

AUTO OF 40 YEARS AGO

Steam-Driven Machine Now on Exhibition at a Lowell, Mass., Garage.

ECCENTRICITY OF INVENTOR

Worked on His Contrivance During Civil War and Exhibited Result Throughout Country.

In the show rooms of one of the local garages at Lowell, says the Boston Herald, is on exhibition what is believed to be the first steam-driven automobile ever invented in this country, one which served the ideas and fulfilled the expectations of its builder perfectly. The machine, a rather odd-looking affair as compared with a modern car, was the invention of William W. Austin, who died last year in Winthrop.

Mr. Austin was born in Dighton eighty-five years ago, and at the age of 9 was left an orphan. When a young man he became apprenticed to a blacksmith and after remaining at his trade for a few years went to Boston and eventually to Lowell.

In 1860, at the very outbreak of the Civil War, he started to work on his first automobile. His second effort was the machine which is now on exhibition here. He took his invention to the larger cities of this section of the country and on his return to Lowell some time later he brought with him \$14,000.

Eccentric in some particulars, Mr. Austin, instead of placing the money in the bank, buried it and made a map of its detailed location. When he left the city some months later he placed the map in what he considered safe keeping, but on his return it was gone, and, not being able to remember just where he had placed the money, mourned it as lost.

A few years later, while away from the city, a mental picture of the spot where it was buried flashed into his mind, and he returned here with all haste and after some efforts located the notes where he had buried them. Decomposition had destroyed the outer edges, but he appealed to the Secretary of the Treasury and the notes were redeemed.

CANADIAN WRITER AND EDUCATOR WHO IS DEAD.

Professor Goldwin Smith, one of the most distinguished educators and writers of modern times, died at "The Grange," his home in Toronto, recently, at the age of 86 years. Since the death of his wife last summer the infirmities of old age have been creeping rapidly on Dr. Smith, and several months ago he gave up all his literary work. On the morning of Feb. 2, as he was walking through the hall of his home, he tripped and fell, fracturing his thigh bone. On account of the patient's advanced age the bones would not knit, and from the first there was no hope of his recovery.

Goldwin Smith was born at Reading,



Goldwin Smith.

England, on Aug. 13, 1823. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and became in 1847 a fellow of University College. He was Regius professor of history at Oxford from 1868 to 1866. In 1868 he was elected to the chair of English and constitutional history in Cornell University, and in 1871 he settled in Canada, where he devoted himself largely to Canadian journalism and to literature. His pleasant home, the Grange, is situated in the center of Toronto. His various works, literary and political, make up a very fine record, but to many he is of interest as a leading figure in now-forgotten controversies in which both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield took part. In addition to his work in biography, criticism and political essays, Goldwin Smith was a poet

MILLIONAIRES ON A HUNT MAY SEEK NORTH POLE.

Paul J. Rainey, millionaire turfman and polo player, who is said to have spent nearly \$1,000,000 on the turf, has decided to give up racing for good. Many of his horses have already been sold. He is going to the frozen north for a six months' hunt after big game. Mr. Rainey plans to penetrate the wilds of Labrador and perhaps even make a dash for the north pole. He will hunt all over Ellsmereiland. Harry Whitney and Mr. Rainey have gone to Sydney, C. B., where they



Harry Whitney



Capt. Bartlett

will join the arctic ship Beothic, which they have chartered for the trip into the northern latitudes. Capt. Bartlett, who accompanied Peary on the Roosevelt, will command the Beothic and have a crew of twenty-nine. This entire expedition is to be recorded in photographs, and in this respect it probably will differ from any similar undertaking. There will be ten cameras with duplicates of them all to be used in case of accident. Some of the cameras are especially adapted for over-ice photography. There will be motion pictures of all the hunts and of the fishing, the harpooning of walrus, the fights with polar bears, and the caribou chases.

NEGRO CADDIES DOWN SOUTH.

