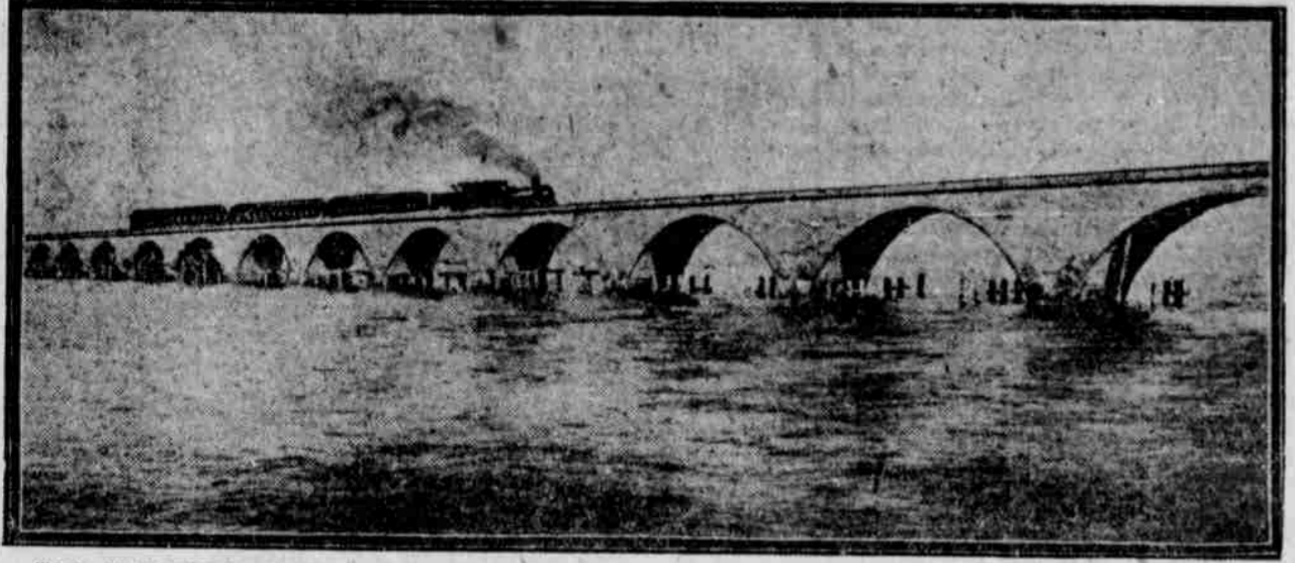
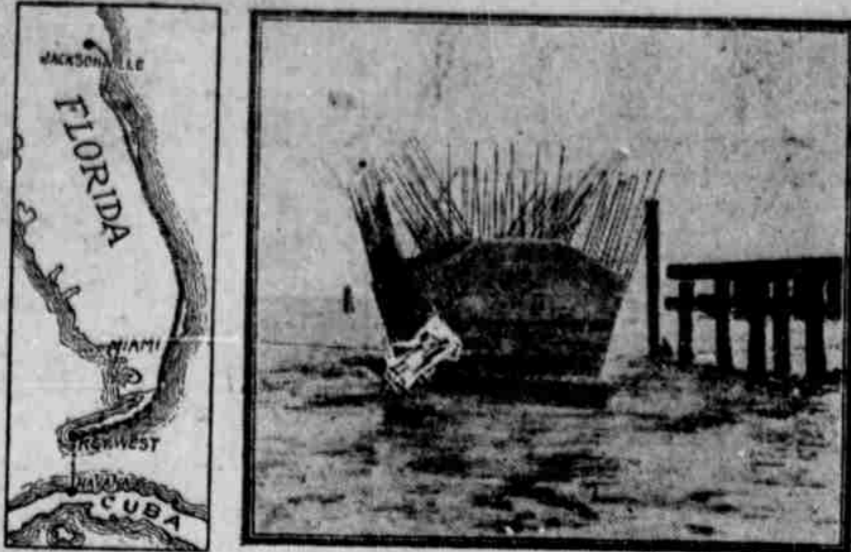


**THE GREATEST ENGINEERING FEAT OF THE WORLD IS REALIZED.**

The dream of Henry M. Flagler's life, the world's greatest engineering feat—the extension of the Florida East Coast railway through the ocean to Key West—has been consummated, and regular train service from New York to this most southerly point of the United States is a reality.

Until ten years ago the nearest hope for Key West was Tampa, 250 miles up the gulf. Then the Flagler railroad was pushed to Miami 157 miles up the east coast. But no man dreamed that the coral reefs and mangrove swamps known as the Florida keys, at the end of which is Key West, would ever be hitched to Florida by bonds of steel and concrete.

