

# NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

by E. J. Edwards

## Fortune Saved Union Pacific

John Duff of Boston Sent His Securities to New York Just in Time to Meet Payment on Land Grant Bonds.

One of the great causes of the financial panic of 1873 was the failure of the banking house of Jay Cooke & Co. through having advanced too largely on the bonds of the Northern Pacific railroad, then in process of construction. Grave embarrassment was caused to many other railroad companies by the panic, and not the least embarrassed of these railroads was the Union Pacific, which, at that time, was regarded in the railroad and financial worlds as a Boston institution, since it was one of the great railroad properties of the country which Boston capital controlled.

From about 1868 John Duff of Boston, who easily took rank with the great financiers who began immediately after the Civil war the work of developing the railroad systems of the country, had been prominently identified with the Union Pacific. His was, in fact, a leading voice in the affairs of the company, and when it became evident, first to the officers of the company, and then to the public, that the Union Pacific was not in a position to meet the next payments on its land grant bonds, Mr. Duff was greatly concerned. He had been so closely identified for seven years with the financial management of the company that he felt that his business credit, his personal honor, and, to some extent, his investments, were involved in maintaining the credit of the Union Pacific.

But how was that credit to be maintained, with money in hiding everywhere, and with the Union Pacific treasury without the necessary funds to meet the payments soon due?

Not taken into account by the folk who were confidently predicting a default by the Union Pacific was the grim determination of John Duff to protect his good name at all hazards; and so, the day before the coupons of the land grant bonds were due, Mr. Duff called into his office his son-in-law, Dr. William H. Bullard, and counted out in the latter's presence a little over three hundred thousand dollars in first class securities, which

vate office into the main office of the banking house. It was swarming with clerks armed with coupons of the land grant bonds due within less than a quarter of an hour.

Carefully, cautiously, Mr. Morton looked over the securities. Finally, as he laid down the last one, he added his head approvingly, the next moment was issuing instructions that the coupons should be paid until further orders, and within less than five minutes the first clerk to offer a Union Pacific coupon received his money, to the great astonishment not only of himself, but also of the other clerks there assembled, and, speedily thereafter, of all Wall street. For good financial news travels as fast as bad, and within an hour Union Pacific stock, which had been quoted as low as ten cents on the dollar, jumped to twenty-five, and John Duff's son-in-law had his first lesson in the effect of credit upon a railroad property.

Until now, I believe, it has never been reported how the day was saved for the Union Pacific by John Duff pledging his own securities for money with which to pay the coupons. Mr. Duff himself never referred to this act of his, not even when he was openly accused of improperly using his official relations with a nationally famous trust company to secure the funds so badly needed by the Union Pacific.

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## How Grant Bestowed a Reward

Dr. C. D. Webster of the Sanitary Commission Was Given the Lustrative Post of Consul at Sheffield, England.

When General Grant became president one of the country's most famous "war governors," William A. Buckingham of Connecticut, became a United States senator, and almost at once there sprang up between the two men a cordial relation that lasted until Governor Buckingham's death, in 1876.

About a year after this friendship had been formed the president became the guest of the senator at his home in Norwich, and that the people of the town might meet the head of

the nation Senator Buckingham gave a large reception in his honor.

Among the citizens introduced to General Grant was Dr. Webster. No sooner had the president heard the name than he detained its possessor. "On my staff, Dr. Webster," explained the president, "was a Col. John Webster. He was one of the best staff officers I ever had, and I always think of him when I hear the name of Webster spoken."

"He was my brother," said Dr. Webster.

"Then I am more than ever pleased to meet you, Dr. Webster," replied the president, "and now that I come to think of it, you must be the brother of whom I have heard Colonel Webster speak as having served without remuneration in the hospital service of the sanitary commission."

"Yes, Mrs. Webster and I were with the sanitary commission throughout the war," Dr. Webster answered. And then, because the line behind was pressing, the brief interview came to an end.

