



**GERTIE MILLER**  
GAIETY GIRL IN THE "TOREADOR"  
WHICH HAS TAKEN LONDON BY STORM

"Gertie Miller," was the prompt reply of the girl in the photograph to the question as to which London actress' pictures were selling

**DEWEY A MAN OF STRENGTH.**

Remarkable feat credited to hero of Spanish-American War. Though Admiral Dewey is universally known to be hale and hearty, hardly anyone gives him credit for possessing the great personal strength with which he is gifted. One of the Spanish-American war veterans, who had all but lost the power of walking, called on him at his Washington home not long ago and found the admiral standing on the front steps. Dewey invited him in, but the disabled man looked doubtfully at the steps, seeing which the admiral reached into the carriage, picked him up bodily and carried him up the steps and into the drawing room, where he placed his burden in the easiest chair at hand.

**Ancient Metallurgy.**  
A recently published report of a French savant shows that the Chaldeans and Babylonians were possessed of considerable metallurgical skill. A Babylonian statuette was found to consist of a copper alloy containing 78.5 per cent of copper, 1.25 per cent of tin, and 0.8 per cent of iron. A statuette from Chaldea, estimated to be 2,200 years old, was composed of nearly pure copper containing only a slight proportion of iron, whereas another Chaldean statuette, some 400 years older, consisted mainly of an alloy of four parts of copper with one part of lead and a trace of sulphur.

**A HEAVYWEIGHT LEGISLATOR.**  
Virginia Statesman Tips the Beam at 360 Pounds—A Farmer.  
James Banks of Carroll county is the heaviest lawmaker in the state of Virginia. When he had taken the oath as a member of the House of Delegates he went to the seat assigned him, but was unable to get his 360 pounds of avoirdupois into the space reserved. A special seat had to be arranged for him in one of the aisles. Mr. Banks is a mountaineer, about



fifty-five years of age. He is not over the average height, has iron-gray hair and mustache and is a jolly good fellow. The attention he attracts seems to please him. Mr. Banks is a farmer.

**A Roosevelt Family Name.**  
Theodore Quentin, a member of the Philadelphia reserve police lately wrote to President Roosevelt asking why he gave his youngest son the unusual name of Quentin. The President answered that "the name Quentin is with us an old family name, coming from a French Huguenot refugee who came to this county over two centuries ago."

best now. The answer was surprising, for Gertie Miller, who is the Gaiety management's latest discovery in the beauty line, has become suddenly the reigning favorite. She is playing the part of "Cora," Cora, fascinating Cora, in the London production of "The Toreador," and her little song, "Keep Off the Grass," is on every piano organ in town.

"The Toreador" has passed its four hundredth performance at the Gaiety and still the lordly youths are flocking to hear Gertie Miller sing her tuneful ditty. Rosie Boote sang "Masie, She is a Daisy," at the Gaiety so effectively that the marquis of Headford could not resist the temptation of making her a peccora. Perhaps "Keep Off the Grass" will serve Gertie Miller as well.

**HOBBY IS HUMAN BRAINS.**

Prof. Wilder Has Greatest Collection in the World.  
Prof. Wilder, whose endeavors to secure the brain of the late Elizabeth Cady Stanton have been foiled by the relatives, has the greatest collection



of brains in the world. His laboratory at Cornell university contains hundreds of glass jars containing the brains of all sorts of people from criminals to college professors. Burt Green Wilder, one of the great comparative anatomists of the world, was born at Boston in 1841. He began his natural history studies at 14 years of age, and his recorded observations on living spiders brought him marked recognition from the elder Agassiz. When only 19 he was lecturing on scientific subjects, and away back in 1863 he discovered on Polly Island, near Charleston, S. C., a remarkable spider, to which his name has since been given. For many years he has made a specialty of studying brains from an anatomical standpoint, and his hope has been to solve great problems that puzzle anatomists.

**Find Old British Frigate.**

The frigate Anson of the British navy, which was lost in 1801, has been discovered lying in four fathoms of water off Love Bar, Penance, Land's End. Seven brass and several iron guns were found on deck, and with the exception of the top hamper the ship is intact. The discovery was due to some fishermen, who pointed out a dark object under water to Captain Anderson of the steamer Greencastle. The Anson took part in Rodney's victory over the French in 1782, off the West Indies, destroyed ten Spanish gun-boats and a battery in 1806, and in 1807 was at the capture of the island of Curacao, off Venezuela. The old vessel is believed to have had a large consignment of doubloons on board.

**Must Be Poor Observer.**  
And now a man wants a divorce merely because he recollects, after thirty-six years of married life, that his wife refused to promise to obey him when the minister earned the fee. To the casual observer it would seem that any person should become used to being disobeyed by the time thirty-six years had rolled themselves into the past. Thirty-six minutes will generally convey to the male mind a complete realization of the fact that the lady will do as she pleases.