In three years, J. R. Parrott, general



TOP: MAP SHOWS ROUTE OF WONDERFUL RAILWAY—HOW A CONCRETE ARCH WAS STARTED. BOTTOM: A VIEW OF A SECTION OF THE OCEAN VIADUCT.

manager, and J. C. Meredith, construction engineer, have spent \$15,000,000 of Flagler's money in bridging the 130 miles of ocean, coral reefs and mangrove swamps. They have built a steel reinforced concrete sea wall which rises 30 feet above high water mark. Over this runs a single track railway. Some of the keys are so far apart that the passengers are out of sight of land, going to and fro on tracks supported by concrete arches which divide the ocean and the gulf of Mexico.

Before they began bridging the keys the engineers had to force their way through the Everglades, building 50 miles of embankment by means of dredges which created their own channels as they piled up the dirt.

At one time the constructors had

to charter every available freight steamer on the Atlantic coast, carrying supplies south. The crushed rock for the viaducts filled 80 tramp steamers, and the cargoes of steel, lumber, concrete and supplies shaded the seaboard with a trail of smoke.

The care of 5,000 men far from the mainland was itself a serious problem, but was solved with houseboats. In October, 1906, a hurricane swept away the floating houses and claimed the lives of 130 laborers, but the work was pushed ahead.

The shallowness of the water made it possible to throw up mile after mile of embankments by means of suction dredges, but also made transportation difficult. Light draft launches found it impossible to approach many keys on

which hundreds of men must camp. Mississippi river steamers, capable of navigation in heavy dew, went aground. Handicapped by lack of coal and fresh water, Engineer Meredith hitched a battery of gasoline engines to work his dredges, set them up on barges and when sufficient water was found they remained at sea. When there was not enough water they were yanked ashore, mounted on wheels and slid along the steel rails.

Ever since construction began "booze" boats were a menace. Falling to keep the rum sellers away by pacific means, a dynamite and rifle war was commenced and many a "booze" boatman dived overboard just as his craft descended under the influence of a stick of dynamite.

**THE LOST SHEEP.**

De massa ob de sheepfol',  
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,  
Look out de gloomerin' meadows  
Whar de long night rain begin—  
So he call to de hissef' shep'd,  
Is my sheep, is dey all come in?  
Oh, den says de biredin' shep'd,  
Dey some dey's black and thin,  
And some dey's po' ol' wedda's,  
But de res' dey's all bring in.  
Bui de res' dey's all bring in.

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',  
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,  
Goes down de gloomerin' meadows,  
Whar de long night rain begin—  
So he le' down de ba' ob de sheepfol',  
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in,  
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in!

Den up 't'ro de gloomerin' meadows,  
'T'ro de col' night rain and win',  
And up 't'ro de gloomerin' rain pat,  
'War de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,  
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',  
Dey all come gadderin' in;  
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',  
Dey all come gadderin' in.  
—Silly Pratt Maclean.

**The Ambulance Chaser**

Shannon had been smashed up by a trolley accident. He was lying in bed in his miserable one room shanty, where the surgeon had placed him after his refusing to go to the hospital. His arms, both of which were broken, lay limp in his lap; and his head was swathed in cloths. His back pained him so that he tried to shift his position, only to give up after inflicting greater agony. Suddenly, his restlessness abated, and he listened.

"Come in," he said, when his clouded brain comprehended that it was a knock at the door.

A gimlet-eyed young man crept in and noiselessly made his way to the bed.

"Are you Mr. Shannon?" he inquired. The other nodded his head. "You were injured to-day on the Young Street trolley. You know, you can make the trolley company pay handsome for inflicting these injuries on you. I'm a lawyer, and I'll take your case for you so that it won't cost you anything unless we recover what we sue for."

Shannon only partly comprehended what was said. He understood enough to know that this young man undertook to do something with the railroad whereby he would be paid for all the trouble and injuries he had suffered. Why he should take this trouble, he did not know; why this young man, a perfect stranger, should help him, his brain was too clouded to comprehend. Nor did his wife, who sat mutely in the corner, understand what was taking place any more than he. Before either of them were aware of it, the young attorney was walking away with Shannon's mark affixed to the end of a paper.

He had been gone less than an hour, when they were again disturbed by a knock at the door, this time loud and uncouth. A young fellow carrying a satchel pushed his way into the room before either had spoken. He walked straight to Shannon's bed.

"Your name Shannon?"

Shannon nodded.

"Well, I'm claim agent for the railroad on which you were injured to-day. We're willing to pay you liberally for your injuries," he said, gruffly.

