### Uncle Sam's Weather Work.

Uncle Sam is right in spending a good deal of money on weather, de clares the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He watches it everywhere in his broad domain with every known delicate in strument, and, wisely dismissing faulty forecasts, tries to get closer to the business of to-morrow. Europe, for all its experience, has done no better, if as well. Observations run back there 200 years, and no two of the long-range philosophers agree. They have tabulated the level of lakes, the movement of glaciers, the freezing and liberation of rivers, the seasonal traits of vegetation, and the periodicity of sun spots, all to no particular purpose as yet in establishing weather rota-On the rocks is scratched the testimony of great leecaps that advanced and retreated, but man is not particularly interested in a range as long as that. He would like to beable to see two days ahead, and trust that in indulging the hope he is not chasing a rainbow.

A few days prior to the Marathan race in the London stadium an advocate of fruit diet, chiefly bananas, aged 43, offered to run a race with a flesheater around the Island of Zealand. Since the banana man has earned a good many triumphs as a runner in the sporting world of Denmark, the beef-eaters did not show any burning zeal to accept the challenge till the well-known paper, Politiken, offered a prize of 100 kroner to the winner. A grocer's assistant, aged 21, was se lected as the upholder of beef eating. and for two days and a half the run ners kept abreast of one another. Then the banana man flagged, and when after nearly five days the young grocer arrived at Copenhagen, having duly finished his course, his opponent had vanished. The butchers of Zealand have presented a silver bowl to the victor.

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. He longed to offer his heart and hand, but his modesty was so great that he feared she would sacrifice too much in marrying him. So he withdrew and left her to her triumphs, actuated, we are told, by the high motive that he would rob the large social circle which she adorned by tempting her to become a housewife. Poor chap! Does the higher education of young men destroy their courage?

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. However, he is frank enough to admit that "both are imperfect yet." That is the best assurance of further effort in the same direction that could be given, and the rivalry of the different "schools" is likely to increase the determination of each to do its best.

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 interest inventors, who, having more patents than millions, find it uphill work suing blg ecrporations. But this is a real tug of war.

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

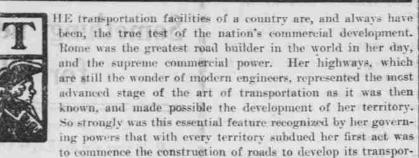
It is all right to talk about making the automobile as playful as a kitten, but to do so is to presuppose that the owners did not buy it because of the thrills attached. Think of paying \$5,000 for a chance to amble along at a good live wheelbarrow pace!

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

## The Railway

Three Periods of Its Development in America

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



tation. The territory of the United States is so great that if it had not been for the discovery of steam as a motive power and the development of steam transportation lines, it would have been impossible in hundreds of years to develop the territory as it is developed to-day.

In studying the transportation history of this country we can divide it into three broad periods. First, was the pioneer constructionthat 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. Great cities grew up and with them an imperative demand for terminal facilities which would be sufficient not only for present needs, ut would look well into the future. In the face of ruinous competition, which had forced rates down from one-half to one-third of what they were in any other country in the world, roadways and bridges had to be built, improved safety devices invented and installed, curves had to be eliminated and grades reduced so that the tonnage per train could be increasel, and new and heavier equipment provided on a scale that had never been anticipated; and before this reconstruction work was completed, the ever increasing demands had outgrown the enlargements. It was then realized that a railroad never is completed and never can be completed; it cannot stand still but must continue to expend and improve and keep pace with the growth of the country it serves.

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 LORREZO.

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. To do otherwise is fatal, as scientific history testifies again and again.

When Mother Shipton predicted instantaneous communication between continents her prophecy sounded visionary, utopian, chimerical. But the invention of the tele-

graph made it possible for New York and San Francisco, Paris and London to come into immediate communication. When telegraphy was established the vision became a reality. But a wire for a long time was thought essential. Without this connecting medium communication would have been affirmed impossible. Now that wireless telegraphy is here, per force it is accepted as possible.

The doubters are incredulous of telepathy, the intercommunion 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

resisting. Our world is unexplored. The universe is as yet unrevealed. We do not know the future that awaits

we pass through air without an effort, but find iron

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.



By SIR ALFRED BUSSELL WALLACE

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. The existence of such preterhuman intelligences, if proved, would only add another and more striking illustration than any we have yet received of how small a protion of the

great cosmos our senses give us cognizance of. 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 recondite 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.

Gossip of People and Events Told in Interesting Manner.

## Skinning the Standard Oil Company



NEW YORK.—About the oddest of the oil that escapes from these refineries and swings back and forth in by some New Yorkers is that of a man who may be seen at work almost every day at the mouth of Newtown creek. tides and the passing of the boats. He drifts and sculls around slowly in a fair sized rowboat all day long. His only tool of trade is a heavy blanket. He takes this blanket and spreads it out over the surface of the water be side his boat, just as a woman spreads a blanket in making a bed.

