

NOT TRUE CYCLONES.

An uphill fight for accurate English is being waged, year after year, by scientific authorities on the weather who object to having the tornadoes which rip through towns now and then, or carry away isolated farm houses, called "cyclones."

The man who finds himself convicted of ignorance every time he confronts a dictionary can take comfort from the disclosures of Dr. Leonard P. Ayres of the Russell Sage Foundation.

The king of Spain has ordered the buttons on the sleeves of servants who wait at his table cut off. This is because of an awkward happening at a dinner given by the king at the palace at Madrid to two eminent financiers.

Switzerland has rigged up a tall tower of a church so as to hold wire less communication with Elfer tower. Why didn't they simply run the wire up the Jungfrau and communicate with the United States?

Prof. G. C. Humphrey of the College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin, has issued a pamphlet giving the result of experiments carried on last fall with both tops used in combination with shocked corn for silage.

The riceless wedding is the latest if only the well-wishers would add the rice to the kitchen stores of the young couple, instead of heaping it on their heads, there might be some sense in it.

A scientist of Greenwich observatory is engaged in the task of counting the stars. When he gets through, some one will probably demand a recount to verify the statement.

A doppel come to judgment will be the verdict of the henpecked over the decision of that Baltimore judge who decreed that a man is no man who turns all his salary over to his wife.

Reports announce that Duke Kahana-moku of Honolulu had a desperate underwater battle with an eel, killed it, and lost his index finger. The duke must have a press agent.

A Rochester judge cut down a girl's allowance from her guardian for her trousseau to \$600 from the sum she declared necessary. Things are coming to a pretty pass when a dry-as-dust court knows better what is fit for a girl's trousseau than the girl herself.

The cynical soul of Diogenes would be delighted at the tribute paid the honesty of the country in the capital, where in the senate restaurant tinware was substituted for silver during the inauguration rush.

SAVED BY MADERO

Three Americans Serving Terms for Murder to Be Pardoned.

Taking Slayers From Vile Prison of San Juan de Ulua Was One of Assassinated President's Last Acts.

Chihuahua, Mexico.—After twelve years in Mexican prisons, liberty is finally in sight for three Americans—Dr. Charles S. Harle, Leslie E. Hurlbert and William Mitchell.

The murdered men were first insured for \$35,000. Harle, Hurlbert and Mitchell were in the life insurance business. The policies were made payable to Hurlbert and Mitchell, known respectively as Richardson and Mason.

It was through an investigation by the insurance company preliminary to paying over the \$35,000 that the fraud was discovered.

The three conspirators were convicted here and sentenced to death. For several months they were kept in solitary confinement in the state penitentiary here. The date of their execution was fixed for December 6, 1907.

When informed of this act of clemency Mitchell and Hurlbert begged that the death penalty be immediately imposed. They had heard of the horrors of San Juan de Ulua. It had been said that ten years there was equivalent to a lingering torture.

Doctor Harle comes of a prominent Texas family. His aged mother lives in Abilene, that state.

Soon after commutation of their sentence the men were moved from Chihuahua to the grim old prison of San Juan de Ulua, on a little island in the harbor of Vera Cruz, and for six years they were immured in the world. During the early part of their sentence they were confined in sol-

MILLIONS LOCKED UP

Kansas City's First National Bank Vault Wouldn't Open.

Business Done on Borrowed Money With \$3,600,000 Just Out of Reach—"Rather Annoying," Says Mr. Swinney.

Kansas City, Mo.—With \$3,600,000 in currency in its vault the First National bank for a few days ran its business on borrowed money.

E. F. Swinney, president, seized his hat and scurried over to the New England National bank, just across the street, and borrowed \$40,000.

Meanwhile safe experts worked on the vault. It has a time combination, but the fault is not with the combination. The big lever which throws the bolt after the time lock has marked the minute for opening the massive door will not budge. It is stuck fast.



Vault of First National Bank.

and until it could be moved the other mechanism is useless.

Experts finally bored through the door.

Experts finally bored through the door.

Kansas City, Mo.—Agreement, made this day between Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Webb of Kansas City.

TRIBUTE TO MISS HELEN KELLER



Blind Miss Helen Keller was a prominent figure at the New York flower show. The picture shows her receiving a bunch of American beauty roses from Mrs. John Macy, a member of the committee.

It was through the intercession of W. H. Atwell of Dallas, former United States district attorney, that Provisional President Huerta has agreed to pardon Doctor Harle as soon as certain records of the case can be looked into.

While they were in the San Juan de Ulua prison they met and became friendly with Col. Felix Diaz, who himself was confined there for several months after his capture by Madero's military forces at Vera Cruz. It is said that Felix Diaz recommended their pardon.

It was through the intercession of W. H. Atwell of Dallas, former United States district attorney, that Provisional President Huerta has agreed to pardon Doctor Harle as soon as certain records of the case can be looked into.

Washington—M. L. Dunlap of Jacksonville, Ill., tells how Nebraska was introduced as a speaker.

Washington—M. L. Dunlap of Jacksonville, Ill., tells how Nebraska was introduced as a speaker.

