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# HITS MARK FROM AFAR.

## NEW HONOR TO ROOSEVELT AS LONG-DISTANCE SHOT.

President Stands in Washington and Makes a Fine Rifle Score in the Opening Event for Marksmen in Charleston, S. C.

Charleston, S. C.—President Roosevelt may congratulate himself on being the champion long-distance rifle shot of the world. Standing in Washington, he shot a rifle three times and hit a target each time in this city, more than 450 miles away. While he did not make a bull's-eye, he yet managed to get within the 24 circle twice and the 21 circle once, and so scored 69 out of a possible score of 75, a very creditable performance for a person who shoots only between sessions of congress, international incidents and other big and engrossing things.

Here the secret must come out. Mr. Roosevelt did not use the White House as his shooting gallery, despite the strenuous reports that sometimes find their way past Pete, the bulldog. Strategy was used, and Lieut. W. Melton Farrow was the strategist. It must be confessed that Lieut. Farrow aimed the gun, but President Roosevelt shot it off, and the record is his. Lieut. Farrow brought a 32-caliber rifle made by him several years ago, and after three weeks' work adjusted it on a pedestal on which it could be held for shooting at the target. Attached to it was a magnetic contrivance, which, by the completion of an electric circuit, pulled a delicate hair trigger and did the shooting. The button to complete the circuit was in the White House. But the bare pleasure of pressing the button was not all that the presi-

dent was to have for his part in the performance. Near the rifle was rigged a big telephone receiver, and when Mr. Roosevelt made his shots he was able to hear the welcome crack of the rifle.

Gov. Ansel then conveyed to the president the congratulations of the National Schuetzen Bund and its guests on the excellent score he had made and the thanks of them all for opening the fest. The band played "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and there was a great salvo of cheers. The president said that he could hear the cheering and the music very distinctly, and he was sure that everybody was having a jolly time, and he would like to be with them.

### SHAVES HUSBAND TO BUY RUG.

Head of Family Undergoes Torment to Help Wife Get Carpet.

Trenton, N. Y.—When the new rug is laid in Grace Baptist church, about four yards of it will be consecrated to the fortune of Henry Lonsdale. Every thread represents a whisker which Lonsdale submitted to a razor wielded by his wife.

Mrs. Lonsdale is a member of the Ladies' Aid society, which planned to buy the church carpet on the self-denial plan. There is some difference of opinion on this point, the men asserting that Lonsdale showed himself a martyr, while the women are congratulating the wife.

While other women baked bread and sewed, Mrs. Lonsdale decided she would shave her husband, and charge him 15 cents for the operation. It is not on record how Lonsdale first received the proposition, but the fact that he consented to act the victim is proof that his wife has the true religious spirit.

For four months did Lonsdale go through the shaving process. He once believed that a shave once a day was a necessity, but under the skillful manipulation of his wife he discovered that he could get along on three shaves a week.

Only once did Mrs. Lonsdale ask: "Does the razor hurt?" He did not swear; he did not groan, but the look of anguish was enough.

## Growth of the Telephone.

Millions of Instruments Are in Use in This Country.

Washington.—Statistics issued at the close of the year 1906 show that there were in use in the United States alone more than 7,000,000 telephones, while an aggregate of a little more than 6,000,000 miles of wire was used for telephone service.

The telephone industry gives employment to 90,000 persons in the United States, an increase of 171 per cent. in six years, while during the same period the number of stations has increased 239 per cent. and the wire mileage 349 per cent.

There is little doubt that much of this increase is due to the general adoption of the so-called message rate system in place of the flat annual charge formerly in vogue. By making the charges proportional to the number of calls the use of the telephone has been widely extended both because of the greater willingness of people to become subscribers under such conditions and because the system gives an incentive to the local telephone companies to give good ser-

vice and encourage the use of the telephone.

Another cause for the increase in the number of telephones in use is doubtless the extending number of large business buildings in various cities, since the telephone is an absolute necessity in the modern tall building, making it possible to transact business as well from the twentieth story as from the ground floor. The installation of the telephone in every suite in the modern hotel and large apartment house accounts for a portion of the increase.

