

The man who manufactured chewing gum is dead, but the evil that he did lives after him.

The Kaiser has talked into a phonograph. Every German may now hear his master's voice.

What a calamity it would be if Standard Oil stock should fall until it became worth only its par value!

William Rockefeller has succeeded in recovering 18 cents in a suit for damages. To him that hath shall be given.

If Count Boni really wanted work, however, he might have some trouble in finding anything useful that he could do.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones called Senator Tillman a "geographical anachronism." This sounds worse than parallelipipidon.

It's too bad that so many women are slaves to the habit of using terms of endearment which convey neither meaning nor sense.

Andrew Carnegie is 69 years of age, but is still strong enough to give away two or three libraries a day without feeling fatigued.

It is said that Mme. Gould is thinking of marrying again. Surely the poor woman can't be blamed for feeling that she can do better next time.

A hen on the premises of Cornell University has laid 225 eggs in less than ten months. Yet there are people who sneer at higher education.

"Beware of prosperity," said John D. Rockefeller, Jr. All right, Johnny, we promise you that we will jump every time we hear a honk-wagon coming.

Emperor William has found that it is impossible to please everybody, a discovery that was first made by a country newspaper editor a long time ago.

Public opinion has brought about the dissolution of the British soap trust. But in this case public opinion was backed by public refusal to buy trust soap.

"Pick your friends," said Mr. Rockefeller in a recent talk to his Sunday school class. Irreverent people are now asking him why it isn't just as profitable to skin them.

William Dean Howells insists that genius is merely another name for hard work. Still, there are many people who will continue to believe genius is a combination of good luck and skillful advertising.

Benjamin Ryan Tillman declares that he has forgotten more about the race question than the average man will ever know. That, however, does not bring us any nearer a solution than we were before.

Another prize fighter has been so badly punished in the ring that there are some doubts concerning his ability to pull through. Has prize fighting ceased to consist chiefly of discussions in the sporting columns?

How great a toll of ships the sea annually takes is shown in a compilation made by a French journal from the figures of the Bureau Veritas, which is the French Lloyd's. Statistics of marine disasters show that in 1905 there were lost 389 steamers and 647 other vessels, making a total of 1,036; so on each day "the ocean swallows on an average about three ships, a barge, a schooner and a steamship." And at the end of the year a monster navy has been engulfed.

It is admitted by all experts that football is a man's game and that it is extremely perilous when engaged in by mere boys. Practically all the deaths and serious injuries in 1906 were among school players. The game is safe only when played by carefully trained teams composed of matured players. The great college teams are watched over with the utmost care and no one is allowed to play who is not known to be fit. Whenever it is shown that a man is not fit he is taken out. Manifestly such care can not be exercised in the case of the school players.

We hope it is not true, although it is reported in the daily press of Boston, that "Gypsy Smith," the new revivalist, conducts children's meetings in which scores of little ones of 6 years old and upward are thrown into an agony of penitential grief. We believe that every expert psychologist in the civilized world to-day, many of them persons of orthodox training and belief, hold that such excitements are abnormal and injurious. They really come within the scope of the authority given to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The antiquated ideas of human depravity involved in such an appeal to children are now repudiated by enlightened members of all denominations.

How many readers ever heard of the Nushagak River? Not many, it is safe to say. Yet the Department of Commerce and Labor pronounces this river of Western Alaska "one of the important fishing streams of the world." The

fish which the Nushagak furnishes is salmon, the taking, canning, freezing and salting of which is an Alaskan industry, the importance of which is shown by a recent report issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor. The first two canneries were built in 1878. Since then the number has increased until in 1902 there were sixty-four establishments, which put up more than two and one-half million cases. Low prices since then have somewhat reduced both the number of canneries and the output; nevertheless, since canning began in Alaska, nearly twenty-two million cases have been sent out in order to provide some counterpoise to this tremendous drain, the packers combined to start hatcheries. These have been carried on with important results and increasing success. In 1905 the United States Bureau of Fisheries took up the work in addition to what had been done by the packers. There are now nine hatcheries, from which about four hundred and fifty million fry have been liberated.

