

Deformed spelling, sure enough.

King Leopold's press agent seems to have a harder job than even Mr. Rockefeller's.

The new British ambassador to this country was born in Ireland. The Irish will not be kept down.

"Why," asks the Baltimore Sun, "should grafters seek office?" Why should ducks enter the water?

Most of the Russian riots occur on some anniversary. It might help some if the Czar were to abolish anniversaries.

"Russia would like to help the United States check Japanese aggressions." How much money does Russia want to borrow?

A London physician says that ministers live too long. This is variety. Most fault-finders only say the ministers preach too long.

Perhaps that man who stole two pounds of Limburger cheese from a Montreal grocer simply found the temptation too strong to resist.

A Frenchman has invented a phonograph that can be heard for a mile. Mothers use it to call for Willie to come home and split an armful of kindling.

It will be several weeks, anyway, before the United States and Japan go to war over a question that could easily be settled by a well-organized country debating society.

Count Bond as a Paris newspaper writer, at a salary of \$100 per, may not save much money, but he will have a glorious chance to get even with the flippant journalists of America.

The country has grown too fast and too great for its transportation facilities.—Boston Globe. How can we reconcile this assertion with the claim that the railroads develop the country?

Judging from the noise he isn't making it is only fair to infer that Winston Churchill is busy on a new book which may be brought out about the time another campaign is started in New Hampshire.

The London Times is endeavoring to establish itself on a twentieth century basis, but it has not as yet begun to offer prizes for the best definition of or the most laud solution of the problem of Ann's age.

It is announced that Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller consider themselves too poor to have oysters served at their table. Let us not, however, permit ourselves to be distressed at their poverty. They can probably afford to have a soup bone at least once a day.

Emperor William is reported to have become an enthusiastic golfer. Now for the first time in his life he will have a chance to show that he is really great. If he can play eighteen holes without losing his temper it will have to be admitted that Germany has a wonderful ruler.

Some of the men who are named as probable successors of King Leopold in the administration of affairs in the Congo country may not be very well qualified for the business of ruling people, but any change from the present condition of the inhabitants of the Congo district would necessarily be for the better.

The establishment of parliamentary government in countries accustomed to autocracy is not easy. Russia is having trouble over the problem. In Persia the people are accusing the leaders of the reform movement of seeking selfish ends, and they have no confidence in the proceedings of their house of representatives. In Montenegro, where the first parliament was recently organized, the legislators voted lack of confidence in the government the other day, the cabinet resigned, and parliament adjourned.

The attempts thus far made to disregard and nullify the immutable laws of nature have been laughable in their fantastic failure. Communitistic and socialistic experiments, whether made by artificial societies or imposed by great nations upon a people, as was the case in Canada in "New France," have gone down in wreck and disaster. In the formal attempts to found societies on the equality plan a curious thing always happens in the end. It may be suggested by those who have not looked into them that the loafers and the workers do the work, according to their bent. Not at all; the loafers and the ambitious, who under our present crude system would be the workers, take to loafing too.

"My most serious problem is how I can give my children the advantage of the poor man's." A popular magazine quotes a rich man as saying this. Most rich men in this country have themselves been sons of poor men. The old European laws of primogeniture and entail being inoperative with us, every man stands on his own feet and depends on his own head and hands for his fortune. Even the heir to wealth

must use his own brains and energies to take care of it, or it soon slips away. And it is a fact, which the rich man quoted seems to have noticed, that not all, nor most, children of the rich have ability even to hold wealth dumped in their laps. A few children of rich men have notably made their inherited wealth a great blessing to themselves and mankind—but they are precious few. Call the roll of the men and women who have achieved the highest fortune or fame in this country, and an overwhelming majority will be found to have come up from the "lower walks" of life and to owe their development of character to struggle and self-denial. It is of these twin blessings in disguise that we gain strength, skill, sympathy, purpose. The child pampered in idleness and luxury knows little of these vital things, and when he meets in contest the uncouth but toughened boy from the farm or the side street, he has poor chance of holding his own. We are accustomed to think of the "advantages" of the children of the rich. But all the history of human life since the world began proves that the real "advantages" are on the other side.

