

The Queens Weekly News.

JOHN M. AKERS, EDITOR.

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50 CENTS A YEAR

NO. 13.

Signor Marconi is no doubt too busy with his inventions to allow himself to be utterly upset by a misfortune in his love affairs.

There is no question but that the horseless vehicle made greater strides in the United States during the past year than during the whole of its previous history.

At the State sanatorium for consumptives at Rutland, Mass., 300 patients were admitted last year, of whom only one died. The treatment excludes both alcohol and cod-liver oil; and much is made of the open-air method, and apparently with success.

The New York cabman who ran over a foot passenger and then turned over the man he was driving to a dinner in a hospital, is a rare bird. As a rule, in a case like this, the cabby makes an effort to escape, and frequently succeeds.

The Paris Police Department is equipped with a dog brigade, whose special duty is the rescue of suicides from the River Seine. Recently several Newfoundlanders were added to the brigade. No other city in the world has such an organization, and it may imply that no city in the world has such a large proportion of people seeking self-destruction.

Professor Wilder, of Cornell University, has sent out thousands of circulars asking men of brains to bequeath their organs to him for post-mortem study in the interest of science. Many doctors and a few lawyers have executed the necessary documents to that end, but by a strange oversight none of the circulars were sent to members of Congress, explains the Philadelphia Record.

The shades of Haroun-al-Raschid and his Grand Vizier must be afflicted if the news has reached them that the Sultan of Persia has at last issued the final order for the building of a railroad to Bagdad. Think of the feelings of the renowned Caliph who was so fond of nocturnal rambles in disguise about the streets of the famous city on the Tigris over the thought that the harsh whistle of a lightning express may be long-disturb the Oriental peace and calm of old-time domains!

Suitable nomenclature for the vessels of a national navy is not always an easy thing to arrive at, but the medals adopted by the United States seem to be the most satisfactory. The naming of our fighting vessels after the States of the Union and after the principal cities of the country is much more significant than to christen them with such high-sounding titles as the Hercules, Ajax, Argonaut and the like. It typifies in a way the Union itself and localizes interest in our navy more than anything else could do. It is a matter of pride with a State or a city to have a warship named after it, and that is a vast thing.

On a return lately held before the Reichstag, says the United Service Gazette, it appears that last year 1,675,816 young men became nominally available for service in the forces of the German empire. From this number, however, large deductions had to be made—135,168 men had emigrated without leave, and 97,819 were absent without leave from other causes; 573,799 were sent back for a year; 25,174 had entered the army and 1290 the navy as volunteers; 82,116 were detailed for Ersatz Reserve, others were disqualified for other causes, so that finally only 222,937 were drafted into the army and 6184 into the navy.

According to a writer in the Forum, until within a few years—say fifteen, as the greatest period—all the States confined convicted persons, whatever their age or offense, in the same prison, and the penalty imposed had to be served by all inmates alike for the term imposed. Such is still the case in many States. But gradually there has grown up, as a first step in criminal reformation, a system of reduction in time for good behavior. This was established at first largely as a measure to assist prison discipline. It was found to be successful in its operation, and it has led up naturally to two other systems, now existing in several States, namely, conditional pardon and parole.

Abuse or misuse of the pardoning power by Governors has led to the institution of Boards of Pardon in several States. Owing to the difficulty and great expense of running down and convicting confirmed criminals an excess of pardons has always been regarded as outrageous. Experienced prison officials believe in the justice and necessity of a system which, while it will give conditional release to reformed convicts, will keep inescapable criminals of the worst type in seclusion, just as the dangerous inebriate inmates are kept. It is manifestly unjust to the people to release a criminal when it is known that in spite of his term in prison he will immediately begin again to prey on society, remarks the Philadelphia Record.