Late that evening the president told his host the pleasure he had received from meeting Dr. Webster. "I know something of the very great service he gave as a member of the hospital staff of the sanitary commission, whose work was of inestimable value to the Union army," said the president; and then he asked: "Is Dr. Webster practicing medicine here?"

In reply the president was told that Dr. Webster was now a bookkeeper on a small salary; that the prosperous school he had founded and conducted before the war had broken up when he went with the sanitary commission, and that, returning from the field, he had been glad to get work as a bookkeeper. "Ah," said the president, meditatively, "there have been many such cases." And then the subject was dropped.

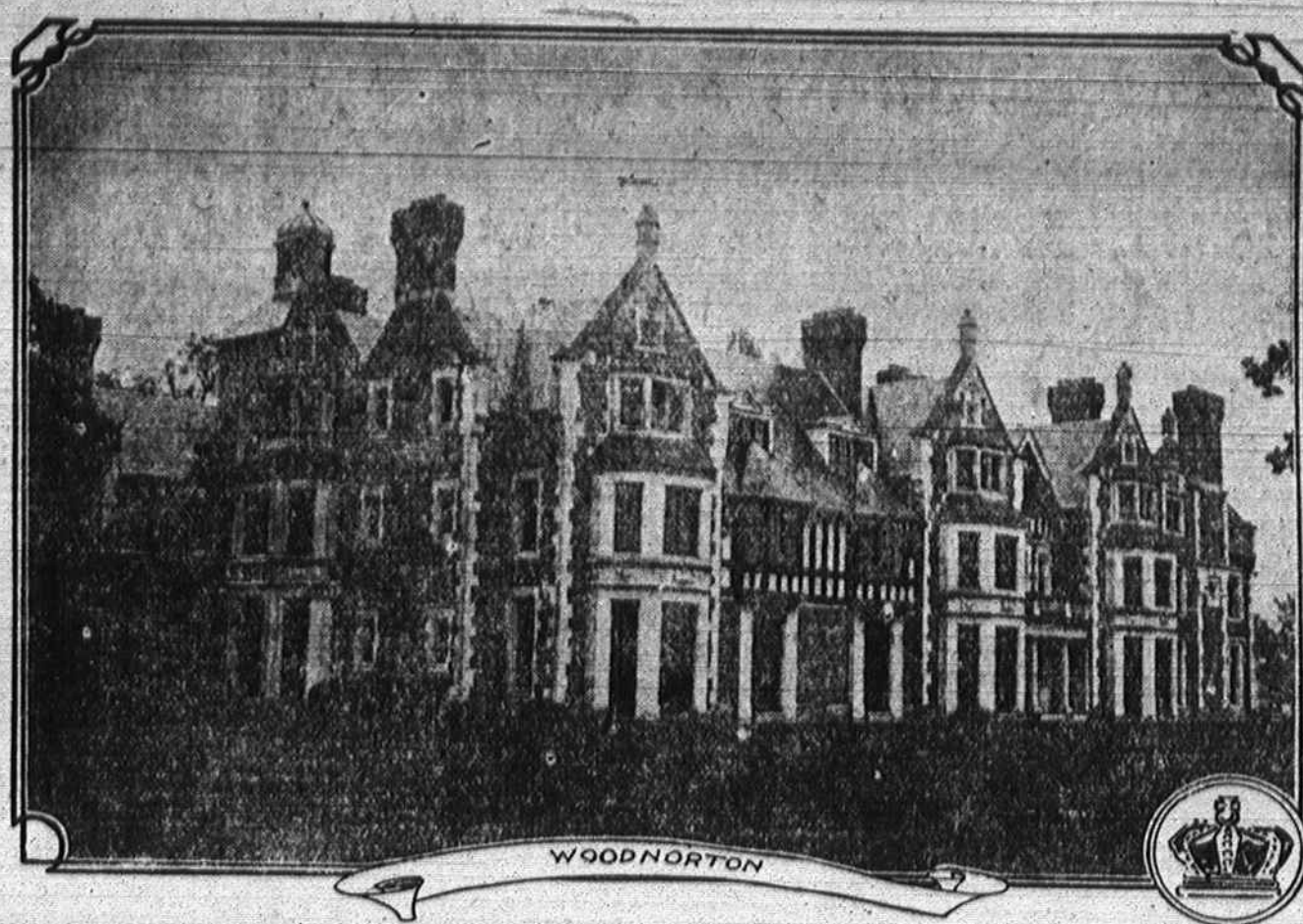
A few weeks later the president returned to Washington. He had not been there more than a week or ten days when official announcement was made that President Grant had appointed Dr. C. D. Webster of Connecticut United States consul at Sheffield, England, at that time one of the country's best paying consulates. It came as a perfect surprise to all of Norwich, Senator Buckingham and Dr. Webster included. It was an appointment made entirely on the president's own volition, and made, undoubtedly, that Dr. Webster might be recompensed in some measure for the loss of his school through his devotion to the cause of the care of the Union soldier.

