

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

Premier of Great Britain, whose unexplained conduct at the time of Mr. Chamberlain's retirement and vacillation in regard to the preferential tariff scheme have led to ruinous dissensions within the party. He is a scholar of note, but has never been popular as a leader.

FOR AN IDEAL CITY

The Hexagonal Plan Suggested as That Best Suited for All Purposes. More attention is being given to-day to the systematic planning of cities, with a view of affording the most convenient means of getting from one point to another, and at the same time of gratifying a growing demand for artistic effect. In an article in the Draftsman, Charles R. Lamb gives the subject a thorough discussion, and after reviewing a number of plans of arriving at these ends, comes to the following conclusion: Municipal art must have for its foundation practicality. Its very essence is dependent upon the harmonious relations between this and beauty, and, therefore, a city planned to be developed in artistic and esthetic directions must be based upon the most practical plan. And what is such a plan? To the writer's mind, all forms of rectilinear plans must be discarded. The cutting of these with diagonals is, at all, but a makeshift. If not an oblong or a square, what form would be the basic one upon which to found the city? After the fullest consideration of all the possibilities that geometric figures give, the writer is tempted to suggest the scheme shown in the accompanying diagram, the hexagon. This permits the development of the city to the utmost that might be possible within many decades, because with the hexagon, the great advantage of the diagonal is secured, and, at the same time, intervening spaces which can be secured for playgrounds and park areas, which, in turn, can be used

CAUGHT IN OUR WATERS.

The vast amount of nutritious, wholesome and delicious foodstuff resulting from the fisheries of the United States is not generally realized. Some conception of it may be had from an examination of the diagram here shown from an article in the National Geographic Magazine by Dr. Barton Warren Everman, of the Bureau of Fisheries.

The total catch of food-fishes in the

YIELD OF 24 OF THE PRINCIPAL FISHERIES IN 10 MILLIONS OF POUNDS.



THE FISH CATCH OF THIS COUNTRY.

United States and Alaska, as shown by the last census, was 1,733,314,324 pounds, valued at \$45,531,165. The number of men employed was 214,056 and the capital invested was \$72,261,646. The salmon pack of Puget Sound alone in 1901 exceeded \$4,500,000, an amount more than four times as great as the entire silver output of the whole region drained by the Columbia River. The salmon output of Alaska for 1903 is valued at \$10,000,000, which exceeds by more than \$2,500,000 the amount which Alaska cost us, and if we add to the salmon the value of the cod, halibut and other fisheries of Alaska, the total greatly exceeds all the other resources of Alaska combined.

RESTS ON HIS TAIL.

An interesting photograph of the Tasmanian wolf, taken by Mr. E. T. Keller, is reproduced herewith from a foreign natural history journal. It illustrates the observation made by Mr. Keller that in the resting position the



TASMANIAN WOLF AT REST.

stiff tail is used to support the animal. Mr. Keller says: "I have not seen this interesting fact recorded elsewhere. It is, however, possible that it is well known among students of the habits of this animal."

The Life of the Cell.

It is no extravagance and no mere figure of speech to say that cells move about with apparent purpose, that they feel, that they suffer and enjoy, that they absorb and assimilate food, that they live, love, marry, propagate and die. And we can say with as much truth that they think. The cell, therefore, does all that man does, has all that man has, and possesses, within its tiny compass, heart, vein, muscle, nerve, artery, skin, bone, cartilage and what-not of the future organism of the composition of which it forms one of the ultimate constituent parts.—National Magazine.

The Hemp Fields.

Not more than three hundred and fifty square miles of territory are under cultivation in hemp in or produced here, yet on this small area is raised the fiber that literally binds the wheat harvest of the world. It is used alike in Minnesota and Argentina, in Siberia and Egypt.

A thousand million miles are covered by the various trains of this country in the course of a year.

