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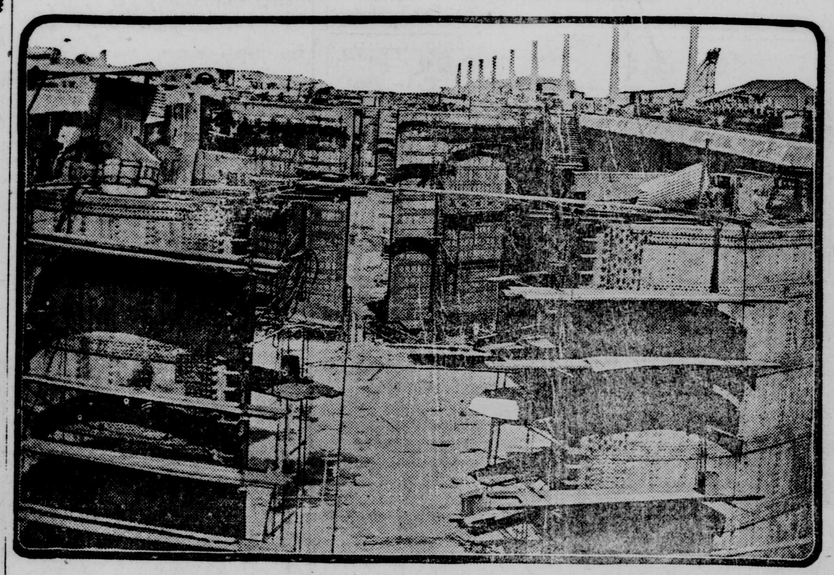
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TREMENDOUS LOCK GATES AT GATUN



Nothing else so impresses the visitor to the Panama canal as does the immense size of the lock gates at Gatun. They are necessarily of immense strength and powerful machinery is required to open and close them.

DEATH SYMBOL AT WEDDING

Jewish Custom of Glass Breaking Depicts Life's Frailty and Is Not for Luck.

The idea that a glass broken at Jewish weddings—as mentioned in reports of the Rothschild-Montefiore wedding—is for luck, is a mistake. According to Jewish notions, the ceremony is more like the "skeleton at the feast" of Egyptian banquets. It is a warning to the happy couple to remember in the midst of the gayety that life is as easily ended as the brittle glass is shattered.

It was once the custom to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem by strewing ashes on the bridegroom's head. We are told that Rabbi Ascha reproved the too exuberant gayety of his disciples at his son's wedding by shattering a costly porcelain vase, and that Rabbi Hamuni on a similar occasion ejaculated, "Woe, woe! We have to die!" doubtless to the discomfiture of the rejoicing guests. The glass breaking is the end of the Jewish wedding ritual, and when it is over the friends and relatives throng round the bridal pair and wish them good luck. Hence perhaps the mistake about the meaning of the glass breaking itself.—Manchester Guardian.

BEGINS LIFE AS PARASITE

Barren Fig Tree Later Strangles the Palm Tree Upon Which It Has Subsisted.

The barren fig tree starts from a seed which takes root on the bole of a palm tree and puts out two pallid leaves. The growth of the leaves is slow. The palm tree furnishes all their nourishment, for the plant is a parasite. After some time four thin, almost invisible roots appear, lengthen negligently, and descend to the ground. When they have grown long enough they drive their ends into the earth. The barren fig tree is no longer a parasite. It stands on its own ground. Then suddenly the sickly plant acquires prodigious strength. It grows broad and long, putting out branches which shake like greedy hands; it usurps the ground and climbs toward the sky. It drives down its roots and reaches wide its branches. The palm tree that gave it life is choked by it. The barren fig tree is a poisoner and a strangler. It rears its head above the dead body of its victim.

This poisonous vegetable has nothing in common with the fig.—Harper's Weekly.

DECLARATION OF WAR: 1682.

The "Corriere della Sera" reproduces the text of a document preserved in the state archives at Vienna, which reads strangely now—the declaration of war sent by Sultan Mehemet IV. to the Emperor Leopold in 1682. "Be it known to you, successor of the Caesars, to the king of Poland and to your allies, that Mehemet, the glorious and omnipotent emperor of the east and the west . . . is about to invade your paltry territories. We shall bring 1,300,000 soldiers, on horse and foot, to crush you utterly, and lay waste all your domains. We command you to await our coming in your residence in Vienna, where it is our intention to have you beheaded." The rest of the missive is devoted to a tirade against John Sobieski, who is promised a lingering death, preceded by elaborate and horrible tortures.

HIS TERM OF WAITING.

"How long would you be willing to wait for me?" she asked in tones so low he could scarcely catch the words. And then she went on: "You know, George, my father has recently invested in a silver mine and he is going there at once, and I cannot leave mother alone. So I ask you again, George, how long would you be willing to wait for me?"

"Wait for you, my darling?" repeated George, for this was no fleeting love; "I will wait for you until we learn how the silver mine turns out."—Newark Morning Star.

