

The Russian government is willing to let the people have elections, providing they vote for the government.

The price of gasoline has gone up again, and owners are almost beginning to wish that their automobiles ate hay.

A famous physician is experimenting with the effects of music on cats. Paying them back in their own coin, so to speak.

The man who is paying 20 cents a gallon for gasoline isn't able to figure out wherein 35-cent denatured alcohol will help much.

The Governor of Cuba will receive a salary of \$25,000 a year. It should be remembered, however, that he will have to live in Cuba.

The man who seeks divorce because his wife doesn't talk enough will be considered a fit subject for an inquirer de lunatico.

A man always finds it hard to conceal his satisfaction when he picks up another man's hat and finds that it is too small for him.

It is surprising to read that a new revolt is threatened in Russia. Many had supposed that a continuous revolt was good enough for the Russians.

In Pennsylvania there is a man who declares that his wife hasn't spoken to him for seven years. Some people will be unable to understand why he is making a fuss about it.

If James J. Hill were younger he might have hope of some day being in a position to buy the earth and sell it again at a profit of 40 or 50 per cent when the population doubles.

Sir Oliver Lodge tells us that the sun will be cold in 20,000,000 years, and what is turning our hair gray with worry is the fact that the coal supply will last only half that time.

Honor is being paid to the memory of Madoc, the Welsh prince, who is said to have discovered America in 1270. Christopher Columbus, however, does not recall hearing anything about it at the time.

Smokers who have been fearing that the disturbances in Cuba might curtail the output of genuine Havana cigars will be interested to hear that the Connecticut tobacco crop is unusually large.

Italians have erected in New York City a monument to Verdi, the grand old man of Italian music. This is the third memorial which the Italians have presented to New York. The others are the monuments to Columbus and Garibaldi.

A hoodlum is a boy whose mother and father "have no time to fuss" about him. They "guess he is big enough and smart enough to take care of himself." If a neighbor complains of his mean acts the parents think that neighbor too low down to live. The hoodlum begins his course by running wild in the street; he ends it on the gallows. But, as a general thing, his parents deserve hanging better than he does.

Marquis Ito and Field Marshals Yamagata and Oyama have been created princes by the Japanese Emperor in recognition of their services in the war with Russia, and Vice Admiral Togo has been made a marquis for the same reason. All that we can do in America to reward our military heroes is to advance them in rank, and even then the promotion of successful officers over the heads of men who have been longer in the service is fiercely criticized.

In recent years, as all readers of the papers know, it has become too common among a certain class of people to have the marriage ceremony performed under strange and unusual conditions, as on platforms at county fairs, on the top of a smokestack, etc. The cheap notoriety that attaches to this sort of marriage destroys the sanctity that should pertain to the ceremony and gives the unthinking occasion to regard it as a joke rather than a serious transaction. There is altogether too much trifling with the marriage tie already without turning the ceremony into a monkey show.

There isn't much question that most of us would get along better if a little more attention were given to mastication, if we ate less meat—indeed, less of everything; but there are so many other offenses against good physiology more serious in their results and almost equally prevalent that the layman may be excused for skepticism as to the necessity for political economists deserting their own field to push the cause of the chewers. A man who consistently chews each mouthful of custard forty-seven times through life may have a chance of living to be a 100 a fraction of a point better than the man who bolts butter cakes whole, but the latter during his shorter earthly sojourn, having his attention less closely fixed on his stomach, may actually do more good in the world than the human mastic machine.