TESLA'S TOWER FOR WORLD TELEGRAPHY

The marvelous construction shown in the accompanying cut is part of a great scheme by which the electrician, Nicola Tesla, says he will have in operation before a great while and which he calls "world telegraphy." From this tower, which he has been building at Wardenclyffe, on Long Island, for some time, and which he has recently completed, he hopes to send and receive messages from all over the world irrespective of distance or intervening obstacles. The construction of the upper part of this tower is said to be so delicate that it will detect the slightest impulses that come to it



through the air. He says that he will be able to deliver the electrical current anywhere and in any amount by the use of certain artifices which he has discovered and which he will make known in due course.

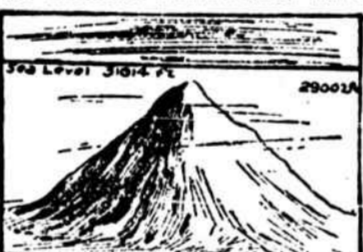
While Mr. Tesla has been responsible for a great many electrical inventions some of which were of a revolutionizing nature, he has made a great many promises which he has failed to redeem up to the present time and for this reason some of his electrical associates have referred to him as a "very promising young man." It has been said that in his present work he is receiving support from some very wealthy and influential persons. It is said that through his connections with George Westinghouse he has J. Pierpont Morgan among his supporters.

THE OCEAN'S FLOOR.

While carrying on her work for the Bureau of Fisheries, says the National Geographic Magazine, the Albatross has made more than 10,000 soundings, and more than 400 dredgings, and has brought up from the bottom of the sea hundreds of tons of fishes and other animals and mud.

The greatest depth from which the Albatross has secured any life was 4173 fathoms. This was in the South Pacific between Tonga and Elice islands. The dredge brought up silicious sponges, radiolarians and brown volcanic mud. The greatest depth from which she has brought up fishes is 2949 fathoms, or about one and a third miles. This was in the edge of the Gulf Stream off the coast of Virginia. The deepest sounding ever made by the Albatross was at Station 4019, near Guam, where the enormous depth of 4813 fathoms, or nearly five and a half miles, was found.

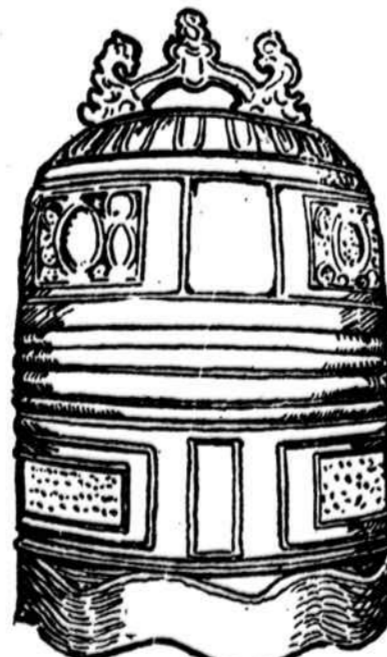
The deepest sounding ever made by any vessel was by the U. S. Nero while on the Honolulu Manila cable survey.



with apparatus borrowed from the Albatross. When near Guam the Nero got 5200 fathoms, of 31,614 feet, only sixty-six feet less than six miles. If Mount Everest, the highest mountain on earth, were set down in this hole it would have above its summit a depth of 2612 feet, or nearly half a mile of water.

KOREA'S WONDERFUL BELL.

A queerly shaped gong, which occupies a position of honor in the center of the city of Seoul, Korea, is said to be one of the largest in the world, and is called "the bell with the wall of a child in its voice." When first cast the bell sounded with a harsh and cracked note, and the superstitious Emperor, fearing an ill omen, consulted with his magicians. These gentlemen held a long confab, and finally stated that the bell would never



sound right until a live child was given to it. The mass was then melted again, and a live baby was thrown into the molten metal. The wall of agony uttered by the little tot as the bronze engulfed it seemed to be repeated every time the bell was tolled, and to-day the Koreans still claim that the wall of a child can be heard in the voice of the metal.—New York Times.

Black Adventure.

ALASKAN BEAR STORY.

PROBABLY THE MOST remarkable escape from death on record in Alaska was that of F. X. King and his partner, N. P. Peterson, who ran the Nugget roadhouse, across the Nome River divide. These people have, in addition to their roadhouse duties, been prospecting on Hometake Creek, at the base of the Sawtooth Mountains.

