

A Duty of the Rich.

New York society in the aggregate has been made to suffer reproach for the sins of a few of the uncultured and self-indulgent wealthy.

Uncle Sam's Weather Work. Uncle Sam is right in spending a good deal of money on weather, declares the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A few days prior to the Marathon race in the London stadium an advocate of fruit diet, chiefly bananas, aged 43, offered to run a race with a flesh-eater around the island of Zealand.

By way of further emphasizing his notion that a college education for young women means a glorified spinsterhood, rather than wifehood and motherhood, Prof. G. Stanley Hall now tells of an unhappy youth who fell in love with one of these glorious beings.

The problem of aerial navigation is by no means completely solved, but already the flyers are divided into different factions. Count Zeppelin, who has done some extraordinary work with dirigible balloons, compliments the Wright brothers of aeroplane fame in what they have accomplished, but says all that will not minimize the utility of his own airships.

A Vanderbilt is suing a car company for infringement of patents. This is a case of Greek meeting Greek, which will vastly interest the general public and particularly interested inventors, who, having more patents than millions, find it uphill work suing big corporations.

By the time the airship really arrives serious complications will be added to the problem of patrolling frontiers.

It is all right to talk about making the automobile as playful as a kitten, but to do so is to presuppose that the owners did not buy it because of the thrills attached. Think of paying \$5,000 for a chance to amble along at a good live wheelbarrow pace!

All one can do when a sack of sand falls on one's head is to cast a reproachful glance upward at the fleeing airship. At least that is all one can do until the police are equipped with wings.

The Railway

Three Periods of Its Development in America

By THEODORE P. SHONTS, President Interborough Metropolitan Company, New York.

THE transportation facilities of a country are, and always have been, the true test of the nation's commercial development. Rome was the greatest road builder in the world in her day, and the supreme commercial power.

In studying the transportation history of this country we can divide it into three broad periods. First, was the pioneer construction—that is, the lines that were thrown out in advance of the population by those great, hardy, courageous men, who had foresight and faith, and risked their all on the correctness of their judgment—such men as the Huntingtons, the Crockers and the Hills.

The second period of railroad development involved problems of greater complexity than those of the pioneer days. The demands for transportation multiplied so rapidly that construction was unable to keep pace with it.

The third period is the period of governmental control and interference. Honestly conceived laws to compel a service that will meet with the reasonable approval of the patrons of a road and prevent discriminations, stock-watering and stock jobbery are right and proper, but to go far beyond that and impose unreasonable burdens and unfair restrictions looks to the defeat of the very purpose which it is sought to attain.

World Not Yet Explored

By COUNT FERDINAND LOERZO.

The universe has many surprises and is perpetually upsetting the theories of the wise men with fresh revelations regarding its nature and treasures. So that the wisest are in a state of habitual readiness for novelties and pin no faith to past and present modica of knowledge other than that they serve for the time being.

The doubters are incredulous of telepathy, the intercommunication of mind with mind. But the patient laborers in the laboratories are preparing to demonstrate the latest novelty.

A few years ago the atom was indestructible, but now no longer; the conservation of mass and the conservation of energy were infallible postulates of science. But times and dicta have changed since then.

Our senses themselves seem to be progressive, and as they advance they interpret the world anew. They find new forces, elaborate new laws. The five senses agree well enough, but the sixth undoes the work of them all. It looks through walls, views past and future, finds forms in empty space. Flammarion writes that we pass through air without an effort, but find iron resisting.

Our world is unexplored. The universe is as yet unrevealed. We do not know the future that awaits us. We do not know what will be revealed about ourselves, about the world, the stars, the sea, the invisible powers, the dead, the unborn. Glorious things may be expected. They are. We merely have not found them. The coal lay in the bosom of the earth ages before it was mined. Steam and electricity existed long before they were utilized. The earth itself, the sun, the moon and stars swung in their orbits millions of years before human eye either inhabited or studied them.

That intelligent beings may exist around and among us unperceived during our whole lives, and yet capable, under certain circumstances, of making their presence known by acting on matter will be inconceivable to some, and will be doubted by many more, but we venture to say that no man acquainted with the latest discoveries and the highest speculations of modern science will deny its possibility.