"A lawyer man was just here, sir. He made me sign a paper and said he



HOW MUCH WILL YOU TAKE?"

bills, and as suddenly the claim agent placed them in his fingers. Shannon's fingers crushed them with feverish delight. The claim agent produced a paper and fountain pen and proffered them to Shannon. The latter looked dully at the paper for a moment, then his eyes took on a look of fire. His teeth suddenly came together with a snap, and he threw the bank notes into the face of the claim agent.

"Get out of me house!" he cried. "I'll not take it. I'll not sell out me friend." The claim agent was furious. He picked up the scattered notes, put them into his satchel and started for the door.

"All right," he said. "You'll regret this. We'll fight you to the limit."

All day Shannon lay in bed. His wife, worn out by this added care, fell into a sound sleep. About dusk a faint knock on the door was followed by the entrance of the same young man who had been there earlier in the day. He noted the condition of the wife, and

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A son of consumptive parents is held, in *Grover vs. Zook* (Wash.), 7 L. R. A. (N. S.), 582, not to render himself liable in damages for refusal to perform his promise to marry a woman afflicted with pulmonary consumption, although he knew at the time of making the promise that she was so afflicted—at least where such marriage would violate the spirit of the statute against the spread of such disease.

A homestead settler who, after the death of his wife pending the homestead period, commutes the homestead entry, and, upon paying cash for the land at the government price, receives a patent therefor, is held, in *Cunningham vs. Krutz* (Wash.), 7 L. R. A. (N. S.) 967, to acquire the absolute title, free from any homestead interest under the laws of the State, which might pass by the will of the deceased wife.

To bring a homicide within the statute defining murder in the first degree as one committed with deliberately premeditated malice aforethought, it is held, in *Com. vs. Tucker* (Mass.), 7 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1056, that all that is necessary is that a resolution to kill must have followed deliberation and premeditation, and that the killing must have been in pursuance of the resolution, regardless of the rapidity with which the commission of the crime followed its first suggestion.

**WAVE BOUGHT ALDEN HOUSE.**

Descendants of John and Priscilla Alden Owners of Old Homestead.

The Alden kindred of America, which comprise descendants of John and Priscilla Mullins Alden of Duxbury, who are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, have at last obtained possession of the old Alden homestead here, says a Duxbury (Mass.) dispatch in the Philadelphia Record. The house has nine rooms and a number of acres of land about it. It is near the railroad station. During the 254 years of existence of this property it has always been occupied, with one exception, by a person named Alden.

The old homestead, according to the story generally told to visitors in Duxbury, was not built by John the Pilgrim. A site east of the present house is pointed out as having been the place where John and Priscilla dwelt, and it is commonly stated that the house built by John's own hand was destroyed by fire, and the exact spot is pointed out. John W. Alden, the tenth in a direct line of Johns from the pilgrim forefather, and now occupant of the old homestead, says this story is not correct. He declares that John and Priscilla occupied a house of which the ell on the present house was a part, and that timbers from the first house are now in existence in the present house.

The ell, which is a story and a half high, is undoubtedly older than the main house, which is two and a half stories, and has all the marks which distinguished the old-time Plymouth houses. There are the small diamond-paned windows; there are the beams, running across the low ceiling and throughout the house; there are the old-fashioned latches on the doors, the step-up or step-down between connecting rooms, the large square chimney, and many other old-fashioned and quaint characteristics.

The tiny "set-in" cupboards, in all the rooms, are things to make the modern dweller full of envy; the low ceilings make even a short person reach to see if it is possible to touch them.

A tiny bedroom on the ground floor is shown to visitors as the room in which Priscilla died, and it is commonly believed that John, too, died in the present house. The Alden story is that the house was built by Jonathan, the son of John and Priscilla.

**Effectually Squelched.**

The clerk in a dry goods store was waxing sarcastic at the boarding house table because the school teacher said she was tired. "I don't see how you have the nerve to say that," he said. "You have a snip. Your hours are short, and, although you say you have to look over papers in the evening, I reckon you don't have to spend much time on them. Then look at the vacations you have—a week or two at Christmas, another in the spring, two or three days at Thanksgiving time and then the entire summer. Look at me. I have to work eight hours every day, with only a half hour at noon, and once in a while I have to put in an evening at the store when they take inventory of stock. And my vacation! I get the legal holidays, two weeks in the summer, and during the hot months a half day off, and heaven knows what a good half day does! Gee! School teachers certainly have a cinch!"

During this harangue the school teacher listened carefully to the noise he made while he talked. When he finished she said sweetly: "Well, why don't you become a school teacher? There's no law to prevent you that I know of."

