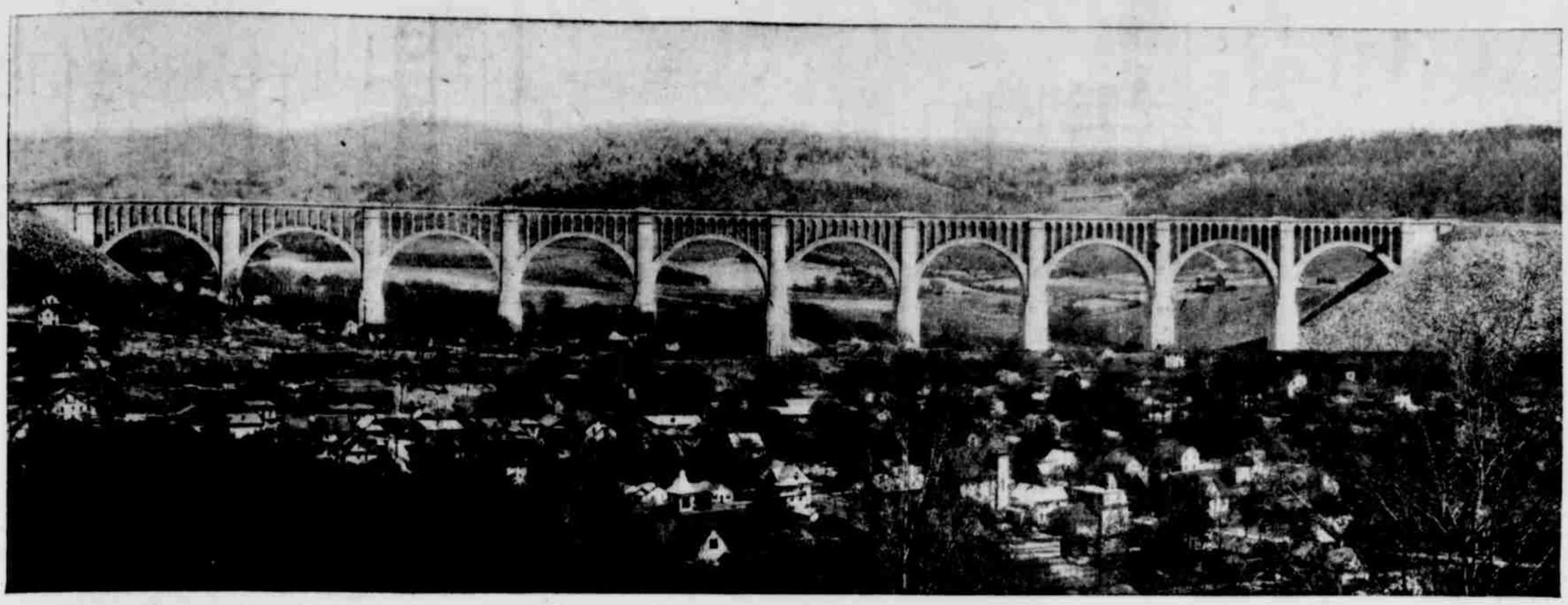
The Ninth Wonder of the World

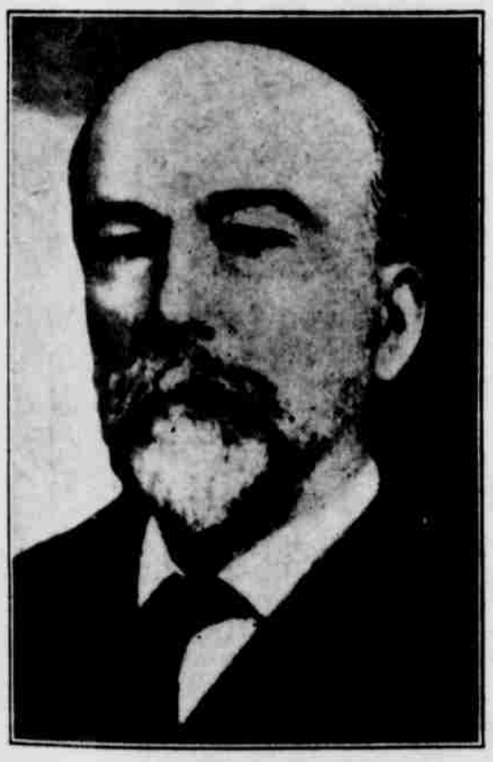


EIGHTEEN MILES north of Scranton, Pennsylvania, is the Ninth Wonder of the World. It is the Tunkhannock Viaduct Bridge and towers over the town of Nicholson as it connects up the Lackawanna and Western railroad main line trackage between the two points of the mountains. The bridge is 2,375 feet long over all, and its height over the creek is 240 feet. The height from the rock foundation is 300 feet; ten of the spans are 180 feet and two 120 feet. During the touring season this bridge attracts a great deal of attention.

William Morris Davis

HE ALWAYS signs his name in full, thus: William Morris Davis, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. When a man signs his name in full it is a sign either of vanity or genius. In this case it is the symbol of genius, for he might just as well sign it: William Morris Davis, of Timbuctoo or Popocatepetl or Keokuk, Iowa. He is one of the most celebrated geographers in the world today, and the Swedish Anthropological and Geographical Society has just bestowed on him its highest decoration.

He was born at Philadelphia on February 12, 1850, and the first words he uttered after casting a calculating look over his surroundings, were: "Please bring me a book on elementary science, or if that is not available a good gazetteer, or at the worst, a railroad time-table."