On the morning of May 30 they started for their customary prospecting, when they were surprised to see the tracks of a monster pair of bears, different from any they had ever seen before. After a tedious "smush" of several miles they encountered a grizzly, the largest of the bear family and the most ferocious animal in the world. Peterson fired and the bullet struck, but not in a vital spot, and with a growl of rage and pain the bear sprang over the cliffs and rolled almost to the bottom, some 300 feet below, where she regained her equilibrium and vanished among the rocks.

Chagrined at the failure, Peterson turned and was horrified at seeing another large grizzly about twice the size of the other, spring upon his partner, Mr. King, and was more horrified when he remembered that his was the only available gun, and as the magazine was out of repair, could only be reloaded by removing the empty shell by hand. The bear sprang at his foe, but King, with the habitual presence of mind inherent in the backwoods hunter, thrust his weapon into the face of his assailant. In the twinkling of an eye the bear had grasped the muzzle of the gun in his teeth and was crunching the gun barrel like so much wood. Tossing two feet higher than King, the latter realized that the only hope for him was to pull the trigger and maybe stop the beast until they procured safety in flight. A loud report and the bear gave a spring high in the air and fell to the ground.

The men beat a quick retreat, and after covering considerable ground, turned, and were surprised to see the bear still lying on the spot where it had fallen. They waited for a few minutes, in the meantime reloading the rifle, the shotgun being broken at the stock and the muzzle left in the mouth of the bear. After throwing several rocks at a safe distance they ventured further, and, unreal and marvelous as it may seem, they found the bear stone dead.

Upon finding the bear killed, the men went back for a sled, and after several hours managed to get the bear to the bottom of the cliff, where they loaded it on the sled, after disemboweling it. They took it to the Nugget roadhouse, and then started for Nome with nine strong dogs to draw the heavy load. It took them three days to reach the Sour Dough roadhouse, where the bear's remains were put in cold storage. The big brute was brought to town on June 3 and placed on exhibition at the Golden Gate Hotel. It is a perfect specimen of the grizzly, and the skin is a beautiful one. The bear, disembowelled, weighs nearly 600 pounds. The skin was sold for \$125, and the meat was purchased by local restaurants at a dollar a pound.

A remarkable thing was the enormous power of the jaws shown by the of the gun by the bear's teeth, not only the barrel being bent, but marks were made in the steel connecting piece about one-fourth of an inch deep. Then there was the finding of a grizzly at this far northern latitude, and to cap the climax, the strangeness and seemingly preposterous statement of fact that a grizzly bear weighing 650 pounds was killed by a discharge of birdshot in his mouth and with the aid of no other weapon than that. When one remembers that the grizzly bear is the most vicious of all animals, and that the most experienced hunters quake and turn pale at the thought of even participating in such a fray, it makes one marvel the more.

Mr. King is a Swiss, with a broad accent, and in relating his narrative states that "de buyer comed at me like a wild beast, un I just pulled de trigger and he go dead."—Nome Correspondent of Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the fat engineer. "Queer things happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, would you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it.

"I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, not twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl not more than three years old, toddled onto the track. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slack much at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over; and after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more.

"As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed and shouted at me: 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny, and kept laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home."—Galveston Tribune.

TRAIN'S MAD RACE.

Eighteen freight cars were being loaded at Laquin on the Susquehanna and New York Railroad when they began to move. They could not be stopped and a wild dash down the

mountain side for twenty miles followed. A passenger train which was but ten minutes ahead was warned not to stop and a race for the lives of the passengers followed.

The passenger train was only saved when four of the freight cars, the only ones which crossed a long wooden bridge safely, were thrown on a siding and ditched at Monroeton.

A few minutes after the cars started from Laquin an engine was started in pursuit of the runaway. Running at terrific speed down the grade, the engine overtook three empty cars, the train having broken in three sections. With them ahead the race was continued.

Meantime the other sections reached Schroder's Creek, which is spanned by a wooden bridge. They were moving about seventy-five miles an hour and were closing in on the passenger train rapidly. Four of the cars passed the bridge safely. The structure gave way under the strain and the other cars crashed into the creek.