VALUE OF THE RIGHT NAME

Shown in the Great Success Made by "Hope House" and the "Big Sisters."

The trouble with the world's charitable intentions is not lack of money, but shortage of ideas. There are not even ideas enough to furnish good names for the institutions which charitable money endows.

Money could have been raised at any time to help in the reforming of convicts. But the world was centuries in grasping the idea that convicts could be reformed; and when that startling notion arrived, it was dressed in gloom and hedged about with suspicion.

Then some genius hit upon the idea of founding a "Hope Home" to L P—TWO Mc give convicts a fresh start in life when they come from prison; and the very name was worth more than any amount of money.

Millions of dollars have been given to found helping homes for wayward girls. But usually the names given these institutions were such as to turn away the very girls who could be helped. They were names suggestive of sin and disgrace, rather than of character and encouragement.

Then came along some other genius and gave the name of "Big Sisters" to one of these organizations. The gift of that name made the half-million endowment which went with it seem small.

MADE HIS LIVING BY SLEEP

Nicholas Hart, a Professional Somnolist Who Performed in England in the Eighteenth Century.

A case is on record in England of a professional somnolist, who by his annual performance, it is asserted, gained "enough to keep himself for a twelvemonth." The Daily Courant of August 9, 1711, contained the following advertisement of the performance: "Nicholas Hart, who slept last year in St. Bartholomew's hospital, intends to sleep this year at the Cock and Bottle in Little Britain." Some further particulars of the sleeper are to be found in the Spectator for October 1 of that year. It appears that Hart was every year seized with a periodical fit of sleeping, which began on August 5 and ended on the eleventh. Its various stages are thus described: "On the first of that month he grew dull; on the second, appeared drowsy; on the third, fell a-yawning; on the fourth, began to nod; on the fifth, dropped asleep; on the sixth was heard to snore; on the seventh, turned himself in his bed; on the eighth, recovered his former posture; on the ninth, fell a-stretching; on the tenth, about midnight, awakened; on the eleventh, in the morning, called for a little small beer."

GOOD GUESS.

Church—I see they say that bad ties are responsible for a great many of the railroad wrecks.

Gotham—Yes; and of the matrimonial wrecks, too, I reckon.

AN ADEPT.

Bacon—Does he know how to handle a wheelbarrow?

Egbert—Does he? Why, he's he's lost every election bet he ever made!

GOOD REASON.

"I'd think a man would be afraid to start out in India to hunt the man-eating tiger."

"Why?"

"Because he might find it."

NATURAL FATE.

"Did you see where over a hundred climbers were killed ascending the Alps?"

"Naturally. That is about the easiest job to fall down on."

DARK SECRET.

"I shall probably go through life with one ambition ungratified."

"And that is?"

"To know what the Chinaman really writes on my laundry ticket."

WILL BE COMPANIONS.

Dr. Samuel Wilson, pastor First Congregational church, Washington, is a cousin of President-elect Thomas Woodrow Wilson.

AGED FATHER.

William Castlebury of Bartlesville, Okla., aged ninety, is celebrating the birth of a baby daughter. Mrs. Castlebury is thirty-six.

MILK TOO LITTLE USED.

Milk should always be kept on hand for consumption by the children. If the child forms the habit of going to the larder for a cup of milk, instead of stuffing with solid food every time he is hungry, he will be a healthier and a brighter child, for he will not suffer from an overloaded stomach. And if the adult were less afraid of the milk bottle and more afraid of the tea and coffee pot there would be fewer nervous wrecks, ruined teeth and complexions and criss-cros dispositions.

A CONSTANT SUFFERER.

"Is your mother a suffragette, Willie?"

"Yep, she's always sufferin'. If it ain't with her shoes or her corset it's because somebody that owes her an invitation had a party and didn't ask her to it."

DOMINATED BY THE DOG.

"No," said Packham, "we never have boiled ham at our house any more."

"Why," said Ascum, "I thought you were very fond of it."

"So I am, but my wife's dog won't eat it at all."—Detroit Free Press.

WANTED TO SELL HIS HORN

Instrumentalist Seemed Rather Disappointed When He Heard His Playing Reproduced by Phonograph.

There is a well-known artist of the Metropolitan opera force who, before he knew he had a voice, performed upon the French horn. In this relation he tells the following:

"One day, as I was practicing upon the horn, I received a call from a salesman for a phonograph house, who endeavored to sell me a specimen of its latest and improved machine. I didn't want the phonograph and repeatedly told the man so, but to no avail. Finally he insisted that, in order that I might fully appreciate the quality of the records turned out by his house and the superior tone of the reproduction thereof, I should give a selection on the French horn. For some reason or other I obliged him. When next he turned up he had my horn solo on a nice, new record, which he immediately proceeded to play for me.

"As the sounds began to pour forth from the instrument the salesman noticed a frown on my brow.

"'Is that me?' I asked, in response to his look of inquiry.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Really me, just as I played?'

