

NEARS CENTURY, IS STARTING ON A NEW CAREER

A. Maynard Lyon, Possessor of Millions and of Mental Vigor and Ambition.

WOULD WRITE "THE" ANTHEM

Declares He Would Rather Win Recognition as a Successful Author Than Own All of New York City.

New York.—The average person who, being ninety-seven years old, owned real estate and securities worth several millions, besides a city home in New York and country homes in New York, Vermont and England, probably would feel that he had earned a rest and would not be seeking a new interest.

But that is not the way A. Maynard Lyon looks at it, and he is ninety-seven years old and is the owner of an estate of the character indicated above. In his ninety-seventh year he aspires to be a writer, especially of serious songs.

"I am starting out fresh on a new career," Mr. Lyon said to a reporter for the New York World. "To crown my life by the composition of a National hymn that will be accounted great and accepted by the people of the United States and to write a book is my present ambition. I intend to put in this summer in my country home in striving for this great triumph of writing the anthem."

"Never in my life have I felt as much ambition or as much enthusiasm as I do now, and never have I found it possible to get so much out of life. I have always had an ambition to be a writer. I love to write poems and to have them set to music. I would rather make a success as an author than own all the real estate and stocks and bonds in New York."

Full of Verse.
"I can write better now than ever before. It seems to me that more thoughts that can be made into verse crowd into my mind than when I was a much younger man. I do not feel that my work in this world is anywhere near completed. Living is sweeter to me now than ever before."

"Sometimes when a thought has occurred to me that I regarded as worth while I have got out of bed at midnight to make a memorandum of it."

Among the songs Mr. Lyon has already had published are a "Universal Patriotic Anthem," for which Warren R. Hedden and C. G. Petraske composed the music, and "I Wandered Here and There Among the Vales," which was adapted to the music of Beethoven's "Funeral March." While Mr. Lyon has retired from active business, he takes time off from his literary work to look after his material affairs. He does not look a day over

READS JUDGE'S MIND; FREED



What is believed to be the most remarkable exhibition of clairvoyant powers ever demonstrated was witnessed at a hearing in the court of general sessions, New York, before Judge Rosalaky, who was presiding. Prof. Bert Reese had been convicted by a magistrate as a fortune teller and had appealed against his conviction. To prove that he was not a faker but a scientist, the professor volunteered to give a demonstration in court.

The judge wrote the questions, "What was the ruling in the Shelley case?" "How much money have I in the bank?" and "What is the name of my favorite schoolteacher?" The demonstrator not only told what the questions were, but informed him that that \$15 was in the bank to his credit and that his favorite schoolteacher was Miss O'Connor. Reese has given many exhibitions before the crowned heads of Europe and some of the world's greatest scientists. Thomas A. Edison has tried vainly to solve the secret of his powers. He says that the questions and answers flash themselves on his mind without any effort on his part.

OLDEST DAUGHTER BEST WIFE

Child Welfare Expert Says He Always Advises Young Men to Wed Oldest Girl in Family.

San Francisco.—Ninety per cent children are the product of 90 per cent parents, and the instruction given and the example set children by parents shapes their lives. Dr. G. Hardy Clark of Waterloo, Ia., told his listeners at the child welfare meeting at the Panama-Pac exposition.

NEW U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER



Launching of the newest American torpedo-boat destroyer, the Conyngham, at the Cramps shipyards, Philadelphia, and little Miss Anna Conyngham Stevens, who was sponsor for the vessel.

sixty. He walks with agility and often reads without the aid of glasses.

At a recent reception he was one of the liveliest of the party and stayed it out until the early morning.

A Green Mountain Boy.

Mr. Lyon was born at Brandon, Vt., in the shadow of the Green mountains, on August 29, 1818. After going through high school he became a clerk in the village store. A couple of years later he came to New York, reaching here without a cent. "But I have never been without a cent since," he said. He got employment with John R. Pitkin, a realty dealer.

In 1845 the legislature was considering the enactment of laws governing manufacturing in New York. Mr. Pitkin called a meeting of real estate men and manufacturers to determine how to work with the legislature to the end that the proposed laws might aid in the development of the metropolis. Mr. Pitkin not only insisted upon Lyon attending the meeting, but made him chairman.

Lyon was then only twenty-seven. Furthermore, the meeting entrusted him with the task of keeping in touch with the new legislation, and it is said that his influence in its final shaping was very great.

In Business for Himself.

Mr. Lyon went into business for himself in 1851. William B. Astor, J. J. Astor, John D. Wendell, Henry Brevoort and men of that class highly valued his judgment in real estate matters.

