

FEW PRESIDENTS HAD MORE THAN TWO NAMES.

If Your Son Is to Occupy High Position Avoid Handicapping Him With an Undue Number of "Handles"—Cases in Point.

If you are cudgeling your brain for a suitable name for your son and have any expectation of his being president of the United States, don't handicap him by burdening him with more than one given name. Of the twenty-six presidents of the United States nineteen have had only two names each, while seven carried the weight of three names.

It is a significant fact that while three-deckers in nomenclature have risen to the highest office in the gift of the people, there has never been a case of a four-decker rising to this pinnacle of fame, although people have risen to great eminence in the common walks of life with four and even five initials to their names. Anyway, the facts in the case are that most of the successful aspirants for the presidential chair have sailed under close-reefed topsails.

Another fact is that presidents of the United States who have had three names were never re-elected—except in one conspicuous instance, that of Gen. Ulysses Simpson Grant. Those having a trilogy in their names who failed to be re-elected were John Quincy Adams, the first president with a triple name; William Henry Harrison, who died after having been in office only a short time; James K. Polk, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, who was assassinated, and Chester A. Arthur.

On the other hand, of the nineteen presidents who had only two names, nine, or nearly half, were elected to this high office a second time.

Viewed from the point of time one finds plenty of warning against carrying too much baggage for those intending to enter the troubled waters of politics. From George Washington down to the election of Theodore Roosevelt, a period of 116 years, it is found that for twenty-eight years of this period the presidential chair was occupied by men bearing three names, while during the remaining eighty-eight years the place was kept warm by men bearing only two names.

Wherefore, let it be known to all parents with baby boys that if they cherish hope of their ever becoming presidents of the United States, chances of a realization of these hopes will be increased by a curtailment of their names.

**Houses Not for Rent or Sale.**  
"Do you know that there are several hundred houses in Philadelphia the owners of which keep them idle because of the death therein of a member of the family? Is a real estate dealer this morning.

"In the territory where I do much business I can show you fifty houses that have been idle from one to ten years that you cannot rent for love or money. Many of them were deserted soon after the death of a member of the family, and were left completely furnished, the owners even going to the expense of renting another house to live in.

"A beautiful home belonging to an eccentric old lady whom I know was abandoned by her and her children because of the husband's death five years ago. Several times have I endeavored to induce her to rent it, but my efforts were unavailing. The interior of the house, I understand, still contains the beautiful furnishings it possessed when the family moved away. In fact, you can see the lace curtains at some of the windows. They have been turned yellow by the sun.

"Neither can you purchase the homes referred to unless poverty forces such families to dispose of them. Death alone holds the key of entrance."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**How He Won Her.**  
He had asked her to be his, but she had requested time to consider.

"It is not that I do not know my own mind," she explained to her dearest friend the next day, "but I am not sure that he knows his. This may be merely a passing fancy."

A week later he and she were riding in a Subway train.

"Isn't it glorious," she said, "to get to City Hall in nine minutes?"

"The time," he murmured, "is too short."

Just then the train came abruptly to a stop. "The car ahead has burnt out all its fuses," it was announced. Twenty minutes elapsed. So the watches said, but to some of the passengers it seemed three hours.

The lover whispered, "How fortunate! I should like to stay in this train forever."

Twenty minutes more passed. "Aren't you tired of this?" she asked. "Tired?" he said, "I never appreciated the Subway until now."

That night she accepted him. "I am quite sure now that he loves me," she said to her dearest friend.—New York Times.

**Court's Curt Decision.**  
Justice Scott of the supreme court in Manhattan has handed down what probably is the shortest decision ever put on record in that court. Mrs. Celia Schlessinger is suing Adolph Schlessinger for a limited divorce, for an allowance of \$250 a week alimony pending the determination of her action and a counsel fee of \$1,500 to enable her to prosecute the suit. "Denied," Justice Scott wrote on the papers, and Mrs. Schlessinger must continue her suit without either alimony or counsel fee. Mrs. Schlessinger is known as "The Queen of Diamonds" of the East Side and is wealthy.

