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LAS VEGAS - - - NEVADA

LIFE SHORTENED BY WORRY

Scientific Investigation Has Proved the Truth of the Ancient Adage.

Modern science has brought to light nothing more curiously interesting than that worry will kill.

It is believed by many scientists who have followed carefully the growth of the science of brain diseases that scores of the deaths set down to other causes are due to worry and that alone.

Briefly put, it amounts to this: Worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain, and the brain being the nutritive center of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and when some disease of these organs or a combination of them arises death finally ensues.

Thus worry kills. Insidiously, like many other diseases, it creeps upon the brain in the form of a single, constant, never-lost idea, and as a dropping of water over a period of years will wear a groove in the stone, so does worry gradually, imperceptibly and no less surely destroy the brain cells that lead all the rest, which are, so to speak, the commanding officers of mental power, health and motion.

It is as if the skull were laid bare and the surface of the brain struck lightly with a hammer every few seconds with a mechanical precision, with never a sign of a stop or the failure of a stroke.

Good Hunting.

It was at St. Andrews, in Scotland, the home of golf, where the links stretch away over the moors by the sea, and dear, quiet Aunt Mary had gone up from London to visit a golfing family of nephews and nieces.

At tea the first afternoon some one managed to stop talking golf long enough to ask: "Well, Aunt Mary, and how did you spend the morning?"

"Oh, I enjoyed myself immensely, my dear. I went for a walk on the moor.

"A good many people seemed to be about, and some of them called out to me in a most eccentric manner. But I didn't take any notice of them.

Revenge for Her Sex. Many men make a business of marrying women, securing their money and then deserting them.

Judge Didn't See the Pathos. Judge Newcomer, says a Chicago dispatch to the Kansas City Times, had been listening today to the pleas of shoplifters.

She Understood. The new cook, who had come into the household during the holidays, asked her mistress:

Art at a Discount. "I believe in the cultivation of art among the masses," said Criticus.

Happy Thought. "Father—My colleague is the most insatiable man I ever saw. He wants everything he sees."

Points of View Differ. In Finland the women consider a kiss on the lips as the greatest insult, even from their own husbands.

MARVEL OF CINEMATOGRAPHY

Wonderful Apparatus Invented by Dr. Cranz of the Military Academy of Berlin.

A cinematograph apparatus which takes pictures with intervals of one five-thousandth of a second has been invented by Dr. Cranz of the Military Academy of Berlin.

The eye only sees a little smoke from the pistol and a couple of holes in the bladder, from which the water runs; but when this is cinematographed and the film is shown slowly a very interesting series of operations can be watched.

First the bullet is seen approaching. It is traveling 1,000 feet a second, but it seems to move quite deliberately in front of it and extending a long way above and below it is a dim line, bent sharply immediately before the bullet.

Behind the bullet come scattered grains of the powder that have not been burned, and traveling more slowly still comes the wad. The bullet enters the bladder and disappears inside, a little water spurting out of the hole it makes.

Something like a finger seems to push the bladder outward into a long tube, then the tube opens and lets out the bullet, which gradually travels away.—London correspondence New York Sun.

Walking Safe and Sane.

Taking it for granted that your heart is sound and normal, eight or ten miles' walk a day can only do a young man good; is the safest, sanest, best of all exercises, especially if the walker uses his powers of observation and thought on the way to cheer up and freshen brain, heart, appetite and nervous system.

Where Lord Byron Lived.

The late Lord Glenesk's house in Piccadilly, London, England, which is up for sale, has had several notable occupants, but none more notable than Lord Byron.

There are several memorials of the poet in the house. His bust stands in a recess in the overmantel of the entrance hall. There is an oil painting of him framed by the overmantel of the library and the secret stairs in the lobby at the back of the morning room are said to have been used by him as a means of gaining access unobserved through the still existing trapdoor to the room above.

Traveling Man's Tale.

"I had a strange experience with an intoxicated man in a telegraph office down state the other day," says a traveling man. "Was in a hurry to send a message myself, but this fellow was leaning against the receiver's window as if he was camped there for the night.

"He fumbled in his pocket, produced 62 cents in small change, and started away. 'Hold on,' the clerk said; 'this isn't enough. It will cost you \$1.40 to send this to New Orleans.'

"'A' right, o' man,' waved the inebriate airily. 'That's all I got with me right now. Just send it as far as you can fr th' money!'

Let Carnegie Pin a Medal.