Mr. Lyon constructed the St. Augustine and Halifax River railroad between St. Augustine and Jacksonville, Fla., and was its president and controlling stockholder for many years.

When the American Bible society in 1851 decided to build, Mr. Lyon was made a member of the building committee and he selected a site, and he has been a director of the society ever since.

He has been active for many years in the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor and for many years was its manager. In 1854 he became a director of the Northwestern dispensary at Ninth avenue and Thirty-sixth street and has served in that capacity ever since and for many years was its president. He was a member of the New York city union defense committee to disburse \$3,500,000 to families of Union soldiers. For many years he was an officer of the Forty-second street Presbyterian church. Later he was an underwriter in stocks, in which business he continued until his ninety-second year.

Although Mr. Lyon's wife is an ardent suffragist, he has not as yet been converted to the cause. He believes, with the anti's, that "a woman's place is in the home." Nevertheless, he admitted while his wife looked on with twinkling eyes that he has not yet decided how to vote on the suffrage amendment, but that he "might vote for it, after all."

No Hard and Fast Rules.

Mr. Lyon has no hard and fast rules for longevity.

"I have just lived the normal life that would suggest itself to any right-minded man," he said. "I eat three meals a day; I don't smoke; I drink a little wine occasionally on my doctor's orders; I don't chew tobacco and never did, but I used to smoke moderately up to the panic of 1907. I eat always plain food, have drunk tea and coffee, and like oatmeal for breakfast. I was always fond of coffee, and am now, and though I have never been troubled with indigestion the doctor thought it was not good for me, and now I am under orders to drink it but once a week."

"I walk at least half a mile every day and feel better for it. I am very fond of the open air and country life, as you may assume from the fact that I have three country homes—one at Nassau, N. Y.; one, Peterborough house, at Harrow, England, and one in my birthplace, Brandon, Vt., where I intend to spend the summer. Up there I mean to get down to work on my national anthem."

"On my last trip abroad I was elected a member of the Authors' club in London. While on that trip, lasting

"I am always advising young men to marry the oldest girl in the family."

Doctor Clark said, "because younger children usually get waited on by their elders, and therefore the oldest sister shoulders responsibility, and responsibility makes character."

During the first five years of a child's life, he said, the actions and teachings of parents determine largely the character of the child. Parents do much harm by careless conduct before children.

"The man who comes home and

two years, I bought Peterborough house."

Mr. Lyon heard his songs sung by Mme. Hurst on the Olympic on his way back. Besides the poems mentioned, he has written "The Inspiring Refrain," "Holy Waves," "Jewels," "The Tolling Bell" and hymns published in religious periodicals.

LIVE BABY IN A THESIS

Used by Two Girl Graduates of Normal School as Subject of Address.

Pittsburgh, Kan.—A baby girl, five months old, weighing ten pounds, and so handicapped physically that she could not crawl and even could not cry, furnished the subject for a graduation thesis for each of two girl members of the 1915 class at the State Manual Training Normal. Four months ago Miss Georgia Lee Howard of Parsons and Miss Hattie Farmer of Erie, looking for subjects from which to work out their theses, found the baby in a home which could not afford to give her proper attention.

The senior girls took the infant in charge and every day for four months she was a guest at the home economics department. The girls put "Lucy" on a diet, giving her lime water for the strengthening of the bones, sterilized water, fruit juice for the blood and a modified solution of milk. On commencement day "Lucy," nine months old, looked like an ordinary healthy baby and acted like one. The doctor says the girls saved the life of "Lucy."

Fisherwoman at Sixty-Two.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Miss S. D. Wallace of Marion county got her annual fishing and hunting license at the office of Eugene C. Shreman, state commissioner of fisheries and game. Miss Wallace is sixty-two years old, according to her license, and is five feet six inches in height. She is the oldest woman in the state to receive a similar license.

SEEKS PEACE IN MEXICO



Miguel Diaz Lombardo, minister of foreign affairs in General Villa's cabinet, is in this country conferring with officials of the Villa agency with a view of framing a peace proposal which will have the sanction of the American government. It is the plan of the Villa leaders to devise some way by which a suspension of hostilities may be arranged and a general conference of the leaders of the opposing factions called at which this proposal will be submitted to Carranza.

In the event that Carranza refuses to treat with Villa an effort will be made to induce President Wilson to restore the embargo on arms to Carranza.

expects his wife to hang up his coat and hat for him and get his slippers is a low-grade citizen," he said.

Killed His Cow.

