

"MASHING" IS BARRED

FLIRTING A MISDEMEANOR IN TENNESSEE.

A State Statute Aims to Suppress Too Ardent "Johnnies" — Measure Passed in Consequence of Their Amatory Attentions—Its Good Effect.

Tennessee has a number of laws peculiar to that state, but in this respect the "Johnnie" law, passed by the legislature in 1897, is entitled to first place. Previous to that time the presidents of the various institutions of learning in different parts of the state were at times compelled to call upon the civil authorities or the cities in which the colleges were located to pay their respects to the class of young men known as "mashers." Arrests invariably followed, and the boys were often assessed a nominal fine by the city judge or recorded, under the head of "disorderly conduct," or something of the kind.

Upon one occasion a number of young men from East Tennessee made a trip to Cleveland, the home of a large female college, and were soon caught lurking about the college buildings, flirting with the girl students. They appeared several times in an effort to carry on a courtship with certain of the young ladies, and finally they were arrested. After an effort on the part of their papas the "Johnnie" boys were released from custody and allowed to go on their way rejoicing. The leading educators of the state talked over the question of suppressing these youths and of securing the passage of an anti-"Johnnie" law in the legislature.

Their work resulted in the introduce-



SENATOR W. E. SMITHSON.

tion into the legislature by Senator W. E. Smithson of a bill for the protection of boarding schools and colleges for females, and the principals and students thereof. The first section of the measure made it "unlawful for any person or persons to wilfully and unnecessarily interfere with, disturb, or in any way disquiet the pupils of any school or college for females in (Author of the Anti-'Mashing' Law,) this state or the teacher or principals in charge, while on any public road or street, or in any building or structure, or on the school premises; nor shall any communication be had, for such purposes, with such pupils, or any one of them, either orally or in writing, or by signs or otherwise, and it shall also be unlawful for any person to enter such schools or colleges, except on business, without first having obtained permission of the principal in charge of same; and any person guilty of either of said offenses shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall pay a fine of not less than \$5 nor more than \$50 for each offense, on the first conviction, and upon the second and each subsequent conviction of a like offense shall pay a fine of not less than \$10 nor more than \$50 and be imprisoned at the discretion of the court, in the county jail, not less than ten nor more than thirty days."

Section 2 provided "that it shall be unlawful for any person, or persons, to loiter, wander, stand, or sit upon the public roads, or to frequent or unnecessarily pass along the same in such manner, with intent to annoy, vex, or distract the owners, lessees, or occupants of any premises in the state used for the education of females, or with intent to distract, annoy, or harass the teachers, principals, or pupils, or any one of them, as they pass along the public highway, streets, or alleys of any city in the state. Any person or persons violating this section of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined and punished in the same way, and to the same extent, as if convicted under the first section of the act."

Received a Check for \$6,500,000.

Mr. W. S. Stratton of Colorado Springs, Colo., has received from the Venture Corporation, Limited, of London, a check for \$6,500,000 in final payment for the Independence mine at Cripple Creek. Prior to its sale a year ago that mine had yielded a net profit of \$2,500,000. Uncovered are bodies how \$8,600,000, after paying \$1,464,000 dividends in nine months. The workings are less than 1,000 feet deep. Stock quotations place \$15,000,000 value on the mine. A year ago Stratton sold the mine for \$10,000,000, of which \$3,500,000 was paid down.

Tried to Freeze Nude Child.

What appears to have been a pre-meditated and deliberate attempt at child murder was brought to light when Charles Allen, a traveling umbrella mender, discovered an infant boy, about four weeks old, face downward, and nearly buried in the snow on the outskirts of Dover, N. H. The infant, which was crying, was in nude condition, with its clothing near by, indicating that the child had been stripped in order to hasten its death and laid down in the snow to perish.

The law has been a great benefit to the educational institutions, and now the boys who often used to appear about the campus and erstwhile the "Johnnies" had little to say upon the subject. A combine had been fixed up in the house to defeat the passage of the bill, because the leaders thought the enactment of such a law would be a piece of foolishness. Finally several female college presidents appeared and urged the passage of the bill as introduced. When the members of the legislature learned that they really wanted the law, the bill secured the hearty support of every member.

