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We now have a large surplus—this is not the editorial we; it means the United States.

Castro is fast approaching the point where a threat to whip J. J. Jeffries may be expected.

The new president of Brazil is Dr. Alfonso Moreira Penna. How long will you remember it?

Man learns by experience, they say, and yet hints about gardening begin to be of interest again.

Pierpont Morgan is going to Europe for a long rest. If it's in Europe, it is a cinch he will get it.

They are raising Persian lambs in Arizona, but find nothing quite so innocent as the tenderfoot.

What we need is a revival of that moral code that called a liar a liar, whether he was big or little.

"Most people are born too modest," says Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens has never mixed very much with politicians.

The Philadelphia doctor who says that lobsters cause illness should try one some night without what goes with it.

Mark Twain has arrived at the conclusion that a gentleman is not a lady. This appears to be in harmony with the facts.

St. Petersburg society has been enjoying a cycle of Wagner operas, thus drowning out the noise of the revolutionary bombs.

A New York burglar recently on trial announces that he is going to study law. Well, why not? There was Abe Hummel.

Congressman Lloyd's bill to limit the size of every man's fortune to \$10,000,000 is a good idea, and if it becomes a law we'll obey it.

As to his remarks about the forty-year age limit, Dr. Osler puts up the convincing and all sufficient defense that he never made them.

Clyde Fitch wonders what becomes of the American matinee girl. Why, she marries and goes to the theater in the evening with her husband.

King Edward will now spend two months on the continent visiting around, thus escaping the trials of spring house cleaning at Windsor.

A Japanese visitor says that American lovmaking is too great a nervous strain. And yet we are told that we ought to adopt a vegetarian diet!

"China is suspected of being two-faced," says a contemporary. We can't believe it. If it had another face it wouldn't wear the one it uses now.

A new insurrection is reported from Santo Domingo, but the interval of rest was so short that one is justified in regarding it as part of the same old uprising.

Mark Twain says every man should be a good citizen for all he is worth. We should be willing to be a heap good citizen for all John D. Rockefeller is worth.

Almost any woman can understand the feeling of that New York city official who gave up a \$4,500 a year job in order to avoid any restriction on his freedom of speech.

The practice of carrying bombs in the hair is not one that can be recommended. The only weapons that can be carried there with safety are the switch and the hatpin.

A New York millionaire says his sister-in-law broke five of his ribs because he didn't want her to live in his house. There really can't be much satisfaction in supporting such a lady.

In Boston there are 6,000 wealthy, charming and eligible widows—according to the Globe. No wonder the Boston man doesn't marry. The statistics show it to be somewhat dangerous.

A federal customs official has decided that an egg with the shell removed is still legally and actually an egg. We have some profound and penetrating thinkers in the government service.

Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes thinks it is wrong to tell schoolboys that "some day you may be President of the United States." It must be admitted that the contingency is somewhat remote in many cases.

ROUTED THE TIGER WITH MAP.

Presence of Mind Saved Life of English Surveyor. How an English surveyor routed a Malayan tiger, with no other weapon than a rolled-up map, is told by the Straits Times of Singapore.

"He had no weapon except a large district survey map rolled up. He saw the futility of attempting to disable the tiger with the rolled-up map, but the thought struck him that he might manage to frighten it by means of his roll."

Beginning Right. "I hope," said the serious looking man in the street car, as he turned to his fellow passenger on the left—"I hope you resolved to begin the new year right?"

"I did, sir," was the reply. "That is well. That is what I like to hear. You got up on the morning of the first feeling that a new year had dawned—that there was a new era in your life?"

"That was it, sir." "You girded on your armor, so to speak, reared aloft the banner of reform, and began the year 1906 by resolving to lead a different life?"

"Well, yes, it amounted to that." "But you resolved?" "O, certainly. Yes, sir. I resolved that my old woman had got to stop nagging and sniveling about my running out nights or there would be a row, and I told her in plain English, and now I can stay out until 2 in the morning, and all she says when I come in is to want to know if I made a miss of it and didn't get my usual jag on."

"It's a great thing, sir, having a new year come around once in a while.—Baltimore American.

His Labor Over. "The civil service," said Senator Knox, "is not what it used to be. Merit counts in it as in business now and industry and intelligence are the qualities that bring success."

"It was not always so. I remember meeting a man on Pennsylvania avenue one morning many years ago. It was late. He was all dressed up. Plainly he was taking a day off."

"Well," he said, as we conversed, "I worked mighty hard during the last three months trying to get a civil service appointment, but I'm going to take it easy now."

