MEN OF MARS AND OTHER THINGS

WHAT A VISIT TO MARS WOULD REVEAL.—PERHAPS?

[illegible] Martians [illegible] as bad on their planet upon [illegible] that the Martians [illegible]

[illegible] that not every kind and [illegible] can be adapted to great change of temperature. To meet this there must be covered by some [illegible] something analogous to fur or feathers which they can turn out in winter and turn for the summer [illegible]

Moreover, as to the animal inhabitants [illegible] the extensive canal system on Mars there creatures of human or [illegible] intelligence who, unless Mr. Lowell is no more than a fantasy, [illegible] have taken Mars in hand to [illegible] and cultivate it [illegible] completely, and completely, as I believe some day they will take this earth.

Here, too, are the [illegible] beings like [illegible] terrestrial human [illegible]

Will there be certain features in which they are likely to resemble us. The quasi-mathematically scientific we have supposed for them [illegible] a great forehead [illegible] They will probably have heads and eyes and backbones [illegible] because of their high [illegible] and since almost all creatures [illegible] to have them [illegible] their bodies near their [illegible] These Martians will probably have long slender limbs. But their bodies will in all likelihood be more [illegible] than mere two and [illegible] the mass of a [illegible] Still there not mean, however, that they will be two and two [illegible] allowance for the stress of things on Mars. It may be that they will be half as tall again as a Londoner. And as there is a [illegible] we covered with [illegible]

There can be no doubt as the importance and the development of the [illegible] to the education of the [illegible] intelligence. So that it [illegible] to imagine the Martians [illegible] disproportioned [illegible] and stretching for [illegible] stars and hands.

But this is only one of several alternative possible possibilities. [illegible] we may rely upon that the Martians must have some proportion [illegible] primarily because the development of intelligence is almost inconceivable without it, and secondly, because in no other way could they get their [illegible] done. It is [illegible] to our imaginations, but no less possible for [illegible] instead of a hand, an elephant-like proboscis, or a crowd of tentacles or proboscises like octopus.

Finally, here is a thought that may be amusing to any reader who finds the Martians alarming. If a man were transferred suddenly to the surface of Mars he would find himself [illegible] exhilarated, as much as he would feel if he were a little mountain climber. He would weigh not a half what he does upon earth. He would bounce and leap. He would fill twice his present lungs with every breath. A Martian sighting to catch his weight would have him down like a [illegible] of lead. He would weigh two and twenty-thirds of his Martian weight and probably he would find existence uncomfortable. His limbs would not support him. Perhaps he would die self-crushed, at once.

H. G. WELLS.

But They Seldom Come.

No man ever betrayed a trust without intending to fix it up if things ever came his way.

MORLEY NOW A PEER

BRITISH LIBERAL LEADER QUITS HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Ill Health and Too Much Work Forces Distinguished Lieutenant of Gladstone and Friend of Carnegie into Easier Post.

London.—John Morley, the distinguished liberal leader, has been elevated to the peerage. He will, however, retain the office of secretary for India in the reorganized British parliament. Morley's reason for accepting a peerage is his declining health and a throat affection that makes the strain of the work in the house of commons too great.

JOHN MORLEY

In leaving the house of commons that body loses one of its most noted members. Many accomplishments in and out of his official duties have undoubtedly earned this title for the English liberal leader: historian, the eloquent orator, editor and student. Morley has likewise been called the Puritan of politics, a title which his passion for righteousness and his public austerity have conspired to win him.

It is difficult to imagine Morley among the peers for whose benefit he invented the phrase. "Mind them or end them." When made secretary of state of India his critics said he would make a weak executive. He proved otherwise. He made a vigorous speech in the house of commons, in which he announced his purpose to crush sedition in India with a strong hand. He defended the sharp treatment he had extended to native agitators and refused to offer an apology. "British rule in India will continue and ought to continue, and must continue," said he.