And shine resplendent at our feet,  
Exchanging thus their muddy hue  
For colors borrowed from the sky.  
While in their seeming depths of blue  
The fleecy cloud heaps mirrored lie.  
So human hearts, debased and vile,  
And destitute of native grace,  
Grow beautiful beneath the smile  
Of Love's irradiating face.  
And prove that men ne'er sink so low  
But they, despite their lowliness,  
May in their lives responsive show  
The image of Heaven's holiness.

**HER BLACK SILK.**

By JULIA FELT KNEELAND.  
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"Yes, sir, that there machine will do the work of a half-dozen men, and do it quicker and better. I'll have my alfalfa stacked before the neighbors have theirs in the cocks," and John Prince complacently surveyed his latest purchase.

His wife—poor, tired Jennie—stood in the kitchen door, looking at the new stacker in a dissatisfied manner. Every year when John went to Denver with his cattle he brought her a new dress, but it was never a silk one. She had asked him again and again for the much-coveted article, but was always refused on the score, that "a farmer's wife had no need for a silk dress." When she went to church she always took note of the silk dresses, most of them belonging to poorer people than herself.

As she stood thus, in the bright morning sunshine, a flock of nearly a hundred geese issued from the barnyard and marched past her, on their way to the irrigation ditch.

John came leisurely up from the barn.

"It is nearly time those geese were picked," he remarked. "Yes," she answered listlessly. "I believe we will have fifty dollars' worth of feathers this year, mused John.

Jennie started. "Fifty dollars! Why that was just what Cousin Kitty's silk coat—making and all! Fifty dollars!" and as Jennie looked and thought a sudden plan formulated itself in her brain. She would have the money for the feathers herself. Hadn't she watched and fed them during the cold winter? And now she was expected to pick them! Surely she had earned the money!

Early Monday morning, John started on a twenty-five mile horseback ride, to buy calves, and drive them home. He would be gone all week. This was her chance. As soon as he was out of sight, Jennie called Andy, the hired man, and with his assistance the geese were one by one taken from the poultry house, and robbed of their pretty coats. Hour after hour they worked—all other work for the day being neglected.

When night came a row of wheat sacks filled with feathers, stood on the barn floor.

Tuesday morning saw Jennie and Andy driving to Emporia, with the sacks of feathers piled in the wagon behind them. Arriving at Emporia, they drove immediately to a produce dealer, who purchased the feathers. What a bound her heart gave when the dealer counted the money into her hands. Fifty-five dollars!

With a smile of exultation Jennie started for Cousin Kitty's, telling Andy to return home and come after her on Thursday.

"Kitty, can you go shopping with me this afternoon?" Jennie asked at dinner.

"Why, certainly. I should be glad to go. Are you going to get a spring dress?"

"No, not exactly. I'm going to get a black silk."

"A black silk!" in great astonishment. "Has John really given you the money for it, at last?"

"No. He didn't give it to me. I earned it."

"You earned it? How?" But Jennie seemed embarrassed over Kitty's questions, and only said, "I'll tell you about it some other time. Let's go down to the city right away."

When she started for home on Thursday afternoon the dress was well under way, with the promise

that week, as she had been preparing a surprise for him. Arriving at home just at sundown Jennie was relieved to find that her husband was not home yet. The dress was hidden upstairs, her clothes changed and supper ready before he did come.

Sunday morning, John was tired, and only arose in time to dress hurriedly for church and so did not go to the barnyard. Every circumstance seemed to favor Jennie's carrying out her plan of surprising him. John was shaving in the kitchen—his favorite place. Jennie was in their room all ready to put on the dress. With trembling hands she took it out of the box, and looked at its beautiful folds; but her spirit failed her, and she laid it back again. She went into the closet and brought out the brown flannel that John had given her last fall, and began to put it on. Then she remembered the geese, and thought, "I will at least try the plan



"You are probably a dying man," of surprising him, for in any event he will know by night, all about it."

The brown flannel came off and the silk was put on. How nicely it fitted her slender figure. Surely John would not harden his heart toward her when he saw how beautiful it made her appear!

With a faltering step and a failing heart, she crept down the stairs, across the sitting room and through the dining-room until she stopped in the kitchen door.

John had just hung up the towel. He turned and looked at her. His face lighted up with pleasure. Her heart gave a great bound and with a joyful cry, she took a step or two toward him. He then saw for the first time that the beautiful dress was silk, and his face changed to the flinty expression which she so much dreaded.

"Jane Prince, where did you get this dress?" he said, seizing her by the arm.

"I—I bought it."

"You bought it; and where did you get the money?" sarcastically.

"I—I picked—the geese—and sold—the feathers," she said, much as if she had been reading her death sentence. John pushed her from him.

"Jane Prince, you may wear your silk dress, bought by trickery and with stolen money, but you can no longer be my wife. I'll not forgive you until my dying day for this base deceit. I'll not turn you out of the house, for you've been a good wife to me in the years that are gone. I'll use the west bedroom and you stay where you are. But don't speak to me again until my dying day. Then and not till then—I'll forgive you."

The days came and the days went; how, Jennie scarcely knew. Each seemed harder to endure than the last. She cooked the meals, placed them on the table, and then went to some other part of the house while John and Andy ate.

