

The Japanese do not like to be called Japs, but it is not likely they will care to go to war about it.

Dr. Osler's mother is still alive at the age of 100, and seems destined to outlive her son's foolish talk.

When the Chinese authorities capture a pirate they separate him into two parts, and he goes out of business.

It has been discovered that a rat has a sixth sense. Even with that, however, it frequently fails to discover the proximity of a despatch.

One of the learned scientists says that man is made of soap. Perhaps that is why he so often cleans out the treasury when he gets into office.

That Adamless Eden that is being established in Texas will do well to call up a "no hunting" sign if it is expected to keep Cupid off the premises.

A traveler dropped a bomb in a Russian railway station yesterday. He may have been a polite bomb salesman, who considered it no trouble to show goods.

Mark Twain thinks the United States will eventually become a monarchy. Well, a humorist who is 71 years old has the right to think queer thoughts.

Dr. Dwight Hillis says we need more poetry. There is danger in making such a statement too public. A lot of would-be poets are likely to take the doctor seriously.

An Amityville, N. Y., man has inherited \$1,000,000 because he went for thirteen years without drinking a drop of whisky. It ought to be hard after this to convince him that thirteen is an unlucky number.

Some scientist has discovered that the north pole is moving southward at the rate of twenty miles a year. Now if he has the courage of his convictions let him go up to Winnipeg and open a fur store.

"Blondes will be only history six hundred years from now," says the scientist. In the meantime they are poetry, romance, fiction—delightful, fascinating fiction. Pity sorry for the men of six hundred years hence.

There is a man in Philadelphia who claims to have invented a smoke consumer which in two years will save enough coal to pay for itself. The coal dealers can hardly be expected to encourage the use of such a contrivance.

All Americans of the future, according to one of the scientists, are to be like John D. Rockefeller. In other words, we are all to become bald, and probably there will be a chance for all of us to get rich selling stuff that we are to claim will make the hair grow.

Tradition says that the first locks were made in England during the reign of Alfred the Great, but it was not until civilization had progressed to the middle of the fourteenth century that their use became general, and only at the highly civilized period of the nineteenth century that steel vaults, burglar-proof safes and such things became necessary.

The immediate and all-important question is not why the frequent wrecks are so destructive, but why they should be allowed to occur in the first place. Steel cars, of course, are better than wooden, but there would be no complaint of danger from the latter if the number of wrecks could be reduced in this country to what experience abroad shows to be the unavoidable minimum. The mere prospect of collision-proof cars in the dim future will hardly divert public attention from the task in hand, which is to prevent the consequences of collision by abolishing collisions.

Young men of an adventurous turn of mind who lament that there is no longer any real excitement to be had in the Southwest need only cross the Mexican boundary line in the neighborhood of Nogales, Ariz., and go after the Yaqui Indians. They will not have to hunt very long for all the excitement that they need. The Yaquis are brave, fierce and perfect-gluttons for fighting, as the Mexican government knows to its cost. Indeed, if there are any soldiers of fortune out of work they can secure the contract of exterminating the Yaquis. They may not complete the job, but they will have the time of their lives attempting it.

Keep your thoughts on pure air in the home. Don't be afraid if it is a little cold. None of Peary's party caught cold all the time they were in regions away below zero. Pure, undiluted cold is healthful. It is not all the time pleasant, but one can wrap up sufficiently to provide against the discomfort of it. That is easy. That is what they do with consumptives—wrap them up warmly and put them out into the fresh, cold air. It is not the cold that hurts; it is the draft which disturbs the temperature of the body and consequently the equilibrium of the circulation, which in turn stuffs up the capillaries, and there you are—sneezing, wheezing, coughing, hawking, grunting and making yourself a public nuisance.

A respected business man killed himself recently because his wife's affections had been stolen. What of it? Nothing out of the ordinary, perhaps, save that the suicide left a note to the coroner, in which he recommended the passage of laws making home-wreckers criminals amenable to a punishment of thirty years' imprisonment. There's something to think about in that. Of course, the self-murderer was a coward.

ard. But that does not alter the fact that the man who entered his home and fished the wife's affections was worse than a coward. The innocent child who steals a loaf of bread from a bakery to keep her brothers and sisters from starvation is a criminal in the eyes of the law. The crawling thing that betrays friendship and squirms into a good man's home, stealing all that is best and purest in his life—what is he? Criminal? In the eyes of the law, no. Scoundrel? In the eyes of his fellow creatures—perhaps. A loaf of bread. A good woman's love. An innocent child. An cowardly scoundrel. The law. The scoundrel was right. There is something wrong somewhere.