TWO KINDS OF DOLLARS.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad—known then as the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago—was building, and the right of way cut through a sandhill less than a quarter of a mile from our front gate. In building the line there were no better materials could be found than the gravel in this hill. Next to the wagon road, which wound away



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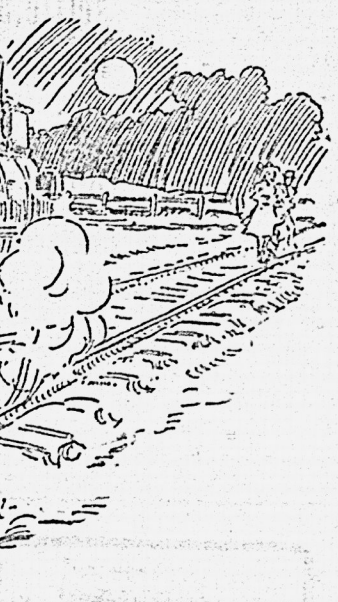
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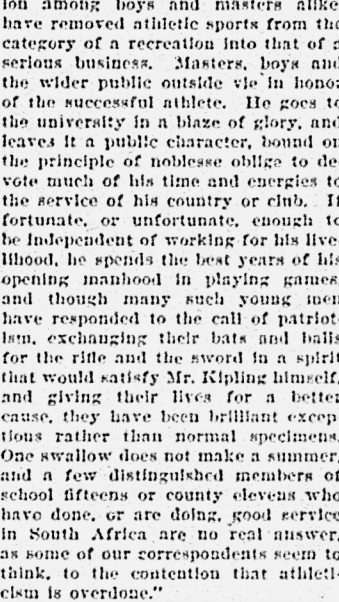
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"TIMES" DEFENDS KIPLING.

Agrees that "Flannelled Fools" and "Muddled Oafs" are a Growing Evil. The controversy over Kipling's poem, "The Flannelled Fools," which appeared in the daily and weekly press of England. Several letters appear every day in the Times, which has come to the support of the poet in its editorial columns. The most notable expressions, "flannelled fools" and "muddled oafs," are supported as likely "to do more than pages of reasoning to call attention to a great and growing evil."

The Times proceeds: "We say, if, for some one desire to understand the qualities of pluck, endurance and resource called forth on the playing fields of Eton and elsewhere, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that from an educational, if not from a national, point of view, the thing is very different. It goes to the credit of the public schools, for the majority of boys cricket and football are the serious business of their lives, and the most absorbing of their thoughts. One swallow does not make a summer, and a few distinguished members of school fifteen or county eleven who have done, or are doing, good service to their country, are not to be taken as some of our correspondents seem to think, to the contention that athleticism is overdone."

The incident on the hill was forgotten, almost, perhaps entirely by all except the Irishman, who seldom had a thing of this kind from their memories. Time wrought many changes. Bob Watson was advanced until he was given charge of a night express between Chicago and the East. Conductor Thompson controlled the destination of the passengers on this same train. One night they were coming into Chicago, with the moon shining full and the face of the country almost as clear as at noon. Off to the left was the schoolhouse, and to the right, coming down the road over the crossing, were the children, a boy and a girl, with a tin dinner bucket swinging between them. Evidently they did not see the express, and reached the centre of the track at the same instant the engine struck the crossing. Engineer Watson threw on the air brakes, blew the whistle, and the whole train shuddered to a standstill. Watson grabbed a date and sprang past the wide-eyed fireman out into the night. From the coaches the white lights of the brakemen dropped down, and the blue lantern of the conductor waited until the yellow fire of the conductor came up to it. Then the conductor and the engineer went back, looking under every ear the full length of the train, and to the crossing even on the crossing there was nothing, no sign of an accident, neither to the right nor to the left.



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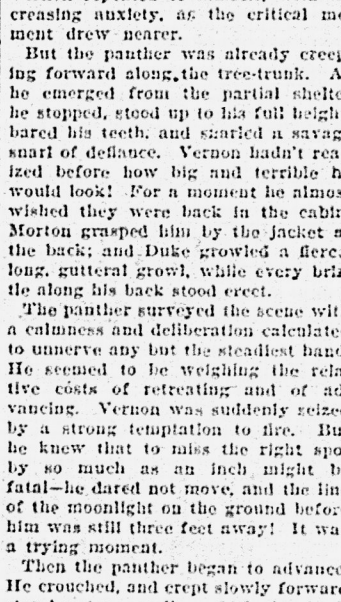
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TALES OF PLUCK.

