

New News of Yesterday

by E. J. Edwards

Barnum Was Flabbergasted

Amusing incident of the Campaign When the Great Showman and Humbucker Was Seeking Election to Congress.

The last man you'd ever expect to be flabbergasted at anything was P. T. Barnum, who gloried publicly as well as privately in the fact that his business was that of humbugging the American people. Yet there came a time in the course of his election to Congress in 1886 when the great showman was actually so flabbergasted for a few moments that he was actually stricken speechless.

Some years before he became obsessed by congressional aspirations, Mr. Barnum was engaged in the personally deleterious task of exploiting Tom Thumb. To do this in the way that he had planned he needed more ready money than he possessed, and looking about for a man who had it and was willing to lend it, he came across the late Chauncey Goodrich, a well-known Connecticut clockmaker whose father had been a clockmaker before him—who had, in fact, invented the famous Connecticut clock, so called. To Mr. Goodrich Mr. Barnum gave a series of demand notes to secure the loan.

As time went on it became known, somehow, that Mr. Barnum had negotiated a loan of Mr. Goodrich and had given notes for it. In time, also, Mr. Goodrich's affairs so shaped themselves that he would have been glad to demand payment of the notes, but he refrained from doing so because of his friendship for the borrower and his belief in Mr. Barnum's intention to take up the paper when he became able. Thus the matter stood between the two men and was known to many of their mutual friends and acquaintances at the time Mr. Barnum was to be given a great send-off at a banquet as the Republican candidate for Congress against another Barnum of a totally different make-up—the late William H. Barnum, a wealthy iron manufacturer who afterward became a United States senator from Connecticut and chairman of the Democratic national committee.

The banquet in honor of the showman was a great success. The leading Republicans of the district were there, and there were also several leaders from beyond its bounds. Finally, the toastmaster called upon "our honored guest, our distinguished fellow-

low citizen, that public-spirited son of Connecticut whose name is known all over the English speaking world, and who is now our candidate for congress," to make the speech he had promised the banquet committee in private he would deliver as the opening gun of his campaign.

Mr. Barnum rose and received the tribute of applause that followed with every evidence of complete inward and outward pleasure. Then his right hand traveled to the inside pocket of his coat—and came away empty, to be thrust into pocket after pocket without result. In to his hat Mr. Barnum looked, and under he table and in his chair. Then he gave a scornful shake of his head and cleared his throat.

"My fellow-citizens," he began, "I have prepared with care an address in which I meant to express my obligations to you for the honor you have done me tonight, and also to set forth what in my opinion are the issues of the campaign before us. There is great work for our party to do now that the Union has been saved and reconstruction begun. But, my fellow-citizens, I can't find my notes. I was sure I had them with me. I must

Was Saved Against His Will

Worden Would Have Been Killed on the Monitor if Not in Pilot House Had Been Wide as He Wished.

"If Lieut. John H. Worden, whom you know better as Rear Admiral Worden, had had his way, he would have been killed in the naval battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, instead of receiving the injury to his eyes which every school history tells came to him while he was gazing through the lookout hole of the pilot house of the 'cheese box' at the height of the battle," said a cousin of Admiral Worden to me when his distinguished kinsman's career was under discussion.

"While the Monitor was partly completed, the work upon it was being rushed day and night, so as to get it ready for the earliest possible moment to oppose the ironclad which the government knew the Confederates were building at Norfolk, Va., the secretary

of the navy, Gideon Welles, determined upon Lieut. Worden as the commander of the 'cheese box' and my cousin was asked to proceed to Greenpoint, Long Island, and make a careful inspection of the curious craft.

"On the morning after he received the order, the lieutenant reported at the shipyard of the Delamaters, and it was with very curious eyes that he beheld the little ironclad.

"Ericsson and one of the Delamaters took him all over the Monitor. He was intensely interested in the revolving tower and warmly approved of the mechanism by which it was made to revolve. The tower is absolutely impregnable, in my opinion," he declared. "I don't believe a shot could hit it square; any blow would glance off it."