**New Medal of Honor.**  
Maj. Gen. George L. Gillespie, assistant to the chief of staff of the army, has been granted a patent on the design for the new medal of honor. This is the final step to be taken by the officials of the war department to insure the exclusive use of this particular design to veterans who, by their valor on the field of battle, merited high distinction and were decorated by their country with the medal of honor.

## Braves Ghostly Anger

(Special Correspondence.)

Will Farmer Blais and his two fearless sons succeeded in lifting the hoodoo of a half century from their newly acquired home? This is a question which agitates the residents of Little Canada and the people of Marlboro, Mass.

Ever since the genial Canadian moved into the old Cyrus Felton house and induced his two sons to share the ghostly vigil with him the eyes of the neighborhood have been glued to the house, and the people who know have been waiting the outcome. Meanwhile, the new owner tills the soil, looks after his hens, smokes his pipe in seeming enjoyment, while over the place hangs dread superstition and an air of mystery that for years kept the place tenantless, and which even now prevents the women of the family of the owner from coming to live at the farm.

That settled it, so far as the owner and his family were concerned. They moved away from the house at once, and an old uncle was allowed to live in it rent free. He was taken to an asylum for the insane inside of five years.

Then the house was idle for five years or so, and finally Payson Brigham moved in. He stayed two years, with his wife and son, and one morning they found him with his throat

cut and lying near the open window. Then followed ten years when no one could be induced to live in the house. At last Morrill Brigham and his family moved in. They lived there apparently unmindful of the hoodoo until seven years ago. Then Morrill Brigham began to do queer things. He would stay up all night singing strange songs. He read many detective stories. Hawthorne, also, came in for a great share of his attention. He bought a banjo and learned to play it, taking lessons from a negro who lived in a little cabin about seven miles up toward Worcester.

When asked by his wife why he had such strange notions, he would say that he was trying to drive away the hoodoo. But he didn't succeed, and one morning they found him with a deep gash in his throat, stretched out on the floor in the suicide's room.

For five years after Morrill Brigham's death no one would stay in the house over night. Then Farmer Blais came along and saw the good land, the vacant house and a barn for a horse if he cared to keep one. He heard the story of the suicide room and the many stories of ghosts and mysterious noises heard by the passers-by late at night. But that only made the price of the place more reasonable in the market, and so he bought it.

And there the matter stands, an enigma to students of psychology. Meanwhile the genial Canadian farmer and his two sons are sleeping calmly at night, untroubled by the traditions of the self-destruction epidemic which cling to the upper room.

**Sulphur for Diphtheria.**  
Sulphur is one of the most efficacious and simple cures for diphtheria. All that is needed is flour of sulphur and a quill, and with these, it is said, one celebrated physician cured every patient without exception.

He put a teaspoonful of flour of sulphur into a wineglass of water and stirred it with his finger instead of a spoon, the sulphur not readily amalgamating with water. When the sulphur was well mixed the physician gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Sulphur kills every species of fungus in a man, beast and plant in a few minutes. Instead of spitting out the gargle the swallowing of it is recommended.

In extreme cases in which the above specialist had been called in the nick of time, when the fungus was too nearly closing to allow the gargling, he blew the sulphur through a quill into the throat and after the fungus had shrunk to allow of it then gave the gargle.

**Harm in Government Employ.**  
Senator N. B. Scott dissuades the young men of West Virginia from trying for clerkships in the departments at Washington. "Scatter to the winds," he tells them, "all ideas of securing employment under the government, but go out in the busy world, where you can touch elbows with hustling humanity. Don't coop yourself up in a musty government office at a bare living salary and permit all your energies to remain dormant. When the government employs have to go out into the world again they have but slight business experience outside of the dull routine of office and have habits which unfit them for vocations requiring energy and close application."

**Odd Breakfast Food.**  
Frank L. Stanton has many good stories of the South stored up in his memory, and most of them are short and to the point. One of the best and most epigrammatic concerns a Kentucky colonel who was just dressing in the morning in his bachelor home in Louisville. "Sambo," he called downstairs to his henchman, "go out and mow some mint for breakfast."

**Little Cholera in Turkey.**  
The cholera is now almost extinct in Turkish territory.

## Monastery of Trappists

(Special Correspondence.)