The newspaper may be depressing reading for the young woman whose ambitions outstrip her conditions. In a single issue she may perhaps see the picture of a woman who has climbed several of the world's highest mountains; may read of another woman who has achieved success in musical composition, and of a third who has written a popular play; and may read the report of an address by a woman who is a duty commissioner, and who is ready to throw the light of modern science on the chemical problems of butter and cheese making. These varied occupations with their rewards may make "the trivial round, the common task" seem flat and dull to the village girl whose activities are bounded by her horizon. She counts over her day's tasks. She has been up betimes to help with the breakfast, has made an ovenful of delicious pumpkin pies, and has swept halls and stairs. Then she has gone through the week's mending, and has ended the day by sitting for two hours with a sick neighbor, and by attending a choir rehearsal. But mountains and music, drama and chemistry—these are all out of her line. Are they really better than her cheerful housewifeliness and kindly service? In the largest view of life, hers is the nobler task. Music, drama, athletics and even applied science are the luxuries—the frills and furbelows of existence. Wholesome food, household cheer and neighborliness are the essentials of civilization. Without them we revert to barbarism. If we must choose between the woman who composes a symphony and the woman who makes a tempting lamb stew, the musician shall go. Fortunately, there is room in modern society for all talents. But as accomplishments grow more numerous and alluring, we must beware lest we turn the whole fabric of life upside down by setting its luxuries above its essentials.

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Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE PAY OF CONGRESSMEN.

BECAUSE the House of Representatives defeated the bill to raise Congressmen's pay from \$5,000 to \$7,500 a year the action is attributed to the frightening thought of what happened to the "salary grab" Congress of 1873. But the scandal of thirty-three years ago did not consist in the mere passage of a salary increase bill, but in the making of the measure retroactive so that Congressmen could collect the additional allowance for two years back.

During the two years which constitute a term in the House of Representatives a member draws \$10,000 in salary, \$2,400 for clerk hire, .250 for stationery and whatever amount his mileage may come to. He spends about nine months in Washington, but there are few Representatives whose devotion to public life seriously interrupts their pursuit of private business. Prestige comes with a seat in Congress, and service there affords an education useful in many occupations. The man in Congress usually likes to stay there as long as he can. Custom in this respect prove that he would rather be in Congress at the present salary than take his chances at anything else.

Of course, the cost of living in Washington is high. But for a mere Congressman it is not necessarily higher than anywhere else. There is nothing in his official position which compels him to cut a wide social swath, nor is his public service increased by his doing so. If the Congressman uses his position to advance the social aspirations of his wife and daughters, that is his own private affair—a part of the perquisite which goes with the office, not something for the public to pay him extra for.—Kansas City World.

THE WEALTH OF THE FARM.

THE year just past has been one of the most prosperous years the farmers of this country have ever known. The value of the farm products, including live stock, is estimated by the Secretary of Agriculture at the inconceivable figure of \$6,794,000,000, nearly half a billion more than last year and over two billion more than in 1890. An increase of 44 per cent in seven years is cause enough for thanksgiving. Over a million farmers who were debtors ten years ago, trying to pay the interest on mortgages on their farms, are now looking for investments for their money.

The exports of farm products, in spite of increased consumption at home, have grown to \$976,000,000. In spite of the injurious statements printed about the packing houses the figures for exports of packing house products exceed \$200,000,000 for the first time. The balance of trade in favor of the American farmer, that is, the excess of exportations of American agricultural products over imports of the same character, was for last year \$43,000,000, as against \$85,000,000 for all other classes of exports and imports. Taking the last seventeen years together the balance in favor of the American farmer is over six billion dollars, while the balance against the other American producers combined amounts to nearly half a billion.

The farm is the strength of the nation. As long as the

farmer has work for the unemployed of the cities and money to buy the products of the factories, the cities share in the good things of life. When crops fail and the farmer is hard up the factories must close and the workmen out of a job look in vain to the farm for a chance to share in the harvest. The farmer has enough laid by to stand a year or two of bad luck, but everybody wishes him another year like the last—Chicago Tribune.

"RACE SUICIDE" IS WORLD WIDE.

IN view of President Roosevelt's repeated reproaches of the American people for what he calls our race suicide, it is interesting to know that conditions in this country in this respect are not at all exceptional. James W. Barclay, in an article in "The Nineteenth Century and After," shows that the birth rate in fifteen European countries reached the highest mark in 1876, and that there has been a steady decline since except in Russia. Another fact he records is that, the world over, the birth rate is highest in the poorest districts. Almost everywhere the well-to-do have small families and the poor have large families. The one country whose birth rate has not declined is remarkable for the poverty of its people and for its deplorable social conditions.

The connection between prosperity and sterility is established in many ways and is a matter of common observation. But few have ever attempted an explanation of it. Whatever theories may be held the similarity of conditions the world over is the interesting thing to observe. From these conditions it is evident that no preaching by the President or anybody else will very materially affect the birth rate. There is a little consolation in the knowledge that our own people are not committing race suicide any more than are the people of Europe.—Indianapolis Sun.

CAN A MAN EARN \$1,000,000 A YEAR?