Obliging and Cheerful Helps the Visiting Golfer Finds Them.

The winter resort golfer meets a refreshing novelty in the negro caddy. Sometimes the "boy" is a grizzled old fellow rising 50, who totes the bag of clubs about with the alacrity of youth.

The caddies come in all sizes, from six feet or more with the muscular build of a prize fighter down to lads just about able to handle the bag; but no matter what his age or size, the negro caddy has infinite ability to be cheerful. He doesn't adopt the somewhat cynical manner of the white caddy, and his manners are better.

For another thing, the black lad ordinarily has the eye of a hawk and traces the balls with marvelous sureness. One caddy said he hadn't lost a ball in the two years that he had been caddying, which is a remarkable record.

The negro caddy comes into his work with an amiable idea that he is the partner of his employer. The ball is "ours." "Whose ball is that near the pin?" asks the golfer. "That's ours, sir," the caddy says.

When the golfer gets a good long ball from the tee, the caddy does a lot of quiet rooting. "Ride on, ball, ride on," he calls, much as if he were rolling the bones and rooting for his number to come up. He does his best to coax the ball into the cup, too, in much the same way, but his sense of etiquette is too strong to permit him to make any noise while the play is actually being made.

No matter how much of a dub he has for a boss at the time, a writer in the New York Sun says, he doesn't sneer or say anything impertinent which is a relief to the player from up North, who knows the unpleasant habits of some of the white caddies. The only bad habit the boy has is to gamble on the result of the match he's accompanying. It can be seen what a test of cheerfulness it is for him when his player is a dub and misses an easy shot for the hole and so throws away the bet

INVENTING NEW ANIMALS



TEN years ago it was found that it was possible to cross the cow with the native American buffalo. In fact, the cross was made, and the herds have been developed until at present there are more than 300 head in the United States. "Buffalo Jones" of Arizona has a thriving herd, and another of even greater numbers is that on the Goodale ranch in the panhandle of Texas. Great, shaggy, high-withered steers stalk about the fields, overlording their domestic ancestors in no mean manner.

This is a creature that never existed in the world until recently, says the Washington Post. All the suns that shone in the past failed to see its like. It is a new thing in the world. The important question is whether it is a useful thing. This question is not yet decided, but it is well within the range of possibilities that it will prove more profitable to raise the hybrid than the cow, and if this is proved the latter will pass away and in its place will remain the new creature, the cattelo, for so it is called through a combination of the names of its ancestors.

There are a number of points in which the cattelo surpasses the domestic cow. It is of greater activity and can find a livelihood where the cow would starve. Mountain fastnesses and barren plains lend themselves as pasturage for it where herds of cattle could never graze. Likewise the frozen north countries lend themselves to the grazing of cattelo where cows could not resist the cold. The cattelo has a shaggy coat inherited from its wild ancestor that is without a peer as a resister of cold. Interior Alaska might be induced to yield up billions were cattelo brought there to pasture.

But there is still another of the brand-new animals that appears more attractive than all the rest. This is the zebress, offspring of the royal zebra of Abyssinia and the pebeian ass of the west. It has been developed under the special care and guidance of the United States government itself, and the hope is strong that there will result a bearer of burdens and drawer of loads that will surpass any domestic animal now known. Five years ago King Menelik of Abyssinia sent to President Roosevelt the finest zebra in all his domain, and the Abyssinian zebras are the largest and handsomest in the world. As his back yard was already filled with things from the wild, the President turned the zebra over to government scientists of the Department of Agriculture, who, being agog with the newly found idea of the times, that of inventing new animals, set about using his royalty of the stripes for that purpose.

The asses they already had in plenty of the variety of the patient Mexican burro that bears the packs of the prospectors of the west. The experiments were carried on at the experiment station at Bethesda, near Washington. To-day there are five young hybrids running about the place and declaring themselves the very latest things in animals. The oldest zebress, the first of its kind, was born a little more than a year ago. It is a male, and those that followed are all females, this fact offering the possibility of developing the herd very rapidly. Animal growers throughout the country are waiting with great interest the further development of these strange creatures.