Word of the runaways reached Monroeton in time for the operator, after the passenger had passed, to throw a switch, and the four cars were wrecked. The pursuing freight engine continued its mad run to within a few rods of the bridge. Then the crew saw that the bridge was gone. By jumping the three men saved their lives and the engine and three cars plunged into the wreck at the bottom of the creek. During the race the passengers on the train were panic stricken.

KING WOOLSEY OF ARIZONA.

Sheriff Cook has in his possession a weapon which was probably used in the making of history in Arizona in the days of the sixties and seventies, says the Pittsburg Gazette. It is a revolver of an old model, Colt's pattern, and it was found on the flat between Sentinel and Agua Caliente a few days ago.

There were found to be rudely engraved in the metal work the letters "K. W." There were six notches filed on the side of the barrel. The conclusion was reached that the gun had been a part of the armory of the late King Woolsey, whose stronghold at Agua Caliente for years was one of the best known places in the territory. The dilapidated old weapon was shown to Justice Burnett, who said that it recalled to him an incident in a tour of a party of tenderfoot across the continent.

There was a breakdown of a Southern Pacific train near a place called Sentinel, which consisted of nothing more than a box of a railroad office. The breakdown was of so serious a nature that there was no prospect of the train moving for several hours. The tourists exhausted all the means of amusement at their hands, and finally one of them proposed shooting at a target. A half dozen revolvers were collected, and several empty soda, beer and other bottles which were found lying around the station.

The marksmen established a range some distance from the train and kept popping away at the bottles for an hour or two. One of the tourists, but only one of them, succeeded in hitting a bottle now and then, and he was recognized as the Dr. Carver of the party. An old man with flowing whiskers, attracted by the discharge of firearms rode up and sat on his horse observing the target practice. Whenever the champion tourist fired the old man would give a grunt expressive of contempt.

Finally the champion turned to him and said: "Maybe you think you can shoot."

The old man said nothing, but dismounting, he picked up a bottle, fastened a string about the bottom of it in such a manner that the bottle would hang perfectly horizontal in its inverted position. The old man tied the string to the low limb of a mesquite. He next took the cork from the bottle, and when the bottle had become stationary he measured with his eye a spot directly under the mouth of it.

He placed a flat stone there and put the cork on it upside down, directly under the mouth of the bottle. Then the old man set the bottle swinging and walking away a distance of thirty yards, he estimated to a nicety the position of the bottle and its semi-circular path and made an absolutely accurate calculation of the effect of the momentum. He drew a six-shooter and fired. The bottle fell and one of the tourists ran and picked it up corked. One of the tourists asked the old man who he was. As he mounted his horse and rode away he replied, "I'm King Woolsey."

THE KANSAS TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY.

Near Melvern, Kan., the other day George Cheever, aged ten years, was caught in the larriat which he was leading a horse. The horse ran away with him, dragging his body feet first over the rough ground for more than a quarter of a mile. He was picked up apparently dead. When the folks were wildly running for a doctor, however, he sat up and said: "Whoa, you blamed old fool!" And the account says that the doctor was able to keep him in bed only one day.—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

Mortality in India.

India is perhaps the most commonly known to us as a land of famine and plague and cholera, and a population of 300,000,000. The recent blue book issued by England tells some astounding facts about the Indian people. The death rate is given as 17.3 for upper Burma, 44.1 for Punjab, an average of 31.49, or just double the average in England and Wales. And yet in spite of that, the birth rate for the country was 39 per 1000, two and a half times that of England and Wales, and rising in one province to the enormous figure of 56.9. It nowhere fell below 23.9.

The moral figures are hardly less definite. To keep these millions in order 150,000 police sufficed. Crime is on the decrease. The prison population dropped to 93,799 from 105,013 in 1900. The people are supposed to be illiterate, yet they managed to dispatch 520,558,125 letters during the year, and the number is increasing annually at the rate of 25,000,000. "Sherlock Holmes" and "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" are preferred books from the outside world.—Boston Transcript.

News of Interest

PRO-AMERICANS

Deal Jackson Still Leads. The first bale of Georgia's new crop of cotton was sold in Albany on July 24 by Deal L. Jackson, a colored farmer, who has been the first bale man several years.