Among the cherished memories of a certain charming old lady is that of a teacher of her childhood, whose theory of life was reduced to a simple principle: "Learn to read well, young ladies—to enunciate distinctly, to modulate the voice pleasingly, to interpret the words of the author with sympathy and understanding; learn to read well, and all other virtues will follow." It is possible that the acquirement of all the virtues seems a slightly more complicated matter than it did to the old gentleman of seventy years ago. Nevertheless, the advice is not to be laughed away, if only because it recalls the days when reading aloud was counted one of the most desirable of the duties

arts of life. This is no reflection upon the art of reading as taught in these latter days; the question is not of the actual process, but of the place that reading should hold in the family life. Many a gray-haired man or woman who never heard of "round tables," and never discovered that authors had early or late styles, yet knows his Scott or Thackeray or Shakespeare as few young people of to-day ever know them. In part, this is due to the fact that the field of reading now covered by young people is much larger than it was half a century ago. A deeper cause lies in the decline of the habit of reading aloud. We have no time now to read aloud, we say. Perhaps not; yet before we decide, might it not be well to consider whether any other recreation offers more permanent pleasure or greater enrichment to the life. Books read aloud winter evenings about the fire, with the whole family sharing the interest and the discussions, will hold a warmth of color which time will not dim. Between their pages will be countless happy memories—a treasure whose value will deepen through all the years to come.

While certain elderly gentlemen of athletic proclivities were departing on the links of a New York golf club in competitive endeavor to reduce records, a Chicago doctor of theology was inveighing vigorously against the humorists Dr. Osler, whose merry jest at the expense of 60 bolts up occasionally to plague the super-sensitive. The theologian pointed out that Moses did not begin to preach until he was 80 years of age, and from this indisputed assertion he drew the conclusion that there is no age limit until a man's vigor has gone. If any argument were permissible it might be contended that much of the great work of Moses was performed while he was yet young—young not merely from the ancient but the present way of looking at years. But nobody now takes seriously the limitations prescribed by Dr. Osler except possibly a few over-wrought gentlemen who are, unhappily, devoid of the saving grace of humor. To calm the feelings of these sensitive few we may speak not only of the preaching Moses but of the elderly golfers who went forth to battle amid "wintry blasts and furies of snow." It is recorded that of this goodly array of competitive ancient and honorable not one was under 55, while most of them had passed the Osler age of usefulness, and several of them were over 80. A merry young fellow of 78 carried off one of the prizes, and a striking of two and seventy figured proudly in the running. And in order to accomplish the task presented it was required of these huxley athletes to cover ground to the extent of seven miles, a mere bit of attendant exercise which they considered hardly worth mentioning. In all likelihood Moses thought nothing of walking seven miles a day, even after he began preaching, for he was a pedagogue of large experience and was in excellent training. But the conjunction of the patriarch and the contemporary golfers, for illustrative purposes, is felicitous chiefly as showing that in all ages of the world's history decrepitude, physical and mental, is usually not so much a matter of years as of temperament and mode of life. The octogenarian on the golf links and in the pulpit is constantly with us to remind us of the humor of Dr. Osler's quips and fancies.

PERILOUS RESCUE OF DOG. English Colliery Manager Lowered Into Pit to Save Starving Colliery. An interesting story of the rescue of a dog from a deep and disused pit shaft comes from Meigsdale, Cumberland, Inspector Blake Jones, the Cumberland representative of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was informed that a dog had been thrown down a disused pit shaft near Meigsdale. On arrival he found that the dog could be seen in the water, 540 feet deep, and up to within ninety-one feet of the surface was full of water. The dog could just be discerned on a rotten wood ledge ninety feet down, and about a foot from the water.

NAME NATURE'S POOR TASTE. An Englishman who has been visiting in the suburbs recently is hypercritical to say the least. Ever since he has been visiting this gentleman he has been finding fault with everything. The other evening they were on the host's beautiful lawn. "This would be charming, Mr. Blank, if it were not for the color of the grass." "Why, what is the matter with the grass?" inquired the surprised host. "Too green, too green," sighed the Englishman; "it spoils the color effect."—Boston Record.

PROPER AFTER ALL. The girl eagerly awaited an answer from the young man, yet she had the seeming of modesty. "Sure," he responded, "in a flash."