All the most powerful and universal forces of nature now are referred to minute vibrations of an almost infinitely attenuated form of matter; and by the grandest generalizations of modern science the most varied natural phenomena have been traced back to these recedite forces. Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and probably vitality and gravitation are believed to be but modes of motion of a space filling ether; and there is not a single manifestation of force or development of beauty but is derived from one or the other of these.

And these manifestations of force are produced by a form of matter so impalpable that only by its effects does it become known to us. With such phenomena everywhere around us we must admit that if intelligences of what we may call an ethereal nature do exist we have no reason to deny them the use of these ethereal forces which are the overflowing fountain from which all force, all motion, all life upon the earth originate.

TALK OF NEW YORK

Gossip of People and Events Told in Interesting Manner.

Skinning the Standard Oil Company



NEW YORK—About the oddest of the many odd vacations followed by some New Yorkers is that of a man who may be seen at work almost every day at the mouth of Newtown creek.

The man with the blanket is collecting the oil from the surface of the water. He manages to accumulate enough gallons of oil in the course of a day's work to make a fair living for himself.

The Standard Oil Company claims that its vast profits are due primarily to the rigid economies of its business, but it never has been able to eliminate entirely this flow of its product into the adjacent stream. Possibly it thinks that the collections of this oil would be too minute an economy for even its carefinesse to consider.

Vanderbilt Gives Ball in Horse Ring



IN the great training ring where Alfred G. Vanderbilt exercises his horses at Oakland farm, Newport, there was prancing and caroling by two-legged beings the other night.

Vanderbilt had a surprise for his guests in the supper room. The upper veranda of the show ring was used for the purpose and it was turned into a roof garden. There were trellises, with vines and scarlet and white flowers. Flower beds had been laid out and among these the supper tables were set.

Largest Apartment House Is Planned



RIVALING William Waldorf Astor's largest apartment house in the United States, between Seventy-eighth and Seventy-ninth streets, Broadway and West End avenue, Henry R. Francis, D. and John Sherman Hoyt have signed a contract which conditions that by October 1, 1909, be the largest and the most perfectly equipped apartment house in the world will be ready for occupancy.

An electric plant equipped with devices now in operation about on the open space, a double driveway paved with oaken blocks and a central lawn, which in the summer months will be used for various forms of entertainments.

Gems Plentiful on Manhattan Island



THOUGH the "finds" have never been important enough to tempt anyone commercially, Manhattan island is not a little of a Golconda. In its rocks nearly every time a big excavation is made there crop out gems, oftentimes of no small value.

The gold is to be found under the buildings and streets of New York, and diamonds and emeralds are pretty nearly the only stones of adornment that have not been discovered.

He was a bald-headed bachelor, whose heart for the first time had been moved by the tender passion. "Then you confess," he said in a trembling voice to the object of his regard, "that you like me a little—that you admire certain qualities of my head?"

"Yes," shyly responded the young lady. "And may I ask," he continued, in a tone of emotion, "what those qualities are?"

FROM "SERVING." Souls make their own surroundings, moving on Through lights and shadows by their presence cast; And paths, with these all gone, seem changed anon, When seen by those who trod them in the past. —George Lansing Raymond.

THE MAN UNDER THE TREE

By DON MARK LEMON

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It would be a grim, unpleasant piece of work, to be sure; but what else could they do? The most valuable horses of the settlement had been stolen, one after another, with consummate daring and cunning, and now that they had the guilty party in their power, were they to let him go because to hang him would be an unpleasant duty?

"Boys, all of you that have a horse you wouldn't like to lose, just step over here." Nine of the ten came from under the tree and gathered beside their leader in the open. The tenth man—the man who remained in the shadow of the tree—was bound hand and foot and couldn't very well change his position. Besides, he was the "horse thief."

"Well, boys," demanded the leader, "are we a quorum?" "Sure!" "Then he hangs!" The nine men nodded their heads. "Good!" "Hold on, gentlemen!" cried the Man under the Tree. "I wish again to assert that I bought this horse which you accuse me of stealing, and paid \$300 for her."

"There was a loud guffaw. "You don't believe me, gentlemen?" The Man under the Tree seemed hurt. "Believe you!" said the leader. "Why, stranger, that's old Wilkins' Bess and he'd have parted with his grandmother first."

"But, gentlemen," expostulated the Man under the Tree, "wouldn't it be wise to look up Wilkins first and ask him?" The leader smiling, said: "Stranger, were you ever hanged?" The Man under the Tree made a deprecatory movement. "Only twice," he said.

