

INVISIBLE ICEBERGS.

Conditions Under Which They Cannot Be Seen on Clear Nights.

In a recent communication to the New York Tribune Albert H. Thayer, the artist, asserts that many vessels have been lost by collisions with icebergs because under certain conditions of day and light they are invisible. He cites the fact that on the occasion of the Titanic disaster, although the black ship was clearly visible to survivors at a distance of several miles, they could not see the white bergs against which they actually heard the wash of the sea.

Mr. Thayer claims that on a clear, starry night the bergs are so nearly the same color as the sky that they are totally invisible and that the same is the case under many conditions of cloudiness, the only exception being when the side of the berg viewed is in such shadow that it shows black against the sky. In other words, it is impossible to see white against white.

In answer to the criticism of those who say they never saw a berg at night that was the color of the sky the answer is that this is very natural, because this is the very condition under which the berg is invisible. Mr. Thayer makes the suggestion that a very simple way to avoid the danger of colliding with an invisible berg would be to use a searchlight. The reflection would show up the berg very plainly.

ROMANCE IN GEOGRAPHY.

Names That Speak of Achievement and of Desperate Need.

Geography is a fascinating study. The history of the human race is written in large characters on the earth's surface for the seeing eye.

Most people know that Pike's peak commemorates the explorations of a daring young officer early in the last century. But how many know that in the name of the Bill Williams river lingers the only memorial to a famous trapper and Indian fighter of Kit Carson's time, to whom the Rocky mountain country was an open book before even Fremont "blazed the trail" to the Pacific.

STENOUS LOVE.

"Do yer love me, 'Erb?"
"Love yer, 'Liza! I should jest think I does. Why, if yer ever gives me up I'll murder yer! I can't say more'n that, can I?"—London Punch.

Very Moving.

Talk about moving things with a derrick—the most powerful thing known to move man is a woman's eyes.—Florida Times-Union.

"NO WAR WHILE I AM SECRETARY," MR. BRYAN DECLARED IN 1913.

In a speech on May 12, 1913, to visiting British, Canadian and Australian delegates on the treaty of Ghent celebration Mr. Bryan told the diners that there would be no war while he was secretary of state and that he would never have accepted the portfolio of the premiership if he had thought for one moment that there would be war during his incumbency of the office.

In his speech Mr. Bryan said: "I made up my mind before I accepted the offer of the secretaryship of state that I would not take the office if I thought there was to be a war during my tenure."

"When I say this I am confident that I shall have no cause to change my view, for we know no cause today that cannot be settled better by reason than by war."

"I believe there will be no war while I am secretary of state, and I believe there will be no war so long as I live. I hope we have seen the last great war."

Traps in French.

A frequent trap in French for the unwary is the difference of meaning in similar phrases. For example, "faire feu" means to fire a gun, while "faire du feu" means to light a fire; "tomber par terre" conveys the idea of falling to the ground from one's own height, whereas "tomber a terre" means to fall from any height—in other words, to tumble down and to tumble off. In the same way "traître de fait" means to call a man a fop and "traître en roi" to treat him like a king.

The English bore may be expressed in two ways—"un rasé" gives the idea of an active bore and "une bassinoire" of a passive bore.—London Saturday Review.

Child of His Own Brain.

"Johnson needn't be mad because the teacher criticised his boy's composition. The boy will improve."

"You don't appear to understand. Johnson wrote the composition himself."—Kansas City Star.

A Lost Mine.

Among the famous lost mines of the western world and one which is again being sought is the Tisingal of Costa Rica. It is said to have yielded great quantities of gold in the time of the Spanish domination. After quelling the Indian uprisings, however, the Spaniards failed to relocate the mine. It is thought that it lies hidden in the bed of one of the larger streams. Many legends are heard dealing with its wonderful richness, and many attempts have been made to find it, but far without avail.—Argonaut.

May Land Force of Marines in Mexico



Photo by American Press Association.

NORTHERN AFRICA.

Where Once the Ancient Romans Ruled in Wealth and Splendor.

It is not generally realized that during the early centuries of our era the Roman provincial province of Africa rivaled Italy itself in wealth and brilliancy and that in what are now Tunisia and Algeria there exist Roman ruins that vie in number, splendor, and state of preservation with those to be found anywhere else.

The fall of Carthage in 146 B. C. led the Romans to establish themselves in North Africa, at first in a modest settlement, the purpose of which was to see that the Phoenician city was not rebuilt. Ere long they themselves, however, reoccupied the site and built on it a city that became the third in the empire.