John Morley was born at Blackburn, England, December 23, 1838. He was graduated from Cheltenham and Lincoln colleges, Oxford, and began life as a barrister. In 1867 however, he was called to the editorship of the Fortnightly Review, a post which he held until 1882. From 1880 until 1883 he was his own editor of the famous Pall Mall Gazette, leaving his desk there to go to parliament as the representative of Newcastle. He was Irish secretary in 1886 and again from 1892 to 1895. In 1896 he was returned to parliament and since gradually achieved for himself a reputation in politics, letters and philosophical thought.

Morley was Gladstone's favorite lieutenant when the "Grand Old Man" died. He was one of the axiom's personal friends who watched over the great premier in his last illness, and his "Life of Gladstone" is one of his most notable literary labors.

Hall Caine and Andrew Carnegie are among the close friends of the liberal. The latter of Skibo is accounted one of the particular intimates of Morley's in a personal way, in the tenderness of their friendship and aims and otherwise. Recently Carnegie, well knowing his friend's studious inclination, presented him with a library of 30,000 volumes, one of the finest collections of books in existence. In 1904 Carnegie also influenced the noted Englishman to come to America. In Pittsburg Morley was the guest of Carnegie and there delivered his only American lecture. In an interview in America Morley said that he, as an English liberal, was always intensely interested in America and her politics and that England as a whole was fascinated by President Roosevelt.

More than once it has been said that if John Morley had a vice he might be premier. As it is Morley is too full of unrelenting rectitude, too barren of apparent passion, to be an English popular hero. For all that he is a man of emotions and feeling, but, above them all, one of restraint. One never knows Morley the man, but one can never escape Morley, the exterior, distant, reserved and unbending.

In politics Morley is a liberal in every sense, but he holds the same reserve of caution on his theories as on his public behavior. In religion he is an agnostic, but not one of the aggressive kind. He has a quick, keen and delightful sense of humor, is one of the most charming of companions and is a great favorite among women. He is by nature nervous, is quick in temper and rather impatient. He has no amusements other than walking, and is fond of music and books. His father wished to make him a minister of the gospel, but he fell under the teachings of John Stuart Mill, the philosopher, and thereafter the church was impossible.

BACON MAY SUCCEED TAFT.

Assistant Secretary of State Likely to Head War Department.

Boston.—The intimate personal friends of Assistant Secretary of State Bacon, formerly of Boston, have received information which leads them to believe that Mr Bacon will become secretary of war about July 1 next, succeeding Secretary Taft, who is understood to be desirous of retiring from the cabinet at that time.

The determination of Secretary Taft to retire is said to be quite definite, and is understood not to be dependent upon the outcome of the national convention.

Mr Bacon was born in this city and was particularly prominent in athletics while attending Harvard university, being captain of the varsity crew. He was a classmate of President Roosevelt.

Robert Bacon.

He was connected with the banking firm of F. Rollins Morse & Co until 1899, when he became a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co of New York, where he has since made his home. He married a Miss Carlton of New York.

His friends in this city, upon hearing of his expected advancement, were not surprised, for something of such a nature had been anticipated.

Expectations and Hopes.

"You must expect to work if you are elected to office," said the serious statesman.

"Of course," answered the easy-going man. "I'll expect to work. But that won't prevent me from hoping to be disappointed."—Washington Star.

HOUSE OF LITHOGRAPHIC STONE.

Home in Nuremberg, Germany, Coveted by Many.

Berlin.—Lithographers look at it and sigh. It's a plain, plastered stone house about 50 yards from the ancient city hall of Nuremberg, Germany. There is nothing to distinguish it from the other old houses of the neighborhood except that it is built of lithographic stone worth from six to 21 cents a pound. So lithographers who go to Nuremberg wander from the worn tourist trails to see the wonder. The house was built about 1680, nearly 100 years before Alois Senefelder, the discoverer of lithography, was born. Andreas Lichtenstein, who built it, took the stone easiest to get and counted it for the trouble of carrying it away. Now the material in the building is worth about $1,000.