"Chuggins is fearfully selfish since he got that new motor car," said the critical friend.

"Every time he honks to warn a pedestrian he thinks he ought to have a life saving medal."

IN THE HEART OF AFRICA



WANGILIMA OARSMEN

During the last seventy-five years more has been done to make us acquainted with the geography of Africa than during the whole of the 1,700 previous years since Ptolemy taken together.

After perusing the scores of books on exploration, travel and sport in Africa issued during the last dozen years, for the most part mere shooting trips, illustrated by indifferent photographs, "In the Heart of Africa," by Duke Adolphus Frederick of Mecklenburg, is something of a relief.

The results obtained were astonishing in quantity and importance. Vast districts were carefully surveyed and mapped, including the wonderful volcanic regions beginning at the northern point of Lake Kiwi; geological explorations were zealously and scientifically conducted, and the botanical spoils comprised no less than 3,466 specimens, among which hundreds quite new to science were discovered.

From the ethnographical-anthropological point of view, Duke Adolf of Mecklenburg's expedition is one of the most important that has ever conducted an exploration in Africa.

It is an extraordinary record, abounding in picturesque incident and many dangers, and lightened here and there by descriptions of the successful chase of elephants, lions, buffaloes, leopards and many other species of big game.

With respect to the word Africa, Suidas tells us that it was the proper name of that great city which the Romans called Carthago, and the Greeks, Karchedon.

The expedition was, as may be supposed, not invariably free from disaster, during its two years of exploration. Herr Kirschteln, one of the duke's lieutenants, while collecting on Karimbissi, in the mountainous volcanic region, was, with his native followers, suddenly assailed by a violent storm of hail, followed by a furious snowstorm.

The great African forests are scarcely ever penetrated by the sun. The trees comprise almost every variety of wood, grow to an enormous height, some reaching 180 feet, while underneath there is a thick growth of bushes and vines.

The expeditions of Stanley and Livingstone leaves little to be discovered in Africa that is now absolutely unknown. All that remains to be done is detail, in the way of accurate measurements and observations.

The origin and meaning of the name of this great continent has been a fertile subject for conjecture among philologists and antiquaries.



Pair of Watussi.

By the Greeks it was called Libya, and by the Romans, Africa.

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Glad to See Arnold. Matthew Arnold was sitting in his study one morning when the butler showed in an American lady and a small boy.

REMINDED HER OF GRANDPA

Man Returning to Native Town, Saying Everybody Looked Older, Is Given Hard Jolt.

"I'm mighty glad to meet you again," he said. "Do you realize that it is nearly eight years since I left his town?"

"Oh," she replied, "is it as long as that? I suppose you wouldn't care to return here to live, would you?"

"No, I'm afraid it would seem pretty dull, after living in a big city. There hasn't been much change here. Everybody that I used to know is older looking—that's about all."

"Yes, I have no doubt that you notice it much more than we do."

"Very likely. As for myself, I don't feel an hour older than I did on the day I left."

"Really? That reminds me of my grandfather. You remember him, don't you? Up to the very day of his death, when he was nearly 90, and looked it, he kept saying he felt like a colt."

What She Was. Mrs. Ellenbert—is Mrs. Smith her husband's second wife?

Ellenbert—No; why did you think she was?

Mrs. Ellenbert—Why, I have heard several people say he had been married before.

Ellenbert—He has been married before, but that doesn't make the present Mrs. Smith his second wife; he has been married twice before.

Explained. Teacher (to new scholar)—How does it happen that your name is Allen and your mother's name is Brown?

Little Lad (after a moment's thought)—Well, you see, it's this way. She married again and I didn't.—Woman's Home Companion.

Had His Approval.

"I've a good mind to shoot myself."

"That's the stuff! Got a gun?"

"Then you think I would be better off?"

"I was thinking of the world."

AFTER THE PROPOSAL.



Miss Pickles—Your assurance is beyond description. I simply can't express my feelings.

Mr. Dill—Er—in that case couldn't you mail them?

Miss Pickles—It's against the postal laws to mail what I think of you.

Too Easy.

"A tradition," explained the teacher, "is something that has been handed down from father to son. Can you mention some familiar tradition?"

"Yes'm," promptly answered little Tommy Goodman; "my clothes are traditions."

"That's too threadbare, Tommy; you will remain half an hour after school is dismissed."

Times Have Changed.

Sister Blenkiron—Yes, I know the Throgsons. They're as poor as church mice.