Mendicant—"Oh, sir, you don't know what it is to want bread." Mr. Young-husband—"I don't, hey?" I have you understand that my wife has been attending the cooking school, and I've lived for six weeks on angel's food, prune whip, charlotte russe and Spanish cream. I not only want bread, but I want doughnuts and apple pie."

at Knoxville was arrested for violating the law. It appears that the young lady to whom he was paying attention was his sweetheart and the arrest only hastened a wedding ceremony.

Educators say that the law is a success, but it is not very popular with the young men of the state.

ANIMALS WITH BROKEN HEARTS
Cases in Which Dogs, Horses and Birds Have Died from Grief.

There have been many cases on record of animals dying of "broken hearts," usually dogs and horses, and sometimes birds, says the New York Herald. Not long ago a young woman in this city, who owned a Gordon setter that was very fond of her, was married and moved to Lakewood. The dog was left behind and at once became inconsolable. He would eat nothing, and stood looking out of the window for hours at a time, whining and moaning pitifully. The dog was wasting away from exhaustion. Those who knew him said he was dying of a broken heart. When it was seen that he would die if he could not see his mistress he was taken to her. His joy at seeing her was extravagant, and he at once got better. His mistress came to New York for a two weeks' visit, and left the dog with the servants in Lakewood. When she returned she found him dead, lying on one of her garments. The poor brute, thinking himself again deserted, lay down to die, and could not be driven or coaxed from his place, neither would he eat or drink. A horse belonging to a brewery had been driven for years by a man to whom he had become much attached. One day the driver failed to appear at the stable, and another man was put on his wagon. The horse, however, refused to be driven by any one except his old friend, and after many trials he was put back in the stable, and another horse took his place. The horse continually watched the stable door for his master to enter. He refused to eat the hay and oats placed before him. Day by day he grew thinner and weaker. At last he fell down and could not rise, and died before his friend the driver returned to duty. The veterinary surgeon who attended him said he died of a "broken heart." Last summer a woman who lives in Harlem went to the country for a month's holiday. Before leaving she gave her pet canary, Dick, into the hands of the woman in the next flat to care for until her return. Dick missed his mistress the next day and, after a tender little song, hushed his voice and would sing no more. He ate very little and began to droop visibly. As the days went by he became simply a miserable little bunch of bones and yellow feathers. One morning the woman who had charge of him found him on his back, dead, in the bottom of his gilded cage. He had died of grief at the loss of his mistress. A hundred instances might be cited of animals who have died of grief at being separated from those they love. Did their hearts break, or was it simply exhaustion, due to lack of nourishment, the same as if they had been humans instead of brute animals?

SHOT BY A FOOTPAD.

He Thought Neighbors Were Playing a Practical Joke on Him.

H. C. Gooding of Los Angeles, Cal., former chief justice of Arizona, was shot at his door by a footpad. When two men called to him to hold up his hands the judge thought they were neighbors playing a practical joke. When he saw they were really in earnest the judge grappled with the nearest man. He was getting the better of the fight when the other robber shot him near the heart. Ten minutes after the shooting of Judge Gooding, the Rev. Peter Grant, a Baptist minister, was robbed by two men, evidently the same who shot the judge. They took his watch and \$5, but returned 25 cents for the preacher's breakfast. Mr. Gooding was appointed chief justice of Arizona by President Harrison, and at the close of Harrison's administration went to Los Angeles, where he has since practiced law.

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He Knew Also.

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KILLED BY SPECTER.

WEIRD LEGEND OF WISCONSIN MINING DAYS.

Baunting the Old Military Road at Ridgeway, Wis., an Uncanny Spirit Has Caused the Violent Deaths of Three Persons.

