GERM BEARING INSECTS.

WORK OF MOSQUITOES AND FLIES IN SPREADING DISEASE.

Dr. Luhan's Protection Against Mosquitoes—Studies of the Harm Done by Flies—Other Insects That Breed Infection—Remedies.

The merry, malarial mosquito has no terrors for Dr. J. F. Chmelicek-Luhan. This is not because the doctor thinks the mosquito will be afraid of his name. Human beings generally fall down on the doctor's name, which may be the reason it looks so battered. But he says that mosquitoes all over the country sing it right off just as if they had studied sight reading in one of Frank Damrosch's people's classes.

The doctor, including his name, is a Bohemian. Not a New York fifty-cent dinner variety of Bohemian, but the real thing. That is, he was the real thing until he came to this country seventeen years ago. He is now an American citizen. He helped our troops to wage war against the Spaniards. He is fond of waging war, but his favorite enemy, so to speak, is flies. Next to money Dr. Luhan regards the fly as the greatest disease carrier in the world.

The doctor has collected flies, fleas mosquitoes and other insects of a predatory nature from transatlantic steamers, Pullman cars, army camps, New York stables, even from the bodies of sick people. For ten years he has experimented with these crawling, creeping, hopping, flying tribes, and while the results of his investigations are not always appetizing, they are never uninteresting.

Along with his other experiments Dr. Luhan has been hunting for some sort of protection against the onslaught of the mosquito. He does not pretend that his defence is perfect except in that it actually does defend.

"If you have ever tried," he said, "to fish in the Adirondacks—oh, you have! Well, then you have encountered some of the most intrepid mosquitoes in the world. They're hardy mountaineers, you know. Competition, too, is the life of trade and so the Adirondack mosquitoes are always trying to do a bigger business than the enterprising black flies of that region. I refer to this because I want you to understand that I've tried this prevention on mosquitoes that were ornaments to their species.

"I've been experimenting with the formula for some time and I mean to keep on. But just as it is it will discourage the least bashful mosquito. Here it is in this bottle. It's thick, oily, almost gelatinous, and is made of a glyceride, menthol, eucalyptol, camphor-chloral and oil of lavender. With that rubbed on my hands and dabbed behind my ears and on my forehead, I have fished unmolested at Saranac Lake when other fishermen were tortured by black flies and mosquitoes. If I could succeed in deodorizing it, I should be a rich man."

The mixture does not have a very disagreeable smell. The only really noticeable odor is that of camphor, to which most persons object only mildly. There is a trace of menthol and also of the lavender, but that is agreeable. Compared with the odor of pennyroyal this mixture is as sweet as June flowers and the doctor guarantees that it will positively keep away the most pugnacious and ravenous of mosquitoes. One advantage about it is that it washes off easily and leaves almost no odor on the hands or face.

"I've collected mosquitoes from New Jersey, Staten Island, the Adirondacks and the swamps of Florida," said Dr. Luhan, but the most malignant of them all, I think, came from right down here at Rockaway Beach. It is only the female mosquito that carries the baleful poison. If you could escape the attentions of the females you would be all right. It's another case of *cherchez la femme* when there's trouble.

"There is not much malaria in the higher parts of Manhattan Island. Most of the cases are up around the Harlem flats. Here in Seventy-ninth street I haven't seen any to speak of for years. Even the excavations haven't brought malaria, though they have given us tonsilitis, diphtheria and other diseases affecting the throat.

"I've found the experiments with flies even more interesting than those with mosquitoes. In 1898 I was a surgeon in the regular division hospital at Fernandina Beach in Florida. I was down there when the Rough Riders left, and when the typhoid and malarial fevers increased so rapidly that we didn't know what to do with our cases. I went to work to try to find out the cause of it, and every time I had a spare hour, which wasn't often, I spent it in experimenting with the flies which swarmed in the camp.

"Every day chalk or lime was scattered over the pits where refuse accumulated. I therefore put up a blackboard to see whether I could prove how much matter flies could carry away on their feet. I assure you that it was perfectly easy to trace the meanderings of flies over this board by the white track left by the lime they had picked up in the pits. In my own back yard I have scattered chimney soot over matter that would attract flies and have then watched to see if I could find their tracks on white paper placed at a good distance from the soot. I succeeded perfectly in that, too.

"I had a specimen, which was unfortunately lost, of a fly to which a bedbug was attached. Oh, it isn't very pleasant, I know. But it shows you what a weight of extraneous matter a fly can carry about it. The fly seeks putrid matter. Then it flies into our houses, crawls over our food, over the plates we eat from, over our faces. It has a fairly fiendish ingenuity moreover in trying to get on the exposed membranous surfaces, which are those most susceptible to infection.

"If you think the fly and the mosquito are the only enemies in the line of disease breeders you are mistaken. Here, for instance," unfolding a paper, "is a little—call it an animal. It's almost big enough to deserve the name. That is a common, or rather an uncommon louse, which I got from a woman who has tuberculosis. I made a microscopical examination of its blood and it was simply full of the tuberculosis bacilli.