The shifting of the sluggish current smooths the blanket almost as soon as customers. it rests on the water. The man lets it creek are not limpid enough for laun- its carefulness to consider. dry purposes. The water that he fall into the boat itself.

his cargo, bales out his boat in goes back for another load.

Along the banks of Newtown creek are probably more oil refineries than there are along any other stream in the world. The surface of the water never is ruffled, even in the severest storms, it is so thickly coated with a long, wide ribbon up and down the East river with the movement of the

The man with the blanket is col lecting 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 oil that he gathers thus he sells at a price somewhat below that which the Standard charges to its

The Standard Oil Company claims rest there half a minute, perhaps that its vast profits are due primarily three-quarters of a minute, and then to the rigid economies of its business. hauls it in and wrings it dry, twisting but it never has been able to eliminate it in his powerful hands, just as a entirely this flow of its product into woman would a sheet from the wash- the adjacent stream. Possibly it thinks tub. He is not washing the blanket, that the collections of this oil would however-the waters of Newtown be too minute an economy for even

This man with the blanket is known wrings from it he is careful to let all along the waterside as the "skinner." This is partly because he skins He does this over and over again the river of its oil and partly because until the bottom of the boat is half he is unique; he skins the Standard

## Vanderbilt Gives Ball in Horse Ring



N the great training ring where Alfred G. Vanderbilt exercises his horses at Oakland farm, Newport, there was prancing and caracoling by two-legged beings the other night. Blue-blooded quadrupeds gave place to bipeds who also claim pedigrees. In elaborateness this Vanderbilt ball was above any similar festivity in Newport

Indeed, the millionaire colony at midnight was calling Vanderbilt "a life-saver," for he had achieved the feat of bringing gayety into a summer as the most deadly dull period of sup-

prominent Newport summer residents hour and for the dancing.

and a group of the host's friends, who came from this city. The whole farm was illuminated with electric lights and all of the buildings and the main house were open for the use of the guests. In the elaborate scheme of decorations, scarlet and white, the Vanderbilt colors, predominated everywhere. The dancing took place in the trophy room at the end of the big building, where a special floor had been laid.

The guests were received by Vander bilt and Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt The cotillon was led by Worthington

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 that was just about to go into history among these the supper tables were set. The paths between the tables posed enjoyment ever known in the were graveled and sod-lined, giving greatest of American watering places. the impression that the supper was The guests numbered at least 200, being served in an Italian garden. the list including practically all the Three orchestras played in the supper

## 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, the equipped apartment house in the world will be ready for occupancy. It will occupy the block bounded by Eighty-sixth and Eighty-seventh nue, and will consist of 175 apartand the highest \$6,000.

vidual use. There will be no cold ments.

storage apparatus, as it is commonly understood, but there will be a system of refrigeration, and an apparatus for cooling in summer unlike anything now in existence. Each apartment will contain quarters for not less than two servants. There will be four imlaundries for the accommoda tion of terants and each suite of apart ments will be provided with a separate steam clothes dryer-an innovation not introduced elsewhere. The cost of the building will be about \$3,000,000.

The project takes in a tremendous scope in its general architectural features, as well as in its individual planlargest and the most perfectly nings. The first two stories will be of Indiana limestone.

The most striking feature of this great collection of houses within a house will be the courtyard, fashioned streets, Broadway and Amsterdam a.e. partly after the Spanish patio, or the more familiar Italian garden. The ments, in a 12-story building, and a main entrance will consist of a double population of at least 1,000 persons. driveway from Eighty-sixth street. The The lowest rental will be \$2,000 a year | courtyard itself is to be a rectangle of 250x100 feet. There will be a side-An electric plant equipped with de- walk dotted with entrances into the vices not now in operation anywhere various apartments that abut on the will supply heat and illumination, open space, a double driveway paved Each apartment will be supplied with with oaken blocks and a central lawn, a refrigerating plant, so that "table which in the summer months will be ice" can be manufactured for indi- used for various forms of entertain-

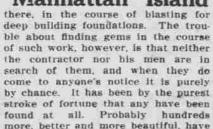
## Gems Plentiful on Manhattan Island



T HOUGH 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, oftentime of no small value. Even 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.

The gold is not in sufficient quantities to make a prospecting expedition worth while, as at best it will not run over two dollars a ton in value; but it exists nevertheless. There have been discovered also nearly 120 different varieties of gems stuck on the rocky ribs of Manhattan. Garnets take the lead of all. A few rubies and sapphires have been found, but they seldom are of great value. With garnets,

however, it is quite another thing. In Twenty-fifth street, near Broadway, there was discovered, not so very long ago, one of the most beautiful as well as one of the largest garnets in the world. It was unearthed in the course of digging a sewer. The vicinity of Madison square has proved who have a casual knowledge of minmight not be some day discovered low."-Royal Magazine.



## NOT REALLY KIND.

been carted away with loads of rock.