In the little town of Ridgeway, lying about twenty miles from Madison, Wis., excitement during the past several weeks has been at high pitch. The cause of this agitation is the reappearance of an individual known as the Ridgeway ghost. For many years the ghost at different times has caused a reign of terror throughout that section of the country. That this apparition has given tangible evidence of its existence is shown by the fact of its having been the cause of three deaths, one of the victims being John Lewis, father of Evan Lewis, one time champion wrestler of the world. It is a strange, weird tale, bearing all the earmarks of a ghost story, nevertheless in many incidents facts bear out the reports in the case. One mile east of Ridgeway, on the old military road, there stood an old deserted farmhouse. For years a mere shell of boards, so shrunken and hardened by the summer suns that decay and worms never affected it, the house stood until some men at noonday, when the ghost could not walk, tore it down. This was the one-time home of an old miser of the lead mining days, named Holbein, who mysteriously disappeared one day, leaving no clue to his fate. Ghostly manifestations were at intervals reported as having taken place at the old house, but the lead miners were a hard-headed lot, afraid of neither man nor devil, and the stories of lights in the house and moanings at the roadside made little impression. It was

ago last fall he was returning home after nightfall, having spent the day assisting a friend in butchering. The night was not dark and when he drew near the haunted spot he determined to cut across lots to reach his home. He was approaching the stone wall at the roadside to climb it, when his attention was arrested by the sight of a figure that seemed to have gathered itself together out of the just now tenuous air, and stood confronting him in a menacing attitude. He knew of no enemy, and highwaymen were unknown in that retired quarter of the state. He decided that it must be someone trying to frighten him. So he hailed the figure, and no response being made he advanced upon it. The figure did not budge, but stood a towering shape of blackness, a gigantic and grisly thing.

Some unaccountable awe and the uncanny hugeness of the thing made Lewis decide to avoid a conflict, and drawing his butcher knife from his pocket, he started to pass by, when the figure, raising an arm with a forbidding gesture, stepped athwart his path. Obeying a hasty impulse that was more of a ghastly and soul-chilling terror than it was anger, Lewis let drive his keen knife, only to find himself piercing the empty air. In the morning a neighbor found Lewis lying inside the stone wall in a semi-conscious condition. Of what happened after he had struck with the knife, he had but vague impressions. He said he had been buried in the air as if in the vortex of a cyclone, pounded, beaten, crushed into insensibility. Beyond the awful pain and the awful fear, he remembered nothing with distinctness. He died a few hours after he had been carried home, his neighbors having it that his heart had been literally torn to pieces with the shock. Whether it was the shock of fright, whether it was his physical injuries,



"THE UNCANNY HUGENESS OF THE THING."

not until the mining days were long over that the startling, unexplainable, terrible manifestations of the ghost were made. One night, as Dr. Cutler, a Dodgeville physician, was returning from a visit beyond Ridgeway, which is six miles from Dodgeville, he was suddenly affrighted to see a dark figure sitting on the buggy tongue between his horses. The reins slipped from his nerveless grasp, and the horses dashed away at full speed, the specter riding the pole nothing discommoded by the shaking he was getting. Down hill, up another, dashed the frantic horses, and lo, the specter vanished.

The doctor's story of the occurrence met with little credence. He was known to be one who loved the flowing bowl. He had taken a drop too many, said his scoffing friends. It was a dream, a specter of delirium tremens, of mania, a potu. But the doctor declared that he was sober. He recalled the fact that a year previous, when he really was a little full, while passing the same haunted spot, he had become aware of a dark and silent stranger sitting beside him in his carriage.

For a mile the stranger rode, saying never a word, and all at once he was gone. All the time, the doctor had asked no questions of his drunken wits and had considered this nothing more than a strange experience.

He was now convinced that the man beside him on the seat and the thing on the pole were not of this world.