"I'm more interested in the flies than in these other members of the diptera family because they are so enormously in the majority and they fly from place to place and from person to person so promiscuously. I had 2,000 specimens of flies which I had caught and examined in Florida and it was really a marvelously interesting collection.

"You remember the tidal wave which struck Fernandina that year? My things were all on the wharf ready to be shipped home and the tidal wave carried them, flies and all, away. I've written to ten of my colleagues who are now in the Philippines asking them to send me specimens. In the meantime I am collecting and studying flies wherever I can find them.

"Different steamship lines have their own particular kind of fly. The Italian lines bring one kind, the North German Lloyd another, and the Savannah steamers, for instance, another. Those from the South are the worst, though the meanest fly of them all is what they call in Florida the horse fly. It is a small gray fly with three bands on its back, and it is a malignant little beast. The entire family of diptera, and there are 44,000 known species in the family, are recognized as disease carriers. They are everywhere, even on the tops of the mountains and up in the Arctic zone."

"It seems perfectly hopeless," suggested the reporter. "How in the world do any of us happen to live long enough to keep the human family going? There seems to be no getting away from these diptera, and they re such a bad lot!"

"Yes," laughed the doctor, "they are a bad lot and, like the villain, they still pursue us. Luckily, however, not all of them carry malignant germs. Often these germs are what we call benign. And the human family also has a certain power of resistance. That power is increased by cleanliness, exercise and wholesome food.

"The flies are at work all the time diligently doing their level best to spread disease, and when they strike a weak place they get in their work. How else are you going to account for the unexplained cases of contagious diseases? There was the woman in Brooklyn who had been in the hospital for months, and couldn't have been exposed to smallpox, but nevertheless developed a case of it. How could she have got it unless it flew in?

"There was the case, too, of the professor at Ann Arbor who contracted the plague when he was experimenting with the germs. I believe he and his assistant exercised the most scrupulous care, but there were possibly fleas or some other insects on the animals with which they experimented and these insects communicated the disease to the professor.

"But, after all, money is worse than flies. One old dirty bill carries more germs than than a million flies, and people use no sense whatever in handling it. Why, I can find almost any bacillus I ever heard of on a dirty piece of money."

"Well," sighed the visitor, "there doesn't seem to be any chance for us unless we go off into the wilderness and live on nuts and wear insect-proof armor."

"Oh, with ordinary precautions, you can stick to New York with impunity. Avoid flies as you would the pestilence, for they are the pestilence in small doses. Put screens in your windows early in the spring. As for me, I have cheesecloth in my kitchen windows. It can be changed and washed frequently. And I confess to a liberal use of fly paper. Oh, yes, I know that gives you the horrors. Well, the flies give me the horrors; so there you are. When the fly is stuck fast I get him off my mind, not before.

"As for the mosquitoes, you're welcome to the formula I gave you. It will give you a peaceful summer if you use it. It smells of camphor, I know, but you can take your choice between mosquito bites and a whiff of camphor. When I have found an odorless preventive I'll join the galaxy of American millionaires."

LARGER GLASSES, SMALLER DRINKS.

A Paradox That Accompanies the World's Growing Moderation.

"As the world becomes more temperate glasses of every sort are made larger."

The manufacturer who made the assertion was surrounded by his latest and costliest samples. With so much evidence at hand it seemed idle to question his statement.

"It is no longer good form," he continued, "to fill any glass to the brim, so from the tiny sherry or cordial glass to the saucer champagne we have increased the capacity from a fourth to a third. Of course the wine glasses preserve their relative proportions and the increase has been gradual, so that the casual observer hardly notices the change.

"In glasses for spirits and liqueurs the departures are more radical. Take, for instance, this cocktail glass. Even on top of its tall stem it shows that it is much larger than the old fashioned shallow glass. In shape it is like a very small goblet and its lines are as comely as they are novel.

"The average man would not think of filling this glass, as its proportions encourage no insidious deception. It looks large and it is large, so a prudent generation fills it about half full and stops. The old cocktail glass was very deceptive. How many of them would you suppose it took to equal a goblet?

"About five? The right answer is exactly three, but few people will believe it without measuring. Many a man who would not think of drinking a goblet of anything stronger than claret cup has taken three cocktails in a row and thought nothing of it.

"The unconscious tendency to drink less as the glass grows larger is leading the best hotels and cafés to use larger whiskey glasses. The effect of the change is easily traceable in a place where a large business is done, since it is easy to check up the number of glasses with the amount of stock consumed. The evidence is overwhelmingly in favor of glasses of generous size.

"Here is the largest of the new glasses, a thin hemisphere of clear crystal supported on a slender stem. It is made for serving choice old brandy. Oh, no, its size bears no relation whatever to the quantity of the contents. Have you seen old Southern gentlemen drink fine whiskey and carefully nurse the glasses in their hands till the warmth brought out the delicate fragrance? The purpose of the large cognac glass is to afford the same sort of enjoyment. A pony glass of rare old brandy is poured into it and gently revolved in the bottom of the bowl. The large area for evaporation makes the most of the bouquet.