A powerful sermon—outside the pulpit—was preached the other day. It was spoken by a man who was divorced from his wife some time ago. On this occasion they were being married again. The groom said: "We only saw each others' virtues after we were separated, and I trust we have fully learned the lesson of self denial and unselfishness." A truly fine acknowledgment. It is all too much the human way to magnify the faults of others and minimize their virtues. It is a bad way. And the disposition is at the bottom of much of the misery of married life. This couple—like many another—saw each others' virtues after the mischief was done. But unlike many another couple, this two permitted no false pride to stand in the way of a recovery from the mistake. The groom, continuing, said: "Misunderstandings will no doubt arise in the future—age and experience warn us against looking to the juvenile lovers' paradise—but we hope to be able to settle our differences in dignified and dispassionate manner." It is safe to predict there will be no second divorce of this couple. They have learned their lesson—that true marriage is based upon mutual esteem and forbearance. "We only saw each others' virtues after we were separated." That is the sermon. We are all of us a mixture of virtues and faults. But there is a lot of good in all of us—more good than had in most of us. To be able to see the good and overlook the fault—ah, there's your secret of happiness. Your wife, Mr. Married Man, over and above her faults, is worthy to be loved for her virtues. Your husband, Mrs. Married Woman, over and above his weaknesses, has a lot of good in him. "If there be any merit, think of these things."

THE CARTERS' BURGLARY.

Mrs. Carter was a careful housewife. Her silver was always brightly polished, moths were unknown in her domicile, and doors and windows were always carefully locked at the times and seasons when doors and windows should be locked. Therefore, when the family returned from a brief summer's outing and found that all the plated silver was missing, it was a natural conclusion that it had been stolen.

"Well," sighed Mrs. Carter, "there is always something to be thankful for, and in this case I am thankful enough that I sent all the solid silver over to Sister Ann's. I usually put the plated ware in the lower part of the sideboard and lock it up, but William always laughed at that. I remember that I decided last spring that it wasn't a very safe place for it."

"I don't see any trace of thieves anywhere else in the house," remarked Mr. Carter, after an anxious survey of closets, bureau drawers and trunks. "Every window and door is carefully fastened, just as we left them, and why on earth they should take a lot of part-worn plated stuff and leave really valuable things staring right at them is more than I can understand."

The plated ware was replaced, but the mysterious disappearance remained unexplained. The story of it was told and retold, and when Mr. Carter's sister Margaret came for a visit on the following Christmas her brother began, on the evening of her arrival, to tell how strange it was that burglars could enter a house without leaving a trace, and then show such poor judgment in selecting their spoil.

He had just completed the story when Mrs. Carter, with a sudden exclamation, rose from her seat and hurried out of the room. In a few moments her voice was heard, evidently from the top of the attic stairs, calling, "William! William!" and husband and sister ran swiftly up the two flights.

"I have found that silver!" exclaimed Mrs. Carter. "I had it on my mind to clean out under the eaves in that unfinished attic before we went away. And I thought to myself that I'd just tuck the plated silver in there and then I'd be sure to remember it. And then there was so much commotion about going away and coming home and all, that not until Margaret spoke of how much care I always took of everything did I recall those places under the eaves, and remember that they hadn't been cleaned for a year. You just help carry these things down, William. I had a dreadful time getting them up here."—Youth's Companion.

The camel must be all right, otherwise nature wouldn't have backed him up.

DARING OF DYNAMITE MAN.

Death May Come at Any Time, But He Does Not Fear It. "Some day I guess 'twill get me. We never know."

J. B. Boone, professional powder man, dynamite and nitroglycerin handler, moved cautiously about a fire as he talked. At his feet lay fifty pounds of dynamite—frozen. Three feet away was a roaring fire. He was at a stone quarry at Courtney, Mo., where the night before 500 pounds of his material had exploded. And he had built the fire to thaw out more.