Whereat the people laughed—in the daytime. But not long afterward the reputation of the doctor received a sudden and terrible vindication, as he was himself to later vindicate it, almost as terribly. John Lewis, father of Evan Lewis, champion wrestler of the United States, known in the world of sports everywhere, was a prosperous and respected farmer living in the vicinity of Ridgeway, a man of sober life, of undaunted courage, and blessed with the tremendous physical strength his son has inherited. Sixteen years

that killed him, none is ready to say with certainty. As he lay dying, he asserted his belief that his death was occasioned by a supernatural being. Thus did the death of John Lewis make the first vindication of the reputation of Dr. Cutler, of Dodgeville, and the scoffing ceased. But a second time and a third was the doctor to be vindicated. Returning home one night, a dressmaker encountered the ghost and being pursued by it, soon after died of the shock occasioned by the intense fright. At last Dr. Cutler himself, finally and triumphantly vindicated his word, though at the cost of his own life, for dying as a result of fright, he became the third of the victims of the implacable specter of the old military road. And now the mysterious apparition has again made its appearance and the good people of Ridgeway await with much anxiety the result.

Tree Yields Electricity.

A German authority has recently announced the discovery of a tree in the forests of central India which has most curious characteristics. The leaves of the tree are of a highly sensitive nature and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them receives an electric shock. It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle, and will influence it at a distance of even seventy feet. The electrical strength of the tree varies according to the time of the day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight. In wet weather its powers disappear altogether. Birds never approach the tree nor have insects ever been seen upon it.—*Tit-Bits.*

The Editor's Advice.
Office Boy—Please, sir, I'd like to go to my grandmother's funeral this afternoon. The Editor—You should be economical. Don't waste your grandmothers so early in the season; save them for the final.—*Tit-Bits.*

THE MOONSHINERS.

A PRODUCT OF CONDITIONS IN THE SOUTH.

They Are Fairly Honest in Their Dealings with Their Fellow Man—Have No Scruple About Declining to Pay Taxes to the Government.

The moonshiner of the mountain region possesses for lovers of the pictures a real and unfailing attraction. To the stranger he appears at first glance a very ordinary individual. He is generally long, lean, slow of speech, mild of manner, rough of dress and deportment and apparently dull in intellect. But, once his confidence is gained, he proves to be an interesting character. In his humble home, which is usually a double-roomed log hut, he is industrious, fairly honest, kind to his wife and children, sometimes deeply religious, fond of music and dancing, and his conversation is by no means dull. The student of language will be delighted with his quaint speech abounding as it does in archaic and obsolete words handed down without the aid of books or manuscripts, and so nearly forgotten elsewhere that even English philologists sometimes fall into the error of classing them as American provincialisms. Nearly always his surname shows him to be of pure English descent and he has preserved unimpaired the old English passionate love of personal freedom and of home, and his unquestioned right to defend the latter, even against the powers that be.

The moonshiner has a great respect for the law, with a few important reservations.

All the statute books in existence cannot persuade him that he has not a perfect right to make his corn into whisky and sell it without interference in the shape of revenue taxes and the deputy marshals. This view of the matter, as explained by himself, is quite simple: Besides a few vegetables and fruits, corn is the only crop he can raise with his slow ox or steer on the few spots of arable land belonging to him. This he can sell for 50 cents per bushel after hauling it from fifteen to forty miles over the worst roads in the world. This same bushel of corn will make three gallons of whisky, which is easily transported, and for which, if he is successful in dodging the "revenues," he will receive from \$3 to \$5.

Besides the manufacture and sale of whisky the mountaineer has one other important source of income—the treasury of the United States. Considering the trouble and risk to which he is subjected by government agents, he thinks himself fully justified in drawing from the government all the money he can get his hands on. Often, therefore, he becomes a professional witness. One dollar and a half a day with mileage, is no small matter to the man who rarely sees more than \$100 in a year.

It was said a few years ago that great abuses had arisen in the United States courts of the southern mountain region from this source. A number of men having united in a conspiracy to defraud the government, one of the number would be reported for some minor violation of the revenue laws, the rest summoned as witnesses and even when the case went no further than the grand jury there was money for all. If it came to trial acquittal was the usual result, and the amount received by the conspirators was large. But, the ways of a jury being mysterious, in rare instances, the defendant was convicted. In such an event he cheerfully served his two or three months in jail, receiving his share of the proceeds when he regained his liberty. At the next term of court he would appear as a witness, while one of his fellow conspirators took his place in the prisoner's dock, and the work went merrily on.