"There is a limited but constant demand for novelties and freak glasses of one sort and another. Here is a cocktail glass of the usual shape with a red glass cherry in the bottom. The imitation is so perfect that it defies detection until the glass is empty. This is really a form of petty economy, as this glass saves the cost of the real cherry, and no one would complain till the idea had lost its novelty. This whiskey glass has the two-finger mark etched in its outer surface and above it a tiny out glass pig. The obvious inference is intended to make for moderation.

"American cut glass gets richer every year. Every manufacturer keeps a case of the best French glass just to show how much better in color and purity is the glass made over here. The French glass is graceful and delicate, but beside it the American product looks like pure spring water beside a glass of Croton in the early spring.

"The designs, too, are more varied and artistic than ever before. In addition to the conventional patterns with many facets, which will always be used for the sake of their pretty glitter, there are the rock-crystal patterns, beautiful enough for the collection of a mandarin, and the revivals of the lovely shapes seen in old glass, for though the art of making and cutting has progressed the grace of the antique forms has not been surpassed."

ONE TEST FOR DRUNKENNESS.

According to an Old Saw, a Man Is Sober If He Can Drink More.

From the Fall River Globe.

The late Major James Brown of Taunton was not only a brilliant lawyer in his day, but considerable of a wit, with a memory well stocked with quaint and curious precedents and traditions in legal lore. He had carried a case in which his client had been convicted on the charge of being an habitual drunkard, up to the Supreme Court on the point of law involving the issue of what a state of intoxication was as a legal proposition. This he argued to the Court.

It was evident that the gallant Major was conducting a forlorn hope. Of that nobody was more fully aware than himself. But his client, the dissolute heir of a prominent Bristol county family, was wealthy, as well as dissolute, full of fight and ready to pay whatever fee his lawyer would demand. Brown on his part was equally willing to do all he could to earn it. Finally, after permitting the lawyer to argue along for some time in a way that was delightfully entertaining, since he entered very minutely into a discourse on the various phases and degrees of intoxication, drawing on personal reminiscences, humorous anecdotes, old saws and some legal authorities to point his argument, the presiding Justice courteously intimated that while much of what the Major was submitting was highly interesting, still it wasn't law. He suggested that Brown should state specifically, if he could, what actually constituted a condition of unquestionable intoxication and cite some authority worthy the profound consideration of the Court, whereupon the lawyer remarked that he was prepared to do that, although he would have to go back into the realm of English jurisprudence to a period long antedating the era of Blackstone.

In those ancient days, under the common law, he said, it is written that the determination of the question of whether a man was drunk or not was settled by the following test, which was accepted by the experts, legal and others, as infallible:

Not drunk is he who from the floor
Can rise again and drink once more,
But drunk is he who prostrate lies
And cannot either drink or rise.

The gravity of the Court was somewhat upset by the citation, which Brown delivered with mock seriousness and elocutionary effect, but the Judges were evidently not convinced that the precedent was sufficiently sound and reputable to deserve affirmation by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, inasmuch as a decision was forthwith handed down overruling the contention of Major Brown.

Drunken Fishes Swimming in Toddy.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

FARMERSBURG, W. Va., April 26.—While the river was up in the town a few days ago several large fish were seen swimming around on lower Ann street, where the water was five or six feet deep, and acting in a most peculiar manner. They were seen several times there, and the place seemed to have some peculiar attraction for them.

This morning, when the water had gone down, John Dowd, a saloon keeper on lower Ann street, discovered on going into his saloon that twelve barrels of his best whiskey had leaked out during the flood, and the conclusion was at once reached that the whiskey had so impregnated the water around the door of the saloon that the fish had become drunk, which explains their peculiar actions and their fondness for the place.

At first it was thought the whiskey had been stolen, but it was found that the water had caused the staves of the barrels to spring, and the whiskey ran down with the current toward its old Kentucky home.

BOYS, GIRLS AND BOOKS.

LITERARY TASTE OF CHILDREN AS A LIBRARIAN SEES IT.

Girls Narrow in Their Likings—Few Good Books for Them—Healthy-Minded Boys—Mistakes Writers Make—A Boy Critic of Reading Matter—Libraries Used More Nowadays Than Formerly.

The modern librarian is so swamped with the technical details of his work that he doesn't have so much time for studying human documents as the old-fashioned librarian.

"We know more about the books and less about the people who read them," said a librarian of long experience in a recent conversation. "That is, we know less about the individuals. Theoretically, we could fill volumes with information about readers. A man who is living up to the new library system, which is an excellent one, hasn't much time for anything else.

"I've always been tremendously interested in the relation between the individual and literature, and I never give out a book that I don't feel an overwhelming curiosity to know the conditions and mental processes that led to the call for that book. I want to take the reader into a corner and sit down with him and talk books until I have his point of view. If I had money I'd endow a library upon condition that I should be allowed to haunt it and buttonhole the persons who consulted it.

