment for two years. When he had served his term he found it impossible to obtain employment as a clerk again, and after trying many other things settled at last into jour-

nalism, in which he was reasonably successful.

His life was now thoroughly honest, and after several years he was sent to edit a paper in a British colony where his story was unknown. Here he was working his way up, and enjoying once more the respect of his fellows as a man of unblemished reputation, when the wind one day tore the roof from the building on the opposite side of the street. This building had formerly been used as a postoffice. Under the roof were some old newspapers which had not been delivered from want of proper address, and these papers were blown about the street.

With true journalistic enterprise one of the staff of the paper edited by the ex-convict examined these wind blown papers with a view to finding anything of interest they might contain, and chance directed his attention to an account of the trial and conviction of the editor. As the journalist was doing all that an honest life can do to redeem a past fault, it is said to add that the story was told, and went far toward ruining the unfortunate man.

### PICTURES FROM THE EYES

A GOVERNMENT scientist gives an extraordinary account of some experiments on images in the eyes. It is thought that he has proved not only that real images of objects looked at are formed on the retina of the eye, but that photographs of such images can be made. Two such photographs, claimed to have been taken by this scientist himself, are of much interest.

In the first instance the experimenter fixed his eyes intently for one minute, in ordinary daylight, on a half-dollar coin. Then, drawing a yellow screen over the window to shut out the actinic light, he put a prepared photo-

graphic plate in place of the half-dollar piece, and fastened his eyes upon it, thinking all the while of the half-dollar. After forty-three minutes he removed the plate and developed it. He asserts that he found an outline of the coin clearly visible on the plate. He repeated the experiment with a postage stamp, and, after twenty minutes' staring at a sensitized plate, found on the latter, when it was developed, an image of the stamp.

The light producing the alleged photographs is supposed to emanate from the image on the retina.

### A STRANGE WILL

A LAW case with strangely dramatic adjuncts was lately before the superior court of St. Petersburg. The odd circumstances leading to the legal proceedings were as follows:

One of the wealthiest land owners near Smolensk died not long ago, and after the funeral the heirs looked vainly for the will, but without success.

A few days later, a young man, seeing a graphophone on a table in the dead man's library, put into it a record which he supposed was that of a popular Russian song. To his amazement and terror, instead of a song he heard the voice of the dead man recite the words of the missing will.

The heirs were notified of the discovery, lawyers were summoned, and they lost no time in examining the record containing the will. It was found to be flawless, and the question then arose whether a will left on a graphophone cylinder would be deemed valid by the courts. It is, therefore, on this unique point that the superior court must render its decision.

### ODD NOTIONS OF DISLOYALTY

MOST Americans have little idea of what constitutes a treasonable offense in countries of the Old World where despotic notions still prevail. A year or so ago there took place a trial in Barr, Alsace, which according to our up to date ideas, would have been most amusing, had not a man's liberty been in jeopardy.

It appears that one day, in the streets of that place, a laborer at work had been cheerfully whistling. Suddenly a gendarme, who had been within hearing, appeared at the man's side. The workman, however, did not observe the officer, and continued to whistle his tune.

"You are under arrest," said the gendarme, placing his hand on the unsuspecting laborer's shoulder.

"What for?" demanded the astonished toiler.

"For serious conduct," explained the officer. "You have been whistling 'La Marseillaise'."

"La Marseillaise," because it is the French revolutionary air, is forbidden in German Alsace.

The workman at once indignantly denied the allegation, explaining that he had not been whistling "La Marseillaise," but the march of the Brunswick Hussars. "I used to belong to that regiment," said he, "and that is our regimental air."

The gendarme, however, who as a German prided himself on his knowledge of music, insisted that he was well acquainted with both of the tunes in question, and that he could not be mistaken. Accordingly he took the offender into custody, and the man was in due course of time put on trial on the charge of having whistled a seditious tune in a public place.

Both the accused and the gendarme told their stories to the presiding magistrate with every appearance of truth and confidence. Moreover, as the workman had the reputation of being an honest and legal man, the court was much perplexed.

In this predicament, adjournment was taken to the council room adjoining. There the accused and the accuser were summoned in turn, and the workman was commanded to whistle the march of the Brunswick Hussars while the officer was ordered to render "La Marseillaise."

Each did his best; but the air proved in the ear of the court, to be so much unlike that it was regarded as highly improbable that the gendarme could have been mistaken. The accused was therefore sent to prison; but his general bearing, not to speak of his excellent whistling, impressed the court so favorably that he was sentenced to only three days' confinement.

### HOME—By Grace G. Bostwick

You may talk about apartments or the finest kind of flat;

And tell about your grand hotels,—the swellest ones at that,—

You may rave about a mansion or a villa in far Rome;

But I'll go you one still better yet,—and that's my home.

The dearest wife that ever lived, and still a bride, by jing!

Her hair is getting gray; but, say! you ought to hear her sing!

When she puts the kids to bed at night, she murmurs soft and low

Those dear old tunes our mother sang years and years ago.

And when the babies, tired out, are off to Bylow Land

She kisses 'em and tucks 'em in with tender mother hand,

And then we sit together there and talk awhile and dream,

A-building castles of our own in the fire-light's dancing gleam.

The king may have his palaces,—no envy stings my heart;

Grant him all his soul desires,—I have still the better part.

Ah! give the rich their mansions fine where'er they chance to roam.

But for me my little cottage neat,—'tis home, sweet home!