

STRANGE PEOPLE AND QUEER THINGS OF TO-DAY.

Barbarism and Civilization Shown by a Snap Shot Photo.

Hole-in-the-Day, at the moment of starting on a long spin over the prairie. There is a bicycle squad attached to the military post at Devil's Lake, but the Indians have all along looked askance at the machines, which their chief men have pronounced "bad medicine."

Young Hole-in-the-Day seems to be possessed with a curiosity beyond the usual in his race, and induced one of the soldiers to surreptitiously give him a few lessons. Having once mastered the secret of preserving the machine's equilibrium, he became an enthusiast and promptly swapped his pet broncho for a bike. Several of his fellow tribesmen have been induced to follow his example, with the result that at the nightly pow-wows around the campfires, argument as to the merits of various makes, of flexible saddles, rigid or spring frames, wide or narrow tubing, single or double tires, runs high, and young Hole-in-the-Day is likely to demand a chainless bike next Spring from the Government as the price of peace on the reservation.

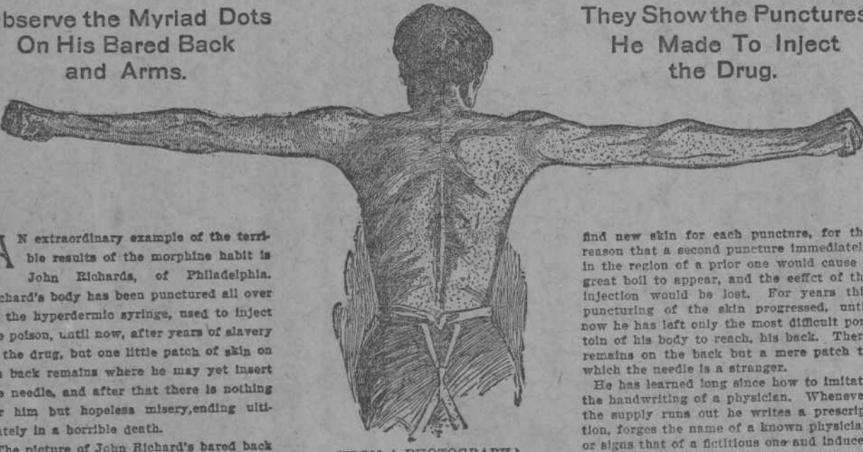


Hole-in-the-Day, the Indian Scorer of Devil's Lake, N. D., Who Has Swapped His Bronco for a Safety Bicycle.

THIS MAN IS A MORPHINE FIEND.

Observe the Myriad Dots On His Bared Back and Arms.

They Show the Punctures He Made To Inject the Drug.



An extraordinary example of the terrible results of the morphine habit is John Richards, of Philadelphia. Richards' body has been punctured all over by the hypodermic syringe, used to inject the poison, until now, after years of slavery to the drug, but one little patch of skin on his back remains where he may yet insert the needle, and after that there is nothing for him but hopeless misery, ending ultimately in a horrible death.

Now He Is Doomed To Die in Horrible Agony.

The picture of John Richards' bared back and arms shows his awful condition to-day. The punctures are plainly visible and dot his flesh like stars in the sky on a clear night. He knows he must die, and knows, too, that with each new puncture he is driving another nail in his coffin. Yet stop he cannot. To stop means despair, a death-like craving, to deny which is indescribable agony.

Richards was a Texas boy and well educated. After graduation from college, failing health, due to overstudy, compelled him to rough it on a ranch. On Christmas day, in 1880, with some cowboy companions, he rode into Waco to celebrate the holiday. In a barroom brawl his revolver was accidentally discharged, inflicting a painful wound on the forehead. In his suffering he implored the doctor to ease his pain. One injection of morphine and the pain was gone.

That led him on, step by step, to the indulgence of a habit that has grown with a

vigor impossible to resist. Richards continued the use of morphine, not now to relieve pain, rather than to secure bliss, a Lethal forgetfulness of the cares of the world, a rest of the nerves and visions of perfect peace and contentment.

His fall was rapid. Ashamed to return to his home, he voluntarily became an outcast. Instead of the muscular young fellow into which he had developed on the Texas ranch, he dwindled away. His body became thin and wasted, his eyes retreated into their sockets, and the flesh of the face shriveled like that of an aged man. Meanwhile, the doses of morphine became not only more frequent, but stronger each day.