Washington—M. L. Dunlap of Jacksonville, Ill., tells how Nebraska was introduced as a speaker.

Baltimore.—In the adjustment of the many phases which have come up from time to time in the arrangements for the financial plans of the Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power company frequent cable messages have been necessary between President Aldred, who is in London, and the local attorneys and officials.

A message sent recently on this subject is said to have been one of the longest single cables ever wired from Baltimore.

It was between 5,000 and 6,000 words, and took up several hours' time in transmission. At 25 cents a word the cost of this message alone was more than \$1,500.

HER ASHES SENT BY MAIL

Then Scattered to the Winds in Milford Cemetery, According to Requests in Will.

Worcester, Mass.—One of the most unusual packages to be transported through the new parcel post was received by David B. Rockwood of Milford, Mass., a small can containing the ashes of Mrs. J. Fisher Stoddard, a former resident of the place.

The woman died in Caswell, Ga., two weeks ago and left a will stating that her ashes should be shipped to Milford and scattered to the winds in Vernon Grove cemetery. The ashes were scattered as directed by the will.

SHARKEY TAKES THE COUNT

With His Foot, Yellow Dave, Weight 120, Put Big Tom to Sleep After Boast.

New York.—"Big Tom" Shark, with da ship on da chest, once strong man wida fat lika da described banana, was sent over the knockout route in the rear of his saloon on East Fourteenth street by a little wiry chap weighing 120 pounds, 105 pounds less than his victim.

Tom's vanquisher was a member of an all night party seated around a table. The former pugilistic hero got angry when someone said he was a "has been" and declared he could still

far free legal aid bureau. It was signed before Miss Lois Cornforth, welfare investigator.

Several weeks ago a disagreement between Mr. and Mrs. Webb came to the notice of Miss Cornforth. She talked with them and an agreement upon certain matters was arranged. It was not specific, though, and the new one was made.

GAVE UP STAGE FOR BUSINESS; HAS NO REGRETS

NEW YORK.—I came to New York because I wanted to be an actress. I had my wish. I was "on the stage" and was more successful than the average actress.

I am staying in New York because I have got a good job as a stenographer. I am "off the stage" now. I am a business woman. And to say that I am glad that I made the change is putting it mildly.

"I have found that, for the girl who through force of circumstances has to make her own way in this world, the business office is so much more desirable than the stage that it is hard to make a comparison.

I was just twenty-two years old when it became necessary for me to begin to make my own living. In the little Ohio town where I had lived all my life I had achieved more than a local reputation as an amateur actress.

I had the talent, was well equipped both physically and mentally, and had the ambition to become a successful actress. My work in amateur theatricals had attracted the attention of professionals playing in our town, and for two seasons I had occasionally played minor parts in a summer stock company at a summer park.

Quizzed by the Chorus. "Go to little old New York; that's the place for you," said the professionals whose acquaintance I had made in this manner.

I did want to get started. I had \$50 in real money. I packed my suitcase, with my set of shoes on top of my skirts, and came to West Forty-eighth street to begin my start.

"Oh, yes," he said, glancing at my letter; "you're the one Tom wrote me about. Ever wear tight's?"

But he wasn't such a bad fellow after all. He told me that all he had was a change in a chorus, that I was pretty lucky to be offered any kind of a job, but that if I didn't want it he'd do anything he could for me—Tom's sake.

"They're putting on a 'Reube comedy road company,'" he said. "I think they'll last about as far as Rahway, but you might as well see 'em."

I took the letter and went to the second office. At first I thought that I had run into a department store where they were selling \$2 near-silk petticoats for \$1.98.

"You're old-fashioned, dearie, and that's a handicap in this business."

At the end of three years of being an actress I sat down and began to figure up. I was then twenty-five years old, mature physically and mentally, and, by the word of managers, a good actress.

I had suffered, actually, suffered—in the long periods between engagements, and so far as I could see nothing but some unforeseen stroke of luck could bring me the advancement necessary for the chance of a successful career.

Wrecks of Youth and Hope. All around me were the wrecks of youth and hope, women who were hanging on because they hoped and hoped for that stroke of luck to strike them.

After an hour the door opened and a boy came out.

"Nothing doing today," he said. Instantly there was a babel.

"But Mr. Blank sent for us; he said we were to be here today sure." The boy grinned.

A week later I got my first interview with this manager. He was fairly beside himself by this time, as his show was billed to open in New Haven in a week and he didn't have his company completed.

Pancake's Centenary. Vienna.—The centenary of the pancake, invented by Katharina Platzer in 1813, was celebrated with an elaborate menu and ceremony at the Double Eagle cafe.

The illegible letter upsets the saintliest temper. We all know people who fill rooms with their ideas or their facts and take it for granted that our leisure permits us to unravel the riddle of the writing.

When they left the bureau after signing Mr. and Mrs. Webb said they now were confident of a new happy

TALENT NOT KEY TO SUCCESS.

So I determined to make my talent win me my way. For the next two months I had a series of experiences that disgusted me. I sought employment steadily, but it was in the season when only cheap companies were being given work, and the two positions offered me were so much lower than the one I had just left that I could not accept them.