"'Precisely, sir; precisely. And now,' said he, do you want to buy the phonograph?'

"'No,' I said, 'I want to sell the horn.'"—Judge.

HEARD HIS MISTRESS' VOICE

Ponto, a Bad Dog, Listened at Phone and Went Straight Home, as Ordered.

"I left my dog accidentally at a friend's house yesterday," said a young girl, according to the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "My friend tried to get him to run after me, but he would not leave. He plainly held that I would soon return—that since I had gone without him I must inevitably return for him. And he stuck to the room where I had parted from him, feeling that such was his duty.

"Finally my friend called me up on the telephone.

"'Your dog won't go,' she said. 'He thinks you will be back, and we can't drive him out.'

"'Hold him up to the phone,' I ordered.

"She held him up.

"'Ponto, you bad dog, come right straight home!' I cried into the transmitter. Well, sir, he wagged his tail, wriggling out of her arms and beat it for the door. He was home in less time than I could have imagined."

GENERAL BOOTH'S GRAVE.

General Booth's grave in Abney Park cemetery, London, continues to be visited by people from all parts of the world. "Each day we get many inquiries for the general's grave," said the gate keeper recently. "People from Germany, France, India and America have already been here; in fact, they come from all over the world. Sometimes we have as many as fifty visitors to the grave in one day. All classes of people come." The other day while on a motor but in the city an Indian student who had lately arrived in London asked a Salvationist the nearest way to Abney Park cemetery. He said he had attended the general's meetings in India and wanted to pay homage to the memory of one who had done so much for his country.

DID THE BEST HE COULD.

"All I demand for my client," demanded the prisoner's counsel in the voice of a man who was paid for it, "is justice."

"I am very sorry I can't accommodate you," replied the judge, "but the law won't allow me to give him more than fourteen years."—Stray Stories.

LET IT OUT IN THE MORNING.

Yeast—A new cap for motorists can be made to fit any size head by an adjustable strap that encircles it.

Crimsonbeak—It must be especially adapted to joy riders.

THE ONLY THING.

"There is only one thing for a man to do when he goes all to pieces."

"What is that?"

"Pull himself together."

TOMORROW.

"My dearest, do not keep me waiting any longer. When shall it be?"

"Oh, Jack, I couldn't possibly marry you this year."

PEOPLE TIME HAS SKIPPED

Fifty Miles From New York City Lives a Primitive Race of Mountaineers.

A journey in search of a primitive race of mountaineers living within fifty miles of New York city might seem to be an impossible quest, remarks the New York Evening Post.

Yet it is true that less than fifty miles away there exists a people and a civilization—among the several hundreds who compose it—as backward in all conditions of life as the mountaineers, the "covites" and poor "white trash" of the most inaccessible regions in Virginia and the Carolinas and in Tennessee. These people, for the most part in the Ramapo mountains, are in nearly every respect precisely like the mountaineer type in the south, except for the most remarkable fact that they dwell within an hour's journey of New York.

Twice in the last month attention has been called to the Ramapo mountaineers. Recently it was announced that Mrs. Edward H. Harriman, whose estate is situated at Arden in the Ramapos, had given $1,000 for the employment of a social worker who should go among these people in Orange, Rackland and Passaic counties and work to teach them the simpler elements of hygiene, in order to awaken in them some understanding of the things which their lives did not possess.

Miss Florence Smith of the Cold Spring Harbor training school was appointed to the work—mission work, as it is generally called in the south—and has begun her task, but has not yet gone to the remoter districts. What has been found already of the primitive conditions is ample evidence of the need of such an endeavor.

WHAT HE THOUGHT



Lady Customer—I'm so disappointed. Last month you had such lovely sideboards.

Furniture Clerk (blushing)—I know, but my wife made me shave 'em off.

SPOILED THE EDITOR'S FUN.

An amusing story is told of M. Clemenceau, the French statesman, who is credited with the intention of being about to edit a new paper. When arranging his staff M. Clemenceau decided that a young man who came to him with strong recommendations should write on foreign affairs. "Yos really know foreign questions, then?" he said. "Certainly," replied the young man. "To some extent," he added, not to overstate the case.

"Are you familiar with the eastern question?"—"Oh, yes."

"With the Austro-Hungarian problem?"—"Yes."

"With pan-Slavism?"—"I have studied it with care."

"What a bother it is," said M. Clemenceau, "that you should know these things! If you hadn't, it would have been great fun."

AUTOMOBILE CHAPEL CAR.

An automobile chapel car is to be used by Catholic missionaries of the middle west for traveling in remote sections, where the railways are few.

INTERESTING TO ASTRONOMERS.

Astronomers are very much interested in the proposed establishment of an astronomical observatory on Grouse mountain, British Columbia.

OUCH!

"What are you thinking about?"

"Just nothing."

"You always were an egotist."—Town Topics.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"That man never shows when he's bored."

"Queerly enough, that is because he is well drilled."

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