The bale weighed 351 pounds and was classed as good middling. It sold for 15 cents per pound. The first bale was marketed last year August 3rd by the same man.

Colored Women Elect Officers. The National Association of Colored Women, which has been holding its fourth biennial convention here, has adjourned after electing the following officers: President, Mrs. J. Stone Yates, Kansas City; vice president, Mrs. Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee, Ala.; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Cornelia Bowen, Waugh, Ala.; recording secretaries include Mrs. Mary B. Stewart, Louisville, and Miss Josephine H. Smith, South Atlanta, Ga.; treasurer, Mrs. Libbie C. Anthony, Jefferson City, Mo. The next convention will meet in Detroit, in July, 1906.—Indianapolis Freeman.

Against Mob Violence.

A Montgomery, Ala., dispatch says: At a meeting of Camp Lomax, of Confederate Veterans, a resolution condemning mob law and the torturing of persons was presented and referred to a committee to report at the next meeting. The resolution was presented by Captain Clifford Lanier, and not only puts the camp on record as opposed to violence in every way, but calls on all patriotic organizations to suppress the sentiment of disrespect for law. Captain Lanier held that mob law was confined to no section and every good citizen ought to put the weight of his influence against it.

Negroes in Cotton Mills.

The failure of the only cotton mill in the south employing Negro labor is significant of nothing except the unwisdom of an attempt to launch a business under adverse conditions, with inexperienced management and untrained labor. The qualities which have generally excluded the Negro from the cotton mills have relation to his general unfitness for a monotonous occupation which demands patient industry and steady application. The difficulty with an experiment of this character is that, had it been successful, it would have done vastly more harm than good to the Negroes of the south. Indeed, its failure is a cause for congratulation, since it will avert the misfortune to the most thrifty Negroes of unprofitable investments in mills with little or no chance of success.—New York Times.

Negro Statistics.

In his interesting work of preparing a bulletin on the Negro population of the United States, Walter F. Willcox, of the census bureau of the department of commerce and labor, gives some facts and makes some conclusions that throw much light on the so-called race problem. In the south Negroes are about one-third of the population, both in the cities (30.9 per cent), and in country districts (32.6 per cent). Since 1840 the increase in the Negro population of the south has been less rapid than that of the white population. During the past decade the Negro increase in the country districts was only about two-thirds that of the whites, and five-sixths in the towns. The center of the Negro population is in DeKalb county, Alabama. Between 11 and 16 per cent have or are believed to have some degree of white blood. The rate of Negro illiteracy is given at 44.5 per cent, or seven times as common as among the whites. The death rate of Negroes in the registration area in 1900 was 30.2; that of the whites, 17.3. The Negro population of the United States, including our insular possessions, is given as 9,204,531, nine-tenths of them being residents of the southern states.—Atlanta Constitution.

To Uplift the Colored Race.

An organization of colored women, known as the "Mothers of the Twentieth Century," has asked permission to hold meetings on Decatur street, in Atlanta, Ga., and to erect a small platform at or near the corner of Decatur and Ivy streets, where the worse element of the colored population of Atlanta congregates. The application is made by Caddie Whitman, president, and Eugenia Keaton, secretary.

In the petition to the mayor and the chief of police it is stated that the object of the "Mothers of the Twentieth Century" is to uplift the race by extending a helping hand to those who need to be led into a better way of living.

It is said that there are colored boys and girls who would be better men and women if they only had some one to direct them. The organization was granted the permission asked for, and the street meetings will begin at once. As the efforts of the "Mothers of the Twentieth Century" are solely in a line to help uplift character, the organization will be given every encouragement by the Atlanta authorities. Under the head of "A Good Cause," the Atlanta Constitution comments editorially on the above as follows: The action of Mayor Howell in granting a permit to the organization of leading colored women known as "The Mothers of the Twentieth Century" to make addresses upon Decatur and other streets in the section of the city which Negroes frequent will meet the hearty approval of all

familiar with this organization and the women who are at its head.