WILLIAM MORRIS DAVIS

He has lived in the world of geography and geology ever since his student days, which were a long time ago. He was nineteen when he got his S.B. at Lawrence Scientific School (Harvard), and a year later was M.E. at the same institute. Since then he has dropped in at the University of the Cape of Good Hope where they made him a Doctor of Science; at the University of Melbourne where he gathered an S.D.; at the University of Christiania where he was made a Ph.D., and at the University of Greifswald where he got a similar honor.

The year he finished with the Lawrence Scientific School he went to the Argentine, where he became assistant in the Argentine National Observatory at Cordoba. During 1876 and 1877 he toured the world and at the end of his trip declared the most interesting thing he'd seen was Miss Ellen B. Warner, of Springfield, Massachusetts. So he married her.

How his travels have scattered his time over the world can be seen by even a brief allusion to some of his more celebrated expeditions. He was a member, in 1903, of Pumpelly's Carnegie Institution expedition to Turkestan; visited South Africa two years later; and in 1914 was in Australia as the guest of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. In that year he crossed the Pacific on a Shaler memorial study of coral reefs. He has been visiting professor at the universities of Berlin and Paris. France has made him a *chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur.*

He is a member of all the important academic societies bearing on science in the United States and in Britain, and is either a member or honorary member of all the important scientific societies of Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna, Madrid, Greifswald, Paris, Rome, Neuchatel, Frankfort, Budapest, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Christiania, Geneva and Petrograd.

He has written many books and essays, and is associate editor of the American Journal of Science.

He's the Oldest Carpenter in the Country

THE Library of Congress at Washington, D. C., is frequently spoken of as the most beautiful building in America. The structure, including decorations and fixtures, cost the people of this country $7,200,000. There are 2,800,000 books of all kinds and descriptions upon its shelves, thus making it the second largest library in the world. The fame of this noted edifice is world-wide, and no person visiting America's national capital ever dreams of leaving without entering its artistic bronze doors and gazing upon the beautiful paintings and marvelous mosaics, the product of the world's most eminent artists.

Few of the millions who have visited this attractive public building have ever seen an active little old gentleman named George Suter. The reason is because he modestly occupies a corner of the basement far below the public activities of the library.

Mr. Suter has the rare and highly honorable distinction of being the oldest carpenter in the United States (possibly in the entire world) who is still on the job every day. He will be 89 next November.

This dear old gentleman is beyond question one of the half dozen most cheerful and most optimistic persons to be found in Washington. His personality is made up mostly of genial sunshine and happy smiles. He has a kindly word and a smile for everybody, and all who are acquainted with him respect, honor and love him. He sets a pace for geniality and contentment that might profitably be emulated by young and old, rich and poor, everywhere.

Born at Washington in 1832, Mr. Suter has never lived more than three blocks from the place of his birth. He has quietly watched Washington grow from a mere country village to a city of nearly half a million and, in his way, has had an important part in its development. Sixty-three years ago—1857—he worked as a carpenter during the construction of one of the wings of the United States Treasury; for 20 years after its completion he served as cabinetmaker in that building. From there he went to the State, War and Navy Building, assisting in the construction of the west and north wings. With such experience in government buildings, it was only natural that he should be employed when the Library of Congress was begun.

Every presidential inauguration procession from William Henry Harrison to Woodrow Wilson has been viewed by this man.

He has raised two sons and one daughter, whose combined ages are 138 years. Seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren are the delight of his heart.

Upon meeting Mr. Suter, a stranger is forcibly struck by his healthy and cheerful appearance, the firm grip of his hand, the clearness and good-natured twinkle of his eyes, and the thick mass of hair adorning his shapely head.

"Mr. Suter," I inquired, "I wish you would tell me to what you attribute your splendid physical and mental condition, and how you have succeeded in keeping all that hair on your head these 88 years."

For a moment a thoughtful and far-away look came over his features and then turning to me with his eyes a-twinkle, said: "I guess I've kept this way because I've never worried about anything. Maybe I ought to have worried some—but I didn't.

"Then, too, I've steered clear of doctors as much as possible. In fact, I've only taken one dose of medicine in over 40 years, and I fought like all-sixty against taking that dose, but my folks seemed to think I ought to do it. Water — just everyday city water—is my doctor. I get up every morning at five o'clock, take a drink of cold water, then a cold bath, and after I go down stairs and build the fires and read the morning paper, I partake of a glass of hot water just before shoving my legs beneath the breakfast table. When my bedtime comes, which is always eleven o'clock, I take another drink of cold water."

GEORGE SUTER

"Mr. Suter, do you always keep such regular hours, and has water always been your exclusive beverage?" I timidly asked.

"Well now, to be perfectly exact," he replied, "I must confess that I have consumed quite a number of mint juleps in my day, and candor compels me to say they tasted mighty good, too. Friend, it has been fully 50 years since I had the pleasure of sipping a julep—but I still remember perfectly well just how they tasted.

"Sunday is the one day of the week that I don't stick to my regular habits. I sort of humor and indulge myself on Sundays by remaining between the sheets until the old clock hammers out six strokes.

"You asked about my hair. None of my folks were ever bald. My Aunt Susanna, who lived to be 102, still had a very nice shock of hair when she passed on.

"I never realized how important a tooth could be until I got down to this one lonesome old boy. Ain't it surprising how much satisfactory damage a fellow can inflict on good grub with just one tooth!"