At the Intelligence Office. The Lady—Now, remember, please, I want a very good maid and one that is absolutely discreet. The Proprietor—You can be perfectly sure of the maid I am going to send you. She has been five years at a telephone switchboard.—Le Sourire.

A boy likes to whistle to hear himself whistle. When he grows up he talks instead.

There never was a wife so old that she didn't look better as a widow.

# A Thirty-Three Years' War

Struggle of the Dutch and the people of Achin who resist subjugation with Malay ferocity



Aside from these secret attacks the Achinese fight fairly, and when they capture Dutch soldiers treat them humanely and usually send them back to their own camp under escort. Still the war continues. The Achinese are no nearer subjugation than they were thirty years ago. In addition to the army constantly kept in the Dutch East Indies, the Netherlands Government maintains a special fleet of warships to patrol the Achin coast. Piracy has, indeed, been relegated by the Achinese to the limbo of lost arts, but independence is still theirs. The war in Achin is no longer a war of conquest; it is a war of extermination.

## KEEP A GAMBLER'S SCHOOL.

Monte Carlo Managers Train Their Croupiers Most Methodically. The Monte Carlo casino trains all its own croupiers, and very rigorous that training is. When an applicant is favorably considered for training he has to come up for a medical examination. After this examination the recruit to the croupier's chair comes up for six hours' training every day in the school which is situated at the back of the casino, provided that he can prove he has been a resident in the principality of Monaco for at least a year. Throwing money is one of the most important items of the curriculum. For it is imperative that a croupier shall be able to throw a handful of money so that it will pitch with unerring precision on any spot on the table. To throw money quickly and so that it does not pitch on end and roll is not so easy as it seems and it is generally three weeks before the young croupier satisfies his trainer that he is proficient in this part. Now comes the most difficult part of the training, learning to reckon money mechanically. The croupier must never count; if he did the slow progress of the game would try the patience of all the players. He must become a veritable ready reckoner and this, of course, only comes by practice. But to prove to what a high state this reckoning can be brought it may be said that before a croupier passes to the casino trained staff he is able to tell the value of the coins in his hand simply by the feel of them—that is to say, he could pick up a number of coins and without pausing tell you their value. Every day each pupil is made to sit as croupier at a table around which are gathered his fellow pupils, who start playing with metal disks of sizes and values equivalent to the coins used at the tables. This test is a trying one for the budding croupier. Everyone does his best to fluster him, the disks spin across the cloth and if his mind does not take in the proper values and he loses his head he knows that his prospects are in jeopardy. Once a croupier becomes proficient he can, when drafted into playing saloons, hold his post for a great many years, but as he only receives \$300 per annum as a roulette croupier he is not able to save much. Nevertheless, he is well looked after, for if he becomes ill he has his medical attendance free.—Detroit Tribune.

## Gulf of Mexico Is Deep.

An elaborate report has been received at the Navy Department from Lieut. Soley, U. S. N., on the gulf stream. Lieut. Soley has charge of the hydrographic office at New Orleans and he shows conclusively in his report that the gulf stream has an existence in the Gulf of Mexico, a fact which has hitherto been in dispute. According to Lieut. Soley the stream flows in the Gulf of Yucatan channel, where the water is deep, 1,200 fathoms in the center, and flows out through the Straits of Florida, where the depth is less. The center of the gulf is a deep hole of large area, more than 2,000 fathoms deep, and the water here is very cold. The main current of the gulf is a distinct part of the gulf stream. It comes from the equatorial current, flowing westward through the Caribbean sea, which is warm, with a temperature of 80 degrees, until it flows into the cooler waters of the gulf by the Yucatan channel. The stream follows the general line of the coast until it passes out by Florida. There are some counter currents in the gulf. A notable fact is that the currents of all the rivers emptying into the Gulf of Mexico turn to the right—to the west—at Mobile and the delta of the Mississippi, and to the south along the Mexican coast.