"The children are particularly interesting. I envy the librarian who has charge of a children's department, or whose library is small enough to admit of friendliness and respect between librarian and child. There's a beautifully direct quality about youthful literary opinion, particularly when the critic is a small boy. Girls are a trifle hopeless from a bookman's viewpoint. I like girls, but the undeveloped feminine intelligence is about as vertebrate as a jellyfish.

"Girls, as a class, haven't any breadth and grasp in literary taste. They don't want to know about things. They want to know about little girls, and incidentally about little boys. As they get older they like to read about older girls and boys. That's their development. Now the boys want books about things. Of course, they usually want a boy in the book. That puts them in touch, but they want to know what he does rather than what he feels. They like hunting and adventure and fighting of all kinds, physical or moral, just so long as the fight is a good one. They can find history and biography absorbing if the books are full of force and dramatic actions. They can take an impersonal interest in stories. The girl can't.

"Of course, I'm dealing in generalities now. There are exceptions to every rule. Still, I've had a long experience, and in the course of it I've found just four girls who liked boys' books, books of action and adventure, better than stories of sentiment and of things within a girl's personal sphere.

"It is the same attitude that shows in later life the objectivity of the man, the subjectivity of the woman. I've tried my best to interest girls in books that will take them out of themselves. It is quite useless. What makes the situation worse is the appalling scarcity of the better class of so-called girls' books. There are grades and degrees of hopelessness even in the girl's book. We have no worthy successor to Louisa Alcott. She wrote for girls and appealed to girlish taste, but she wrote books that were in the main wholesome and sane and bright and forcible. When she did bow to the girls' demand for sentiment and love-making she didn't become maudlin.

"Some of the Sophie May and Mrs. Whitney stories have had the right flavor, but I give you my word if I had a small daughter and I couldn't coerce her into an interest in boy's books I wouldn't know where to get literary pabulum for her. For a while there are the fairy stories, the good fairy tales that are a literary heritage of the race, but after she graduates from them, what next?

"Somebody ought to sit down and write good, breezy, wholesome stories of modern girl life with the flavor of the athletics and outdoor sports and good times that our girls certainly are having, but, bless your heart, the girls probably wouldn't read them. They'd go back to the poor but beautiful girl who is snubbed by her classmates but carries off the school honors and the most eligible young man in the book. It's a funny thing how even the infant feminine gravitates toward love and matrimony.

"I've about decided that since girls will have sentiment the best thing to do with them after they've gone through their very limited course of fairy and girls' books is to promote them to novels designed for grown-ups. Of course those novels would have to be selected, but at least there are a goodly number of novels of love and romance that are clean and sane and have respectable literary merit and rational purposes. But there. They would be better for a girl than most of the stuff labeled 'girls' books.'

"Now the boys know what they want and they have a larger supply to draw from. It is easier to write a good story for boys than for girls, and the output is, in addition to the modern books, there are a good many of the standards that appeal to boys. There's a theory that the modern child will not read Scott, but I find that 'Ivanhoe' and 'The Talisman' at least, keep their place in the boys' heart. They are always out and are worn so rapidly that we have to replace them frequently. The little girl doesn't care for Scott, in spite of the romance. It's too remote. She can't picture herself in Rowena's place. The action is outside the range of her possible experience, so she loses interest, but the boy doesn't care whether he can ever be an Ivanhoe or a Richard Cœur de Lion. They were bully good fellows and he likes to read about them.

"It's the same way with the Round Table stories. Sir Launfal's romance and sentiment that ought to appeal to the feminine mind. It doesn't. In all my experience, I've never heard a girl ask for the Morte d'Arthur' or say she liked it. I never knew the boy to whom it didn't appeal. I believe it's the appeal to the romantic imagination and kinship with real romance in the boy mind than in the girl mind.

"The fighting of the Round Table knights is the thing that wins the boy's heart, but I find that the sentiment back of it, the chivalry, the good, King and knight, lady and echo, too. The boy likes a certain amount of old English in the stories. Sidney Lanier was wise not to knock out all the old phraseology in his 'Boy's King Arthur.' The boys like the strangeness and pomp of the unfamiliar words. I gave one of Lanier's stories to some small boys at a summer resort last year. They took to them like a duck takes to water. One afternoon I heard two of them under my window. They were discussing about something. The smallest one was ready to fight.

"'Now you take back what you said, my,' he said. 'If you want to fit with me I'll smite you a mighty buffet that'll knock the daylight out of you.'

"Boys like biography if it's the right sort, if the boy isn't too preternaturally good and if he did brave things and really succeeded. I've been interested in seeing what American was most popular with young America. Daniel Boone wins in a walk. It is easy to see why. He was a fine sturdy hero and there were the Indians. Any man who fights well commands boy respect. If he does his fighting against Indians, so much the better. The red men ought to be held in grateful remembrance if for nothing else than for the joy he has afforded the small boy.