When he first began to take injections he made them on his arm and breast. Gradually the skin became covered so completely that there was no room left for the needle. Then he used the skin on other portions of his body, being compelled to

find new skin for each puncture, for the reason that a second puncture immediately in the region of a prior one would cause a great boil to appear, and the effect of the injection would be lost. For years this puncturing of the skin progressed, until now he has left only the most difficult portion of his body to reach, his back. There remains on the back but a mere patch to which the needle is a stranger.

He has learned long since how to imitate the handwriting of a physician. Whenever the supply runs out he writes a prescription, forges the name of a known physician or signs that of a fictitious one and induces a companion not afflicted, a boy or a casual acquaintance to secure the drug for him.

Richards' waking hours are divided into three immensely differing conditions. In one of them he feels the beloved intoxicant stealing through his veins, in the second he is suffering from the inevitable reaction as it loses its power; in the third he endures the unparelleled misery and fearful torture of a wrecked system, unstimulated by morphine. The only sleep he gets now is during the brief period when the action of the morphine reaches its height.

Every fresh dose must be larger than the last, and at the same time its effect is less. His period of intoxicated happiness is thus reduced and that of the absolute torture proportionately increased.

From the past he knows what unparelled agony it is to be without the drug, and he also knows that, both from the failure of the drug to act as powerfully as before and from lack of money, his hours of torture must become longer and longer every day of his existence.

He can calculate exactly how many more hours of agony every day must have for him. It is impossible to imagine a more perfect realization of hell upon earth.

New Statue to Succeed Boston's Very Wicked Bacchante.

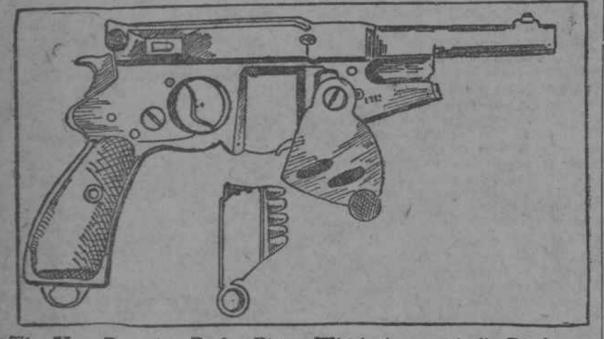


"The Spirit of Research," the New Statue to Replace Macmonnies's Famous "Bacchante," in the Boston Library.

Wonderful Shooting by a New Automatic Pocket Pistol.

The most deadly revolver in the world has arrived in this country. It is the invention of Bergmann, the famous Bavarian maker of small arms. This new wonder of marksmanship is an automatic pocket pistol, capable of discharging six bullets in the astonishing time of two seconds. In an experimental trial it threw a .32-calibre steel bullet through a six-inch hardwood plank at 300 yards.

The Bergmann revolver is so adjusted that the marksman can fire as many shots, up to six, as he may wish. He decides before pulling the trigger how many shots he wishes to fire. The recoil of each shot is not felt by the marksman, but is ingeniously utilized by the weapon itself in discharging the bullets one after the other. This weapon is also smokeless. Chief Lee, of San Francisco, witnessed its trial on a police target at 150 feet range. The six steel bullets penetrated the target of chilled steel and were completely buried in it.



The New Bavarian Pocket Pistol, Which Automatically Discharges Six Bullets in Two Seconds.

To Kill Germs In Library Books.

When the New York Public Library moves into the building of the future on the present site of the reservoir in Bryant Park it will be a circulating library. All citizens of New York will have the privilege of taking books to their homes. Each book, upon its return from the people to the library, is to be put through a process of fumigation and sterilization, warranted to destroy all microbes and bacilli, however latent.

This system has been approved by Dr. John S. Billings, director of the library, who conducted a series of experiments in the Horton laboratory at Philadelphia.

A number of old Patent Office reports were inoculated with bacteria, and in a short time the books were full of germs of measles, scarlet fever, smallpox and other diseases. Trials were then made of various germ-destroying substances, and as a result of the experiments Dr. Billings says that he has a perfect disinfectant in the gas formaldehyde. The volume is placed in a glass or metal box, with a successful of a solution of formalin in water, and left for an hour or two. At the end of that time the vapor has penetrated into every particle of the book and not a live germ can be found.

Bibliophiles will be glad to know that the formalin will destroy the Croton bug, responsible for the ruin of so many fine bindings in this country. The traditional book worm is now a rarity in America, but the Croton bug has taken its place, and the collector of rare volumes has in Dr. Billings' discovery a preventive of the ravages that the insect's passion for morocco and calfskin causes.

THE SHAPE OF THE AVERAGE AMERICAN HEAD.