For fifteen years Dr. Webster served as consul at Sheffield, and in all that time he was not once on a vacation. When Grover Cleveland became president he was disposed to continue the doctor in that post, but political pressure against this policy was too great for Mr. Cleveland not to heed it and regretfully he named a new man as consul.

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A man's character is known by the nature of his amusements.

## HOME OF EXILED KING IN ENGLAND



LONDON, England.—Manuel of Portugal, who is now domiciled at Wood Norton, the country home of the duke of Orleans, is still known as King Manuel and is treated with all the respect due to royalty. Before long Manuel and Queen Amelie probably will set up their own establishment at Craycomb, an old house on the duke of Orleans' estate, perched on a hill among thick game woods. Though old and not very large, it is charmingly situated. Queen Amelie knows the place well, for she lived there for a short time before her marriage. Wood Norton itself is far from being palatial, but it is a large house and its royal pretensions are emphasized by the flourishes that appear everywhere about it. Its great gates once stood before the palace at Versailles.

## TO CHOKE A BORE

Device Arranged to Protect New Yorker and Family.

J. Montgomery Gubbins Makes Contrivance to Absorb Silly Chatter of Neighbor and Throw It Back at Her.

New York.—"See this funnel?" said J. Montgomery Gubbins the other afternoon. He held up an ordinary tin funnel—the kind grocery men keep near the vinegar barrel.

"This funnel," continued J. Montgomery Gubbins, without waiting for a reply, "contains my own arrangement of volta strings and sphygms and along this snout you see there is a little keyboard. It will find any person's notes and I call it the Gubbins sphygmometer and word catcher."

"I was forced by circumstances to invent this contrivance for the protection of my family and my own peace of mind. It happened this way: "The wife of our next door neighbor on the left of our Omaha home is a bore. It was her habit before this, and he waved the funnel, "to call on us several times a week just at dinner time. She always came to borrow something—a cupful of sugar, a pint of milk or an egg.

"Oh, I mustn't keep you from your dinner," she would exclaim with a sniff. After declining an invitation

to dinner she would take a few steps toward the door, then stop and talk and talk and every few words she would remark that she just must go home.

"Courtesy forced my wife and me to stand and listen to her. On these occasions I could always hear the dinner cool off.

"Things came to a desperate pass one night when we had a distinguished person from Clam Gulf dining with us. The neighbor was there and talked so long our dinner froze. Then there came a loud snap from the dining room. Willie, my youngest son, was surreptitiously breaking an icicle from the chicken's wing. And the distinguished person got mad because he wanted to do the talking himself.

"Bang! An idea suddenly kicked me into action. I rushed to the kitchen, snatched this funnel from the hands of the cook and ran to my workshop. Presently I emerged triumphant.

"Walking nonchalantly toward that talking female with the funnel held carefully in my hand, I planted myself directly in front of her and pressed one of these keys. The result was just as I had planned. The woman's jaw kept on moving, but she spoke soundless words, at least the only sound heard was the thud-thud of her words dropping like pebbles into this funnel.