And the rest of the table grinned audibly, while the clerk grabbed a toothpick and went out.—New York Press.

**Old Leprosy Laws.**

In the earliest code of British laws now extant—namely, that of Hoel Dha, a famous king of Cambria (the present Wales), who died about the year 950 A. D.—we find a canon enacting in plain and unmistakable terms that any married woman whose husband was afflicted with leprosy was entitled not only to separation, but also to the restitution of her goods.

**Her Ready Explanation.**

Manma—Jane, how could you be so indiscreet as to dance with that impudent young Featherly seven times? Jane—Why, manma, you see the two-step is soon going out of style, and I wanted to make the most of it while it lasts.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**LATEST IN FIRELESS STOVES.**

German Improvement Makes Frying and Roasting Possible by Cooker.

In reply to a Kansas City correspondent Deputy Consul General John W. Dye of Berlin furnishes the following information concerning the newest form of fireless stoves in Germany, says the Daily Trade and Consular Reports.

Fireless stoves, or self cookers, as they are variously known, have been in use in Germany for a number of years, so that they may now be classified as successful. The earlier types were merely boxes constructed with double walls, or by secret processes built so as to retain heat when sealed. These cookers, which are still on the market, are used as follows: After a thorough heating, food to be cooked (stewed or boiled) is placed inside the box, sealed and left for a sufficient time, when it is opened and the food, cooked by the retained heat, is ready to serve.

Recently a company here has improved upon the apparatus and produced a fireless stove that not only cooks, but fries and roasts. Profiting by past failures and successes the company has perfected a cooker that, although on the market but a year, has already proved very popular. Frying and roasting are accomplished in the new cooker by the use of a heated stone. The stone is thoroughly heated in an oven, over gas or any fire, and placed in the cooker with the steak or roast. The box is sealed up and left for an hour or so, as required, then opened, and the food is fully prepared and hot. In the double boxes all three processes may proceed at one time without care or difficulty.

The owners of the patent on this latest apparatus claim that the sales in the coming year will exceed 50,000 cookers in Germany and Switzerland.

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Something About What is Called Plant Intelligence.

As the animal is nearer to us than the vegetable, so is animal intelligence nearer akin to our own than plant intelligence. We hear of plant physiology, but not yet of plant psychology. When a plant growing in a darkened room leans toward the light the leaning, we are taught, is a purely mechanical process. The effect of the light upon the cells of the plant brings it about in a purely mechanical way, but when an animal is drawn to the light the process is a much more complex one and implies a nervous system. It is thought by some that the roots of a water-loving plant divine the water from afar and run toward it. The truth is the plant or tree sends its roots in all directions, but those on the side of water find the ground moister in that direction and their growth is accelerated, while the others are checked by the dryness of the soil. An ash tree stands on a rocky slope where the soil is thin and poor twenty or twenty-five feet from my garden. After a while it sent so many roots down into the garden and so robbed the garden vegetables of the fertilizers that we cut the roots off and dug a trench to keep the tree from sending more. Now, the gardener thought the tree divined the rich pasture down below there and reached for it accordingly. The truth is, I suppose, that the roots on that side found a little more and better soil and so pushed on till they reached the garden, where they were at once so well fed that they multiplied and extended themselves rapidly. The tree waxed strong and every season sent more and stronger roots into the garden.—John Burroughs, in *Outing Magazine*.

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"Here's a ambiguity for ye," he cried. "Little Mamie Rose sat on a tack—'no,' concluded the teacher, 'you don't have to explain a thing to the east side child twice.'—New York Sun.

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**Editorials**  
Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

**TRAGEDIES OF THE MINES.**

BULLETIN of the Geological Survey makes by its cold statement of facts a powerful indictment against the murderous methods of coal mining permitted in the United States.

The great increase in the production of coal in this country is not responsible wholly for the shocking number of lives lost in the mines. There has been a great increase in coal production in Europe also, and there the deaths have diminished, owing to the enforcement of laws for the protection of the men working underground.

There is certainly criminal neglect of some sort in our methods when the death rate of miners by accident has increased here from 2.07 per thousand in 1885 to 3.40 per thousand in 1906, the death rate from the same causes steadily declining in European countries during the same period.

Our coal mines kill nearly four times as many men per thousand as do those of Belgium, more than three times as many as the mines of France and nearly three times as many as those of Great Britain.

In no country of the world are the conditions for the safe extraction of coal so favorable as in the United States, and yet this murderous record stands against us as a result of neglecting the safeguards that ought to be enforced. We are not so strict as we should be in making compulsory the use of safety lamps. We do not limit as we should the charges of explosives that may be fired. We are not so careful as the Europeans in shot-firing at times when the mines are unoccupied except for the presence of the expert shot-firers.