## In Defense of Tobacco.

Spurgeon, the preacher, is said to have said that it was his habit to smoke cigars "to the glory of God," but now we find serious people willing to say that the use of tobacco in any form is improper for clergymen of any denomination. One wonders why, seeing that the moderate use of the herb is associated neither with evil passions nor with heretical doctrines. The North American Indians, who were the earliest smokers known to history, always brought out the pipe of peace as a symbol of their intention, if not to beat the tomahawk into the plowshare at least to dwell together in unity until further notice. And it is an indisputable fact that great teachers have often been great smokers. It was amid "clouds of tobacco smoke" that Pausanias set to work, "In Memoriam," to reconcile religion with science; it was in a similar if not quite so dense an atmosphere that Carlyle assigned the Deity and the devil their respective roles in the history of the French revolution. These precedents should suffice, and if they do not, there is the example of King-ley to be quoted. He was a parish priest and his standards and ideals were high, but he also enjoyed his pipe when his day's work was done and did not hesitate to say so.—London Mail.

## Bermudans Fully Represented.

The Bermudans have a parliament of thirty-six members, while the number of voters is only 1,200.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## GET DOWN TO THE SIMPLE LIFE.

By Juliet V. Strauss.

Women have run to seed in finding the easy way. The easy way never yet developed character or fostered the real religion that made our pioneer mothers so beautiful. There are certain phases of modern home life which are positively irreligious. We must get back to our old ideals if we wish our children to experience any of the crude human emotions we ourselves so hopelessly long for. If you are interested in saving the souls of coming generations—and saving a soul merely means quickening a human body to some sense of the divine—you must try to get everybody you love down to a simple and natural basis of living. The children must play heartily and healthfully, and all the family must be hungry and tired and sleepy at the right time. The young folk must believe in love and the old folk mustn't sneer at them for it, and all of the family must understand that science, smart modern philosophies, human achievement and discovery, modern disregard of old standards of truth and decency—all these things crumble into nothingness and are hopelessly cheap and futile beside the plain old Christian ideal of home with God in it. Not the sentimental God of the chain-letter writer or the narrow-minded God of the religious bigot, but the God which means all that warms the human heart—to hope, to love, to confidence in life and morality; to joy and beauty and laughter and tears. The God that responds in us to every form of life and thrills in us to every sense of rapture and every pang of pain. We have wandered far away from the true ideal of religion and of home, but there are some hopeful indications of a return to quieter ways of living, changed public sentiment and less audacious thought and impious experiment. We are coming back to a willingness to believe that "God is the breath of life" and that marriage and home are his divine institutions.

## HOW TO HOLD HUSBAND'S LOVE.

By Carmen Sylva, Queen of Rumania.

Men look for goddesses in women, not weak creatures who will cling to them for support. And it happens most unfortunately that women, who as long as they remain unmarried seem perfectly well able to take care of themselves, directly they have taken a husband seem to think it incumbent on them to assume a helpless dependent air. And they forget that the being from whom they expect guidance and support is but a weak, erring mortal like themselves, whom of their own choice they make into an idol. They have but themselves to blame when the awakening comes, and they step out of their dream into the reality of life, to find that the being they worshiped and idealized is but a mere human creature after all. In that hour of disenchantment such poor deluded women may well ask themselves how they could have been so foolish as to give up their cherished independence and trust to another to direct and support their steps, instead of confiding in their own judgment. Most of all will these reflections force themselves on the mind of the wife who cannot help being aware that she possesses a more powerful intellect and a stronger will than her once adored husband. Is it not hers to remain steadfast in the fiercest throes of moral and physical pain, to set her teeth firmly

## THE FLAG GOES BY.

Hats off! Along the street there comes A blaze of bugles, a ruffle of drums, A flash of color beneath the sky; Hats off! The flag is passing by! Blue and crimson and white it shines, Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines. Hats off! The colors before us fly; But more than the flag is passing by. Sea lights and land lights, grim and great, Fought to make and to save the State; Weary marches, and sinking ships; Cheers of victory on dying lips; Days of plenty and days of peace; March of a strong land's swift increase; Equal justice, right, and law, Stately honor and revered awe; Sign of a Nation, great and strong To ward her people from foreign wrong; Pride and glory and honor, all Live in the colors to stand or fall. Hats off! Along the street there comes A blaze of bugles, a ruffle of drums; And loyal hearts are beating high; Hats off! The flag is passing by; —Youth's Companion.