"Adventure and travels rank with the boys if they aren't too instructive. The conscientious one of the modern write is terribly hard on the boys. The e has been so much theorizing about what children should read and about education made easy and information in coated pill form, that the men who write boys' books think they must be instructive at every cost to their stories.

"That's a mistake. Boys will read books that tell how to do things and make thing and be things, but when they have a story, they want the story. If there is a moral in it they will gulp the moral, provided the story is interesting but the latter is most important. Jim dragged in by the heels and interfering with the action of the story. If the writers put encyclopedia chapters in for padding and to increase their income they have my blessing, but if they think they are edifying and instructing youth they are mistaken.

"One boy whom I know very well is my critical tribunal for boys' books. He is a wholesome, clean, intelligent fellow of 14—boy all the way through, not precocious, not particularly good, not particularly bad, just plain, sensible boy. He reads books with and I find that his verdicts are sound, and that the taste of other boys almost always backs them.

"A grown up never gets the correct perspective in juvenile literature. He applies grown up literary canons, and that's wrong. So long as a book is not unwholesome, I believe the question is, Does it appeal to boy nature? I have very little confidence in my judgment. I turn a book down because it doesn't agree with my ideas, with my prejudices in regard to workmanship, &c. The boy reads the book and finds something in it that rings true, that is convincing to a boy mind. He tells me it's a bully good story. If there's nothing morally wrong in it, and I find that false morals don't appeal to the boys, as a class, I let him have it.

"It is the thing, nowadays, to scorn Oliver Optic's stories. The boys loved them. They still love them. There's no reason why they shouldn't have them. They may be wildly adventurous and improbable, but it is always pluck and honor and decency that win in them, and if the heroes do have exciting times, why boys' heroes always have exciting times. It's only the transmists of convention and tradition, not literary censorship that keep any boy from running away to conquer the world.

"My young judge was talking to me about the writers of boys' books the other day.

"'I'd like to meet some of those fellows and give them a few tips,' he said. 'That's all some of them need. Now there's Kirk Munroe; he's one of the very best of them and he's just as silly as any of them about some things. He just will tell you a lot of things you don't want to know. We boys want to hear about what the people do, not what they know.

"'Now, what's the use of stopping a story right in its most exciting part, to tell all about botany and geology and truck like that? You expect the boy to follow the hero that he carried away a child, and the fool writer holds you up on the bank of the river, while he cuts down a tree and makes a canoe. He tells you every last thing about that canoe, and then he tells you about the tree it was made from, and all about the tree's family and relations, and what you could make out of it besides canoes, and about the shape of the leaves and the size of the branches and the kind of climate that's best for such trees—and all the while those Indians are paddling off like fury with that baby.

"'It's enough to make you mad. Kirk Munroe ought to know better than that. He just writes a corking story and then he chops it up and puts chapters out of the school books in between the parts. Of course we always skip them. But it's kind of a bad thing, teaching just how to skip and not miss anything. When people read aloud to you it's an awful nuisance. I've only got one person at home that knows how to read my books to me just the way I'd read them. That's my uncle. He's a peach at skipping. But I'm not fair to spoil stories and make a fellow work so hard skipping. They all do it, though.

"'Now, I believe that boy is right. I'd feel the same way he does about it. Somebody ought to reason with the writers. It's bad enough for us grown-ups to have to swallow politics and religious controversy, and social problems with our fiction. The boys might have their stories without encyclopedia ballast.

"'The boys are getting tired of war stories, too. They say there are too many of them. They were talking to me about the prolific Henty not long ago.

"'Now, see here,' one of them said, speaking as man to man, 'how'd you like to go to see all the plays in town, and find out that they were all just the same play, only with different scenery?

"'I confessed I wouldn't like it.

"'Well,' he said, 'that's the way with these war books like the Henty books and the rest. It's the same old story only just set down in India or Africa, or somewhere else. I'm sick of seeing of the blamed things for Christ's sake and they made me sick. As for that Cuban war, I don't want anybody ever to mention it to me again. The first five or six stories about the row down there were n't so bad, but you can get too much of a good thing, and, anyway, the real stories in the papers were lots better than the book stories.'

"The grown-up readers aren't so interesting to me as the children, but I like to study them. We've a good many queer characters coming here. The friend of the man over in the corner by the window comes every day. I've an idea he was born here and will die here. Now, what do you suppose he reads all the time? Poetry, yes, sir, poetry. He doesn't look it, does he? He seems to know any language you can name, and he doesn't care whether the book he gets is Greek or English or Sanskrit, so long as it's poetry.

"There are hosts of readers with fads of one sort or another. Then there are the women who come in and ask for books on anything from economics to Taoism. We bothered me when they first struck us. They didn't look the part, but I soon found that the rise of the woman's club was responsible for them. Now, when a woman with bluing hair and a pretty china doll face and Fifth avenue clothes comes in and asks for literature heavy enough to sink a savant I don't worry about her. She's only preparing a paper for her club.