And the possibilities loom large to all appearances. The zebress seems to have combined many of the good qualities of both its parents, and is one of the prettiest creatures in the world. It has the heavy coat of hair of its mother on the body and the short coat of its father on the head and legs, thus exaggerating its already apparent trimness. The stripes of the male parent are present, but greatly dimmed on the body, while vivid on the legs.

The greatest hybrid that the world has ever known is the mule. This is a cross between the horse and the ass. The resultant mule was, however, barren, and the possibility of developing a more perfect type through selection did not exist. The mule had to be taken as he was and made the most of. At that he has borne the brunt of cornfield labor at home and tugged the nation's cannon into the ever-advancing frontier. He has surpassed in many ways both the horse and the ass that bred him. The zebress is evi-



dently a creature superior in every way to the mule, and, it is believed, with selection and scientific breeding, it will take a place in the world that will tend to retire the latter and possibly the horse from the field of action.

But of the new turn taken by scientists is a great law of heredity which was deduced first by an Austrian monk, Gregor Mendel, who lived half a century ago. This monk in his cloistered garden studied long the laws that govern the things that grow and their relation to the parents that bred them. He established, in the first place, the fact that all things having life, be they plant or animal, are controlled by the same laws. Then he worked on the hypothesis that given traits of either or both parents would occur in generations that followed in certain mathematical proportions. He bred together for many years plants and animals having certain dissimilar and readily recognized qualities and noted the recurrence of each in the generations that followed. Finally he worked out of these figures the greatest law of heredity that science has ever known and set it down for posterity. Little was thought of it at the time, and it was neglected until, within the past ten years, it has been hit upon, has been proved and re-proved a thousand times and finally has been established as the one great and correct law. This law the government has taken great pains to prove.

INDIAN TO WOOD PILE

Modern Methods Have Killed the Picturesque Sentinel of the Cigar Store.

WAS VENERATED BY DEALER

City Ordinances Against Obstruction of Streets and Other Causes Hastened Downfall.

The wooden Indian has gone to the attic, the basement and the wood pile. He no longer is the recognized sign of the tobacco store, says the Chicago News.

Time was when the proprietor of a tobacco store considered the statue of the American aborigine standing at the entrance of his doorway a necessary adjunct to his business. It was regarded by the proprietor with the same feeling of pride that now swells in a man's bosom when he watches his huge electric sign attracting the attention of the crowds in the street. When a new coat of paint covered the front of his store the Indian was adorned with a new suit of attractive colors. At night the statue carefully was removed within the building, and the first duty of the janitor the next morning was to put the sign on duty in its accustomed place.

A few tobacco dealers still have the Indian sign. They consider it now more as a keepsake than an asset to their business, and don't give it the care and attention it demanded formerly. They bought it many years ago when its presence was considered necessary to the sale of tobacco and their attachment for the relic prevents them from using it for kindling.

The retail tobacco business has undergone a revolution during the last fifteen years, and the Indian was one of the old customs slated for the toboggan. When modern ways and modern stores began to encroach upon the dingy, untidy tobacco stands of the pioneers, the reformers chose to regard the absence of the Indian as a mark of their kind. The electric sign or the unassuming "Cigars and Tobaccos" on the windows downed the chief.

Other things, too, aided custom in discarding the wooden Indian. On narrow sidewalks the life-sized statue mounted on a large base was a serious obstruction and often it was necessary for pedestrians to pass it in single file. This led to ordinances and laws against street obstructions, and the wooden Indian became ill. At this stage in the history of the retail tobacco business window decorations came into vogue. The big signs prevented a view of a clever window display and discretion led the shopkeeper to abandon the old scheme for the new.

The use of an Indian statue as a sign of a tobacco store is commonly accredited to the fact that the red man was the first to use tobacco.