It was one of the great desires of a literary man of my acquaintance in Italy to be enabled to visit the convent of that austere order of Franciscan nuns known as the "Sepolite Vive," or "Buried Alive" nuns. He died without having his desire accomplished; but if he had been less exigent in the way of austerity he might have made acquaintance with the abbot of the Trappists, an order which is sufficiently retired and ascetic to gratify most men's curiosity in this special line.

With the Trappists the rule of silence is absolute—no monk may speak to another on any occasion. The exceptions are for the father abbot and the guest-master, for the procurator-general, that is to say, the business agent, and the lay brothers who receive and converse with visitors.

So many visitors to Rome have the desire of seeing a Trappist monastery, and of catching a glimpse, if possible, of one of these men whose silence is proverbial, that they are induced to pay a visit to the Tre Fontane.

The road to this suburban monastery leads along the river side, and as you look forward from beneath the shadow of the Aventine, one of the loveliest of the many lovely views of old Rome opens out before you. The rude ruins on the hillside support convents and monastic buildings that take the color of the ancient remains and assume a likeness even to the very tufa rock of the hill. Here at one time Honorius built the walls that fortified the Aventine, and in later centuries the Dominican order, established his brethren in the old fifth century church of Santa Sabina.

The Knights of Malta, whose heroic deeds lighten up the records of the middle ages, have their house and church all covered with designs of weapons of war, on the distant peak of the hill, and through the keyhole in the garden gate you may behold the celebrated view of St. Peter's over the river known as the Keyhole view.

**Basilica of St. Paul.**  
About a mile and a half still further on the road the grand new Basilica of St. Paul, replacing that ancient one which was burned down eighty years ago, shows its painfully plain exterior to the visitor and reminds him rather of a railroad station than of a Roman church. Within its walls your eyes become dazzled by the bright polish of marbles, the brilliant reflex of the mosaics with their golden backgrounds that shine with a sunny luster, the semi-transparent luminousness of the alabaster columns and pilasters, and the smooth marble floor which reflects as in a mirror the lights and shadows made by the sun in its daily course.

This is the tomb of the great apostle of the Gentiles, and the canopy of gilded bronze and alabaster and malachite and lapis lazuli that overshadows the altar bears an inscription in large letters of gilt bronze proclaiming his name and his fame; and beneath the altar, deep down below the level of the pavement, is the sepulchre that enshrines his remains.

From this beautiful church the road, after skirting the river for a time, here flowing amid flat plains bounded by low hills in the distance, ascends a hill to the left and passes through a barren and well nigh abandoned land. Scarcely a tree is to be seen; the earth is unkindly, and even the grasses and weeds so abundant in

other parts of the Campagna are here scant and sparse.

As you proceed through this desolate part of the Campagna down in the distant valley, you perceive a group of low buildings interspersed with the domes and facades of a church, standing in the midst of a very thick wood. This is the "tenuta" or settlement of the Three Fountains, now inhabited by Trappist fathers.

As you approach the quaint brown tiled gate house with its spacious entrance arch, the gate is opened to you and you are admitted by a Trappist lay brother, in a coarse brown habit resembling that of a Franciscan friar, into the grounds of the monastery.

**Diet of the Trappists.**  
The Trappist diet consists of vegetables only, and there are long intervals in the year when they eat only one meal in the day. They work either in the fields, or if the weather is unfavorable, they occupy themselves in reading or writing.

They rise at 2 in the morning to recite the office in church, and this is done all the year round. The prayers and meditations last till 4:30. Prayer and labor, simple living and high thinking constitute the occupations of life for the Trappist. At the Three Fountains he looks more healthy than the dwellers in cities who live in luxury and comfort. In solitude is the priest made perfect, said an early monk, and the Trappist seems to make good the saying.

**Unite for Entertainment.**  
Many of the congressional families find it hard to enter into the social life because of the lack of what is considered a proper place to receive calls. A group of ladies from one western state have surmounted this obstacle very cleverly for the last several winters by combining and engaging the parlors of a large apartment hotel, in which several of them reside. The arrangement proved a most pleasant and desirable one.

**Diplomacy.**  
Somewhat the worse for wear and tear, he was being escorted home by a friend.

As they passed a post on the corner he insisted on stopping and shaking hands with it.