### Substitute for Beeswax.

A substitute for beeswax has been discovered in the leaves of the raffi palm, a product of the island of Madagascar. The wax is extracted by the simple process of beating the dried leaves on a mat to small bits. The particles are then gathered and boiled. The resultant wax is kneaded into small cakes. Experiments are being made with the new substance to find out its commercial value—whether it may be used for bottling purposes, in the manufacture of phonograph cylinders, etc.

## WEALTH AWAITS BOY

WILL FORFEIT \$50,000 IF HE DOES NOT RETURN SOON.

Thirty Years Ago, When a Mere Youth, John Wilson Left Home After Quarrel with Parents—Now Word from Him Since.

Omaha, Neb.—John Wilson will receive a fortune of approximately \$50,000 if he shall return to his old home at Tecumseh within the next three years to reclaim it. If he fails to return within that time the money will go to relatives of his.

A strange, sad story is the story of this man to whom a fortune has been left, but who will probably never know it. Thirty years ago when a mere boy Wilson had a quarrel with his father, John Wilson, Sr., a proud, unyielding old Scotchman, and in the heat of anger he ran away from his home at Tecumseh.

His father, believing that he would soon grow tired of taking the buffeting of the world and return to his home, made no effort to find the boy, and would permit no one else to do so.

The days lengthened into weeks, the weeks into months and the months into years and young John Wilson did not return to his home. His father loved him and longed for his return, and his mother was well nigh heartbroken over his absence, but the father's longing and the mother's grief were futile.

Twenty-five years went by and no word had come to the parents concerning their absent son, now grown to manhood if he were living. They were grown old and before they went to their final rest they felt that they must once more look into his face.

A man whom they suspected might be their son was in Dawson City, Alaska. Despite the fact that they were 80 years of age the parents set out for there hoping against hope that they might find the son whom they so longed to see. They made the journey to Alaska safely, but found no trace of their son there and returned to their home with broken hearts. Within a few months the father died and soon afterward the mother followed him to the grave.

Seven years ago the aged couple made a will in which a large part of their estate was bequeathed to their absent son on condition that he returned to Tecumseh within ten years to claim it. In the seven years that have elapsed since the will was drawn the son's part of the estate has increased until it is now estimated at \$50,000. It will be held for him three years longer. If he shall not return to his old home meantime the will provides that the bequest shall be divided among the other heirs of the dead man and woman.

The other heirs have sought to have the will set aside and to secure a division of that part of the estate left to the son, but the supreme court has held that the will must stand and that the \$50,000 must be held for the son three years longer.

Where young Wilson has been in the 30 years of his absence from his old home nobody in Tecumseh knows. He may be dead; he may be in Alaska or the Philippines.

His long absence and their disappointment at his failure to find him in Alaska shortened the lives of his parents, who were old residents of Tecumseh and very highly respected by their neighbors.

### HOW NEW WORLD GOT ITS NAME.

Albany Man Tells Story on 400th Anniversary of the Event.

Paris.—John Boyd Thacher, of Albany, on Sunday mentioned the fact that it was the four hundredth anniversary of the naming of America. He said that no attempt had ever been made to commemorate the event and added:

"The new world was named America in a little book written by Martin Waldseemuehler, printed at Salat Die, in the Vosges mountain, on the seventh of the kalends of May in the year 1497. The seventh of the kalends of May when corrected by the Gregorian calendar becomes May 5.

"There was also an element of universality in the ceremony of naming, for it was a German who proposed the name, it was an Italian name, the book was printed in France and the language employed was Latin, the universal medium of mental exchanges. It may be too late to celebrate the event, but it should not be too late to recall the fact that the new world received its name just 400 years ago."

### EAT SWEETS, SAYS DOCTOR.

Sugar Most Strengthening and Chocolate Antidote for Fatigue.

London.—A noted Harley street physician bids fair to become the most popular physician in London, especially among the youth of both sexes and among the dentists. Everybody should eat at least a quarter of a pound of sweets daily is his dictum.

"Nothing," he says, "is more strengthening than sugar. It is possible to work for hours after eating four ounces of chocolate without feeling the slightest fatigue. If I had my way every soldier in the British army should be allowed a quarter of a pound of sweets every day. My practice is to take five or six lumps of sugar in every cup of coffee or tea." Asked as to toothache, the physician replied: "I can only advise people to clean their teeth oftener."