Warsaw, Ind.—Peter Smith, a farmer residing near here, lost a valuable cow as the result of his poor marksmanship. Angered by the constant raids of chicken hawks, Mr. Smith took down his old musket and went out to make a killing. He missed the hawk, but hit his cow, which was grazing near by.

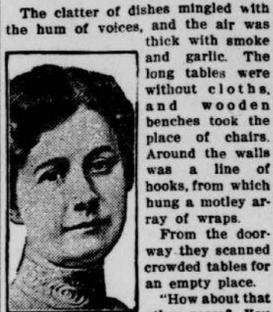
The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life," "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

They Dine at an Anarchist Restaurant in an Atmosphere of Real Bohemia

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Mabel H. Urner.

The clatter of dishes mingled with the hum of voices, and the air was thick with smoke and garlic. The long tables were without cloths, and wooden benches took the place of chairs. Around the walls was a line of books, from which hung a motley array of wraps. From the doorway they scanned crowded tables for an empty place.

"How about that other room? You wait here," and Warren strode through to what had been the back parlor of the once dignified old house. Although Helen had wanted to see what this much-talked-of anarchist restaurant was like, the stifling cigarette smoke and bare tables were not alluring. She was almost glad when Warren came back with a brief "full up."

But as they turned to leave somebody called out jovially, "Hold on there! Always room for two more!" Warren nodded his thanks as they took the end of a bench made vacant by the others sliding themselves and their dishes closer together.

Somebody shoved toward Warren a soiled menu mimeographed in purple ink. Glancing over his shoulder, Helen saw the items, "Bean soup, 10c; Meat steak, 25c; Succotash, 5c," and promptly decided that the food was too cheap to be either good or clean.

"Seem to be shy on waiters," Warren tried to catch the eye of a man in shirt sleeves dashing kitchenward with an overloaded tray.

"Steve's the only food slinger here—but he's a wonder," a man opposite informed them sociably.

"He must be to wait on this crowd," admitted Warren.

"Never been to Mollie's before?" "This is our first offense."

"Well, I'll show you the ropes. Write your order on this," reaching for a small pad, "and give it to Steve. Then forget it!"

"Any bread up that way?" called someone.

"Sure!" and a long French loaf went coasting down the bare table.

Helen thought of the wet, dirty dishcloth with which Steve had just wiped off one of the other tables, and decided not to eat any bread.

"How about a cocktail?" Warren asked their friend opposite. "Can you get anything to drink here?"

"If they know you. Take a chance—write it down anyway."

"Dear, look!" Helen was gazing at the weird hectic-colored posters above the line of coats. "Are they Cubist and Futurist—or what?"

"There's the chap that drew them." The man opposite pointed out an anemic-looking youth with flowing hair and tie. "Maybe he knows."

Steve now dashed up with a tray laden with bowls of thick, reddish-brown bean soup. Two of these he shoved across the table to Warren.

The soup had slopped over the nickel edge of the bowl in smeary brown streaks. With a feeling of revulsion Helen pushed it from her.

"What's the matter?" sharply. "Now no supercilious airs here!"

"But, Warren, I can't very well eat soup with a fork," for only a fork and a black-handled knife were at her place.

"The spoons are out there in the pantry—in a box to your right," was the helpful suggestion of a young woman next to Helen.

With the air of a habitue, Warren strode back to the green swinging door, beyond which several of the others had foraged.

"Did things look clean?" whispered Helen when he returned with the spoon.

"Didn't notice," indifferently. "Ah, here we are!" as Steve slammed before them two cocktails in plain whiskey glasses.

The cocktails were dark and sweetish, and Helen drank hers with distaste, but it gave her courage to try the soup.

"If Steve don't bring all you order" (the man opposite reached for his hat and coat), "hustle out and help yourself. That's the rule here."

His place was soon taken by a dark, foreign-looking woman with gleaming black eyes and pallid skin. She seemed well known here, and was greeted with careless familiarity.

"One of my blue days," as she lit a cigarette with long, nervous hands. "How I loathe Sunday! If I'd had a good dose of cyanide, I'd have shuffled off today."

"Oh, we all feel like that at times," comforted the man with the Vandye beard who sat next to her. "What got you hipped today?"

"I don't know," musingly, watching the circle of her cigarette smoke, "except this was the anniversary of my divorce."

"Wouldn't mind a little thing like that," said her neighbor cheerfully. Taking off her dusty black hat, she tossed it up on a hook. Her dark, cloudy hair was coiled in a careless knot low on her neck.

Helen watched her, fascinated. It was a glimpse into a different world. Who was this weird, dark-eyed woman? What did she do? In spite of her unhealthy pallor and her shabby dress, she was curiously attractive.