"Lieut. Worden was equally satisfied with the various other parts of the vessel shown him, but at last he asked: 'But where is the pilot house? There must be some place from which the pilot and the commander can look out upon the waters so as to guide the vessel, either for navigation or into battle.'

"Ericsson took my cousin along the passageway beneath the deck to a point very near the bow of the little boat, and then pointed to a little tower-like projection reaching only about two feet above deck.

"That's where the pilot or commander will stand," he said. "That's your post when you are in battle."

"Lieut. Worden looked the little pilot house over carefully. He found the lookout hole and peered through it. At once he turned to the inventor. 'That's an absurdly small hole,' he declared. 'I insist that the slot be widened considerably.'

"That slot is just the proper width," replied Ericsson. "It would not be safe to have the opening any wider."

"Nevertheless, I shall insist that it be made wider. I will appeal to Secretary Welles and ask him to issue an order instructing Mr. Delamater to have a much wider slot made," retorted the lieutenant.

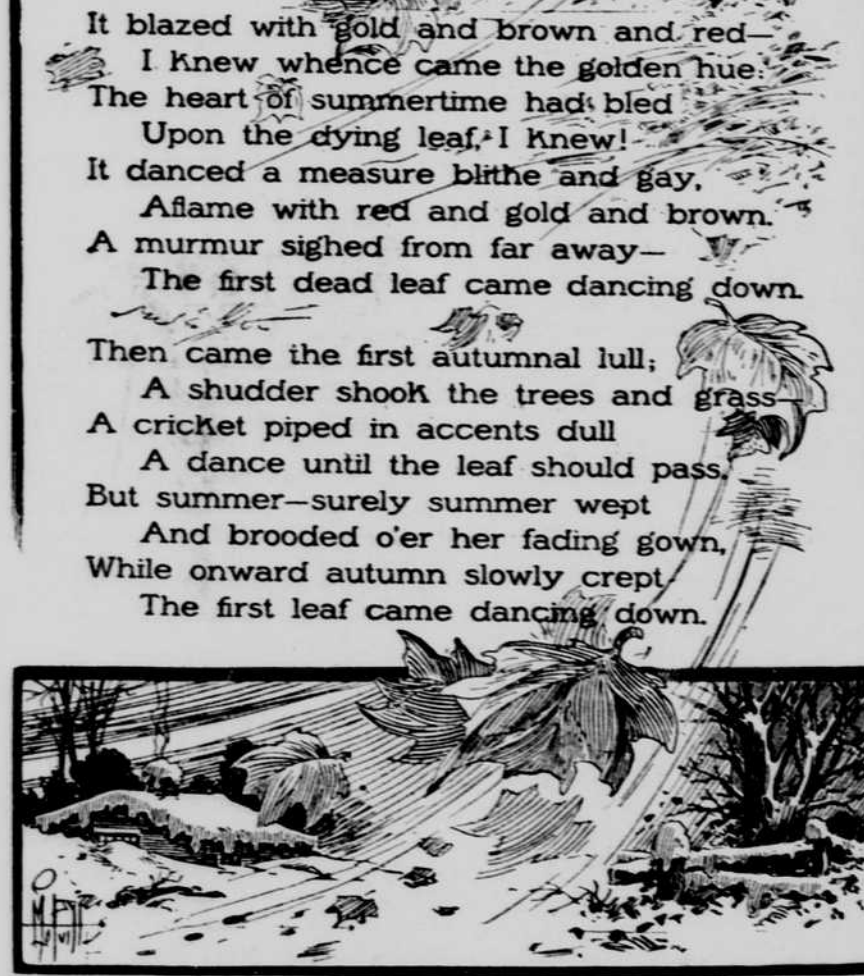
"Sure enough," continued the rear admiral's cousin, "when Lieut. Worden returned to Washington he made an urgent appeal to the secretary of the navy to order the slot to be considerably widened, and after much haggling an order was issued for a slot somewhat wider, but not nearly so wide as the lieutenant had contended for.