Often she longed to throw her arms about his neck and beg for forgiveness, but was afraid of doing so, lest she should be denied the measure of pleasure she had in serving him.

John, too, after his temper cooled and he had time to think the whole matter out, came to a realization of how meanly he had acted in many things toward his wife. He thought of all his acres and acres of land, of the money which they brought to him every year, of the barn and buildings, of the machinery, of the horses and cattle, which he had bought for his own pleasure, and then he thought of all that he had denied his wife.

With her heart beating swiftly to suffocation, Jennie came softly into the room, and up to the bedside. John caught her hand, pulled her down to him, and put both arms around her. He held her thus moment after moment, before he spoke. Then he whispered softly, "My wife, will you forgive me?"

"Can you forgive me?" she sobbed. For answer, he held her close to him and covered her face with kisses, and all was quiet peace in their hearts. A week later when John knew that he was to live, and not die, he said to Jennie, "I said once that I would never forgive you until my dying day. Will you consider last Wednesday as my dying day—the day in which I died to all my hardness and selfishness, and let me live again, to make you happy? Wear your black silk as a pledge of our new found love. Without that dress we should never have known this happy hour."

**"GLASS DISEASE" THE LATEST.**

Peculiar Malady Has Affected Windows of English Cathedral.

Lately it has been found that a peculiar "glass disease" has broken out among the windows of York cathedral. Indeed, it is stated that some of the thirteenth and fourteenth century glass in the edifice has been removed in order to arrest the "disease." The outbreak is ascribed to a fungus, but the exact nature of its attack upon the glass is not described. The glass appears to be perforated to such an extent that portions of the glass yield on the slightest touch. Moreover, the transparency of the glass has to a great extent disappeared—in short, the glass here and there exhibits no longer the properties of glass. It is evident that some kind of chemical action has been established, due, perhaps to the life and habits of a specific fungus. Organisms are known, of course, which assimilate silica. The gradual, but sure crumbling of the cement used in water reservoirs has been traced to the operation of countless tiny organisms. The action was at first regarded as being due to the solvent property of carbonic acid and other substances commonly present in water. Under the action of the bacteria the cement slowly resolved into soft mud. The attack is made by the ubiquitous nitrifying organism, which conducts to a large extent the great work of purification throughout nature. The action ceases in the absence of nitrifiable material, and the view is that nitrous acid is produced which acts upon the cement lining of the water reservoir.—London Lancet.

**Emir Hassan.**  
Emir Hassan, of the prophets' race, Asked, with folded hands, the Almighty's grace.

Then, within the banquet hall he sat, At his meal, upon the embroidered mat.

There a slave before him placed the food, Spilling from the charger, as he stood, Awkwardly upon the Emir's breast Drops that foully stained the silken vest.

To the floor, in great remorse and dread, Fell the slave, and thus, beseeching said: "Master, they who hasten to restrain Rising wrath, in paradise shall reign."

Gentle was the answer Hassan gave: "I'm not angry." "Yet," pursued the slave, "Yet doth higher recompense belong To the injured who forgives a wrong."

"I forgive," said Hassan. "Yet we read, So the prostrate slave went on to plead, "That a higher seat in glory still Waits the man who renders good for ill."

"Slave, receive thy freedom, and behold In thy hand I lay a purse of gold. Let me never fail to heed, in aught, What the prophet of our God hath taught."

—William Cullen Bryant.

**Lost His Wife's "Dot."**  
Paris is enjoying a swindle now not comparable with the Humbert affair, but still with some unusual features.

A pretending canon, an unfrocked priest, named Roseberg, of Jewish origin, a financier named Mallevial and some others plucked a wealthy widow, Madame Clivet. Mallevial is an interesting character. His lively youth resulted in his being disinherited. He decided to marry money, and did it.

And then on the day of his wedding he went out with his wife, took a cab went to a certain gambling house on the boulevards, and told her to wait outside. That was, it appears, in the afternoon, and at 2 o'clock in the morning the bride was still waiting. When he finally arrived, the bridegroom informed her that he had lost the whole of her "dot" at play. According to Paris papers that was but a typical incident of his career.

**Seware the Bore With Anecdotes.**  
There is a man at my club, a pleasant, amiable person, whom we all fly from as though he were stricken with plague. He is traveled, highly educated, the soul of honor, courtesy personified; but he has the mania of speech.

I once dropped a coin on the floor; he obligingly joined in the hunt and found it, and told me the tale of a coin he had dropped—O, in the 69th—and I swear that if he were by me, and I dropped my wife's umbrella, surely the most precious thing a man can be entrusted with—I would pass on and resolutely disavow ownership.

—The King.

fort buried, my advice is, settle them at once. You are probably a dying man, but we will hope for the best. If you want to see your lawyer from the city, I can send him out to you at once."

"Thank you, doctor, but there is no one to send for. If you see my wife as you go out, please tell her that I want her."

With her heart beating almost to suffocation, Jennie came softly into the room, and up to the bedside. John caught her hand, pulled her down to him, and put both arms around her. He held her thus moment after moment, before he spoke. Then he whispered softly, "My wife, will you forgive me?"

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