### FROM THE PENCIL'S POINT.

A reckless chauffeur is a sort of automatist.

A woman is always looking on the bright side—of a mirror.

Any man who doesn't want what he hasn't got has all he wants.

Just now the open season for coal chugging is drawing to a close.

Never judge the dimensions of a woman's brain by the size of her hat.

It is necessary to show some people the open door in order to shut them up.

With the exception of the undertaker few men finish all they undertake.

It is fortunate that the best man at a wedding is content to take second place.

It takes a man to explain to a woman things that he doesn't understand himself.

Some women marry in order to be independent, and some men get unmarried for the same reason.

Most men appreciate the nonsense of a pretty woman far more than they do the sense of a homely one.

No, Alonzo don't think because a woman is swathed in an automobile veil that she is the owner of a motor car.

### POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Words never fail a smooth hypocrite.

A funny story gets more applause than sensible talk.

There's always room for a few more—at the bottom.

It's a woman's plain duty to be as handsome as she can.

Jonah was the first man on record to get inside information.

Popularity is an article that isn't displayed on bargain counters.

It takes a fool to fool himself into the belief that he isn't foolish.

It's up to a married man to be a husband—not merely an ex-bachelor.

When a society woman attempts to put on style it looks much like a take-off.

No, Alonzo, a man seldom puts his foot in it when he takes a step in the right direction.

Female suffragists, Cordelia, are just plain women—and the plainer they are the more they suffer.

It is far better for a girl to remain single than marry a good-looking man, for he will monopolize the mirror.—Chicago Daily News.

### DYSPEPTISMS.

Tell a secret to a woman if you want it syndicated.

Our sins also have an uncomfortable habit of finding us in.

A lot of sympathy is wasted on the under dog and the old maid.

A peck of trouble is easier to get into than a pint of happiness.

If marriage is a lottery, alimony must be a sort of gambling debt.

A girl must be very intellectual not to be able to tell what another girl has on.

A fellow asks for a girl's hand, and the first thing he knows he is under her thumb.

When a man boasts that he never did anything he is ashamed of, it may merely indicate that he is lacking in a sense of shame.

The poor man who can't afford an automobile can console himself with the thought that a mule doesn't cost as much, and is almost as dangerous.

### COMMERCIAL PROVERBS.

The earning power of a dollar depends on the brains of the man back of it.

Feed your mind—the fellow who feeds his body only keeps on shoveling coal.

The greatest combination in the world is ability, ambition and initiative, seasoned with honesty.

A thousand men do a thing so-so and exist on liver to one who does it well and commands his own price.

When ailly stops growing its beauty begins to fade, and when a man quits studying his brain begins to shrivel.

Putting up money on a chance is gambling—whether in the money market or stocks or at the race track on a horse.

If you want to succeed, either work at the thing in which you are interested or cultivate an interest in the thing at which you work.—Cent Per Cent.

## WHY SHE REFUSED HIM

By Tom Masson

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He reached forward, and took her hand in his. For a moment—it seemed to him only an instant of time, and yet it was just long enough to convey its own meaning—she allowed it to remain. Then she withdrew it.

He was a wise young man. If he had attempted to pursue even this infinitesimal advantage, and to reach forward again, doubtless he would have been rebuked in that queenly manner which upon occasion she could so easily command.

And so he was content to wait, and change the subject. It is proper to state, however, that the new subject was more in line with his real train of thought than the old. They had, when he made his advance, been talking on the commonplace topic of the latest historical novel.

Now he turned slowly, and looked her squarely in the eye.

"I'm going to marry you!" he said. "Are you indeed? When did you make up your mind to that?"

"Oh, some time ago. I mean it, you know."

"And lose a million?"

He turned again, abruptly.

"How did you know anything about that?" he asked.

"Your father told me."

"When?"

"Oh, some time ago. He called."

"Why, you must have known then—"

"That you wanted to marry me? No, I didn't. All I knew was that you had spoken to your father about it. You know you might have changed your mind—afterward."

He smiled grimly.

"What you mean," he said, "is this: that I thought it best to consult the governor first, and find out where I stood with him, before I found out where I stood with you."

"Yes."

He got up and took a turn around the room.