"Not long thereafter there was fought the battle that revolutionized sea warfare, and, as every school boy knows, early in the engagement a shell from the Merrimac struck exactly upon the pilot house where the slot was. It was a terrific blow, and through the slot and into the face of Lieut. Worden, who was looking out of the slot at the moment, a great amount of fine metal and powder passed. He fell back, mortally wounded, apparently, a fate that would undoubtedly have been his had he had his full way about the width of that slot. He was saved against his will. Still, for all that, had he not had his way partially, he probably would have escaped the serious injury that threatened for a time to blind him permanently."

"One stipulation. Two golfers at Pinehurst, one of them an amateur who had been runner-up in several big tournaments, were starting out, and a friend from Chicago, who was leaving that afternoon and had packed his clubs, started to walk around with them. 'You can go,' said the classy amateur, 'if you don't talk.'



The first dead leaf came dancing down
And all at once the skies were gray
While over countryside and town
There sighed a breeze that seemed to say
The knell of summer had been rung
The long, long days of peace were gone
That as an army's van outflung
The front of winter hastened on
The bees went humming to and fro
The flowers nodded in the breeze
The grasses laughed and whispered low
Their mystic, rustling melodies
The hollyhocks in stately row
Stood as do sentinels that frown
But none of all of them might know
The first dead leaf was dancing down
The first dead leaf—it fluttered by
In madcap leaps as though 'twere glad
But from somewhere there came a sigh
That drifted tremulous and sad
And for a moment all was still
Above the countryside and town
And suddenly the air grew chill
The first dead leaf came dancing down
It blazed with gold and brown and red
I knew whence came the golden hue
The heart of summertime had bled
Upon the dying leaf, I knew
It danced a measure blithe and gay,
Aflame with red and gold and brown,
A murmur sighed from far away—
The first dead leaf came dancing down
Then came the first autumnal lull,
A shudder shook the trees and grass
A cricket piped in accents dull
A dance until the leaf should pass,
But summer—surely summer wept
And brooded o'er her fading gown,
White onward autumn slowly crept
The first leaf came dancing down.



The time of the year is approaching when the average man begins telling how he used to shovel paths through eight feet of snow at four o'clock on mornings when the thermometer registered so far below zero that the mercury rattled around in the bulb like a mustard seed.

"That is the sort of man who will go out the first heavy snow and show his shirt and his undershirt. How in the name of time it gets there is a mystery as deep as the cause of the aurora borealis or the production of radium, but the fact remains that it gets there. The man will overlook it for the moment, however, and begin tossing great shovelfuls of snow to right and left, and he will be working like a steam plow when the old man who lives up street and who has a bad temper and rheumatism will happen along and get forty pounds of snow in the face. After the ensuing argument the average man will resume operations. By and by his back will begin to ache, his neck to be stiff and sore and his arms to feel numb as though they had been paralyzed since he was ten years of age. But he will stick to it, for his wife and children will be watching papa from the window, and the baby will be pounding the window-pane with its sticky fingers and gurgling gleefully.

"At last, after years and years of lifting and shoveling, the walks will be cleaned, and the man will straighten up painfully and start to the back door when his wife will open the front door and cry: 'You left a little bit of snow behind the horseblock, dear!'

Time Even All Things. Cityite (whose rumabout has been demolished)—What hit me? Farmer—No offense. I hope ye ain't hurted much. I guess ye'll remember me as 'th' feller whose wagon ye bust-ed a year ago, hey?—Puck.

He'll not go home this year, alas! to where the old folks are, to gaze across the withered grass upon the hills afar; he will not clamber from the train with bosom thrilled with joy, to hear the glad words once against "Ah, welcome home, my boy!"

Ah, yes, the old home stands today just as it did of yore, and oftentimes his thoughts will stray back to the big front door, and he will muse upon the times when he hailed it as home, ere he sojourned in foreign climes or beat across the foam.

With weary head upon his hands he'll dream about the lane, about the climbing rose whose strands tapped on the window pane; about the rambling little street that idled through the town where often have his boyish feet in gladness hurried down. He'll not go home this year, alas, though the old folks still are there, although the songs of long ago still echo free and fair; he'll eat Thanksgiving dinner here, and not go home, alas, because the laws are strict this year and he can't get a pass.