"This is the dangerous part of the work," he said. "The jar of a cinder popping from the fire striking this dynamite would make it explode. A twig snapped against it or some object dropped upon it would bring the end. Dynamite is not exploded by heat. It requires some jar—some friction. When it is frozen—and it freezes sooner than water—it is fairly safe to handle. But in thawing the warmer it gets the more sensitive it is. When these sticks are warm a dime dropped upon them will make them explode. It's a dangerous business."

No screen was between the dynamite and the fire where "the powder man" worked. If he feared that fatal cinder popping from the dry sticks in the fire he did not show it. In a methodical, careful way this grave, quiet man worked swiftly and silently by the fire.

"I began it with my father when I was 15 years old," he said. "More than twenty years now I've been a powder man and—well, I'm here today, anyhow."

But he would venture no prediction for the morrow.—Kansas City Star.

FIFTY POUNDS OF PAINT.

Among the recollections of Capt. Charles P. Low is the memory of an amusing bit of comedy which occurred on the Houqua, a clipper-ship, during one of his first voyages. One Saturday afternoon, late, the sailors had just finished holystoning the decks and painting the bulwarks. The second mate had a fifty-pound keg of black paint in the paint locker on one side of the bowsprit, under the topgallant forecastle. Unfortunately the sailors owned a large Borneo monkey or baboon, and he had been made fast on the bowsprit within reach of the paint.

Like a monkey, always full of mischief, he upset the bucket of paint, which ran down the scuppers as far as the mainmast over the clean white decks.

The second mate, as soon as it was found out, caught the monkey and swabbed the paint up with him till he could hold no more, and then threw him overboard; but this made him worse, for the monkey caught the side ladder hanging over by the main rigging and came up, and before any one could stop him, ran the whole length of the bulwarks, leaving the black paint all over the fresh straw-colored paint, and making an awful mess.

The man who owned him caught him and hurried him into the forecastle, but it was "All hands to clean ship!" for the decks had to be scraped and wiped off and then painted again, for Sunday must find the ship in perfect order.

As for the monkey, the men turned to and shaved him clean, and he was the worst-looking animal that was ever seen. The second mate was as angry a man as could be for a time, but soon got over it after the ship was set to rights again, and he never molested the monkey, who was a great pet.

Trolley on the Highways.

In districts where the construction of permanent tramways would be out of the question owing to prohibitive initial cost there are in use in Germany and France electric transport systems running on the ordinary roads. These draw their supply of electricity from overhead wires similar to those in use in tramway working.

Provision is made for passenger traffic by means of omnibuses run singly or with a trailer, while freight traffic is handled by motor vehicles drawing two or three trailers. The first of such lines was opened in 1901 and since that time quite a number of services have been inaugurated in different districts. The routes are for the most part comparatively short. One of the longest lines is that of the Charbonnieres-les-Bains, near Lyons, which is worked with six motor cars of a seating capacity of thirty-eight passengers each.

A line is also working between the towns of Neuenahr, Walporthian and Ahrweiler. A line is working regularly in connection with an industrial center in the neighborhood of Wurzen, Germany, over which thirty wagons are taken either way daily.

Come Out of Your Shell.

Do you allow yourself to become absent-minded, wrapped up in a brown study? Look about you. Speak to those that you have been in the habit of ignoring. Make friends with every one. Strive to touch life everywhere you can. You will accomplish your tasks better by so doing than by going forward blindly absorbed in meditation or engrossed by internal musings.

How the Wreck Occurred.

Magistrate—You complain that your husband struck you? Why, you're a big, strong woman and he's a physical wreck.

Mrs. Murphy—Yes, y'r anner, but he's only been a physical wreck since he struck me!—Cleveland Leader.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

DON'T WEAR MOURNING.

By Ada C. Sweet.



One of the almost unnoticed blessings of our time is the modification of mourning dress and customs. In late years there has been a great improvement in this respect, the hideous and unsanitary crepe veil having entirely disappeared, at least from the costumes of well-dressed women.