The gradual extension of their rule was forced on the somewhat unwilling Romans. To protect their settlement against the predatory Phoenicians, Libyans, and Berbers they found it necessary to push their conquests along the littoral to the west and the south, into the high plateaus between the Tell Atlas and the Sahara Atlas, and even well into the desert itself, till a good part of what are now Tripoli, Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco was ruled by them.

The country was much more extensively cultivated and thickly populated than at present, and for centuries was the principal granary of Rome. After lasting for nearly six centuries Roman rule in North Africa was brought to an end by the invasion of the Vandals from Spain and their capture of Carthage in 439 A. D.—Argonaut.

DEEP BREATHING.

It Freshens Up the Whole System and Kills That Tired Feeling.

Deep breathing does more than benefit the lungs. Physiologists tell us that the great advantage is that it gives the liver a healthy squeeze. All organs in the abdominal cavity as well as the liver are apt to get overcharged with blood from careless habits of sitting. A relaxed sitting position causes the abdominal muscles to relax so that blood runs into this part of the body like water and it accumulates like a stagnant pool.

The blood needed in the brain is down in the liver. The condition produced led the ancients to refer to a man with the blues as a hypochondriac, which means, literally, down under the ribs. Today we speak of the condition as being down in the mouth because the lines of the face are pulled down.

Melancholy is due to a congested condition of the liver and other organs depriving the brain of blood necessary to keep up the normal balance of activity. When one is tired or feels the dejected feeling coming on, relief can be obtained by lying on the floor with a pillow under the middle of the back and taking a few long, deep breaths.

If the arms are thrown over the head and a dozen deep breaths are taken, a new spirit will come into the brain. Sometimes this is done automatically, as when we throw up the arms and straighten up after a cramped position at a desk.—Cincinnati

The Check Went Back.

Not long ago a woman wrote her first story and sent it to a magazine. To her surprise and delight it was accepted. The story was duly published and a check for payment forwarded. With the check was a printed slip reading, "No more checks will be sent until this one has been returned." Back by return mail went the check, with a note from the lady to the effect that she was very sorry the magazine had had the trouble of sending it, and please to send the others immediately.—New York Sun.

Pure Bred Arab Horses.

In Cairo there is a society for preserving the pure bred Arab horse. It is said that recent changes in the lives and habits of the Bedouins have resulted in the deterioration of these horses. A practical horseman of wide experience says that as a rule the Arab horse is now no better treated than our own horses, whatever may have been true of the old days when such poems as "The Arab to His Steed" were written.

WAITER M'HENRY TELLS OF OFFER

Admits Part In Schneider Assault Case in Pittsburgh

WEAKENS DURING SWEATING

Claims Attorney Forney Hired Him to Do Away With Franklin Schneider, Forney's Father-in-Law—Promissory Note Mentioned in Case Is Found by Washington Officers—Carlisle, a Chauffeur, Involved in Case.

Pittsburgh, June 29.—Sweated by the police for several hours, George McHenry of Washington, waiter, brokedown and admitted his part in the attack upon T. Franklin Schneider, the wealthy Washington candy man, in a local hotel. The police allege that McHenry's confession was complete in every detail.

The other interesting feature of the Schneider case was the arrest in Atlantic City, N. J., of T. C. Carlisle, a chauffeur. He was held in \$5,000 bail at the New Jersey resort.

Thomas G. Forney, the young Washington attorney and son-in-law of Mr. Schneider, who was arrested first, was taken into custody in New Comers-town, O., last week, after his hat had been found in the room occupied by Schneider, when the latter's straw hat had deflected the blow of a hammer in the hands of two men who invaded his room.

McHenry said he supposed he was to be given a job when he went to see Forney, sent there by Carlisle. "I want you to work for a New York house, but your particular job is to watch the actions of a certain man," Forney is said to have told McHenry. The latter asked why.

"I want to get that old —," McHenry claims Forney answered, "When I asked him how he replied evasively at first and then said that he wanted me to put away his father-in-law (Schneider) and put him away right. I told him that I had never done anything like that and he then pulled out a roll of bills and said that I need not worry about money."

"A short time later he again called me by telephone and made the proposition again to put Schneider out of the way and that time he drew up a promissory note in my favor for \$4,000 contingent on my performing the job."

"Where is that note?" Captain Crooks asked.