Early in October British soap manufacturers formed a combination like what we know in America as a trust. Six weeks later the members of the combination announced that "the working arrangement entered into by the leading soap makers of the United Kingdom has been received with such disfavor by the trade and the public as to make it unworkable, and it has been decided to terminate the arrangement." Newspapers, tradesmen and consumers had united to defeat the combination. One need not approve the methods of boycott resorted to by the retailers, or the favors shown by newspapers to "independent" soap makers in the matter of advertising, which contributed to make the allied firms dissolve their agreement. But it may be noted with satisfaction that the chief power against the trust was the public, and that the combination was undone not by legal or political measures, or by any ethical principle, but simply by the fact that popular opposition made it "unworkable." The people did not like the combination, and they made the manufacturers feel their strong disapproval of it. Wherever organized and artificial evil shows itself and is recognized in time, spontaneous opposition on the part of public opinion can often, if not always, break it up, although politics, law and mere ethics fail. Even where the consumer has not the weapon of competition, as in the case of railroad companies with unique franchises, the people can force attention to their just demands if they will. Cartoonists are still representing the common people as a sorry, wizened little man. In this country as in England, his arm and voice are mighty if he but use them.

Foiled the Holdup Men.
A west end man had an experience recently that made his hair stand on end and had it not been for his quick wit in devising a means of getting out of the difficulty it might have cost him dearly. He is the treasurer of a local lodge and was returning home from a meeting with a considerable amount of money in his possession, fortunately the greater part of which was in currency.
He got off a car quite a distance out in the west end and turned off a side street toward his home, when he noticed that he was being followed by two suspicious looking men. Quick as a flash he pulled an envelope out of his pocket, addressed it to himself, stamped it, put the currency inside it and dropped it in the mail box. Then he started on a brisk walk.
Suddenly there came a command from behind him.
"Hands up!"
Up went his hands and the robbers went through his pockets. He smiled grimly as the holdups secured only a few dollars in silver and he thought with pleasure of the money he had put in the mail box in Uncle Sam's care. The robbers went away complaining of the small amount they secured and the treasurer went home. Next day the letter containing the money was delivered safely to his office.—Duluth News-Tribune.

Accounting for the Pearl.
Three principal hypotheses have been offered to account for the origin of pearls. According to one they arise from secretions caused by the presence of some foreign object, such as a grain of sand, within the shell of the oyster. But it has been shown that fine pearls are not thus produced.
Another theory is that pearls are the result of disease in the oyster. The third hypothesis, sustained by M. Seurat of the Oceanographic museum of Monaco, is that the origin of pearls is to be ascribed to the presence of a parasite. The species of parasite differs with the species of oyster, but this mode of origin, M. Seurat believes, is general with all fine pearls.
To restore the luster of a "dead" pearl the outer tarnished envelope may be removed with acids. Thus the effect produced upon a tarnished pearl by causing a fowl to swallow it is accounted for by the dissolvent action of the gastric juice.

Invented Cream Freezer.
Only a short time ago the woman whose inventive brain gave the ice cream freezer to delighted humanity died at an advanced age in Philadelphia. This was Mrs. Nancy M. Johnson, and her device was patented in 1843.

SALT AND SUGAR BAGS.

Mr. Brown Learns Something About Their Household-Uses.
"Say, mother," said Letitia Brown, "we won't have any more salt bags; will we?"
"No more salt bags?" said Mr. Brown to himself, having by chance overheard Letitia's remark. It took but little questioning to bring out information on these points, and incidentally there was elicited other bag information, which, to Mr. Brown, was even more interesting.

Salt bags, it seems, are, in many households, when empty, washed out and used as dish cloths. But the Brown family has given up housekeeping and gone to boarding; it retains its apartment, just the same, but takes its meals in a neighboring good boarding house. So naturally, they wouldn't be buying any more salt.

Then Mrs. Brown said that, anyhow, they hadn't been using salt bags for some time, because lately, while salt is still put up in bags, they had been buying salt put up in wooden or in pasteboard boxes. They'd been making their dish cloths lately, she said, out of sugar bags. Sugar, it appears, once never so put up, is now quite commonly sold in bags.