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 littlethat you admire certain qualities of

"Yes," shyly responded the young lady "And may I ask," he continued, in a tone of emotion, "what those quali-

ties are?" "I can hardly explain," said the young lady bashfully, "but I think it is because your head is so mellifluent-

I can't express it more clearly.' "And you can never know how appreciate your high opinion," claimed the happy bachelor, as he pressed her hand. He didn't know just what "mellifiuent" meant, but he was sure it was the synonym for some a fairly rich garnet field, a good many thing grand and ennobling; and, when having been brought to light in that he bade her good night, he rushed neighborhood. Some old exeavators cagerly home, excitedly took down the dictionary, and turned feverishly to erals say that it would not be sur- the endeared word. His blood changed prising if a garnet mine of fair value to ice as he read-"smooth, soft, mel-

### 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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horses of the settlement had been stolen, one after another, with consummate daring and cunning, and, walked all over; but, mad as a hornet, now that they had the guilty party in he was not the last to reach the lotheir power, were they to let him go cality of the hanging. because to hang him would be an unpleasant duty?

you wouldn't like to lose, just step shirt on, I'll hang for stealin' the

over here. Nine of the ten came from under the tree and gathered beside their leader in the open. The tenth manthe 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

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 The leader smiling, said: "Stranger,

were you ever hanged?" The Man under the Tree made a deprecatory movement. "Only twice,"

"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 lariat 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 lariat was thrown over a strong limb of the

"Gently, boys!" cautioned the lead-"Gently! He comes of good famly and perhaps if he hadn't been a hoss thief he had been a honor to the community. Gently!"

The body of the prisoner was drawn up, the loose end of the lariat 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 its expression. How ever, they did not wish to.

"Too had." murmured the leader "that his 'education was neglected But it's too late now, boys, for morasuasion!

The others silently nodded their heads in confirmation of this quorum, and mounting their horses rode hastily away with the bay of Wilkins Arriving at the settlement, about

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 Andin' a long lost daughter." But the whisky being strong and the

Tree and the bay horse, and not until saddle. Wilkins himself came walking into the Red Dog did the incidents of the earlier forenoon again recur to

"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 Irishman, found speech, and many bay; not my wife?"

"Well," rejoined Wilkins, hitching uneasily, "I mught as well let the cat out o' the bag before it's got kittens. sold Bess this mornin' to-

The sentence was never finished, or its end fairly drowned in a chorus of "Hell!"

"Can't a man sell his own horse?" demanded Wilkins. A glass of raw spirits whizzed over

posite wall. ye got no more judgmint than to sell bad-Myself!" a horse widout first tellin' ivery man wid a rope fur twinty miles aroun'! Ain't-ugh!" broke off the speaker, reaching for another glass to throw jaw, you fish widout the light av in-

"What's the matter?" demanded

the man ye sol' Bess to, for a hoss | prise.

It would be a grim, unpleasant piece thief! Quick, boys, let's cut him down of work, to be sure; but what else and give him respictful burial fore could they do? The most valuable he's had the time to be insulted!" There was a wild break for the door and Wilkins went down and was

"You're a pack of fools!" he shouted to his companions. "And the next "Boys, all of you that have a horse mother's son of you I catch with a

> The Irishman almost wept. "Boys, twas an error av judgmint and not av heart. Cut him down and tell him

The face of the Man under the Tree had swung around to the west, and, as the little body of remorseful settlers drew near, a peaceful smile "Well, boys," demanded the leader, gathered upon the hanged man's lips and suddenly his eyes opened wide and looked down at those beneath.

"Holy saints in hivin!" cried the Irishman, kneeling in his saddle. Look at him!" One of the eyelids of the Man under the Tree trembled and for a moment

closed over the eyeball. The spectators could scarcely believe their own eyes. The Man under the Tree was

"Cut him down!" thundered Wilkins.

"Cut him down yoursilf," groaned the Irishman. "The divil I'll touch it. At these words a shudder went amongst the men and each seemed

without the power of motion. Wilkins braced himself in his seat, ook steady, deliberate aim at the lariat just above the head of the hanged man, and fired. The hair thong parted as clean as from a knife cut, and the Man under the Tree landed in the soft earth, upright and rigid on his feet, instead of falling prone, as a decent corpse would have done. It was with the greatest doubt and repidation that the others watched Wilkins as he freed the Man under the



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 half a mile distant, the stern body limbs, cleared his throat, licked his congested lips, and, singling 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 playing high, the men soon forgot legs, like some queer kind of game, all about Wilkins, the Man under the tentacles, thrown across his horse's

> Witkins, not having seen the man hanged, was less affected than the others, and he was the first to find

"We owe you an apoldgy, sir," he began, rather lamely,

The Man under the Tree held up his hands deprecatingly. "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 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, his head and crashed against the op- | cried: "Gentlemen, a toast! Here's to the man who likes whisky when it's "Why, you lop-eared coyote, ain't good and men when they're a little

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, at Wilkins. "You clam wid the lock- for his windpipe is silver, and the rope only tickles him and makes him

laugh-Myself!" There was a crash of broken glass, Wilkins, keeping a sharp eye on the and the Man under the Tree drank the toast alone, for those about him "Why, you of pirate, we've hanged had let drop their flasks in she r sir-