All impressionable people are depressed by the sight of the unrelieved, or mourning black costume. Who cannot remember the cloud that used to fall upon the children of a family when a visitor came, wearing the dress of a widow, such as fashion prescribed until a very short time ago? Many men detest the sight of mourning dress, and I have heard more than one say that he would not have a woman in mourning garb employed in his office. To be continually reminded of death, grief and anguish is acceptable to no one. Why should the afflicted afflict every one who sees them? A plain dress, one such as a woman who is not engrossed in thoughts of dress might naturally wear, is suitable for one in deep affliction. But this garb should not be depressing in its influence, on the wearer, or upon whoever sees it. The French custom of making the period of mourning short is humane and Christian. Death is as natural an event as birth. It is inevitable, and therefore must not be looked upon with dread, nor be made more sad and full of awe than it has been made by nature.

Moreover, most of us believe that when death comes it is only to open the door to a new life, one of growth and development beyond the possibilities of this world. Why, then, should we cover ourselves with black, saddening all who see us, simply because we are sad over the loss, for a time, of one we love?

FATHER'S LOVE IS GREAT AS THAT OF MOTHER.

By Della Austrian.



As a general thing, when a novelist wishes to show the joy of home life and the sacrifices made by devoted parents, he paints the picture of a devoted, happy mother, overlooking the fact that fathers play an important part in the making of a home and the happiness found there. However devoted a man may be to his business affairs, he is glad to exchange those irksome duties for the pleasures gained with his children. Even rulers and the heads of governments find their truest recreation with their families.

Many women are so tired when their homes are put in order and the rest of the work done that they are anxious to seek their recreation out of the home; but it does not matter how hard some men work they feel that the best way to refresh themselves is by playing with their children. They would not exchange their daily romps, runs and outdoor sports for all the trips abroad.

We often hear of women getting so homesick for their families when they go on visits that they do not try to

finish their stay. But this is mild in comparison with what some men suffer when they send their families on a holiday. Men would send their families off on vacations much oftener than they do were it not for the fact that they cannot endure the thought of being alone. They sit on the doorstep and smoke the first night, go to their clubs in search of friends the second, and the night following stay at home with a case of genuine blues. When the visit is over they take an oath to themselves that it never shall be repeated unless they go along. At least if the children go the wife must stay at home and keep them company, but they try this plan with no better result.

It generally is conceded that a mother is more patient with her children than is a father. This is true, but a father finds it harder to correct the shortcomings of his children. How often we hear a wife tell her husband to make his boy or girl behave, and he will explain, "Let them have a good time. You can't expect children to act like grownups." Men who are exacting in their business and relations to other people often are lenient with their children. Fathers are as proud of their girls as of their boys, and they take as much pleasure in their companionship. A girl often will go to her father for favors and confide secrets to him that she would not share with her mother.

KNIFELESS SURGERY NEW ERA IN HEALING.

By Gustavus M. Blech.



The battle cry of the humane surgeon is, Do no harm! The surgeon's knife, which has proved a blessing to suffering humanity, and which in many instances is the only means of saving life, is not without danger and risks. While it must be admitted that modern methods of operating enable a well trained surgeon to undertake bold operations without having to fear serious injury to the patient from the operation itself, the fact remains that the knife, irrespective of the outcome, is in itself an undesirable therapeutic agent. Few patients consent as readily to an operation as they do to take a bath, an electric treatment, or a bottle of medicine. In the majority of instances the patient submits to the knife either because he has failed to obtain relief from less risky methods or because there exists an urgent demand to save life.

The Roentgen or so-called X-ray is the first discovery which has proved useful in certain forms of cancer (epithelioma, sarcoma) and the surgeons were glad to lay aside the knife and make use of this agent. Now a number of inflammatory diseases are treated successfully without operation, the surgeons relying on physiological methods. Professor August Bier of Bonn, Germany, has shown that if we succeed in introducing the right kind of blood by purely mechanical means into a diseased organ, many infectious and inflammatory diseases will get well without the knife. And they do! This only is the beginning of the era of knifeless surgery. The end is not yet.