Casually, Mrs. Brown mentioned another use of salt bags that was new even to Letitia, who knew something about salt bags. Mrs. Brown said that once they had a servant who used to take the salt bags when they were emptied and open them out and wash the marks out of them, and then for economy's sake have them for handkerchiefs for her little brother.

And yet there remained the fact, mildly bewailed by Letitia, that there would be "no more salt bags" for dish cloths. Here Mr. Brown wanted to say to Letitia, "Well, what of it? Not housekeeping any more, we shan't have any dishes to wash and we shan't want any dish cloths, salt bag or sugar bag." But he didn't say these things, for he didn't want to hurt Letitia's feelings by showing her how little she looked ahead, nor did he want to make her feel worse by showing her how much more logical his mind. He said nothing, but just kept these things to himself, but not without his usual modest consciousness of superiority.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Mr. Millais tells how rabbits swim—when compelled to: "They swim with the head held as high as possible, while the backs of the hind legs appear above the element at each stroke. The shoulders and front part of the body are buried beneath the water, while the rump and tail are high and dry."

Natural enemies of the animal world are sometimes found living together in extraordinary communities. The same writer quotes this experience of an observer: "On one occasion when ferreting I bolted a fox, a cat, a stoat and several rabbits and rats out of the same earth. The fox bolted first, after giving the ferret a nip across the back, from the effects of which it died an hour later. Next came the stoat and then the cat, both of which I shot. Then followed the rabbits and rats promiscuously. It was a large burrow on the bank of a deep dry watercourse, and often held a fox when I ferreted it afterward."

Interesting figures on the relative agility of hares and rabbits are given in a recent volume by J. G. Millais. "When running at ease," he says, "the length of the hare's stride is about four feet; but under conditions of fear its leaps extend to ten and twelve feet, while some authors claim that it can jump ten ditches twenty to twenty-five feet in width. Perpendicularly a hare can jump on to a five-foot wall, but seems to be nonplused by one of about six feet. The stride of the rabbit is about two feet; when necessary it can make leaps of six or seven feet horizontally. About three feet is the highest that a rabbit can attain to even when helped by the asperities of a stone wall."

Immaterial.
Aunt Hepsy was in ecstasies over the young lady her nephew, Ike, was going to marry. "I never saw her till last week," she said, "but I fell in love with her at first sight myself. She's good, sweet, amiable and as pretty as a picture."
"What's her name?" asked the listeners.
"Maria."
"Maria what?"
Aunt Hepsy wrinkled her forehead, pursed up her lips, looked at the ceiling and gave it up.
"I declare, I can't think of her other name."
The general laugh that followed this confession nettled Aunt Hepsy.
"What's the difference about her last name anyway?" she said explosively. "It's only temporary. She's going to change it!"—Youth's Companion.

The Verdict.
"Did the jury find the prisoner guilty?" inquired a man concerning a burglar.
"No, sir," responded the policeman. "They didn't find him at all. He got away."
At least two-thirds of the married men you meet are henpecked, but they don't know it.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

DEMAND FOR ABLE YOUNG MEN.

By Charles M. Schwab.
The corporations everywhere are on the alert for men to manage their affairs—men of ability and right qualities, whether those men come from Harvard or Yale and are the sons of millionaires or whether they come from the tenements. Never yet have companies and big enterprises been so willing to pay large sums to able men, and never yet have the opportunities been as great for the individual man. It is an utter mistake to suppose that huge aggregations of capital mean in any way the doom of the individual. Good men are wanted, and wanted badly. I only wish I were a young man starting all over again.

WOMAN AND THE BALLOT.

By Rev. Madison C. Peters.
Shall woman be invested with the ballot? The question is not one of the simple right as the equal of man, but is it wise, is it best? I do not deny the inborn right of woman to smoke cigarettes or to use the rough language of men, but most of us are inclined to believe that women who do these things are, as some one has put it, "no gentlemen," and if the sexes are to be equalized I would rather it were done by refining the men than by the vulgarizing of women.

Shall we invest woman with the ballot? Candidly, I believe that such an enlargement of her sphere would not only violate the sacred laws of her being, but add nothing to the high and holy mission which her own nature unmistakably defines. Would a woman's vote alter things? Yes, if only good women vote. Few good women would avail themselves of the privilege, but all the bad women would.