## End of the Strike.

SURELY there were horrors enough in a large mill in the middle of winter with all the foreign labor rioting in a desperate strike. Madeline Reynolds had thought of them all, too. The greatest was possible harm to her husband, which took many awful forms. In this great fear, her petty womanly fears had sunk out of sight. That was probably why she had neglected pulling the curtain low enough to shut out all sight of the room in which she sat. Red shades are cozy things, so are open fires, and the rocking chair that Robert had given her on Christmas was coziest of all. Bending forward she pulled a basket towards her, picking out a multitude of small garments. She folded them slowly in piles, until she came to something partially finished. Slipping on her thumb, she threaded a needle with deft fingers, and rocking placidly to and fro proceeded to put the finishing stitches to a baby's dainty dress. All the time between the curtain and the window still there lurked a horror in human form. A beard that has grown unheeded for weeks, especially if it be black at midnight, will add an almost inhuman ferocity to a man's face. He watched because he had nothing else to do while he waited. Two other half-starved human beings would join in about fifteen minutes. The volley that broke forth in the east valley seemed to him to be right on top of Hector's biggest factory. This only ceased him to shift his position to ease his stiffening knees and to take a look

in the grim, silent struggle, without allowing a groan to escape her to betray her sufferings? But we must not pretend that all women are endowed with equal strength of soul, or that all come out of this fiery ordeal as conquerors. The first fatal and irreparable mistake in married life is that of confiding one's sorrows to the nearest, dearest friend, of allowing any one a peep into the difficulties of the situation. And it must be owned that in this matter men on the whole display greater reticence and discretion than the majority of women.

## IDLE QUESTIONS COSTLY.

By John A. Howland.

Strip the world of all its idle, irritating frictions and a day might become as a thousand years in achievement. Voltaire would not begin to catalogue all these possibilities of this endless procession of handicapping influences. The effect of the idle interrogator on social and business life is something tremendous in its aggregate of evils. Two minutes or two hours after he is gone the person suffering from his questions may reflect the feelings upon the wisest, most unselfish of all his callers. Doing so, too, he makes a lasting critic of a house's business methods. He may earn his discharge because of the invasion of idleness. Or, with shaken, shattered nerves, he may go home to his family in a mood that makes his coming a visitation of evil, rather than the pleasure that it might have been.

Everywhere the idle questioner, with his insistence, is challenging his own intellect and the time and temper of those with whom he distributes his interrogations. In ordinary social intercourse the person asking a fool question of friend or acquaintance is embarrassed when he finds there is no sane answer to the query. But the selfish questioner who runs amuck in the world, asking right and left, and indiscriminately of his fellows, becomes a social renegade against which no statutes have been framed. You, reader—are you one of them?

## SACREDNESS OF LIFE.

By Rev. A. Arnold Ross.

The reading public is quite familiar with the brutal theory credited to Professor Osler. It is to the effect that the average man passes the period of usefulness at about 40 years of age, and ought to be disposed of in a manner similar to that by which a worthless dog is gotten rid of. While this theory has been almost universally condemned, it has, nevertheless, emboldened certain men and women who look at life from a peculiar point of view to advocate a like disposal of the incurably sick in body or mind. And now comes Bernard Shaw, of unenviable notoriety as a playwright, to advocate similar measures for the morally unfit. Each and all of these advocates of the lethal chamber might not find themselves in ungenial company—so long as the tables were not turned upon themselves—in ending the careers of certain of his subjects, being the first to put into effect the conviction of the average lover in the edible character of his sweetheart, he being reported as having his favorite wife served up for his dinner. The progress of civilization has been marked by the growing sacredness in which life is held. Our growth away from savagery shows an ever-increasing conviction that the issues of life and death should be left in the hands of him who alone can give life, and who alone has the moral right to take it away.