"One of the most noticeable library symptoms is the tremendous increase of interest in spiritual and theological problems. It is astonishing to see how many men and women are reading eagerly everything dealing with questions of life and immortality. We have a great many elderly readers who are content in such literature. I suppose modern thought has upset their early beliefs, and they are struggling to readjust their theories and doctrines in the little time that is left to them.

"Psychology and all forms of occultism have a grip upon the public interest now, and sociological works find twenty times the number of readers they had ten years ago. It interests me to see how many young men are delving in sociology and economics, a large proportion of them being from the working classes.

"Then, every year we have more and more workmen who want books that give them information on the subjects of their trades. Often the man will bring a list of books that has been given him by his foreman or employer. More often he comes and asks for the best authorities upon his line of work. That phase of the public's use of libraries strikes me as distinctly encouraging. It must be an increase of intelligent work."

SKOWHEGAN'S TALL MAN.

John Nugent One of a Family All of Whom Are Taller Than 6 Feet.

BANGOR, Me., May 3.—The tallest man in Maine, and probably in New England, is John Nugent of Skowhegan, who stands 6 feet 9½ inches with his boots on. He is one of a family of fifteen children all of whom are living but three sisters.

The oldest brother is Christopher, who lives on the old homestead in Canada. His age is 36 and he is 6 feet in height. Tom is 6 feet 4½ inches; John, 6 feet 4½ inches; Mike, 6 feet 1½ inches; Bill, 6 feet 2 inches; Andrew, 6 feet 2 inches; Miles, the youngest, 6 feet 4 inches. John has grown 1½ inches since he was 20 years old.

The four sisters who are living are all over 6 feet tall. John weighs 221 pounds and never had a sick day in his life. He works in the Maine lumbering camps in the winter and on the farms in the summer. When he first came to Skowhegan he was as straight as an arrow, but now he stoops a little, in consequence of going into rooms and through doorways which were not designed for men of his height.

FIELD FOR WOMEN WIDENS.

IT PAYS THEM WELL NOW TO DEVELOP THEIR ORIGINALITY.

Two Women in This City Who Have Fully Demonstrated the Correctness of This Statement—The Unique Way in Which They Are Conducting Their Unique Business.

It begins to look as if women have some originality. In some far off millennium they may get credit for a sense of humor, but that will be harder to prove. As for the originality, there's a new case of it every few days. They used to be sporadic, these cases. They are now rapidly approaching the epidemic stage.

The woman who just wants to make a bare living needn't bother with originality. She can be a typewriter. There is no burning need for originality in the typewriting business. But the woman who wants to make not a mere living, but a good one and more, too, would do well to sit up nights, if necessary, to tend any little sickly sprig of originality she may find about her mental premises. After a while, to carry out the metaphor, she will pick a nice luscious morsel of success off her vine or tree or whatever it turns out to be.

That is what scores of young women are doing now right here in New York. Two of them came out of the West; came with idea about art and literature probably, for one of them drew and one of them wrote. That sounds as if it needed another line, and the obvious one is that they found plenty of other girls in the same boat.

"I'd been a newspaper woman in California," says the one who wrote. "But I found a newspaper woman on every corner here. In every corner, too, for that matter. I didn't want to stay with those in the corner and I didn't see a chance of getting anywhere else, so I simply gave it up and tried to think of some avenue of work that wasn't quite so overrun. I was perfectly willing to lay out a new one even. I wasn't afraid of getting lonesome in it. So I took my chances and, as Fortune favors the brave, I've got my new avenue and good company, too."

Here enters the party of the second part, the girl who draws. Really, she's the party of the first part because this is the order of the case. Mrs. McNamara had something to sell. Miss Irwin sold it. Simple but eminently sensible also successful. There is also a party of the third part, to be known under the generic term of publisher. The publisher regards an artist as his natural but necessary enemy. The artist, being much more picturesque in his vocabulary, thinks unprintable things about publishers, but cannot live without them. When the two elements try to form a Get Together Club it's life a day in the country. That is, if you take a section of country devoted to wild animals on a rampage.

The artist has an innate loathing for business details. The publisher loves them. He regards pictures as merchandise. The artist regards pictures, at least his own pictures, as detached fragments of a human soul, pen-ink or watercolor and paper. Anybody can see that there is a good chance for trouble here. It generally comes, Miss Irwin said.

"I'll stand in the middle and see both sides. I'll talk business with the publisher and art with the artist," Mrs. McNamara said. "'Go talk business with the publisher and take my blessing. I'll make pictures to burn if necessary if somebody will take the taking of my hands.'

And the publisher smiled to beat the band or a Cheshire cat.

That was last September. The two young women were down in Washington Square with an apartment and an option on the services of one artist who could help out at a pinch. Then more publishers commenced to smile. They fell upon Miss Irwin's neck—figuratively speaking—and found in her a long-lost want. Washington Square? Impossible. The new firm needed more room, more artists, a more central location. They took a place in Fifth avenue at Twenty-eighth street and got down to business.