Confessing Failure. "You might as well say it as to think it," mildly remarks the patient wife to the grouchy husband, when the latter has slipped down the front steps and alighted on his ear amidst thuds ashes that had been thoughtfully spread on the sidewalk.

"Might as well say it?" growls the husband, getting up and picking a cinder out of his ear. "Might as well say it as to think it?" "Woman, I'm simply trying to think of something that would sound ten times as bad as it would if I said what I thought. This is a case where language fails and thought takes a back seat and passes the deal and quits the game."

Going Some. "How fast did his air ship travel?" asks the interested individual. "It made the last mile in less than a minute." "You don't say?" "Yes. That was the mile it dropped."

NOT A PENNY TO PAY FOR FULLEST MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Professor Munyon has engaged a staff of specialists that are renowned leaders in their line. There is no question about their ability, they are the finest physicians that colleges and hospitals have turned out and receive the highest salaries. He offers their service to you absolutely free of cost. No matter what your disease, or how many doctors you have tried, write to Professor Munyon's physicians and they will give your case careful and prompt attention and advise you what to do. You are under no obligations to them. It will not cost you a penny, only the postage stamp you put on your letter. All consultations are held strictly confidential. Address Munyon's Doctors, Munyon's Laboratories, 53d & Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

THOUGHT ONLY OF THE GAME

Filial Affection Lost Sight of by the Small but Enthusiastic Lover of Football.

Among the spectators at a match between the Blackburn Rovers and the Olympic was a little lad about nine years of age. Though the boy's knowledge of the game may have been limited, his notion of correct play was extremely robust.

"Go it, Lympic," he yelled. "Rush 'em off their pins. Clatter 'em. Jump on their chests. Bowl 'em over. Good for yer. Mow 'em down. Scatter 'em, Lympic."

When his parent nearly "grassed" one of the opposing forwards, the youngster expressed approval by bawling, "Good fer yer, ow' 'en," adding proudly to the spectators, "Feyther ad 'im sweet."

"Yes," said a hearer, "but he'll get tilted before the game's finished." "I don't care a carrot if he does," said the boy.—London Tit-Bits.

EXPOSURE BROUGHT IT ON.

Thousands of Soldiers Contracted Kidney Trouble in the Civil War.

John T. Jones, Pauls Valley, Okla., says: "The hardships and exposure I endured in the Civil War and when serving as a scout under Bill Cody,

brought on my kidney trouble. I was confined to bed for days and the pain through my back and limbs was the worst I ever experienced. The kidney secretions were profuse, filled with blood and burned terribly. I became weak and debilitated. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I improved and it was not long before I was a well man. Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Somewhat Indignant.

The two extra-specialists had pounced and sounded him, and felt of his pulse and tapped his frame till he could only lie in a cold perspiration of fear.

"Undoubtedly it's a case of appendicitis!" said specialist No. 1, gravely. "Undoubtedly!" assented specialist No. 2.

"But would he be able to stand an operation?" pondered No. 1.

"Ah, would he?" echoed No. 2. They dug him in the ribs again, and he squealed.

"Ah," remarked No. 1. "I think we ought to let him get a bit stronger before we cut into him."

"Confound your palaver!" gasped the patient, starting up. "What do you take me for—a cheese?"

Back to the Wild.

There was a time when all dogs were wild and when what we call wolves were different from other dogs only as a collie now is different from a Newfoundland, for instance. From time to time you will hear of dogs that have returned to the life of their ancestors and have run wild with the wolves of the prairie or of the woods. In the town of Sandy in Oregon, a greyhound one night made the acquaintance of a coyote, which is a kind of wolf, and ever since has lived away from the town, running with the coyotes and approaching human dwellings—places only to steal a hen or two when he has been more than usually hungry.

You Can't Tell by Faces. Cheerful Pessimist—Well, how's things these days? Dolorous Optimist—All right: Lots of work, money coming in hand over fist! Can't complain a bit! Cheerful Pessimist—Well, that's certainly good news! Now with me things are simply rotten!—Puck.