Taking this bulletin of the Geological Survey as a guide, the laws of every coal-mining State should forbid many of the practices tolerated in our own mines, and command the observance of the rules and precautions quoted from the laws of European countries. Our list of criminal tragedies is already too long.—St. Louis Republic.

**AMERICANS WORK FAST AND DIE EARLY.**

PHYSICIANS have long been preaching the doctrine that American business men live too fast. With the telegraph, the ocean cable, the telephone and other modern facilities the man of affairs can do in one hour work that formerly would have occupied six. It might be thought his work-day would be correspondingly shortened. Nothing of the sort has occurred. The speed with which trade can be effected has simply accelerated his pace, and he not only works faster, but more hours than ever, with correspondingly increased business and responsibilities. To keep up this energy he eats too much—sometimes drinks too much—for a man who spends most of his working hours at his desk and takes no open air exercise. Physical deterioration is inevitable, and when a period of more than usual stress and anxiety arrives he is liable to succumb.

What American business men must learn is to slow down, take wholesome recreation, and, above all, quit worrying, even over real troubles when they come, whereas as most of them now worry over troubles that never come.—New York Herald.

**THE VALUE OF PREACHING.**

INDIVIDUAL cases, at least, the breaking down of the preacher by the cares of the administrator, seems clearly traceable. It may have happened in the old days that a clergyman was invisible all the week, and incomprehensible on Sunday; but to-day the trouble is apt to be that he is only too visible all the week, "running" the church, and exhausting his nervous energy in serving tables to such an extent that he is in speech contemptible on Sunday. You cannot play with a race horse and expect him to keep his speed. A man absorbed in business for six days cannot emerge as an uplifting speaker on the seventh. An orator must be plus who hopes to be a true master of assemblies—not one whose thoughts and spring have been drawn down to minus by exacting in-

**COMFORT FOR FISHERMEN.**

In the winter the fishermen on the great lakes of Canada build little cabins on the ice. In these huts they take up their quarters, and fish through a hole chopped in the ice in the center of the cabin floor. The fishermen sit close to their little stoves. These men can make quite a good living at a time when they would be frozen out if they did not go into these fishing camps. They can make from four to five dollars a day.

**AMBROSE CHANNEL.**

Why Gotham's New Harbor Waterway Received Its Name.

The name of Ambrose channel was given the new waterway by an act of Congress passed in May, 1900, one year after my father's death, says Catherine Ambrose Shady in the New York Sun. The action of Congress was inspired by the Legislature of New York from which the following is quoted:

"Whereas, During the last year Providence has seen fit to call from the midst of us the late John W. Ambrose of the city of New York, whose life of unselfish public service has proved of such inestimable advantage to the citizens of that city and of the entire State by reason of his securing new and adequate channels leading from the ocean into the port of New York, for the accommodation of our rapidly increasing commerce, he having for that purpose secured from the Federal government during the past eighteen years appropriations for the harbor of New York aggregating the enormous sum of \$8,000,000; and

"Whereas, Mr. Ambrose having held no public office, but animated solely by patriotic motives, to which he gave his pre-eminent abilities, by arousing general interest in such public improvements, not only of the harbor facilities of New York, but also of the water-

ways of the State at large, we now desire to give pronounced expression in this manner of our appreciation of his services; now, be it

"Resolved, That the State of New York recognizes with gratitude and warm appreciation the efforts of the late John W. Ambrose, and commends his unselfish labors for the advancement of trade and commerce."

At the instigation of many influential members of the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants' Association, the produce and maritime exchanges and the leading representatives of the large steamship companies, Senator Depew introduced the bill in Congress to name the new waterway Ambrose channel.

In conclusion I would say that my father was born in Ireland and came to this country with his parents when a very young child.

**Wanted Company.**

"Madam," said the doctor who had been called at 2 a. m., after examining the patient, "seal at once for the clergyman and also for a lawyer if you want to make your will."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the horrified patient. "Is it as bad as that?"

"Oh, there is no danger at all," replied the M. D. "But I don't want to be the only one who has had his slumbers disturbed for nothing."—Chicago News.

**INDISCRIMINATE CHARITY.**

HERE are thousands who need every incentive to honest labor that can be found, and they are readily demoralized by the spectacle of men enabled to live in comfort without any labor at all. Maladministration of the poor law is largely responsible for this state of things, but it is powerfully reinforced by the self-indulgence of the more well-to-do classes, who gratify their passing emotions and impulses by indiscriminate charity. The idle rich conspire with the idle poor to swell the tide of social demoralization and to encourage the unfit.—London Times.

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