If you give woman the ballot, she must be ready to turn policeman and serve on the jury. The responsibilities which logically follow this advance of woman mean that henceforth she will not be represented by any man, and her exercising the full functions of citizenship would make such a change as would make her more a man than a woman.

A female man, an affected, drivelling, little doodle, a weak sister dressed up in men's clothing, is enough to

GRAVEYARD ROSES.

"Graveyard roses, tell me why
Your pale leaves are ever wet,
When, the mossy mounds beside,
Sun and wind of morn have dried
Larkspur, lily, violet,
'Neath the blue and radiant sky?"

"From the heavy earth we grow
Covering hearts that died unloved—
Hearts that all love's sweetness missed,
Pallid lips that closed unloved;
Bitter tears for life unproved
Still well upward from below."
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Hunting Party

AFTER father's death mother and I lived alone together. It was pretty hard for mother, with no man in the house, and I was only a girl of 16. We did all the housework ourselves, which wasn't much, and as much of the farm work as we were able to do.

Mother never kept any money in bank. In the first place, there was no bank nearer than ten miles, and, in the second, she wouldn't have known how to keep a bank account.

One day, one of our horses having died, mother went to town to buy another. At the time one farm hand was at work for us, a man we had engaged a few days before. Mother had been gone but about half an hour when he came into the house and told me she had asked him to keep a sharp lookout for me, as I was only a girl, alone, and without protection. He was so kindly spoken that at first I believed him. This emboldened him to say that there were tramps lurking about and I would do well to put any money there might be in the house in a safe place. Then I began to suspect that he said this to find out whether there was any money in the house, so I told him that all the money had been paid out except what mother had taken with her to pay for the horse she intended to buy. Then he threw off all pretense and ransacked the house. Not finding what he was after, he came into the kitchen, where I was washing dishes, and taking up a knife, threatened to kill me if I didn't tell where the money was kept.

Our sex are always dreading such tricks as I was passing through, but when they come we surprise ourselves by shaming up under them with unexpected coolness. I couldn't see how it was his interest to kill me, since the scare (for him) would die with me. I kept my mind bent on the problem of how to outwit him, but to outwit a man a farmhouse, with no telegraph or telephone or any one within calling distance, is not an easy matter, and I madno headway.

The only thing I could do was to tell him that there wasn't any money in the house, or, if there was, that I didn't know where it was kept. I recommended him to look in different places, the cellar, the cupboard and the upstairs closets. He ransacked every place suggested, but found nothing.

He was not likely to find the place where the money was hidden. Our house was very old and had been built

with an old fashioned big fireplace in the kitchen. Up the chimney, which was large enough to admit a human body, mother had taken out this brick and broken off half of it. This left room for any money she had behind the brick. When it was put back in its place it looked like the other bricks.

Well, at last the man grew so fierce that I was afraid he might murder me, and I told him where the money was. He at once stood in the chimney and began to hunt. I told him the money was higher, and he pulled the kitchen table on to the hearth. In his search he supported himself by bracing his knees and back. I shoved the table farther in, so that it covered the mouth of the chimney. Then for the first time it occurred to me that I had him in a trap. There was a heavy cupboard in the kitchen, and I moved it against the table. Just then I heard an exclamation of delight and knew he had found the money.

His next move was to order me to take away the table, but I had another matter to attend to. Knowing that when he found he couldn't come down he would go up, I ran to mother's bedroom, where since father's death she had kept his rifle, loaded, standing at the head of her bed, and, seizing it,



THREATENED TO KILL ME.

ran outside and was just in time to take aim at the man's head, which was above the top of the chimney.

I shall never forget the expression of his face when he saw me, a mere child of a girl, pointing a rifle at him, cocked and ready to fire. He knew enough of country girls to understand that most of them could shoot pretty straight and that if I chose I could put a bullet through his head.

"See here, little girl, you've caught me fair. Now if you'll let me out of this I'll go about my business."
I didn't like the probability of having to watch him all day, and if I could have trusted him I would have let him go. As it was, I told him to get below the top of the chimney or I would shoot him. He offered to throw down the money if I would let him off, but I refused to do so. I made him believe that I would carry out my threat, and he disappeared down the chimney. He called to me that he would burn the money, but even this didn't move me.

fill you with disgust, but of a mannish woman, good Lord, deliver me from expressing my opinion, lest I should say something not in the prayer book.