towards the east to see if it meant a fire. When he looked back the woman stood somewhere in the middle of the room, the tiny white thing at her feet unheeded. Suddenly she dropped on her knees by the side of a well-worn arm chair, pulled the smoking jacket that had been folded on its top down towards her with a wild, fierce gesture, buried her face in it, and wept.

It came to the man who watched between the curtain and the window sill that after all these people could feel, but Reynolds was a lucky man, nothing ever hurt him. The two or three attempts that had been made directly against him had been turned as if by direct intercession of an unseen power. Didn't she know that? He shrugged his shoulders wearily. What did he care? Pretty soon he would see two dark forms stealing through the bushes and one would carry a bag from which a strong oily smell would strike on the nostrils.

"Ah, that's the smell for them! She'll feel then what it means to be homeless, thrown out into the cold." The thought that had given birth to many a plan seemed somehow dulled of its significance in the light from the cosy room. The woman hurried away suddenly, closing the door behind her. Where had she gone? It couldn't matter anyhow, with another weary shrug of the shoulders.

When the door opened she was not alone. A young girl with a shawl of the vivid stripes loved by his compa-

ed, for the window frames of old houses shrink with age and cold even as do human frames. He knew the girl, too. He had sojourned with the surprise of it when she turned her face toward the window. "Marie here!" But they were talking again. "I have the basket ready, Marie, it is the biggest one. I put in everything except something for Robert's supper and our breakfast. It ought to last for a day or two."

"I will see that it does, never fear. I discover it to them by bits. The children never think, and father—" she shrugged her shoulders sadly. So this was what "little mother" got the food that had roused only a vague wonder in his brain. "Marie, when do you think it will end?" the woman's voice sounded forlorn and so weary. "I try not to worry, but I can do so little to help. Robert had used all his ready money to relieve the suffering. It's all we can do." Her voice sunk into a piteous whisper.

Here was a woman with imagination, with pity! She could see, and, yes, she could feel. No other forms came stealing through the bushes, the oil soaked bag must have proven heavy. It could be stopped to-morrow, the whole damnable business, if he and a few other men would say the word. Two of them were coming. In another five minutes three faces, fierce-eyed, black-bearded, white and shrunken, ranged along the narrow sill between the curtain and the window sill. "Listen," said he who had watched so long.

"I expect a box from home in a day or two, Marie," Reynolds' wife was saying. "I'll let you know when it comes by hanging the red shawl from the east window. I think there'll be clothes for the children, oh I do hope so! How is the baby? Is his cough any better?" The eager eyes fastened on the girl's face told how near her heart were the troubles of her little friend.

"I gave him the syrup as you told me, and wrapped him in the blanket. He was asleep when I came away." The girl rose and clasped the woman's hands, pressed them again and again to her lips. "I must go now. God will bless you. Do not be afraid any more."

"I shouldn't worry if you do not, dear; but you know he is my husband, and I love him so." Again the door opened and closed, and a few minutes later a figure stole furtively along the street in front. Swifter than she, the men followed.

"Let me carry the basket, little mother," said a well-known voice, softer than she had heard it for weeks. "Your friend is a good woman, to-morrow the strike shall end. There are others like her, no doubt, who are sad because of it. Is it not so, Luigi? Don't you?" The others nodded.

Later, in company with two or three others, they ate of the substituted food Madeline Reynolds had provided. They talked far into the night, and at dawn each went a certain way. In a few hours all disturbances ceased. In another day the companies had issued orders to butchers, grocers and clothiers. The big strike became only something to talk about in the long winter evenings.—Boston Post.