A reporter visited them the other morning, one of those hot mornings when the streets were like ovens on baking day. There were a lot of windows in the Irwin-McNamara studio, and their curtains were blowing in and out by way of ocular demonstration that there was a fine breeze. A Chinese rice-smelling gave other proof to the ear this time. A long paper on which a poem was written blew back and forth and as it swung it tinkled a pendulum against a brass bell hung overhead.

Probably the average publisher would have tied the curtains up in tight knots to get them out of the way and would have thrown the poetry pendulum into the waste basket along with the spring crop. But these things were bread and butter and marmalade to the half dozen artists who sat in the breeze and drew.

"Success?" said Miss Irwin. "Yes, I suppose this is success. We have all we can do and more too. I can flourish around one morning and get enough orders to keep us busy two weeks. It isn't work we're hunting for now. It's workers."

"Yes," sighed one man from his drawing board, "say that we are pining for a new invoice of artists."

"Don't!" exclaimed Mrs. McNamara, "because I have to see them all. That's one piece of bargaining and dealing that I can't put off onto Miss Irwin."

"But we do want more artists," said the woman who once wrote. "We would like to have twenty instead of six. You see, artists are queer—with apologies to the other end of the business. They don't always feel like working, and when they don't feel like it any other excuse for idleness would be superfluous. If we had twenty artists we could take twice as many orders, with the reasonable expectation of getting them out on time.

"The trouble is that very few artists who can do as good work as we want are willing to do it openly. They do potboilers on the quiet when they get a chance, but they like to keep it very quiet. The artists who want to work for us are often incapable. I think we'll have to send out of town for them. Here, for instance, is a drawing sent us from San Francisco as a sample of work. I think we can use that artist if she wants to come here. It's not a bad stepping-stone for them anyway, even if they're after higher things.

"We began with doing pictures for newspaper advertising, and it's good, steady work too. But we have so much of a better paying class of work now that we've almost abandoned the newspaper field. The reason we succeeded so well is because Mrs. McNamara put originality into her work. For instance, every year the department stores have a sale of white goods. It's an annual event, you know, as regular as New Year's Day, which it closely follows. You've seen the stereotyped 'ad' for it. 'Annual White Sale' in big capitals, flanked with a neat bias arrangement of folded tablecloths and with an inch cut of a nightdress or a corset cover in addition to the text.

"Well, if your soul is simply thirsting for white goods, you will read that 'ad,' otherwise not. Now, we had to get up a picture head for two of these sales, and here they are. They're both in the punning line, but that will go all right in ads."

One of the pictures showed a lot of men and women scudding around under billowing ice sails. There were snap and go and good clean lines in it. The other showed a sailboat booming straight out of the paper, leading the race with a whole fleet of white sails following fast. A pretty girl stood on the bow of the first boat.

"Publishers and artists have different ideas about things," said Miss Irwin, "and that is one thing that makes me useful. There's that girl on the bow, for instance. In the first sketch her hair was blowing in the wind. You know in real life it would doubtless have been streaming out at full length. Artists often display an unexpected realism in these directions, but the average publisher doesn't care about realism.

"This one didn't. He thought the girl's hair would look 'neater' and 'tidier' if it was gathered in as you see it here. Now if he had been dealing with the artist, there are ten chances to one that he would have hesitated to say that bluntly. He might have declined the sketch rather than try to get it changed to suit him.

"The publisher hates to try to tell an artist what he likes or doesn't like, because he knows the artist has lofty technical ideas of what is 'true art.' But nobody stands in awe of me. The publisher tells me plainly what he thinks of a sketch. He knows I didn't make it and that I have no feelings to be hurt. Then if I think his ideas would be improved by a little modification I try to do it in a businesslike way. If they are good, I accept them and so does the artist when I put it to her 'as a friend.' We get on beautifully.

"The trouble now is that the orders come so easily that I don't have enough to do. So I'm going to make my avenue broader. I've already begun. I've taken several manuscripts which I am having illustrated and which I hope later to market. Eventually I want to have a literary bureau like those in London. It will stand between the publisher and the author, be the business agent for the author and save him the time and nervous force he now puts into marketing his work. This whole line of business is open to women and there is no reason why they shouldn't succeed in it."

The First and Second Men Had No Chance.

From the Macon Telegraph.

"Gentlemen," remarked a third man, "I don't like to compete in fish stories because I am not a fisherman, but I'll take the liberty of telling you that when I lived in Texas I had a friend who went out fishing one morning and when he returned he had a wagonload of fish, and he claims that when he went out before day he went to what he thought was his favorite fishing place. He began operations, throwing out his line and pulling in fish as fast as he could move. When day broke he had a wagonload and could find no creek at all. Upon investigation he discovered that he was a half mile from the creek and that he had been fishing in the fog."

Pleasant Surroundings and Wholesome Cooking are features that appeal to the cultivated taste. Such a list of "Furnished Room" and "Select Boar" advertisements are presented to SUN readers in another column.—Adv.