"It is between paper coverings in the upper drawer of a dresser in my room, 414 Sixth street, N. W., Washington."

Captain Crooks immediately wired the Washington police and received a return wire saying that the note had been found and mailed to him.

McHenry also said that he advised Forney, after he had seen Schneider, to wait a couple of years to get the latter's money, because, so he says, he deduced that Schneider has tuberculosis. McHenry also declared that two weeks ago Forney had his automobile out on a rainy night, just after insuring it for its full value. He said that Forney ordered his wife out of the car despite the weather, near St. John's bridge and drove on alone. The next day, McHenry says, the car was reported as having been stolen.

Captain Crooks says that he believes McHenry is the tool in the hands of a clever man (Forney) and that his sympathies are with McHenry.

"If I divulged all that McHenry has told me," Captain Crooks said, "it would give Forney all the advantage, because he has money at his command and with the staff of lawyers he could hire McHenry likely would be punished and Forney go free."

In his confession Forney told the police that when he conceived the idea of doing away with Schneider, because the latter had a \$75,000 insurance policy maturing this month, although Schneider is independently wealthy otherwise, he went to Carlisle whom he had heard knew desperate men.

Carlisle, he says, promised to send him a "competent" man and McHenry's visit was the result.

Veteran Drops Dead Driving Auto.
Williamsport, Pa., June 29.—Horace Rogers, sixty-nine years old, Civil war veteran and prominent resident of Picture Rocks, was fatally stricken and died while driving his automobile. Another motorist passed by when the man lost control of his car and, quickly stopping his machine, ran to Rogers' car and shut off the power.

Admits Plan to Kill Restaurateur.
Pittsburgh, June 29.—After he told Magistrate Sweeney in Central police station that he was in love with a waitress in a restaurant and wished to kill the proprietor, purchase the establishment and then marry the girl, Thomas Reynolds, New Kensington, accused of felonious assault and battery, was held for court.

Young Woman Takes Poison.
Pittsburgh, June 29.—Mrs. Emma G. Marren, aged nineteen, is alleged to have attempted suicide in her home, 501 Sandusky street, by drinking poison. It is said that because her husband, Michael Marren, refused to go to an amusement park with her she became despondent.

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OBSERVATION.

It is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in business, in art, in science and in every pursuit in life. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts made by successive generations of men—the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up by them growing at length into a mighty pyramid.—Samuel Smiles.

Animal Etiquette.

No one who is at all observant of the ways of animals can have failed to notice how gentle large dogs, like the St. Bernard and the Great Dane, are to their smaller canine fellows. It is rare that a big dog turns upon one of the little fellows, no matter how aggravating and snappy the latter may be. Instead, he invariably treats the small dog's antics with unruffled and dignified tolerance. For there is a recognized code of etiquette among animals, if you please, quite as much as there is among human beings. In truth, there are not a few respects in which the animals can give points on politeness and good behavior to man himself.

Lincoln's Funeral Coach.

The first Pullman sleeping car, constructed in 1864 in the shops of the Alton and Chicago and called the Pioneer, served as the funeral coach for President Lincoln. Its cost was \$18,000, which was regarded in those days as most extravagant, and as it was higher and wider than the ordinary cars and the clearances of station platforms and bridges when it was decided that it should be the funeral coach of the president many changes were involved. Gangs of men were set working night and day to cut wider clearances all the way from Washington (by way of New York and Albany) to Springfield, Ill.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Necessarily Slow.

A California youngster had been permitted to visit a boy friend on the strict condition that he was to leave there at 5 o'clock. He did not arrive home till 7 o'clock and his mother was very angry. The youngster insisted, however, that he had obeyed her orders and had not lingered unnecessarily on the way.

"Do you expect me to believe," said his mother, "that it took you two hours to walk a quarter of a mile?" She reached for the whip. "Now, sir, will you tell me the truth?"

"Yes, mamma," sobbed the boy, "Charlie Wilson gave me a mud turtle and I was afraid to carry it—so I led it home."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Logic of It.

The Yale freshman year was proving too expensive to father, so father decided to have a "heart to heart" talk with Johnny, home for the week end.

"Now, son," said he gravely, but affectionately, "your mother and I are spending just as little as we possibly can. I get up in the morning at 6:30, and I work until after 5. But, son, the money just won't go round at the rate that your expenses are running. Now, I ask you, as one man to another, what do you think we had better do?"