"Now that's what I call a fetching get-up," grinned Warren as a man came in with a slouch hat, baggy corduroy trousers, and sandaled feet.

"Sandals!" Helen stared at the tan straps over the black socks.

"We've struck the real thing this time," with a chuckle. "Wonder if that's a bomb," as another newcomer deposited a box on the mantel.

But it contained nothing more alarming than some announcements of a "Feminist Ball," which were distributed with jovial comments.

As several were now leaving, the man with the Vandye beard rose and hospitably announced:

"A jamboree at Jimmie's tonight! Everybody come that can!"

"Oh, I don't think I'll go after all," murmured the dark-eyed woman.

"What're you going to do?" "Go back to my room and mope," flicking the ashes from her cigarette.

"Don't be a fool," lighting his pipe. "Where're you living now?"

"Same place—350 Washington square. It's rotten—but the room's only four per. Man overhead walked the floor all last night."

"That was pleasant. You come on to Jimmie's! Have a drink first."

"No, thanks. I'm not drinking. So long. Tell Jimmie my mood's not hilarious enough for his party."

Taking a quarter from her hungry-looking purse, she laid it by her plate, reached for her hat and jacket, and hurried out.

380 Washington square—what kind of a place was it? wondered Helen. To what dingy, dreary room was this woman returning?

It was late now, and the crowd was gradually thinning. "Mollie" herself came out from the pantry, rolled down her sleeves, took off her apron, and sat at one of the tables to chat. She was tall and angular, with short, bushy hair, and an interesting face.

"Good crowd tonight, Mollie?" "Fair. Forty-eight. If they'd only come earlier."

"No. I'll pay for my own dinner. I graft on cigarettes—but not on food," insisted a girl as a man went up to Mollie with two checks.

"I'll have to sign for mine tonight," announced the man with the sandals as Mollie drew from a deep pocket a bag of change.

"Wonder if I dare tip her?" muttered Warren.

But when Mollie handed him his change, it was with a friendly "Good-night!" and an air that plainly implied "no tips."

Outside it was snowing—wet, stinging flakes. Helen shivered and held her muff to her face as they started down the ice-coated steps.

"Wasn't it interesting?" eagerly taking his arm: "But not at all what I expected. I always thought anarchists—"

"Oh, they're not the bomb-chucking kind!" Warren paused to turn up his collar. "Just an impracticable bunch, trying to make over the world. Did you hear that chap spouting about the war and universal anarchy?"

"No, I was watching the woman opposite us. Wasn't she weird? Yet," musingly, "in a way she was fascinating, too. There's Washington square just ahead. Let's walk through and see what 380 is like."

"Some studio joint. Know what the matter with her—don't you?"

"Why no," wonderingly: "what do you mean?"

"Dope."

"Oh!" with a shudder, tightening her hold on his arm.

They were on the south side of the square now, and through the swirling snow Helen tried to read the numbers over the dimly lit doorways.

384, 382, 380—the shabbiest of all that shabby row. The lower windows were dark, but there was a faint light on the third floor. The blind was up and Helen could see the dim, unshaded gas jet and a patch of wallpaper. It looked unutterably dreary.

Was that her room? Was she up there now, trying to fight off the craving for the drug that was wrecking her?

For a fleeting second Helen had a wild impulse to dash up to that room—to tell that woman that she wanted to help her. Then, as Warren impatiently drew her on, she lowered her face in her muff and hurried along the slippery pavement without looking back.

The whole evening had been for Helen an illuminating glimpse into the careless good-fellowship, the reckless imprudence, and the sordidness of Bohemianism. And now she pressed closer to Warren with a throb of thankfulness that it was a life of which neither of them was a part.

Meter Reading Made Easy.

Meter inspectors who stalk into one's house, leave cellar doors open and create several varieties of trouble and commotion are to become only unpleasant memories to the householder, because of a recently adopted building feature. Architects have taken cognizance of the inconvenience that attends the placing of meters that can only be read from within doors and have solved the problem by providing space for the meters next to the outer walls and by the letting in of small doors through which the instruments may be read from the outside.

A glass pane protects the meter indicators, and through this the reading is made. The door containing the glass panel is fitted with a lock, which protects the meter against tampering. The householder's is not the only gain from the new plan, however. Since door bells need not be rung, and since circuitous trips through dingy passages are unnecessary, much time is saved by the inspectors and much expense by the gas and electric companies.