"But that," urged his friend, "is a postman, and you must not interfere with him."

"Zat's right," was the cheerful reply, "musn't innerfere with 'Nited Shtates mails. Come 'long, ol' boy."

Thus one more bridge was crossed.



Trappist Doorkeeper.

celebrating mass here, saw a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and the souls of the just ascending.

The Church of SS. Vincenzo and Anastasia, simple and antique in its construction, with its plain portico with the red-tiled roof almost hidden by groups of eucalyptus trees, is notable among the churches of Rome for the austere and stately grandeur of its interior—so admirably suited for the austere order to which it now belongs.

The Church of the Three Fountains, though ancient, has been renewed out of all knowledge. It marks the place at which an ancient tradition points to the spot where St. Paul was beheaded. The legend tells that when the Emperor Nero reigned over Rome a decree went forth that St. Peter and St. Paul should be put to death. The latter was brought to the Aquae Salviae and bound to the truncated shaft of a pillar—such a shaft is in this church—and his head severed from his body. When separated from the trunk, the head made three leaps or bounds, and where it touched the ground each time a fountain instantly sprang forth, which continues to flow until now.

This is the tradition; and it is further asserted that the water of the



Capuchin Cemetery.

first of these fountains is soft and sweet to the palate and almost tepid; that of the second harder and cooler; the third is icy cold. The legend forms the subject of many works of art, but for power and quaintness and sincerity of expression few or none equal Shaufelein's picture in the Uffizi gallery at Florence.

**Unite for Entertainment.**  
Many of the congressional families find it hard to enter into the social life because of the lack of what is considered a proper place to receive calls. A group of ladies from one western state have surmounted this obstacle very cleverly for the last several winters by combining and engaging the parlors of a large apartment hotel, in which several of them reside. The arrangement proved a most pleasant and desirable one.

**Diplomacy.**  
Somewhat the worse for wear and tear, he was being escorted home by a friend.

As they passed a post on the corner he insisted on stopping and shaking hands with it.

"But that," urged his friend, "is a postman, and you must not interfere with him."

"Zat's right," was the cheerful reply, "musn't innerfere with 'Nited Shtates mails. Come 'long, ol' boy."

Thus one more bridge was crossed.

## When Dinosaurs Lived

Some footprints on a piece of sandstone plowed up in South Hadley, Mass., by a boy in 1802 caused much excitement. They were at first thought by the devout people to be the tracks of "Noah's Raven" made in the mud of the subsiding deluge. When some flagging stones were quarried in Montague for the streets of Greenfield in 1835, a less religious "Mr. Wilson" called them "turkey tracks." Then an attempt was made to decipher these scientifically by Dr. James Deane and the eminent scientist Prof. Edward Hitchcock, both of whom joined in the opinion that they were the footprints of prehistoric birds. As "bird tracks" they continued to be popularly known for more than half a century. But developments in ichnology and palaeontology throw a new light on these mysterious footprints on the sands of time.

Dr. Richard Swann Lull, associate professor of the Massachusetts Agricultural college at Amherst, the eminent palaeontologist, in a recent memoir issued by the Boston Society of Natural History, states that these footprints must have been made by dinosaurs. The fossils of American dinosaurs have been found mostly in the Rocky mountains, and that region has come to be regarded as the former home of these ancient monsters. It now appears that right here in New England this strange race of animals lived and flourished in countless varieties from the size of a small monkey to two or three times the height of a man.

About 15,000,000 years ago, according to Dr. Lull's calculation, the Connecticut valley was a tropical jungle, in which disported these creatures, more grotesque than can now be found in an African forest. These creatures, with the tail of a reptile, the body of an animal and the head of a snake, stood nearly upright on their hind legs and walked or ran with almost human gait.

**Ancient Beings of New England.**  
It was the red and gray sandstones and shales of the Connecticut valley that gave the numerous indications of the ancient beings that peopled this region in bygone days. "These indications," says Dr. Lull, "take the form of impressions of some part of



to call them, were used more for seizing and holding prey than walking upon them, is shown by the fact that the forefingers terminated in very sharp claws. A distinct feature of this dinosaur is its small serpentine head and the long slender neck of the same reptilian character. Its tail was slender and flexible like the modern lizard's. In these respects it was very different from the horned dinosaur, with large head and short neck. This also was a carnivorous animal of similar form was the large herbivorous dinosaur.