For a moment Johnny's head was buried in thought, and then he replied: "Well, father, I don't see any way out but for you to work nights."—New York Post.

Small Anvils.

The anvil that fits to the sturdy blacksmith's sledge may weigh 200, 300 or 400 pounds, but there are anvils whose weight is counted in ounces. These are used by jewelers, silver smiths and various other workers. Counting shapes, sizes, styles of finish, and so on, these little anvils are made in scores of varieties, ranging in weight from fifteen ounces up to a number of pounds each. All the little anvils are of the finest steel. They are all trimly finished, often nickel plated, and those surfaces that are brought into use are made as smooth as glass.

Wonderful Memories.

We are told that Pascal never forgot anything he had seen, heard or thought. Avicenna could repeat by rote the entire Koran when he was ten years old, and Francis Suarez had the whole of St. Augustine in his memory. In three weeks Scaliger, the famous scholar, committed to memory every line of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Another scholar, Justus Lipsius, offered to repeat the "Histories" of Tacitus without a mistake on forfeit of his life.

A Sure Proof.

"The new family who have just moved in have something in their lives they want to hide."
"Why do you think so?"
"Because their hired girl is deaf and dumb."—Baltimore American.

THE VOICE AND THE STAGE.

Being a Good Elocutionist Does Not Make a Good Actor.

Of all the things to eschew, elocution schools stand first. Actors should know nothing of the rules of elocution as taught in any school of which I have ever heard. I can always tell at the first glance whether an actor is a student of elocution. No good elocutionist was ever a good actor. That is, a good reciter—and elocution schools produce only reciters—is ever a good actor.

Reciting and acting are two entirely different arts. The reciter is never natural, never can be. A while ago one of the most distinguished professors of elocution in America—he had the chair of elocution at one of our biggest universities—came to be an actor. It was thought that he would be something wonderful because of his knowledge and gift of elocution. He went back to teaching. He could do that better than most, but his acting was bad. All the rules of elocution an actor ever needs can be obtained in singing lessons.

Now, proper enunciation of words is a different matter. An actor should not have to be taught that, but if he does need it it is a pretty bad need, and he should never rest until he has lost all slovenly habits. Some of my friends think I am too severe on this point. I am not. One cannot be too severe. It is clean-cut work, perfect in its smallest details, that makes for perfect illusion on the stage, and I am always for such work.—Henrietta Crossman in Century.

MYSTIC NUMBERS.

Romance That Is Woven Around the Seven, Three and Nine.

There are seven days in the week because of the oriental tradition that the world was created in seven days. The Romans had no week, but reckoned by months, counting forward and backward from the *ides* and *nones*, until the fourth century, when they adopted the Jewish-Christian week.

Because of its relation to the creation the number seven has always been invested with an occult and mystic significance. There were seven wise men in antiquity and seven wonders of the world. The seventh son of a seventh son, or seventh daughter of a seventh daughter was supposed to possess powers of prophecy or divination. For seven days seven priests with seven trumpets invested Jericho, and on the seventh day they encompassed it seven times. The ancients knew of seven planets and seven metals. There were seven heavens and seven hierarchies of angels.

Seven had a mystical significance among peoples who had no tradition of a seven day creation, and this was due to its being indivisible by any number but itself and to its being a combination of 3 (called by Pythagoras the perfect number, representing beginning, middle and end) and 4, the square number.

The Pythagorean idea about 3 received confirmation when the doctrine of trinity in unity was promulgated by the early Christians. For 3 is itself at once trinity and unity.

The number 9 was endowed with mysterious properties because it is the product of three times three—perfection multiplied by perfection. To see nine magpies was remarkably lucky. Nine grains of wheat laid on a four leaved clover enabled one to see the fairies.—New York World.

Thereby Hangs a Tale.

Nature Faker—Why do the leaves turn red in autumn? Freshman—It's the established law of creation. Nature Faker—You're wrong. They have to blush when they think how green they've been.—Brunonian.

His Occupation.

"What does your father do?"
"Whatever mother tells him."
"I mean what's his occupation?"
"Oh, his occupation! Pa's a confederate ejector; puts out fires, you know."—Boston Transcript.

WAR BABE FOR ADOPTION.

German Mother Unable to Get Word of Her Soldier Husband.

Mrs. Carl Muller of Yaphank has inserted an advertisement in several Long Island papers offering for adoption a newborn war babe, whose mother, a German woman, is stopping at Mrs. Muller's home.