Finally I went on the road with a light comedy. My part was one that fitted me excellently, and I made something that resembled a hit. It cost me something in pride to do it, because the leading man was drunk every night and persisted in pestering me with his attention.

He said he would marry me as soon as his wife got a divorce. In the meantime I laughed at him and told him to take his pleas elsewhere. For the rest of the tour he did everything he could to spoil my scenes, but in spite of him I came to New York with something of a reputation.

Managers acknowledged that I was competent far beyond the ordinary, and several of them had good parts that were made for me; but what right had I to expect one of them? I wasn't a star. Who was putting in a word for me? Where was my pull?

My only qualification was my ability to play the parts successfully, and that wasn't enough. This is not saying that ability has not some small chance of winning recognition by itself on the stage.

The landlady in my rooming house on Forty-eighth street put it all in a few words.

"You're old-fashioned, dearie, and that's a handicap in this business."

At the end of three years of being an actress I sat down and began to figure up. I was then twenty-five years old, mature physically and mentally, and, by the word of managers, a good actress.

I had suffered, actually, suffered—in the long periods between engagements, and so far as I could see nothing but some unforeseen stroke of luck could bring me the advancement necessary for the chance of a successful career.

Wrecks of Youth and Hope. All around me were the wrecks of youth and hope, women who were hanging on because they hoped and hoped for that stroke of luck to strike them.

After an hour the door opened and a boy came out.

"Nothing doing today," he said. Instantly there was a babel.

"But Mr. Blank sent for us; he said we were to be here today sure." The boy grinned.

A week later I got my first interview with this manager. He was fairly beside himself by this time, as his show was billed to open in New Haven in a week and he didn't have his company completed.

Pancake's Centenary. Vienna.—The centenary of the pancake, invented by Katharina Platzer in 1813, was celebrated with an elaborate menu and ceremony at the Double Eagle cafe.

The illegible letter upsets the saintliest temper. We all know people who fill rooms with their ideas or their facts and take it for granted that our leisure permits us to unravel the riddle of the writing.

When they left the bureau after signing Mr. and Mrs. Webb said they now were confident of a new happy

salary was \$28 a week to start with. This was only half of what I had been getting on the stage, but there were no long spells of idleness between engagements. And that there was a chance for the future is proved by the fact that now, three years later, I am in charge of a department of stenographers and drawing \$45 a week.

But the fact which struck me most deeply, and which made me most glad that I had deserted the paint-stick for the pencil was the difference in the treatment accorded me. Why, it was like going into a different world.

As an actress—and simply because I was an actress—men had flattered me and had pursued me in a way that nauseates any woman of character. In the office there is a difference. The men who pay me attention here do it in the same way they would wish other men to pay attention to their sisters.

And the work—for the first time I felt that I had got hold of something real, something vital to this world, that I was doing something truly use-

"I'M IN CHARGE OF A DEPARTMENT AND DRAWING \$45 A WEEK."

ful. I found that there is only one test in the office—"make good." And a woman can make good fully as well as a man if she wants to do so hard enough.

Is the work in the office harder? No. Because it is regular work, has same hours, and in the end is not nearly so wearing. Is it as interesting as the work of the stage? To me it is much more so. It is real, it is a part of the big, busy, useful world.

And lastly, my life now has thrown me into contact with men who, when they begin to court a woman, have intentions and hopes of honorable and happy matrimony.

After all, that's what counts most with any real woman.—Grace M. Hall, in the New York World.

MISSIONARY AND HIS WIFE TEACH SCHOOL UNDER AMERICAN FLAG AT THE FARTHEST POINT WEST.

An island of volcanic origin, made up of bleak hills and frozen salt marshes; a short summer, the temperature averaging less than 40 degrees, when the tundra grass and lichens grow, and quickly maturing wild flowers, but most of the year a waste of snow and ice.

The plain, one-story schoolhouse, with living rooms in the rear, to which the wing has since been added, was built more than twenty years ago by the Episcopalians for a mission, at a cost of \$5,000.

About that time the missionary at Cape Prince of Wales was murdered by three of his school boys, and it was decided St. Lawrence and the idea was abandoned. Later the Presbyterians purchased the building for \$2,000.

In 1894 the United States cutter Bear landed a missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Gambell, at the schoolhouse together with a year's supply of provisions, coal and other necessities.

Responsibility. "Is Bliggins a man to be trusted?" In some respects, if he owes you something and says he can't pay you, you can place absolute reliance in his word."

Feel Anti-Alcohol Movement. Aix la Chappelle brewing interests report injury through the anti-alcohol movement.

Mexicans Fond of Cigarettes. Mexico uses more cigarettes than any other country in proportion to its population.

Machine Guns for Airships. Telegrams from Count Zeppelin's headquarters state that in consequence of the successful tests with machine guns from the upper deck of the new Zeppelin airship at Fried-

richshafen, all Zeppelins built in future for the German army and navy will be equipped with machine guns. The vessels now under construction are already being fitted with them.

It is asserted that the importance of the guns lies in their use both for defensive and offensive purposes against hostile aircraft.

Mexicans Fond of Cigarettes. Mexico uses more cigarettes than any other country in proportion to its population.