"Well, that wasn't exactly it," he continued. "You see, I had had my doubts about marrying you, I wouldn't have done that—I would have gone for you first, and let the rest go. I meant business, and I thought it ought to be done right. Besides, I said to myself: 'If the old man turns me down, then my conscience is clear.'"

She apparently unheeded the last part of his remark.

"May I ask," she said, "what made you so sure of me?"

"I wasn't. But I was sure of myself. I knew the girl I wanted. That is everything in love."

"You seem to have gotten very wise all of a sudden."

He grasped the top of the tarnished gilt chair with both hands, and leaned against it hard, as he looked into her eyes.

"I've knocked around some," he said. "Since I've left college, I've run with the Newport crowd and the high people in town. I've had a lot of girls, thrown my way, but I wouldn't give a white chip for the whole gang. I've seen them at their best and worst. They're all right—some of them. It's the life I don't fancy. I don't care for the pace."

It was her turn to smile.

"But there's nothing about me," she said, "that ought to specially recommend itself to you. Why, I even have to earn my own living."

"But your grandmother didn't, did she?"

"Why, no, I suppose not. She was a Puritan."

"Well, mine did. I've heard the governor tell the story. So what's the difference? A few years of time more or less, a generation or so."

She opened her eyes rather wide.

"You seem to have taken on such a sudden weight of accumulated philosophy," she said, "that I hardly recognize you. Where's Jack Wakefield, member of 29 clubs; the great polo player, the bowling swell? That sort of fellow doesn't go with such depth as this."

"Can't a man be that sort of being, and still—be a man?"

"Why, of course; but they don't go together as a rule—"

"Well, maybe you did that for me, or maybe the governor got mad, I don't know which. He's lived so much by himself, of late years, that the old fellow is crashed, I guess. But he did turn me down hard."

"What did he say?"

"I don't know that I can rehearse it all—it was some time ago. But the main point was that, if I married you, he'd disinherit me. My allowance would continue, but no more. He must have gone direct to you to make a sure thing of it, didn't he?"

She turned her head slowly, and looked far away out of the dingy window, beyond the street, past the whirl of the great town, into the unknown distance.

"Yes," she said, "several times. He doesn't want you to marry me. Not a bit."

"Well, it doesn't make any difference to me whether he does or not. I can go out and hustle for myself. Money isn't everything."

The boarding house bell rang—not an unusual occurrence. Outside there was the slow snoring of an automobile.

He drew nearer to her. Again he took her hand.

"Helen, dear," he said, "what's the answer?"

She brushed away a tear.

"I cannot marry you," she said. "You're too good for me."

He laughed—a spontaneous, hearty laugh.

"That's a good joke," he said. "Too good for you. Ha! Look here! Let's be honest with each other. I've had



"Money isn't Everything."

slathers of money, and there's nothing in it. Why spoil the game just because of a paltry million? I tell you, it's all right. I assure you, I'll never mention the matter again. We can live."

She shook her head.

"I cannot marry you," she said. "You don't love anyone else, do you?"

There was no answer.

"I know what it is," he said. "It's your pride. Never mind! I can wait. Of course, it's embarrassing for you. You don't care anything about the money, of course, but your conscience troubles you about my losing it—naturally. Well, never mind. I'll show you! But now, dear, can't you give me some little word of encouragement?"

A capless maid entered the musty drawing room, holding in her red fingers a card.

"For you, miss," said the maid.

"Very well, Martha. Ask him into the small reception room, as usual."

Then she held out the missive to him.

"I am afraid," she said, "there is no hope for you. You see, I am going to marry this gentleman."

He took in the familiar name in one burning glance.

"The governor!" he exclaimed.

### SIMILAR PREJUDICE.



Misses—I didn't like the look of that man's face you had in the kitchen last night, Bridget!

Bridget—Just what he said about you, mum!

### Genius.

Mrs. Kawsor—"How is Johnny getting along as a grocer's clerk?" Mrs. Crossway—"Well enough, I guess. He can tie up a package with a knot that you can't untie to save your life, and yet it'll come untied itself as soon as you get on the train with it."

### NOW SHE'S MAD.



Mr. Hunt—'I'm going to India to hunt for six months.

Miss Catchem—'And I suppose you will forget all about poor me.

Mr. Hunt—'My dear, it will take a terribly fierce elephant to make me forget you.