SUNDAY AT FORT GEORGE.

Holiday-Makers From the East Side and Their Pleasures.

There are scores of people in downtown New York who would not miss the doings at Fort George of a fine spring Sunday for all the attractions that Coney Island could offer. With the coming of May the crowds gather weekly on the familiar esplanade and enter into the simple enjoyments provided for them with a zest that is good to see.

From all down Third avenue, Avenue A and the transfer lines east and west they come: the sweatshop workers and their managers, the small tradesmen of East Broadway and Houston street, the salesgirls and factory workers from Eighth and Ninth avenues, and the operatives in the cigarette and paper-box factories toward the East River and along the upper West Side.

"You can come all the way up for one fare. There's no ferry to cross and the wind don't blow up here like it does to Coney Island," said a German matron with a couple of youngsters in charge.

"And we can walk about under the trees and go wild flowers," put in the young girl beside her.

And as each car rolls up and deposits a fresh contingent of holiday makers the newly drawn corks and spigots under the canopies seem to snap their approval and the bands and hurdy gurdys to outdo themselves in lively welcome.

Frankfurter venders and fortune tellers are in evidence along the curb with toy sellers and street singers. White capped cooks stand within the gayly decorated refreshment booths. The five-cent-a-grab and nickel-a-guess machines are in frequent and convenient reach. The table tops in the arbors and pavilions have all been treated to fresh coatings of paint. Camp stools and benches have been placed temptingly under the trees and among the rocks on the hillsides, and whole reams and bolts of vivid colored paper have been woven into fancy devices to set off the posts and door signs of the arbors.

It is almost pathetic to see the care-seamed little shopkeeper from far Essex or Stanton street way with his beady black eyes and toxy air breaking dogwood branches for his little folks, whom he has piloted all the way up and across town in the crowded cars, and, two or three babies he has in tow. You see him contriving a way for the little, pale creatures to step down hill and watching them make bouquets of the flowers and enjoy other novel experiences that are everyday occurrences to most people's children. The father lets his little one up to show her the ships in the river below and the child laughs in delight.

The flying horse pavilion is an unceasing source of pleasure. Girls in new summer finery ride around to boundless elegance, their mothers, in the merry march, standing up at the stars to hold them on. Stout, gray-haired dames are taking a turn with evident enjoyment and there are old men, apparently solitary excursionists, smoking soberly and spying round again and again with quizzical abandon. A narrow-chested, bloodless looking man is having quite a short ride round with a small boy on the companion seat. The child is tickled with the experience and his caretaker, evidently an older brother, pays a second time for a duplicate of the fun.

There are many romantic looking couples footing the lively waltz, spinning round in the half circle, whose looking down at the Spectacular Cliffs and waving hands gayly to friends in the street. Whole families are hooked for the Ferris wheel, more than can be accommodated at a time. Others are off in the flying wings and trying the odd sensation of being whirled first to one side and then to the other in erratic manner that plays much havoc with hair and laughter. The holiday spirit is abroad venting itself as says the individual. Couples of a sentimental or a tranquil turn stray off into the nearest place where the hill side when they may search for flowers.

The caterers to the crowd's pleasure are as interesting as the people they serve.

"Big frankfurters right off the fire! This way while there's a seat," shouted one grill tender.

"Frankfurters and Vienna rolls, sauerkraut and beard for five cents," calls his next neighbor and competitor.

All the attendants look fat and hearty, even the girls who operate in the improvised pantries at knife scrubbing, dish cleaning and other accessories, beds, hoppy and swaying, and the women who dish up ice cream and similar dainties are of the buxom wide-waisted pattern. All ages and sexes are at work during rush time, nimble boys to turn the griddle cakes and wrap up peanuts and candy, middle-aged, black-mustached men to mix the red and yellow lemonade, proud looking little lasses to run errands and tend table. It is—though most of the East Side types had blossomed out along the upper Harlem and the change of air agreed with them.

"How many folks come up here of a Sunday afternoon? Pretty near 35,000," said a frankfurter seller as he shook shaking the coin in his deep apron pockets. "More and more comes every year. And it seems as though the older people were the liveliest customers."

The busiest of the entertainers are the singers in the refreshment booths. These accompany their themes with banjo playing, and it is apparently in the contract that they must sing loud enough to be heard above the clatter. Now the waves reach about the charming views that are enjoyed before this place are ground but doubtless the crowd enjoys them unconsciously and they help to make the place what it is in the people's estimation.

Brief Love in a Tent.

From the Columbus Dispatch.

DELAWARE, Ohio, April 29. Mrs. Jennie Stringfellow has commenced proceedings for divorce from James Stringfellow, whom she married in Columbus in August, 1898. She alleges that he made her live in a tent until she became a chronic sufferer from rheumatism.

A HINT TO PALE WOMEN

"If you'll drink a wineglassful of Johann Hoff's Malt Extract with