Sister Widgeon—Oh, but church mice aren't poor any more. Think of the basement kitchens we have in our churches nowadays, and the elegant suppers we sometimes have in the lecture rooms!

Fashion's Rule.

"I do so admire that polonaise by Chopin," said the artistic young woman.

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. Cumrox. "Of course, those French dressmakers know what they are about. But I thought polonaises were out of style."

How Rumors Start.

"What's this about sewing your unfortunate wives in sacks?"

"Nothing to it," replied the sultan, emphatically. "I did get 'em some hobbie skirts."

Not Unusual.

"He has more money than he can spend."

"That is unusual."

"Not so very. His wife insists on spending it for him."

Naming No Names.

She—I have an instinctive feeling that I can trust you.

He (earnestly)—Ah, my darling, would that some others felt that way!

Weather Happenings.

"I notice Mrs. Jollaby has a fine new diamond sunburst."

"Humph! Her husband must have had a windfall."

Her Style.

"My cook is very economical in little things. For example, she never uses nutmeg for flavoring."

"I should call that a grate saving."

Feminine Mathematics.

"That girl's counting for a husband went all wrong."

"But consider: it was merely a miss calculation."

QUEEN MAY QUIT KING

VICTORIA SAID TO BE DISGUSTED WITH ALFONSO.

Young Spanish Monarch is Declared Going the Pace That May Eventually Put Him in Manuel's Plight.

Madrid, Spain.—Grown tired at last of the openness of King Alfonso's neglect of her, Queen Victoria has, it is said, decided to return to her home in England for an indefinite stay.

During his prolonged visit in Paris, Alfonso's movements were such that the Paris police were driven nearly frantic in their efforts to guard him and keep his identity unknown.

Alfonso's frequent incognito trips to Paris, knowledge of which the cabinet tried hard to suppress by official announcements that the king was spending a few days in the retirement of his home, it now transpires, have been nothing more than flagrant escapades in the gay life of the French capital.

This is the third time that Victoria has been on the verge of renouncing her queenship and returning to England. The first was soon after their honeymoon, when there were authoritative stories of violent differences between the royal pair.

All stories that the marriage of Alfonso and Victoria, in May, 1906, was the culmination of a real love affair have long since been wholly disproved. In their place is the hard, cold fact that the marriage, like most of the other royal unions of Europe, was arranged purely for political purposes.

WILDCAT NOTE HAS HISTORY

Bill Stolen by Stage Robber in Wolverine State in 1836 Is Found in London Street.

Bay City, Mich.—From "Lower Saginaw" in 1836 to Whitechapel road, London, in 1910, is a far cry and just how an old "wildcat" note, issued by the Saginaw County bank of Lower Saginaw, in that year, could be picked up nearly three-quarters of a century later on a busy London thoroughfare is a mystery which is only partly solved by a letter received in the local postoffice a few days ago and turned over to M. M. Andrews, cashier of the Old Second National bank.

The letter came from William Roger Miller, who gives his address as Houseditch, E. C., London, and is addressed to the "Managing Director, Saginaw County bank of Lower Saginaw."

The letter states that the writer found the note along the Whitechapel road and being of no value without a signature he forwarded it for the same.

The note, with a large amount of other notes, was en route by stage to the bank just being organized when the stage was robbed and the notes in blank were taken.

Much of this stolen paper, even though absolutely worthless without the indorsement of the bank, was put into circulation, no doubt, and this note is probably one of them. The bank never did business, as the period of "wildcat" banks was over before another batch of money could be secured from the printers.

The bill received from Mr. Miller is so far as known the only one of the kind now in existence, and Cashier Andrews values it highly as a souvenir. He will correspond with the finder, who will undoubtedly be suitably rewarded for his trouble.

Tooth Brushing Law Asked.

Lynn, Mass.—If an order now before the school board is passed by the city government, all public school pupils will be obliged to brush their teeth on arriving at school each morning.

All He Could Carry.

An Atlanta man not long ago met a dinky who was driving a horse so thin that it staggered as it walked. "Why don't you put more flesh on that nag?" indignantly demanded the Atlantan. "Scuse me, boss," replied the driver. "But I's doin' de best I kin. Caint no see, boss, dat po' hoss kin hardly carry what little flesh he's got on him now?"

Happy Thought.

"Father—My colleague is the most insatiable man I ever saw. He wants everything he sees." Mother—"Can't you introduce one of our daughters to him?"