A girl is worth all it costs to raise her—and it always costs it.

MORE THAN EVER Increased Capacity for Mental Labor Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform, day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of ordinary coffee. An Illinois woman writes: "I had drunk coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely dependent; had little mental or physical strength left, had kidney trouble and constipation. The first noticeable benefit derived from the change from coffee to Postum was the natural action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steady. Then I became less dependent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength. I am steadily gaining in physical strength and brain power. I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue than ever before." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville, in pkgs. 'There's a Reason.'" Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They're genuine, true, and full of human interest.

NOT WORRYING.

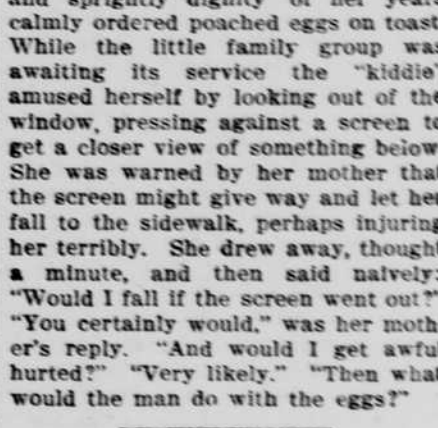
Guest—Scientists claim that in a million years this earth will be a mass of ice. Proprietor Summer Hotel—Oh! well, I'll be out of the summer-hotel business by that time, I hope.



His Specialty. "I hear that author friend of yours is making a fine living by his pen." "Yes. He's stopped writing and gone to raising pigs."

The spinster is handicapped in one respect. She can't tell all the things she knows the way a married woman can.

Your Liver is Clogged up. That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do your duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



44 Bu. to the Acre. It is a heavy yield, but that's what John Kennedy of St. Louis, Mo., got from 44 bushels of Spring Wheat in 1910. Reports from other sections of the West show that other growers who raised other crops this year got the following yields:—such as 40 bushels of corn on 40 acres, 30 bushels of soybeans on 30 acres, 20 bushels of clover on 20 acres, 10 bushels of oats on 10 acres, 5 bushels of wheat on 5 acres, and 3 bushels of rye on 3 acres. Write for best prices for settlement, settlers' low railway rates. Descriptive literature sent free. Last Best Western—its application and other information, send to: W. W. Bennett, Ottawa, Kan., or to the Canadian Government Agent.

At the recent Spokane Fair was awarded to the Stephens estate for their exhibit of grain, grasses and vegetables. They received the following yields for 1910 crop:—44 bushels of oats on 44 acres, 30 bushels of soybeans on 30 acres, 20 bushels of clover on 20 acres, 10 bushels of wheat on 10 acres, and 5 bushels of rye on 5 acres.



W. W. BENNETT 501 New York Life Bldg. Omaha, Neb. (Use address nearest you.)

Refused Wealth for Ambition

How Clement Tetedoux, Famous Teacher of Music, Rejected Offer of Russian Nobleman so That He Might Study Singing.

The late Clement Tetedoux was one of the best known and most successful of all the teachers of music who came from Europe to this country to take up the vocation of teaching. He settled in Boston in the early sixties, was for some years in New York and afterwards at Philadelphia and Chicago. Many who gained great success as singers received the greater part of their instruction from him, among them being Clementine De Vere, Mme. Jacobi, the contralto, and Dr. Carl E. Martin, one of the country's best known oratorio basses. Mr. Tetedoux died about six years ago, and his name will remain a tradition among American musicians for many years.

"When I last saw Mr. Tetedoux, early in the century, he was already 80 years of age, although his appearance would have justified a guess that he was not more than 60. He was erect, his step was active, his eyes very bright, his mind alert, and he spoke not merely correctly but elegant English, in the real meaning of that word, although often lapsing into something like French idiomatic expressions.

"When I have time to think a little," said Mr. Tetedoux, "I permit myself to reflect upon what might have been my career if I had not chosen differently when I was a young man. Let me tell you what I chose, and then you may perhaps be able to say to me: 'Mr. Tetedoux, you did not make any mistake.'"