WIFE AND CHILD OF MAN LOST A YEAR.



Dora Oiserman Mrs. Sophie Oiserman

After waiting a year for the return of her husband, who left his home to go to a neighborhood store, Mrs. Sophie Oiserman of Chicago has asked the police to assist her in finding him. Oiserman and his family lived at 589 Sangamon street. According to the wife's story they were happy and never quarreled. He left the house, waving a good-bye to his little daughter Dora, then 1 year old, and he has not been seen nor heard from since by any member of his family.

Month-after month the wife sat waiting for the return of her husband. She would not call the police into the search, believing that soon he would be back. She taught her little girl to lip the name of her father and pray for his return.

BOY IS VICTOR OVER TWO BIG BALD EAGLES.



Ten-year-old Ira Cunningham, son of a farmer in a remote section of Pennsylvania, known as Ringdale, had a fight with two huge bald eagles for his life, and he will carry the marks of their talons to the grave. He was returning home from school when two eagles swooped down upon him, knocking him down and attacking him with great fury. They repeatedly sank their talons in his shoulders and tried to carry him away. The boy fought pluckily and, getting hold of a club, resisted the birds so stoutly that they abandoned the attempt and sailed away.

DRIVEN HOME.

All the seats were occupied and the straps were coming into demand when the woman boarded the street car. She was beyond the age generally considered attractive, her attire was unfashionable, and she was undeniably fat. There were several men, but no one of them rose as she reached vainly for the strap that eluded her short arm.

"Take my seat, ma'am," piped a voice—a small, red-haired boy had risen.

The woman stared at her diminutive benefactor. Then she recovered herself, thanked him gratefully and tried to take the proffered seat.

Of course everybody was looking on by this time. But the lesson that should be conveyed to the seated specimens of mankind threatened to be lost. The boy was not over 11, and small of his age. The efforts of the portly woman to insert herself into the space left by the boy were fast becoming ludicrous. Broad grins were appearing, and a girl or two giggled.

The boy, who was of the "red-haired temperament," began to blush furiously, and was evidently embarrassed at the turn events had taken. "I'm sorry I ain't bigger, ma'am," he said to the woman, letting his shrill, thin voice go distinctly through the car, "but if I'd 'a' been big enough to leave a good-sized seat, mebbe I'd 'a' forgot to pull all of me up out of it when a lady come along!"

COLUMBIA PROFESSOR SUED FOR HEART BALM.

Suit for \$50,000 damages for alleged breach of promise of marriage has been brought in the Supreme Court at New York by Miss Esther Quinn against Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, A. M., Ph. D., L. H. D., LL. D., holder of the chair in Latin at Columbia University, president of the Latin Club of America, member of many prominent literary clubs and associations, magazine writer, critic of the fair sex, and essayist on morals.

The first wife of Prof. Peck obtained a divorce in South Dakota in September, 1908. The grounds were desertion. On Aug. 26 of the following year he married Miss Elizabeth D. du Bois, a teacher of classics in the Morris high school. Miss Quinn in her complaint alleges that her friendship with the scholar-critic-writer began in June, 1900, and continued until Feb. 3 last, when she heard for the first time of his marriage to Miss du Bois. In the same document Miss Quinn asserts, through her lawyer, Daniel O'Reilly, that in September, 1908—the month in which his first wife divorced him—Prof. Peck proposed marriage to her and she accepted him. The Columbia



HARRY THURSTON PECK

professor is 54 years old. Miss Quinn is much his junior. Through his attorneys, Tappan & Bennett, Peck has entered a general denial of the charges. The woman's lawyer will offer in evidence on the trial of her cause more than a hundred letters written to her, she affirms, by the famous litterateur. It is a remarkable collection of letters with dates running from 1900 to 1909, crowded with tender phrases, many of them filled with expressions of adoration, declarations of unswerving devotion, sobriquets of endearment