The average size of the American head is what the latter calls a 7 1/4. This figure is close to the diameter of the circle measured on the interior of the sweat band of the hat.

Shoemakers have an intricate graduated rule, on the face of which is figured out the table of circumference as compared to the size. Thus, a No. 7 hat will measure on the inside 23 1/4 inches, a No. 7 1/4 hat 23 3/4 inches, and a No. 7 1/2 will call for a headpiece 24 1/4 inches on the inside.

In 100 hats 54 will run in the sizes 7, 7 1/4, 7 1/2. Over 82 per cent of the hats sold in the United States range from the 6 1/2 to 7 1/4 sizes.

A man who wears a hat smaller than a 6 1/2, or 22 inches around, is of the class generally called a "pin-head." A fraction over 8 per cent of the hat wearing population comes under this heading.

Above the 7 1/2 size there are less than 9 per cent of hats worn. The largest size made is a 7 3/4. The demand for this size is but .53 in a total of 100, which, by the way, is exactly the call for the smallest number made, the 6 1/2.

These figures are reached as the result of experience of the leading hat makers and retailers of the country, and are based upon actual sales. The retailer has learned not to overstock and the manufacturer not to overproduce any particular size.

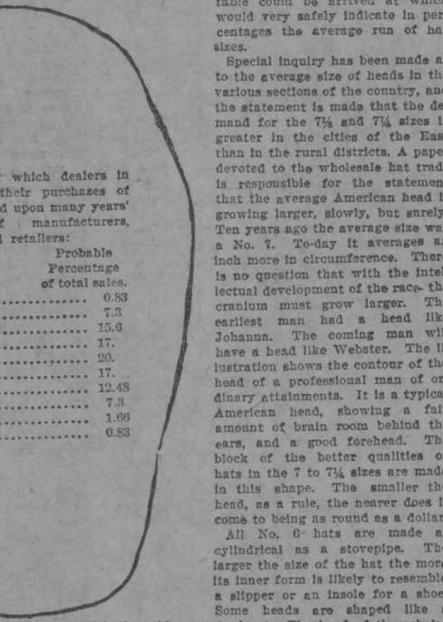
is independent of fashion; it is the average distribution of sizes of head as existing in any given number of men.

The query was further made as to whether this size scale could be expressed in figures. It was found by accurate calculation, based on records extending over a series of years, that a table could be arrived at which would very safely indicate in percentages the average run of hat sizes.

Special inquiry has been made as to the average size of heads in the various sections of the country, and the statement is made that the demand for the 7 1/4 and 7 3/4 sizes is greater in the cities of the East than in the rural districts. A paper devoted to the wholesale hat trade is responsible for the statement that the average American head is growing larger, slowly, but surely. Ten years ago the average size was a No. 7. To-day it averages an inch more in circumference. There is no question that with the intellectual development of the race the cranium must grow larger. The earliest man had a head like Johanna. The coming man will have a head like Webster. The illustration shows the contour of the head of a professional man of ordinary attainments. It is a typical American head, showing a fair amount of brain room behind the ears, and a good forehead.

The block of the better qualities of hats in the 7 to 7 1/4 sizes are made in this shape. The smaller the head, as a rule, the nearer does it come to being as round as a dollar.

All No. 6 hats are made as cylindrical as a stovepipe. The larger the size of the hat the more its inner form is likely to resemble a slipper or an insola for a shoe. Some heads are shaped like a Johanna. The coming man will have a head like Webster. The illustration shows the contour of the head of a professional man of ordinary attainments. It is a typical American head, showing a fair amount of brain room behind the ears, and a good forehead.



The table by which dealers in hats regulate their purchases of new stock, based upon many years' experience of manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers:

Size of hat.	Probable Percentage of total sales.
6 1/2	0.83
6 3/4	7.3
6 7/8	15.6
7	17
7 1/4	20
7 1/2	17
7 3/4	12.48
7 7/8	7.3
7 3/4	1.99
7 7/8	0.83

HERE'S THE MOTOR CARRY-ALL AND EXPRESS CAR.

The latest form of the motor car in France is one that will draw a heavy load, consisting of either passengers or freight. In front of the car is the Dion Bouton safety boiler, around which are boxes to hold the fuel. At the rear is the engineer's seat, on a sort of tank filled with water for filling the boiler. Under this are the various pieces of the motor.

make the motor car more backward or forward. The solidity and power of the car enable it to draw two other cars. It is specially adapted to draw one form of car, but to the latter any kind of carriage can be attached.