THE DISINTEGRATION OF FAMILY LIFE.

By David Greer, D. D.
The greatest of all dangers that threaten the future of this country is in the disintegration of family life. For this the restaurant, with its save trouble, save labor tendency, is responsible. There is in these days little of the simple, beautiful union of families, the love of parent or of brother and sister. The ego rules. All things are for self. What the end will be I do not know. But I do not, like the pessimist, cry "chaos!" For, after all, American men and women have the great heart, large sympathy and strength of purpose that make the greatness of a nation. The pursuit of money, within limitations, has its good side. Our mighty danger is that this commercialism will develop into a fever.

I have hope, and my hope for the future of our people lies not in the cities, but in those thousands of quiet little towns and cities scattered over the country, where people learn to live. For it is in these places that you find the true ideal of pure and unselfish American womanhood and manhood. All the grand simplicity of the true home life—the highest type of Americanism—is to be found there. From these places come every day the men who are to make history, and in them lies our best hope.

WE NEED IDEALS, NOT IDEAS.

By President Woodrow Wilson.
It is only the youngster who catches his conviction in a lump. We older fellows split hairs and discriminate closely and wear out our progressive vitality in doing so. Your youngster moves forward with a rash confidence that seems blind to us older men. He forges ahead and overcomes obstacles that seasoned men, knowing their bigness, would falter at.

The pushing things in this world are ideals, not ideas. One ideal is worth twenty ideas in propulsive force. No naked idea is fit to become an ideal until we illuminate it, dress it up and give it a halo that properly does not belong to it. We live by poetry, not by prose, and we live only as we see visions and not as we have discriminating minds.

"Haven't had time to notice. I've got a hunting party of my own."
He looked surprised and then for the first time noticed my gun. I told him my story, and when he learned that I had a man cornered in the chimney he burst into a laugh. I, relieved from the terrible strain I had been enduring, burst into tears.

Then the gentleman took my rifle and stood guard, while I took his horse and rode away for assistance. The game I had bagged alive was kept after that in the penitentiary.—Field and Farm.

CAT'S EYES TELL THE TIME.

Secret Long Known to the Chinese Given to a French Traveler.

So long as there is a cat anywhere near it is not necessary to have a watch or a clock, for the animal's eyes will tell you the time of day. The first European to learn of the use of a cat as a time indicator was M. Huc, who, in a work on the Chinese empire, tells how he was initiated into the mystery.
M. Huc and a party of friends set out to visit a Chinese Christian mission settlement among the peasantry. They met a young Chinaman on the road and to test his intelligence they asked him if he could tell them the time. The native looked up at the sky, but the clouds hid the sun from view and he couldn't read any answer there. Suddenly he darted away to a farm and returned in a few moments with a cat in his arms. Pushing up its eyelids with his hand he told Huc to look at them, at the same time volunteering the information that it was not noon yet. While they were puzzling over the case the boy went about his business.

When the party reached the village they asked the Christian converts if they could tell the time by a cat's eyes and how it was done. Immediately there was a wild hunt and all the cats obtainable in the neighborhood were brought before them.

The Chinese pointed out that the pupils of a cat's eyes were gradually narrower up to 12 noon, when they became scarcely perceptible lines, drawn perpendicularly across the eye and after that dilation recommenced. Huc examined the eyes of several cats and verified what the Chinese had told him.

In the Choir.

"The soprano gave the choirmaster a conary for a birthday gift," remarked the contraalto, "and he's named it after her."
"Quite appropriate, eh?" replied the tenor.

"Yes; I understand the bird can't sing a little bit."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Old Adage Discredited.

"The old saying that bad news travels faster than good news," said the lyceum lecturer, "is all bosh. For instance, when I get a roast in a local paper; I say nothing at all about it and when I get a nice notice I send it broadcast among lecture-course committees."—Baltimore American.

Exact Number of Pa's Hairs.
Teacher—Yes, Johnny, the hairs of our heads are numbered.
Johnny—Well, pa's must be twenty-three.—New York Sun.

Love may intoxicate a man, but marriage is apt to sober him.