The society, which has been formed on the general lines of the King's Daughters, has for its purpose the elevation of the young working women of the race. Its work is based on the theory that the best possible service which can be rendered the colored people is to teach them first to differentiate between the good and bad of their race, and to instill into the hearts of the young of both sexes the desire to attain the respect of their fellows.

The women who have undertaken this work are recognized as leaders. They are devoting their time to it with no hope of other reward than the consciousness of performing good service to their fellows. After an investigation into their plans and purposes, Chief of Police Ball gave his official approval of their application that they be permitted to hold street meetings on Decatur and Ivy streets, and Mayor Howell not only gave this his indorsement, but accompanied it with the assurance that he would do everything in his power to aid the good work; an assurance which we feel sure will be supplemented by all who inform themselves concerning the aims of this admirable organization.

Two Conventions Compared.

The following highly interesting communication appeared in The Washington Post recently:

Editor Post: As a colored man I wish to call attention to the difference between the republican and the Democratic national conventions. At the republican convention the colored man was treated as a companion, friend and brother. There he was made to feel as if he were not only a political, but a social equal. The delegates followed the advice and example of our beloved President Theodore Roosevelt, who teaches that the colored man deserves to be treated as a social equal. To emphasize this fact, he had the courage to have at his table Professor Booker T. Washington. If Roosevelt is elected it will so encourage the colored men that we will demand that Professor Booker Washington shall be the republican candidate for vice president in 1908.

Let not my colored brethren forget that scene in the republican convention when a beautiful white girl was placed upon the stage, and by her side a Negro boy. They then placed flags in their hands and allowed them to lead the cheering, thus making the first and grandest example of the equality of the races that history records.

In the democratic convention there was not a single colored man. It was in word and deed a white man's convention of a white man's party. All hail to Roosevelt, who has given the poor Negro so much to encourage him to persist in his political and social rights.

HENRY S. BAKER.

Worms Our Friends.

After you have read this little account about worms, go out and look at some of the little things, but treat them kindly.

Worms are not precisely blind, but they can only see well enough to tell the difference between light and darkness. They have, however, a wonderful sense of touch. They can hardly smell at all, and are quite deaf. They breathe through their skins, having no lungs.

They can crawl backward and forward, and curl up into any position. If by accident a worm is cut into several pieces it does not necessarily die, because it is so made that each piece can go on living independently of the others. But the pieces always do their best to find each other and come together again.

A worm's working year lasts only about six months, because it cannot burrow through the earth while the ground is frozen.

In these six months the worms will turn over an average of ten tons of soil to an acre. Think of that! Stones, twigs, leaves and shells will be thoroughly chewed up and mixed with it. Then the larger worms do still more. They burrow down to a greater depth than the smaller worms, and dig canals for the rain and moisture to flow through down to the roots of the plants and trees.

So, altogether, you see, boys and girls, the worms are our good friends, helping to make the earth green and beautiful and productive for our benefit.

WEALTHY MEN OF OLD.

Their Fortunes Make Even Rockefeller's Millions Seem Small.

A writer in a Jewish magazine has been looking into the Agadic history of the Talmud, and believes that there were richer men before the Christian era than there are now. We know that Croesus was rich, and that there were huge Roman fortunes in the times of the empire. The Talmud stories go back further still. The great corner in corn that Joseph managed was fabulously profitable. Tradition says that Joseph, acting for Pharaoh, got his hands on pretty much all the ready money there was in his day, and buried three enormous treasures, one of which was found by Korah, whose fortune estimated according to the modern standard of value, is rated by the magazine at three billion dollars. Solomon's stable, with its horses, chariots and horsemen, is said to have represented a sum the modern equivalent of which would be three or four hundred millions, and he spent two hundred and fifty millions on his temple. Herod's temple cost more still. In Jerusalem in Roman times there were three Jews, who between them, felt able to face an expenditure of a hundred millions a year for twenty years. These Jews offered to feed the million inhabitants of Jerusalem for that length of time rather than surrender the city. One of these Jews, Nikodemus, gave his daughter a dowry of \$425,000,000. There were other Jews of whose enormous wealth the Agadic history makes record.—Harper's Weekly.