Not an Expert Lover

THE gas was blazing in the chandelier in the most wasteful and extravagant manner. That was because the young man of sedate demeanor had not had the nerve to turn it down. He was unaccustomed to that sort of thing; in fact, it was by the merest accident that he had arrived at the point of declaring himself. Even then it was in a sort of impressionistic fashion.

The young woman under the circumstances wanted to be assured of certain things in precise terms. It is not enough to have a mild gaze of affection directed at one through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles while one is asked if one could care enough for another one sufficiently to intrust one's future to him. When the answer to that question happens to be constructively favorable, something more is to be expected. Having one's hand held really doesn't count for anything in particular.

"Are you quite sure that you—you love me?" she asked. "I'm quite positive," replied the young man, "I don't see what else it can be."

"What else what can be?" "The way I feel toward you. I don't think I ever felt quite the same toward any other young lady of my acquaintance."

"Are you quite sure?" "I think so. Not that I can remember, at least."

"What makes you love me, do you think?" "I couldn't say."

from the somewhat feeble clasp that had held it. "It's strange that I ever attracted your attention, don't you think?" she asked, sweetly. Then, in a slightly irritated tone, "I wish you wouldn't sit quite so close to me."

The young man increased the space already between them by about two feet and looked still more uncomfortable. "I beg your pardon," he said, earnestly.

The young woman smiled. "You don't answer my question," she said. "Since I am such an extremely unattractive sort of person how has it happened that you have fallen so desperately and passionately in love with me?"

"Excuse me," said the young man. "I didn't say that at all."

"That you were desperately—madly—hopelessly in love with me? Oh, I beg your pardon. I must have misunderstood you. It has been a beautiful day, has it not?"



"The young man looked genuinely distressed. 'You misunderstand me so,' he complained. 'You take me up so quickly that I don't know—' He paused and, pulling his handkerchief

think I am exaggerating when I say 'loveliness.'"

"But this isn't at all what you told me a few minutes ago. Don't you know you said I was—"

"Pardon me. I said that I was glad that you did not attract the attention of the opposite sex—or, rather, I assented to the question that you put in that form and you hardly gave me time to modify it. When I said that I was glad that you were not beautiful I meant beauty in the altogether perfect and unusual sense of the word, not to imply that you were possessed of no personal charms. That would be altogether absurd. I am very shortsighted, as you know, but I am not altogether blind."

"Oh!" "I meant to say that young ladies who are in the sense beautiful are so continually reminded of it—from infancy, I might say—so habituated to the admiration that beauty excites, that they become entirely self-centered. They demand absolute deference on the part of others to every caprice and are quite inconsiderate of the feelings or the comfort of those about them. They are not exactly to blame for it. I should not be inclined to judge them too harshly."

"Dear me!" said the girl. "But, after all," pursued the sedate young man, "admiration of that sort is a very superficial and evanescent thing. It seldom stands the test of continual association. It is nothing, for instance, to the feeling that I have for you, because it is based on something comparatively worthless."

"The girl did not look quite so malicious as before. 'Then you do think I am passably good-looking?' she said. 'More than that, to be exact,' replied the young man.

"And not altogether unattractive to the other sex?" "If you were I should have been spared quite a great deal of anxiety."

"But you are not madly and desperately in love with me?" "Not 'madly' or 'desperately.' But I do love you."

"I'm sorry," said the girl, "because I am afraid that I can never marry you. I know I said I thought that I might, but I had not considered sufficiently."

The young man gasped. "Why, I thought—you said— Why do you think that? Grace, if you reject me I shall be most unhappy. I shall be mad and desperate, I'm afraid, Grace!"

He rose in great agitation and began to pace the floor. The girl laughed and he turned sharply upon her, his spectacles absolutely flashing.

"Oh, come and sit down!" said the young woman. "George, you're an awful stupid and I'm going to have a great deal to put up with, but— Come over here and sit down!"—Chicago Daily News.

Struggling to get rich quick keeps many a man poor.