A Cross Marks the Building Coveted by Lithographers.

The present Andreas Lichtenstein, a descendant of the man who built the house, has said: "Now about once a month for the last 20 years to speculators who want to buy his home and tear it down for the stone. It is his home and that of his forefathers and he refuses to part with it. So lithographers, with thoughts of rising prices, look and sigh.

Lithographic stone is found in commercial quantities only in Bavaria. The largest quarries are near Nuremberg.

Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.—Peabody.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

RELEASED PRISONER CASHED CHECK FOR LARGE SUM.

Mystery of a Deposit of $25,000 to Account of Man Subsequently Convicted of Murder—Was It Payment for Crime?

In the case of the Mechanics' and Traders' bank of New York city there is a record of a payment made some years ago of a large sum, $25,000, and with a corresponding or balancing record upon the ledger showing that this account had been carried for some unknown or mysterious depositor for nearly 30 years.

The state officers examining the accounts or books of this bank by chance ran across this item and having asked an explanation received one of the strangest in the history of banking in New York.

Some years ago the ownership of the Mechanics' and Traders' bank passed into new hands and the choice of president was fixed upon Mr. Thalmessinger. He made microscopic examination of the books, determined to master every detail, present and historic, for the bank had a history dating back to the year 1830. One entry astonished him, and he made immediate visit to his counsel, to whom he reported the circumstances.

He had discovered, he said, that there was a credit upon the books of the Mechanics' and Traders' bank of $25,000, and that this deposit had remained with the bank for nearly 30 years untouched. No one in the bank knew who the depositor was or ever heard of him. Counsel advised Mr. Thalmessinger still to carry the account and not concern himself about it.

Two days later the bank president again called upon his counsel and was plainly in much excitement. He stated that a check for the $25,000 had that morning been presented to the bank and that he had declined to pay it on the ground that he was not satisfied as to the identity of the maker of the check.

The president was advised to permit suit to be brought against him, saying that it would be the better part for the bank to pay that $25,000 on judgment than to run the risk of paying it to the wrong person. Suit was speedily brought and the following facts were disclosed under oath:

A man had been arrested for murder nearly 40 years ago. Soon after his arrest $25,000 was deposited in his name, no one knows by whom. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged, but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. After serving as a life prisoner for 30 years in Sing Sing prison the man was pardoned. As soon as he reached New York he drew a check for this money.

The testimony was sustained in the trial, the identity of the man proved, the check was paid and after that this man disappeared as completely as though swallowed by the earth. The presumption was that with the money he went far away, determined to begin a new life, although then a man past 60 years of age.

France's Flag.

The tricolor, as the national flag of France is called, consists of red, white and blue in equal vertical stripes, the blue stripe coming next to the staff. Blue and red were the colors of the city of Paris and white was the color of the Bourbons. In 1789 the national assembly of France decided, on the suggestion of Lafayette, that the national colors should consist of those of the city, with the old color of France, white, added. "Here is a cockade that will make a tour of the world," said Lafayette, in offering the new colors. From 1814 to 1830 the tricolor was displaced by the white flag of the Bourbons.

All At His Disposal.

An Irishman, attired in dirty overalls, drove a heavily loaded wagon up to a broker's office, tied his team and went inside. Taking a newspaper clipping from his pocket, he laid it before the broker, who sat writing at a desk near the street window.

The broker glanced at this clipping, then lifted his head with alacrity. "Did you come in answer to this advertisement?"

The Irishman answered in the affirmative.

"Well," said the broker, gazing unfavorably at the dirty overalls of his visitor, "this clipping states that I can make a lot of money for a man with sand and a little cash. Now, sir, have you any cash to put at my disposal?"

"Not a cint," replied the Irishman, quickly, "but"—throwing a nod toward the street—"I've a load iv th' finest out there ye ever saw."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Her Trouble.

Adam—What are you worrying about?

Eve—I'm afraid these new fig leaves aren't going to wear well.