Their Only Disagreement.

The only marital difficulty that Victor Herbert, the composer and director, and Mrs. Herbert ever had occurred, according to Mrs. Herbert, during their honeymoon, while crossing the Atlantic. It was brought about by seasickness. The composer was sick, and Mrs. Herbert was also ill. Their illness took the form of intense irritability and morbid sensitiveness. Each movement of the ship produced a groan from them, and each noise on board the vessel an indignant protest. They tried to sympathize with each other, but their voices lacked sincerity. At the end of the third day the composer, after recovering from a lurch of the vessel, said: "Dear, I have one favor to ask. Don't speak to me again on board this ship until we reach shore, or I shall throw myself overboard." "My dear," answered Mrs. Herbert, with her first sigh of relief since embarking, "thank you; I've been wanting to ask you that same favor myself all day."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Why It Was Brave.

We read in the Book of Proverbs: "A soft answer turneth away wrath." It is also true that a witty reply often takes the edge from an unwelcome criticism, as in the following instance, from the Chicago Post: A friendly magazine editor was talking in pleasant but critical mood to a contributor. He said: "It seems to me you use a faulty figure of speech when you say a 'brave old hearthstone.' How can a hearthstone be brave?" "Well, sir," said the contributor, "the one I am writing about has been under fire for nearly forty years without flinching."

Hunger is a sure cure for love.

LAZIEST OF KINGS.

Leopold Said to Hold the Record, Milan Being One of the Has-Beens.

Ex-King Milan of Serbia has been called the laziest of all the royalties merely because he is never afoot before 12 o'clock. When he rises he goes at once, half-dressed, to a solid lunch of heavy meats, puddings and wines. After luncheon he smokes a couple of strong cigars; then, if there is nothing pressing to be done, he goes back to bed and either reads or goes to sleep, as the fancy takes him. At 5 o'clock he is up again, and usually goes out in search of amusement. He is seldom back at the palace until dawn, when he tumbles into bed. But whenever calls Milan a lazy man never heard of the one hunting expedition of the king of the Belgians. He wanted to have the sensation of killing without going in search of his game. So he sat in his arm-chair and potted at a lot of rabbits let loose from a bag in front of him. When the smoke cleared away and he called for his bag he had to be told that all that had been found was one tall and a certain small quantity of fluff. He never went shooting again. The czar occasionally aids at a batte, but the thing bores him and he goes only out of politeness. The prince of Wales is a good shot, and is fond of shooting, but his big-game days are over. The emperor of Germany hunts and shoots a great deal, but those who know him best say he does not care much for the sport. With him it is a matter of tradition—the right thing for a royal personage to do. The king of Portugal, who holds the record of fatness among the royalties, is debarred physically from such violent exercise. The king of Sweden never touches a gun. The sultan of Turkey cannot bear to see one. The king of Italy is the only real representative of the old kingly tradition. He is a mighty hunter, and frequently throws up all the routine of work without a word of warning and goes off with Col. Pizzimoli to spend several weeks in pursuit of game of all kinds with which the mountaineers abound. Formerly he established no means of communication with Rome. Neither Queen Barberita nor any of his ministers ever know where to find him for weeks at a time. He might have lost his throne in a sudden upheaval and known nothing of it till he descended to the plains. Of late, however, he has become wiser. Now a carrier leaves Rome every second day during his expeditions, bringing reports of all that happens.—New York Press.

PAT, THE BLACKSMITH."

A Humble Artisan Made Famous by His Picture.

"Paint me as a blacksmith," said Patrick Lyon, and the artist did so. So it came to pass that Lyon's portrait is probably the best representation of an actual living blacksmith at his work in the world, says Success. It is a full-length picture, life size, in his blacksmith's apron, resting his brawny arm and blackened hand upon his hammer, while a youth at the bellows renews the red heat of the iron his employer has been laboring upon. The original, painted by John Neagle in 1826, is in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; the replica is at the Boston Athenaeum Library. "Pat, the blacksmith," as he was