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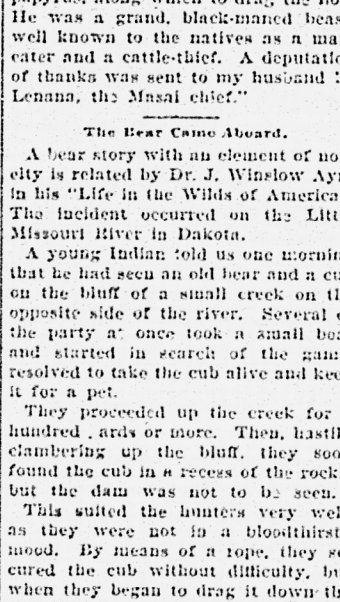
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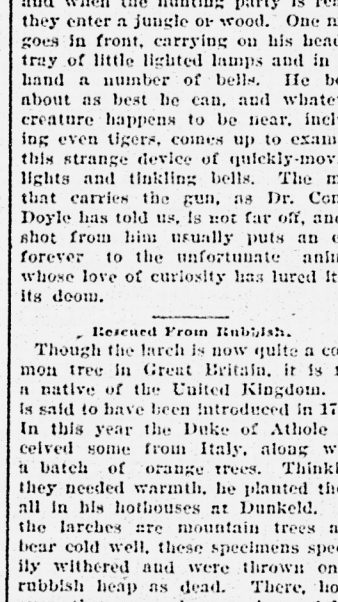
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CHILDREN'S LEISURE HOUR.

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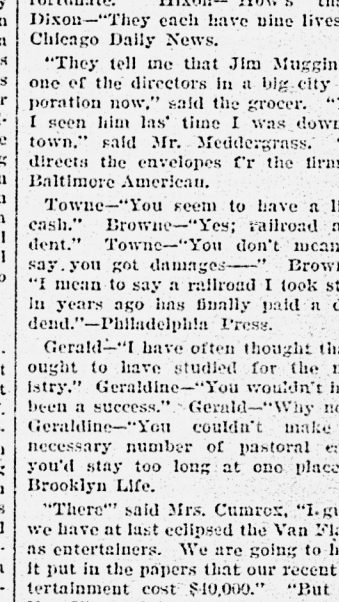
"I'll take the things out of there," as he slipped down the iron steps to the sand. Up the hill he went till he came to the box, when he caught hold of the protruding end and gave it a twist that sent the box and the engine rattling and tumbling with the bones rolling down the hill. Conductor Thompson sent a delegation to the new home of Graham Davis to tell him where the bodies of the children were, and to request him to carry them away. "Then the men went back to work. When evening came a large Irishman walked up to the cab of the engine, where Engineer Bob was lighting his pipe. "You've got the hant, Bob, Watson, and if you take my advice, being a man who's uninterested, you'll get out of this job and won't pull no train on this division of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Road."

MUSIC IN THE PANTRY.

There's a difference in dollars, for some are a pure And wholesome and big and delightful, While others are small and thin in their lustrous procure.

Are little and tarnished and frightful, The good kind bring riches that stand for success, With honest, intelligent striving; The others bring only that sense of dis- That comes of unmanly conning.

SOME people do not believe the stories they hear of ghosts," said the doctor, as he leaned back in his chair on the opposite side of the table from the lawyer and his wife, whose guest he happened to be for dinner. The lawyer leaned back, too, but the lawyer's wife could not because the telephone was up against the wall behind her seat. "But they do believe them down in the country where I came from," continued the doctor, while the lawyer's wife crumpled a cracker and laid the pieces fall in her hunger bowl. "For instance, a story was current here in my youth that a man who had been a doctor for twenty years old that was real enough and had proof enough to have seen so even if it was not."



ENGINEER WATSON THREW ON THE AIR BRAKES.

through the sands of the hill, stood the old house and barn of Graham Davis. Some time before this a section of a small box had visited the community. Two of the Davis children had died almost on the same day. Anyway, in the same house, in the same yard, was in the orchard, as a great many graveyards of the early settlers were. As the railroad company pushed in its siding against the hill, Graham Davis found himself short of room, so in the course of time he sold that corner of his farm to the company, and moved from his home and barn, for getting all about with his land in the orchard. The neighbors remembered, and it was not long before weird stories of shaming doors and greivous noises were told about his country side. Some people went so far as to declare they had seen the two children, hand in hand, going through the trees of the orchard, as they had often been seen in life to do. This happened only at midnight when the moon was high and the air clear, so there was little chance of making a mistake. The blue lantern of the conductor waited further into the night, and the gravel train consisted of Irish school-ers, a Yankee conductor and Scotch engineer. One by one the trees of the orchard fell to the ground, and the flat cars by the red-lit gang, who talked and joked and idled away their time like a flock of geese.

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