"I pressed another key. The woman

## TIGHTS BREAK STAGE LURE

Sixteen-Year-Old Girl Gives Up Her Aspirations to Be Star—Taken to Her Home.

St. Louis.—Miss Isabel Embrey, sixteen years old, who ran away from her home in Meridian, Miss., to go on the stage, was cured of her stage ambitions after dancing in tight for two nights in the chorus of a St. Louis theater. She forsook the footlights and fleshings for a prosaic job in a department store, and was tearfully willing to return home with her parents to be in the experiment. A half-dozen little mongrels which will be enrolled as charter members of the "cancer squad" have just arrived, accompanied by Dr. Harvey R. Gaylord, director of the Gratzky cancer laboratory at Buffalo, N. Y. The doctor has achieved fame through his discoveries that the laws of immunity apply to cancer.

The dogs are to be fed on the best and most healthful sterilized food, have the best sanitary quarters and have a canine physician all their own. To appease their thirst they are only allowed to drink of a pond in which there are fish. These fish and the dogs, carefully tended, may thus be made to solve another of the great puzzles of the medical world. That is, if the cancerous proclivities of the fish are transmitted through the water, then the dogs, it is believed, will show it and prove that the danger of this disease is ever present for human beings who drink water in which fish live.

Prof. Charles G. Atkins, in charge of the hatchery, says: "We now have a number of dogs and expect shortly to receive more, sent here to aid in investigating the cause of the throat disease known as goitre, which is one of the numerous forms of cancer."

That the cancerous disease affecting both dogs and fishes is similar in nature has already been established. That it is identical remains to be demonstrated. The relation between the two has not yet been worked out, and that is just what the scientists want to learn, among other things. Dr. Harvey R. Gaylord, who is in charge of the experiments being made, said:

"The dogs do not contract the cancer from the fishes, it is believed, but by drinking water from the ponds where the infected fish specimens swim."

The United States government is at present taking under consideration the advisability of establishing a permanent station here—where experiments in connection with cancer may be made upon dogs in lieu of human beings.

Freedom to Wed Demanded. Rome.—A movement is on foot among the telephone girls of Rome to have abolished the regulation which forbids them to marry before they reach the age of twenty-eight years. Italian women reach their prime before they are twenty, and consider their chances of marriage greatly lessened by this government regulation.

Congress in China in 1913. Peking.—An imperial parliament, the first in the history of China, will be convened in 1913, according to an official edict issued the other day.

Tramp Secures Plea. Sharon, Pa.—"Fire! Fire!" shouted Sharon in Brookfield township just as the family sat down to chicken dinner. Everybody rushed out just in time to see the man disappear. Another man went in the back door, stole the chicken and two pies from the table and fled before the family discovered the trick.

## CHAMPAGNE OUTLOOK IS SAD

Grapes Half Devoured by Insects, Half Withered by Mildew, Being Gathered in France.

Paris.—A writer in the Temps draws a melancholy picture of the grape harvesting in the Champagne districts. "The sight presented by the Champagne vineyards, so animated and joyous in the times of abundant harvests, is one of desolating sadness this year," he says. "Instead of long lines of workers gathering the thick clusters, a few wise growers only can be seen weighed down by implacable fate.

"And yet the grapes are being gathered, if these miserable berries half devoured by insects, half withered by mildew can be called grapes. They are thrown into casks and borne to the furnace, where they are burned that the eggs of the insects, the germs of the parasites may be destroyed and not endanger the next season's crops.

## UNCLE CALHOUN SPOKE OUT

Answer No Doubt Truthful, but by No Means What the Orator Desired.

Booker T. Washington, congratulated by a New York reporter on the success he had made of his life, said with a smile: "I suppose I must be modest and declare that luck had more to do with my progress, or otherwise I'll be in Senator Dash's shoes.

"Senator Dash of Tallapoosa prided himself on his rise from the bottom, for Senator Dash in his youth had worked with the colored people in the cotton fields.