"Failed through lack of influence, I suppose?" said I. "No, no," said he, "I've got the appointment."

"And he resumed his pleasant stroll." "He was not a College Boy. Representative Fitzgerald of Brooklyn overheard an amusing dialogue on his way home from the House of Representatives the other evening. He boarded a Georgetown car, the conductor of which was about 50 years old and anything but an Adonis."

When the car reached Fourteenth street, within a stone's throw of the Eagle Bureau, an elderly woman ran up and shouted: "Conductor, oh, conductor, do you (meaning the car) go to Georgetown College?"

The collector of nickels looked at her a few seconds and then gave two bells. As the car started, leaving the woman in the middle of the street, the conductor turned and asked, "Madam, do Ol look olke a student?" —Washington Star.

Women Wear Imitation Jewels. "Never have I known such a craze for imitation jewelry as now," was the remark of the manager of one of the big city department stores, and it only needs a glance to see that in a store where the crowds are greatest the imitation jewelry lies.

"We can't supply the demand," went on the manager, "and I know it is the case not alone with us, but even more so with those firms who make a specialty of selling it alone."

"Jewelers who have for years been in the business have told me that their trade has suffered greatly from this cause. Such art and skill have entered into its manufacture that in many cases it can't be told from the real."

Expert Liars. Mme. Isabelle Massieu, an explorer, who has just returned to Europe from a journey in Anam, in Indo China, says she has met the most accomplished liars in the world. One chief told her that he had seen an English vessel so large that his father, who was a young man when he started to walk down the deck, had white hair before he reached the mainmast.

Thereupon another chief remarked that there were trees in France so tall that a bird took ten years to reach the top.

True Disciples of Tolstoi Members of English Colony in Cotswold Hills Follow the Russian Philosopher.

(Special Correspondence.)

Up on the highest point of the Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire is a little colony of practical followers of Count Tolstoi, people who believe that it is wrong to live in any way by the labor of others. Unable to carry their faith into practise in the outside world, they have settled in this remote corner of England to extract their living from an inhospitable soil by the labor of their own hands.

One must not suppose, however, that this is a colony of wild eyed anarchists or dangerous enemies of government. It is true that they objected at first to paying taxes to a government which they declared gave them nothing in return, and one or two men actually carried their passive resistance to the extent of going to jail for their principles, but even the country people round about today are forced to admit that they are good neighbors, pay their debts and bother no one—this in spite of the active opposition of squire and parson, who regard them as dangerous enemies of church and state.

The little colony, which is known as Whiteway, is situated about the center of a triangle the angles of which are formed by the towns of Gloucester, Cirencester and Stroud. It is approached by mountainous roads and lies about seven miles from Stroud, which is the nearest railway station.

The land owned by the colony stretches along the side of a hill and comprises about sixteen acres. The tract was left to a set of trustees headed by Aylmer Maude, the well known English disciple of Tolstoi, by a farmer of the neighborhood who had become a convert to the theories of the Russian philosopher.

All Colonists Welcomed. The land, of course, so far as its legal aspect is concerned, is held absolutely by the trustees, but any one who is willing to work on it and live in harmony with the colonists is welcome to settle on an acre and cultivate it. He may do so free of all charge, but he must not attempt to acquire any title to it, and as soon as he ceases to cultivate it with his own hands all his interest in it ceases.

There are at present about a dozen families in the colony and there are a couple of acre plots vacant, but it is expected that they will soon be taken up. They were rendered vacant by the efforts of the persons who had taken them up to secure absolute ownership in them.

Apart from their peculiar views as to ownership in land and the immorality of living by the labor of others, the colonists are perfectly normal people. Living, as they do, an open air life, they have adopted some reforms in dress, but these are not the result of any fixed belief; rather they are the result of an effort to find the clothing most suitable to the conditions under which they live.

The women as a rule wear an outer garment of the flowing Grecian type, and the men knickerbockers and soft cotton or wool shirts, open at the neck. In the height of summer they sometimes dispense with the shirt while working in the fields.

Both men and women go barefooted, partly from preference and partly because shoes are an expensive luxury to persons living from the product of an acre of rather unproductive soil.

Gloucester has a fine cathedral, and that at Cirencester, while smaller, is said by experts to be one of the most beautiful in England.

No Changes. "This is the new year," said Mrs. Brown as she and Brown sat down to dinner, "and perhaps we ought to make some little changes for 1906."

"I am willing," he replied. "Yes, I have been thinking that I would make a few changes."