"When I was a young man I was employed by a very rich Russian nobleman—as, very rich—as tutor for two of his sons.

"There came to Moscow to sing in opera three of the greatest singers the world has ever known. These were Mme. Grid, Mario—ah, there was a tenor such as never was before or will be—and Tamberlik. I went one

night to the opera. I was enchanted. That night I could not sleep. So I went every night, so long as these three sang in the opera at Moscow. I lived in the air; I told to myself: 'You must be a great musician. You must go to Italy and study.'

"So, a few days later, I went to the nobleman, and said: 'I go immediately to Italy. I go to study music. I am a born musician. I cannot remain here to teach any longer.'

"Then he said to me: 'M. Tetedoux, if you will remain with me two years, until you have prepared my two sons for the university, at the end of that time I will give you much money. I will not tell you how much, but I will give you so much money that afterwards you will not find it necessary to teach; you will be a gentleman, you will have enough for life. You know me, that when I say I will give you much money I will keep my promise.' "I know you will keep your promise," I said to him in reply, "but what is money to me? If I learn to be a musician, then I will make money. I must go to Italy."

"So I went to Italy to study, and I learned some other things than music. I learned about music, I could not sing like a great artist. Therefore, what remained? I must teach. And I have been teaching for nearly 60 years. All that time I have been pulling the devil by the tail. That is a saying in France which anyone uses who is hard up. I have made a living. I have educated my children. But I have pulled the devil by the tail all the time. Perhaps, if I had stayed with the nobleman and received much money from him, I should not have worked so hard, but perhaps I should not have lived so long. And the man who could have been rich and led a life of ease had not ambition fired his soul, sailed contentedly at me."

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Cross on Flodden Field

Memorial Unveiled by Sir George Douglas Is the Outcome of a Joint Effort by English.

Although Flodden was fought close upon 400 years ago it is only during the present week that there has been unveiled a monument erected upon the site approximately of the center of the battlefield. "To the Brave of Both Nations"—Olim Heroes, Nunc Fratres. Much confusion, writes a correspondent of the Westminster Gazette, has arisen heretofore from the presence of the reputed Sybil's Well with its inscription on Flodden Hill among the trees above Blinksby, where it had been placed, or rather misplaced, by the late Marchioness of Waterford, with entire disregard of historical accuracy.

The prevailing misapprehension concerning "King's Stone," another supposed site memorial consisting of an unhealed wound, has probably been perpetuated by it if it did not originate

in Scott's notes to "Marmion," in which it is alleged to mark the spot where James fell. As a matter of fact this was a very ancient tribal center or resting stone transported from some distance either mechanically or by glacial action and is situated about three-quarters of a mile eastward from the locality of the final scene of the battle.

The Memorial Cross, which was unveiled by Sir George Douglas, is the outcome of a joint effort by Englishmen and Scotsmen from both sides of the border. The idea of marking the site near where the closing tragedy of the battle took place originated three years ago with the Berwickshire Naturalists' club.

With regard to the numbers that took part in Flodden, although the Scottish army assembled in August on the Borough Moor of Edinburgh is computed to have numbered in all 100,000, the camp of James on the morning of September 9 did not con-

tain probably more than 35,000. But these comprised the flower of the Scots army. The numbers of the two forces which faced one another, though at first largely in favor of the Scots, were probably pretty well equalized after the dramatic disappearance of Home and Huntly's division of 8,000 to 10,000 men shortly after the beginning of the battle.

The arm mostly used by the Scots was a kene and sharp spear fifteen feet long. Targets also were carried by them and when the spears failed they fought with "great and sharp swords." Flodden was the last field upon which the bows of yew and clothyard shafts were employed by the English.

One Stipulation. Two golfers at Pinehurst, one of them an amateur who had been runner-up in several big tournaments, were starting out, and a friend from Chicago, who was leaving that afternoon and had packed his clubs, started to walk around with them. "You can go," said the classy amateur, "if you don't talk."