"Boasting at a political meeting about his rise, the senator singled out Uncle Calhoun Webster among his audience and said: "I see before me old Calhoun Webster, beside whom, in the broiling southern sun, I toiled day after day. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to Uncle Calhoun. Tell us all, uncle, was I, or was I not, a good man in the cotton field?"

"'Yo' wuz a good man, senatuh,' the aged negro replied; 'yo wuz a good man 'fo' a fack; but yo' aut'ay didn't work much.'"

Kidding More Than Cutting. Talk about making good with your friends, a New Orleans man told everybody he knew that he was going to Philadelphia for the dual purpose of seeing the world's baseball series and having a slight surgical operation performed. Reaching this city, he consulted a specialist, and was told that an operation was not necessary. "But, doctor," the New Orleans party urgently interposed, "it must be done."

"Why must it?" wonderingly queried the surgeon.

"Because," was the startling rejoinder of the southern man, "I told all the boys at home that I was going to have an operation performed, and if I don't make good they will kid the life out of me."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

On the Senators. The wit of Bishop Seth Ward amuses Nashville frequently.

Bishop Ward, in company with two senators, came forth from a Nashville reception the other day and entered a motor car.

"Ah, bishop," said one of his companions, "you are not like your master. He was content to ride an ass."

"Yes, and so should I be," Bishop Ward answered, "but there's no such animal to be got nowadays. They make them all cowards."

## HE SUCCEEDED.



Bluish—So had thought he'd get into society by coming to the seashore, did he?

Base—Why, yes. They had him for dinner at De Wealth's the first day.

## STOMACH MISERY VANISHES

Indigestion, Gas, Sourness and Dyspepsia Go and Your Stomach Feels Fine in Five Minutes.

If your meals don't tempt you, or what little you do eat seems to fill you, or lays like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn or a sick, sour, upset or gassy stomach, that is a sign of indigestion. Ask your Pharmacist for a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a little just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, nausea, Debilitating Headaches, Distress or intestinal griping. This will all go, and besides, there will be an undigested food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it prevents fermentation and takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there. Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store here in town.

These large 50-cent cases of Pape's Diapepsin contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure any case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastritis or any other stomach disturbance.

Trying to Console. "My son," remarked the stern parent, "when I was your age I had very little time for frivolous diversions."

"Well," replied the young man, "you didn't miss much. Believe me, this gay life isn't what it looks to be."

Curing Cereals. "He used to have a good opinion of himself."

"Hain't he now?"

"No; he ran for office recently, and wasn't even close when the votes were counted."—Detroit Free Press.

For HEADACHE—Stomach UPSETTING—Weakness from Cold, Heat, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Cephalalgia will relieve you. It's liquid—pleasant to take—and contains no alcohol. Try it. 10c, 25c, and 50c cases at drug stores.

Not a Harmless Sport. Pape's—You thought backache and French Duesel—Yes, and got a case of stomach trouble. Journal Amusements.

## Invention Edison Valued Most

Megaphone, the Wizard Believed, Would Be More Profitable to Him Financially Than Talking Machine, But Was Deceived.

Recently I told the story of the late Charles A. Dana's doubt of Edison's good faith in claiming that he had invented a talking machine after the late Amos J. Cummings and myself had reported to Mr. Dana that Edison had demonstrated the machine to us, even going so far as to make it reproduce Mr. Cummings' own voice, in fact, and all, with distinction.

After he had shown us the talking machine, explained its mechanism and made it perform for us, Mr. Edison went on to say that he got the idea for the machine while he was at work perfecting his microphone transmitter, extensively employed in the earlier telephones.

"One invention almost invariably suggests another," he went on. "All sorts of notions came to me while I was working out this talking machine. One of them you will see in that big funnel up there." He pointed to a shelf upon which rested, or hung, a curious-looking object resembling a gigantic funnel of about tall man height. "And I'm inclined to think," he went on, "that there's going to be more profit in that thing than in this talking machine here. I have about made up my mind that I won't work on anything unless it seems to me to have some commercial practicability. I can make hundreds of toys, but any fellow with a little ingenuity and patience can do that. Maybe this talking machine is going to be not much more than a toy, after all, but that thing over there—well, I'll show you how it works."