"That is nice of you. You know that you swear and that I don't like it at all. It will be so sweet and kind and considerate to give it up for my sake."

"Give up swearing! Not on your life!" "What, then, did you mean by changes?" "Why, I have been allowing you \$5 per week as pin money and I know that you simply fool most of it away. One of the changes contemplated was to cut the sum in half."

"Samuel Brown!" exclaimed the wife, as she knocked on her plate with her fork to emphasize her words, "don't make any mistake on your wife Mary. You will continue to swear as hard as you wish and as often as you wish, and my \$5 pin money comes to me every Saturday night or there won't be any glass left in the front windows to last over Sunday!" —Baltimore American.

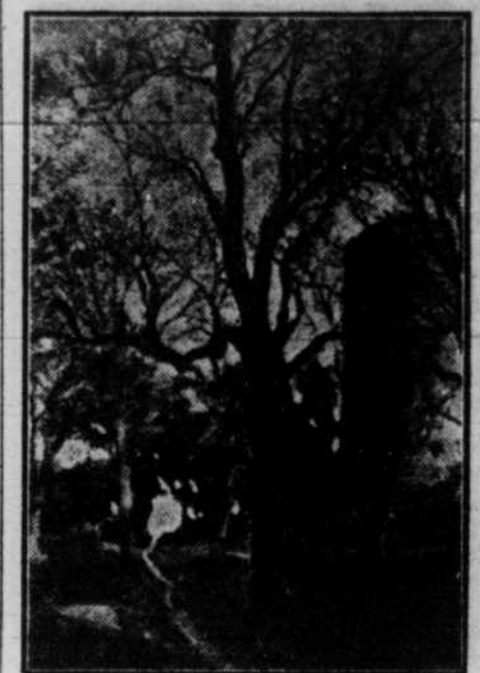
Larkin Mason's Report. The Hon. Larkin D. Mason of Tamworth, N. H., was judge of probate for his county, and a very prominent man in politics in his day. His son came home on furlough from the army during the civil war, and brought the army itch, and the whole family took it.

Mr. Mason called in a doctor from the neighboring town of Meredith, who left some medicine to be taken according to directions. The doctor told Mr. Mason that he wanted to hear from him in a few days.

Mr. Mason reported as follows: "We have used the medicine internally and externally, the disease still rages internally, and it looks to me as though it would last eternally."

The fact is that the colonists are nearly all from a much higher station in life and better educated than their neighbors. One is the son of a baronet who sacrificed his material prospects in life for the sake of living in accordance with the principles in which he believed.

Another was the manager of a prosperous bank in Scotland, and a third was a large farmer in the south of England. There is a sprinkling of city folk, clerks and the like, and there is a retired sailor, whose skill



Old Tower on Estate.

with tools of all kinds has stood the colony in good stead. Most of the cottages are monuments to his skill as an architect and builder, and very comfortable cottages they are, too.

One of the women, a widow, with two children, is a trained nurse, who often gives her services to the villagers round about; another was a school teacher and a third a music teacher. With the exception of two or three, all the colonists are of English birth and breeding.

Have Their Own Amusements. It must not be imagined that the life at Whiteway is a mere round of sordid toil in the fields. The colony possesses some excellent musicians and a couple of first class elocutionists, and there are almost nightly concerts and readings in one or other of the cottages.

Then, in the seasons when work in the fields is slack, there are expeditions on foot to some of the many points of interest in the neighborhood. That part of Gloucestershire is rich in historic and antiquarian interest.

A mile from Whiteway is the village of Miserden, which was a Roman stronghold in its day, and in a field outside the village are great mounds, which the villagers declare are the graves of the Roman soldiers. A mile or two away is a perfectly preserved Roman military road, and on foggy nights the country people declare that ghostly legions may be seen marching along it, fighting over again their battles with the ancient Britons.

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For the same reason most of the colonists are practically vegetarians, and practically all the cultivation is done by hand.

The only animal in the colony is a cow, which gives milk for the children, who, by the way, are as healthy and happy specimens of English childhood as can be found in the kingdom. Most of the children who are old enough contribute to the family support by caring for fowls.

Known as "Queer People." The Queer People is the name by which the colonists are known to the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, but there is nothing invidious in this title. Ask any one of the villagers about them and he will tell you that the Queer People are good people, and it is not at all unlikely that he will tell you how some of the Queer People came into his cottage when his wife or child was ill and gave the advantage of skilled care out of pure neighborliness, and how the men have often given them valuable advice about the variation of their crops and the best markets for them.