BULGARIA'S STURDY WOMEN



IN A VILLAGE STREET

HOW much of the strength of Bulgaria, whose steady progress during the last forty years of troubled existence has compelled the admiration of the National Geographic society by Hester Donaldson Jenkins, an American educator in the Balkans, in a monograph upon "Bulgaria and Its Women." Contrasting the Bulgarian girls with the other girls of the Balkans, Miss Jenkins says:

"Among the oriental girls with whom I lived in my nine years' residence in the near East, none interested me more than the Bulgarians. They are, perhaps, the least oriental of the eight or more nationalities to be found in the Constantinople college, of which I was a professor. They are fairer and brighter in coloring than the Armenians, Greeks or Persians, rather taller and larger on an average, and have far more energy and less languor than the Turk."

The Bulgarian girls, the writer continues, distinguished themselves from the others by a certain wholesome, out-of-door quality, a sanity which marked them sharply from the fanciful, sentimental and weaker-nerved girls of some of the other nationalities.

Beautiful Bulgarian Girls.

Of the Bulgarian girl's physical loveliness, she says:

"Bulgarian girls incline to roundness of contour and figure, many of them having round, full faces, ripe, rosy mouths, and dimples. This effect is heightened by the fashion of wearing the hair in braids wound about the head. One sees plenty of dark hair in Bulgaria, but one also looks with pleasure on warm brown tints, chestnut tresses, and occasionally auburn heads. One of the most beautiful girls I ever saw was a Bulgarian, with a glorious mass of copper-colored waves, a clear, pale skin,

"There are husking bees and quilting bees where the young people meet, but the most popular form of social entertainment is the sedanka. Here assemble the young men and women of the village and adjoining farms, grouped about an open fire, singing solos and choruses. The Bulgarian folk dances are danced in a row or circle, the leader generally waving a bright handkerchief and turning and twisting about his line of followers, like a mild game of 'snap the whip'."

"Occasionally the sedanka ends in a dramatic fashion. Some brawny fellow who has been courting his Darka assiduously will seize her in



CORNER IN SOFIA

handsomely set gray eyes, a delicate mouth, and small, white teeth, and the height and carriage of a princess.

"The bright cheeks that so many of the Bulgarians have are a pleasant change from the dark or pale skins of the Armenians and Greeks. Their eyes are generally less large and languorous than oriental eyes, looking you squarely in the face, with more frankness and less seduction."

Miss Jenkins gives the following melodious samples of the names of her Bulgarian pupils: Nadezda, Nadezka, Karafinka, Blagoya, Vesselina, Goonka, Zdravka. The last names all end in "of" for the men and "ova" for

his arms and carry her to his home. The next day this marriage by capture is given legal and religious sanction by the blessing of the Orthodox priest. I once asked Zdravka what would happen if two men wanted the same girl. She replied simply "The stronger would get her."

The Bulgarian girls are bright and make eager use of educational advantages, Miss Jenkins says. The college-trained Bulgar maidens become veritable centers of progress in the towns and villages throughout their country, instilling the hunger for knowledge that, in turn, is to lead Bulgaria to a great future.

Lemons Save Doctor Bills.

The popularity of lemon seltzer "the morning after" among certain of the masculine folk is now having somewhat of a similar vogue among women. The medical properties of the humble lemon are just becoming widely known. The juice of half a lemon in a cupful of hot water taken immediately after arising in the morning, serves excellently as a liver corrective and is a valuable substitute for calomel and similar drugs. Several alances of lemon in a cupful of tea will often relieve a nervous headache. A teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cupful of black coffee is efficacious in relieving bilious headache.

Crocodile's Nest.

The nest of a crocodile is the interesting object lately described by W. Schultz of the biological laboratory at Manila. A peculiar mound on the shore of a lake near Taytay, Palawan, proved to be the nest of Crocodilus palustris, about five feet high and eight in diameter, and was made from a coarse, wiry grass that had been cleared from a space of five or six

by nine or ten yards and had been laid mixed with sand. The eggs, about thirty in number, were in the center of this mound, arranged in several layers. They were oblong and had a very hard, porous shell, with porcelain luster, and a white band about the middle. In this moist nest of the Philippines, the incubation period was between seventeen or eighteen weeks.

Flower of the Evening.

It is when the sun goes to bed that the evening primrose's morning dawn. It is one of the denizens of the Great White way of the Flower city, waking while the world sleeps and sleeping while the world wakes. At the approach of evening it decks itself in yellow and white, perfumes itself with the most seductive of sweet-smelling odors, and prepares to welcome the sphinx moths that come to tarry and to sip its sweetness through the long silent night. One night of revelry is enough for a flower of "mildly primrose," for when morning dawns the corolla wilts, hangs awhile and then drops away. She pays dearly for her night of dissipation.