He called two of his assistants to his side and directed them to take their station on the crown of a hill about half a mile away.

While they were doing so, Mr. Edison had the big funnel-shaped thing taken out in front of his shop. Then, when the men had posted themselves on the hill and stood facing us, an assistant, getting under the big end of

the funnel, held it up while Edison called through the other end. From time to time the men upon the hill made gestures to indicate that they had heard and understood what Edison was saying. Finally, Edison beckoned to them to report in, and when they had done so they repeated practically word for word what we had heard their employer say to them through the funnel.

Mr. Cummings and I were almost as much astonished over this demonstration as we had previously been over the talking machine. "What do you call the thing?" I asked Mr. Edison.

"Well, it makes a big sound, and I think I'll call it the megaphone," replied Mr. Edison. "As I have already told you, I sometimes think there will be a great deal more in it for me financially than in the talking machine. It will be a great thing on ships; with its aid one ship at a distance can hail another ship easily, and a captain can shout his orders clearly and distinctly through it to the uttermost ends of his vessel. It can be used on land, also, for conversing at great distances. In short, this megaphone of mine enlarges the zone of action of the human voice, and for this reason I am inclined to think at times that it will be a more profitable invention than the talking machine. You have seen what it can do, and it does it just as easy as rolling off a log."

I presume that this was the first public demonstration of the Edison invention that has passed into universal use under the name megaphone—a contribution of human progress that has brought its father cents where the phonograph has added—his wealth by the hundred thousands of dollars.

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Foresight. "Who is the man who is so loudly and energetically opposing restrictions on automobilizing speeding? I don't recollect having seen him among the motorists before." "You haven't. He's not a motorist, he's an undertaker."

## Large Profit from Ducks

Elder Down, in Demand the World Over, Great Source of Income to the Islander.

No other down is so highly esteemed or brings so high a price in the world's markets as that of the elder duck. In Iceland and the Westman islands, where these birds nest, they are rigidly protected by law and by public sentiment.

These ducks make their nests of down from their own breasts. They pluck the down out with their bills and form it into a circular mound that has the property of retaining heat to an extraordinary degree. If this down is removed, the duck supplies a second and even a third lot from the same source.

The elder ducks in Iceland are frequently covered on little islands off the coast with low hummocks. To protect the breeding ducks from the elements the Icelanders construct

small shelters of rough stones. On these farms, it is said, the ducks become so tame that any one with whom they are familiar may handle them without frightening them.

Separate buildings on the Icelandic elder farms are devoted to the cleaning of the product. Down clings tenaciously to anything on which it is thrown, a circumstance that is utilized in cleaning it. There may be seen a number of frames of an oblong shape, and along these numbers of strings are loosely stretched. The down is cast on these near one end, and a piece of wood is drawn rapidly backward and forward over the other end. The down clings to the strings, and all impurities, such as grass and feathers, fall to the ground.

It takes a quantity of down to make even a small weight, and several nests must be used to obtain even a moderate amount of down. The price at the farm is about two dollars and a half a pound.

## Food for Our Soldiers.

Mr. Squilla (reading the morning paper)—"Our soldiers in the Philippines are almost in a state of mutiny because they have to eat wheat bread."

Mrs. Squilla (a famous housekeeper)—"That's too bad. I suppose it's because they don't know how to fix the bread. You must write to General Wood this very day and tell him."

Mr. Squilla (staring)—"Eh?"

Mrs. Squilla—Yes; tell him that he must be sure to furnish the army with good butter; get print butter, if possible; it's often as low as fifty cents, and never over a dollar a pound. Then, on baking days, when the bread is fresh, tell the soldiers to spread the butter on thick, and it will be delicious. The following day, when it is a little dry, give each soldier a bowl of rich cream, and tell him to crumb it in. I'm sure they'll like it."

Paradoxical Fate. "Teacher—Why was Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt?"

Pupil—Because she was too fresh.