**Why Animals Rather than Birds.**  
Dr. Lull is very particular to state exactly what he believes these footprints to belong to animals rather than to birds. "The features which



the body, either of dermal appendages or dragging portions of the body, such as traces made by the tail; but by far the most numerous of all the prints of the feet, which render to the student a fairly complete knowledge of the size, proportions and habits of their maker."

Not only can the footprints and marks of bodies be seen on these slabs of stone, but the indentation of rain drops and ripples made by an ebbing tide 1,000,000 years ago. These impressions were baked in the plastic mud by a fierce tropical sun shining overhead and by volcanic heat from below. When the tide came in again laden with fine sediment the markings were covered up and preserved for future ages to discover.

Dr. Lull expresses the opinion that dinosaurs abounded in this region in great variety. Some were carnivorous and preyed upon small animals and fish in the shallow waters. Others were herbivorous, and browsed on the tropical foliage that then lined the banks of the Connecticut. Certain of

separate the tracks under consideration from those of birds," he says "are several, though all do not occur in each instance. They are: First the presence of a tail trace which is unquestionably reptilian. This may be a continuous serpentine impression or a series of short straight ones as though the appendage were raised at every step; or it may be a continuous straight line impressing during the whole of the animal's walk or just before sitting on its heels. The occasional impression of a fore foot is another distinguishing character, and the presence of irregular dermal scutes or tubercles upon the skin, though rarely leaving a record, is certainly not birdlike."

Though dinosaurs are shaped much like the kangaroo of the present time there is no evidence whatever among the footprints of a leaping dinosaur; that is, one in which both feet leave the ground at the same time. One very peculiar specimen of the Hitchcock cabinet at Amherst seems to have tried to stop so suddenly as to slide for a considerable space on its haunches before overcoming its momentum.

The largest of these erect walking dinosaurs of the Connecticut valley was the Otzoum, which had a length of twenty feet from head to tail. It rarely rested its hands or forefeet on the ground, sometimes dragging its tail and at other times holding it clear of the ground. This animal had a footprint twenty inches long and had a stride of about forty-five inches. Most of the footprints are much smaller, twelve to fourteen inches being the rule for the larger species, and dwindling down to tiny prints only an inch or two in length. The smallest marks are thought to have belonged to little dinosaurs no larger than cats or small monkeys.—Boston Herald.

**Banks Benefited by Advertising.**

Does it pay for banks to advertise? Five years ago some banks in Pittsburg, Pa., began to advertise, and recently they measured the results by comparing their business with that of banks that did not advertise. In the five years the banks that sought new business through printer's ink gained 28 per cent in assets and 85 per cent in deposits. The other banks gained 27 per cent in assets and 11 per cent in deposits. During the last year the former gained 22 per cent and the latter lost 7 per cent in deposits. The question whether it pays to advertise may not be entirely answered by such figures, but they are calculated to provoke thought.—Springfield Republican.

**Japanese Plants for America.**

The national plant garden near Chico, Cal., has received from Japan a large shipment of plants and bulbs, consisting of bamboo, the Japanese aspid plant, ornamental lily seeds, Japanese paper plant, cherry trees and orange trees. They will be experimented with in the effort to propagate and develop in this country.



REDUCED SIZE TRACK OF RIGAT FOOT OF A DINOSAUR

the footmarks show lizardlike characters, though no lizards have been known to have lived in so remote a time. Still other tracks resemble early crocodiles.

It is a curious thing that while dinosaurs long ago completely vanished from the earth, the crocodile has managed to live on with comparative little change in form or habits. But with the cooling of the earth's crust he has been forced to retreat southward, till the true crocodile is now found only in African rivers.

**Dinosaurs in New England.**

The first fossilized bones of dinosaurs found in the Connecticut valley were near Windsor, in 1818. Another skeleton was found near Springfield by Prof. Hitchcock and described by him in 1855 under the name of *Megadactylus*. In 1884 Prof. Marsh made another discovery near Manchester, Conn., of the bones of a larger