"The baby's mother, who doesn't want her name known save to the couple who, she hopes, will adopt her little daughter, does not know whether she is a widow or not," said Mrs. Muller to a reporter. "The mother is a friend of mine who came to the United States after her husband had been forced to fight for Germany. She has tried repeatedly to obtain word from or of her husband without result, and she has no knowledge whether he has been killed or is still *horseshoe*. She feels that she cannot care for her little daughter, who was born on Feb. 27 and is a little dear, and she is willing to give full surrender to a couple who can convince her that the baby will have a good home and kind treatment."

ARMY BUGLES.

Fashioned From Sheets of Copper by an Ingenious Process.

From start to finish the making of an army bugle is a process of much ingenuity and interest. A bugle may not at first sight present a striking resemblance to its cousin, the coach horn, but one is practically a curled up version of the other, for before the angle is bent into shape it consists of a narrow tube fifty-one inches long.

In the first stage of manufacture the angle is cut out of sheet copper and rolled into two thin cylinders, technically known as the "bell" and the "branch." The narrow tube, which is the "bell," is gradually shaped out on molds until the opening is the regular four inches in diameter. It is then "spun" on a wonderful machine, and an expert workman takes the rough edges off the copper.

Both sections are afterward filled with molten lead preparatory to the bending stage, and it is this solid stuffing which prevents the tube breaking in the process and allows it to keep its shape. The expert workman, with the aid of a formidable lever and hammer, bends the bugle into the familiar shape, the lead being subsequently melted out at a charcoal furnace, after which the instrument is sent off to the polishers.

One of the most intricate parts of the bugle is the mouthpiece, which is made of nickel silver and turned out on a special lathe. With the mouthpiece fixed the instrument is ready for the testing room.—Pearson's Weekly.

BUCK THE LINE HARD.

People Who Do Big Things Do Not Let Themselves Be Held.

It was on the football field at one of the large colleges. A big tackle had been brought over to the varsity field from one of the class elevens. It was his first experience with the big team. He played a fine game until the other side had the ball. Then he did not "break through" as he should. The coach finally stopped the play and went over to him.

"What is the trouble? Why don't you get through?" he said.
"The man opposite me is not playing fair. He is holding me," said the tackle.

"If he holds you again I'll put you off the field!" flashed back the coach.

Of course, as the tackle said, it is against the rules to hold an opponent unless he has the ball, but the coach wanted results and not excuses. His position was that a man ought somehow to break away; that no man must let himself be held. And that is true, no one ought to let himself be held. The excuse may be excellent, but a player who is held is put out of the game as effectively as if he were off the field. He might just as well be off the field. The people who accomplish things worth while in the world are those who will not let themselves be held. There have always been things enough to hold them. They might have found excellent excuses, but they have not had to use any excuses.—Youth's Companion.

Quits.

Little Man is would tell "whoppers." One day her aunt thought she ought to be cured of this habit, so she spoke seriously to the little maid, who promised to mend her ways.

To point the moral auntie told the tale of the shepherd boy who was always calling "Wolf!" until no one could believe him. Then one day the wolf really came and ate up all the sheep.

"All the sheep?" interrupted Maudie.
"Yes, every one of them," replied auntie decidedly.

"Every single one?"
Auntie nodded.
"Well," said Maudie slowly, "I don't believe you, and you don't believe me. So there!"—London Answers.

Food For Punsters.

"I don't see how Fussleigh gets any enjoyment out of his food. He's dieting, you know."

"Yes."

"He uses this new 'mathematical masticatory' system."

"Good gracious, what's that? So many chews to the mouthful?"

"No. He eats beans by the dozen, rice by the grain, fish by the perch and spaghetti by the yard."

"Does he seem better?"

"Measurably so."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Drink Plenty of Water.

A Rumanian scientist claims that any one can live to be 100 years old, barring accidents, if he drinks enough water. He declares he has discovered that old age is due to a decrease in the amount of water in the system and that Father Time may be checked-mated by systematic water drinking during middle age.

Buying Wives.

Wives are still obtained by purchase in some parts of Russia. In the district of Kamyslin, on the Volga, this is practically the only way in which marriages are brought about. The price of a pretty girl from a well to do family ranges from \$700 to \$200.

Same Way.

"How did you find dear old Broadway?"

"That way yet."

"What way?"

"Old and dear."—Cleveland Leader.