"Well, you're a cool un!" exclaimed the leader, when he again got his breath. The members of the quorum then gathered in a body around the Man under the Tree. One of them took a lariar from his arm and another adjusted it about the prisoner's neck. This last man was the leader himself, and he could tie a knot that isn't down among sailor knots nor in popular religious works. It was a hangman's knot, and it had never been known to fall when given a fair trial.

Then the loose end of the lariar was thrown over a strong limb of the tree. "Gently, boys!" cautioned the leader. "Gently! He comes of good family and perhaps if he hadn't been a horse thief he had been a honor to the community. Gently!"

The body of the prisoner was drawn up, the loose end of the lariar securely fixed, and the quorum stood off and viewed its work. The hanged man swung about six feet off the ground, his face twisting towards the tree, so that the men beneath could not well see his expression. However, they did not wish to. "Too bad," murmured the leader, "that his education was neglected. But it's too late now, boys, for moral suasion!"

The others silently nodded their heads in confirmation of this quorum, and mounting their horses rode hastily away with the bay of Wilkins in the lead. Arriving at the settlement, about half a mile distant, the stern body gathered under the roof of the Red Dog and began a game of faro. "Won't old Wilkins be glad when he sets eyes on that bay of his again?" The meetin' 'll be just like a father findin' a long lost daughter."

But the whisky being strong and the playing high, the men soon forgot about Wilkins, the Man under the Tree and the bay horse, and not until Wilkins himself came walking into the Red Dog did the incidents of the earlier forenoon again recur to them. "Hello, Wilkins!" cried the speaker of the late quorum. "How's Bess?" "Bess? Oh, she's outside, buyin' canned goods."

"Buyin' canned goods, is she?" questioned the cowman. "Whin did ye learn her the thrick?" Wilkins looked about and seeing a grin on every face realized the confusion of terms. "Oh, you mean the bay; not my wife?" "Sure!" "Well," rejoined Wilkins, hitching uneasily, "I might as well let the cat out o' the bag before it's got kittens. I sold Bess this mornin' to—"

The sentence was never finished, or it ended fairly drowned in a chorus of "Hell!" "Can't a man sell his own horse?" demanded Wilkins. A glass of raw spirits whizzed over his head and crashed against the opposite wall. "Why you lo-peared coyote, ain't ye got no more judgment than to sell a horg without first tellin' I'vey man wid a rope fur twinty miles aroun'! Ain't—ugh!" broke off the speaker, reaching for another glass to throw at Wilkins. "You clam wid the lock-jaw, you fish widout the light av intelligence!"

"What's the matter?" demanded Wilkins, keeping a sharp eye on the glasses. "Why, you ol' pirate, we've hanged the man ye sol' Bess to, fur a hoss!"



"You Clam Wid the Lockjaw, You Fish Widout the 'Light Av Intelligence."

Tree of the noose about his neck and severed his bonds; but, instead of falling down, a corpse, or vanishing like a ghost, he gratefully stretched his limbs, cleared his throat, licked his congested lips, and, smiling out the Irishman, addressed him pleasantly, if somewhat hoarsely: "Good afternoon, sir."

At these words the superstitious Hibernian collapsed, looking for all the world, with his great, lank arms and legs, like some queer kind of game, all tentacles, thrown across his horse's saddle. Wilkins, not having seen the man hanged, was less affected than the others, and he was the first to find speech.

"We owe you an apology, sir," he began, rather lamely. The Man under the Tree held up his hands deprecatory. "No apology, no apology, sir; no occasion to apologize. I like a pleasant joke now and then as well as any man."

At these reassuring words all the remainder of the company, saving the Irishman, found speech, and many were their ejaculations of wonder and delight as they dismounted and crowded around the Man under the Tree. "Why, you or'nary cuss," cried the former speaker of the quorum, "you'll hold whisky yet?"

"Whisky," said the Man under the Tree, meditatively. "Whisky! It seems to me I have heard that word before. Ah! He took one of the several flasks hastily proffered him, and holding it high over his head, cried: "Gentlemen, a toast! Here's to the man who likes whisky when it's a good and men when they're a little bad—Myself!"

This toast was drunk with the highest approval, and the Man under the Tree proposed a second. "Here's to the man you can't hang, for his windpipe is silver, and if the rope only tickles him and makes him laugh—Myself!"