The car can make a speed of twenty miles an hour and draw a weight of 20,000 pounds at the same time. If the speed is reduced to three miles it will carry 30,000 pounds. The car is intended to take the place of horses in delivering packages, that is, in doing what would be called local express work in America. It will also be used for carrying passengers. It is calculated that the car could carry passengers at the rate of a cent a mile, and freight at the rate of three cents a ton a mile and make a profit of 100 per cent. The Prince of Oldenburg purchased one of these cars, with which he and his friends travel.

How a Newfoundland Dog Saved a Bull Terrier.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., boasts of a bull terrier that was dug from his grave and nursed back to life by a Newfoundland playfellow.

The two dogs belong to Jeremiah J. O'Connor, a well-known Providence coal dealer. The terrier had bitten the leg of a passing stranger one day, and to pacify the injured man, Mr. O'Connor was compelled to shoot the little fellow. At the first shot the terrier fell to the ground with an ugly wound in his head. It seemed to be an instant death, and O'Connor carried the dog to a corner of the yard for burial. While he was digging, the big Newfoundland sat beside him to mourn for his little dead friend, and when the earth had been thrown on top the terrier followed his master to the house in sorrow.

Then the Newfoundland scampered back to the new-made grave and began to paw the loose earth away. It didn't take long to uncover the terrier, and then the brute instinct told the Newfoundland his next duty. He licked the wound on his old playmate's head, and soon his efforts were rewarded by seeing the terrier jump to his feet, restored to life.



A Canine Surgeon Nurses Back to Life a Desperately Wounded Playmate.

China's Remarkable Football Giants.

CHINA is not a country in which one would expect football to be popular, but the game has at last been introduced among the Celestials, and a team has been organized which is said to be the strangest football club in the world. The men who form the team are natives of Northern China, and are typical of the remarkable race of giants produced in that part of the world.

There is not a man among them who is not six feet high, and several of the members are three inches taller, while their average weight is about 300 pounds. This team of giants, if they should appear on an American football field, would give the Yale or Princeton knights of the gridiron a battle royal. A club with a collective weight of 2,000 pounds should carry everything before it.

When playing, the Celestials give vent to their feelings in the most peculiar noises, frequently shrieking with delight. Their yells of triumph which resound through the air whenever the ball goes through the opposite goal are likened, by one who has heard them, to the "plaintive cry of a pig that has been speared." The "charging" is generally done with the head.

The only precaution taken by them in regard to their physical strength on the football field is for the preservation of their pigtails, which are cared for as though they were worth a thousand times their weight in gold. With this exception, they throw caution to the winds, and devote themselves with all their strength to the play. Any game where brute strength is required they would excel in.

Pretty Woman Boss on a Railroad.

MRS. MARY SHANNON, a beautiful and robust young woman, is section boss on the railroad at Hartford City, Ind.

Instead of injuring her good looks, the rough work has developed her figure splendidly, and given her a blooming complexion for which many a pampered leader of society would exchange ten years of her life.

About two years ago Mrs. Shannon lived with her husband and two small children at Montpelier, in Indiana. Her husband, who held the position she now holds, was killed in a railroad accident. Left alone with two children and a mortgage on her little home, she was thrown upon her own resources. Her father had also been a section hand and her knowledge of this kind of work now came in well. She applied for the position left vacant by the death of her husband and the recommendations that accompanied the application could not be denied, and she secured the place.

She fitted herself out in a neat pair of overalls, resembling bloomers, and a broad brimmed hat. Since the first day she took control of the section the company has never had reason to complain of her work.



MRS. MARY SHANNON, THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE UNITED STATES WHO IS A SECTION BOSS.

Tallest Woman in All the United States.

MISS Minnie Powers, of Lockport, N. Y., is eight feet in height lacking one inch. She is the tallest woman in the United States. She is handsome in spite of her abnormal proportions.

That she is all that is claimed for her is proved by the fact that she has been engaged by Barnum & Bailey on a three-year contract to exhibit herself in Europe as a noble example of American womanhood. She will be living proof to the Europeans that the female part of the American race is sound in body and limb, well-fed and generously supplied by nature with womanly charms. She will wear magnificent costumes in her public exhibitions.

The average height of women in England is five feet six inches. The average height of American women, according to William Blake, the expert on physical culture, is five feet four inches. The two inches in favor of the English women are doubtless due to many generations of outdoor life and sports. The modern American woman, however, is following her English cousins in their passionate love of athletics, with the result that the younger American women have shown a wonderful growth and a more pronounced tendency to ample physical proportions.



MISS MINNIE POWERS, THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE UNITED STATES EIGHT FEET HIGH.