CAN A MAN EARN \$1,000,000 A YEAR? AN A MAN, then, fairly earn \$1,000,000 a year, or in a manner to confer a corresponding benefit upon the industrial society as a whole? That is a big sum of money—vastly larger than is commonly appreciated in our easy manner of talking business. It is a thousand times greater than the average income of the skilled laborer, and 200 or 300 times the average income of successful men in business and the learned professions. Men are born with very unequal talents and capacities, but are there differences among them so great as this? If it be said that there are, then a case might be made out against industrial reforms aiming to establish conditions of greater justice; but it would at the same time make unassailable the cause of loading upon the very rich a larger share of the costs of government, as through surplus income and graduated legacy taxes. If there exist persons so far superior to the rest of mankind as all this, they can fairly be called upon to lend support to institutions for the preservation of order and property in the undue proportions which their abilities bear to ordinary folks.—Springfield Republican.

THIS CALLED A SKY-PIERCER.

Towering Office Building in New York 612 Feet High.

The towering office buildings of our large cities have for a generation been known as "sky scrapers." But when a height of 612 feet is attained in a human life of this kind, we respectfully suggest a slight revision of the well-known name, making it "sky piercer" instead. It is not so many years ago when all kinds of disasters were predicted for the tall buildings in Chicago and New York which stood ten, sixteen or even twenty stories above the sidewalks, with a height of up to 300 feet. But the troubles predicted did not arrive, at least not on time, and, on the contrary, the earthquake in San Francisco seems to have shown that the steel-framed building, in spite of its tallness, offered far better resistance to earthquake shocks than buildings of ordinary dimensions put up in the old way. The only reasons that these sky-scrapers did not defy both earthquake and fire, architects say, were, that the bracing of the frame work was in some cases not heavy and strong enough; and their catching fire is explained by the use of wood, for instance in window-frames, and by the absence of iron window shutters or of means to quicken close them. But these defects have been noted in San Francisco and elsewhere and will doubtless be remedied.

The objections then against high buildings not having been substantiated and high ground rent and exorbitant prices of real estate always standing as a specter at the side of the metropolitan builder and investor, it is no wonder that buildings are going several stories into the ground and higher and taller into the air. The latest and tallest structure of this kind is the Singer building, corner of Liberty street and Broadway, New York. The original building, and the addition will be fourteen stories high, and the tower will extend twenty-seven stories above this.

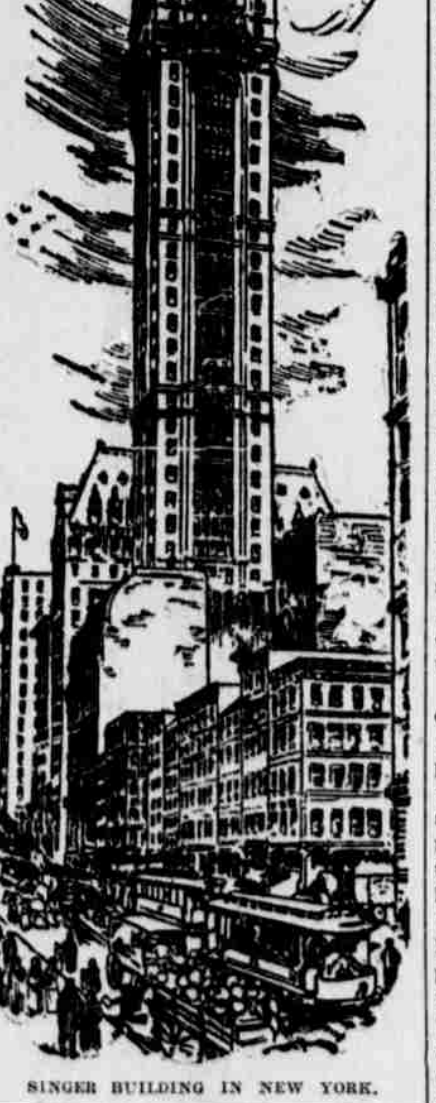
The elevator will be oblong in form and placed in the center of the building. For the service of the lower portion of the building there will be sixteen elevators, and, as the upper floors are reached, they will decrease in number, until there remain four elevators for the service of the topmost floors.

Though the tower measures only 65 feet square, yet its height is so great that its floor space together with that of the main building will have a total area of 9 1/2 acres. With a single exception this is the largest floor space of any building in the city. When fully occupied the building will accommodate about 6,000 people.

The Singer building will be 100 feet higher than the spires of the famous Koeln Cathedral, 57 feet higher than the Washington monument at the National Capital, and with the exception of the Eiffel Tower (1,000 feet, located in Paris), the highest structure in the world.

problem that the architect and his assistants had to solve was, to adopt a method of construction which would be able to resist the heaviest storm sweeping over Manhattan Island. The pressure is 30 pounds to the square foot, or a total of 128,000 foot tons. The total weight of the tower alone is about 23,000 tons. The method adopted is the tower or bridge style of building in the steel skeleton, with transverse braces from the bottom to the topmost story.

The ordinary transverse bracing could not be used on account of the



SINGER BUILDING IN NEW YORK.

windows. So the method was adopted of building four corner towers, each 12 feet square, in the four corners of the building, while the elevator shaft serves as a fifth tower. This leaves a space 30 feet wide between the corner towers, which are treated as bay windows, and filled in with glass. The columns are anchored to the caissons in the foundation of the building.

If this building is a financial success it is certain that others as high, and even higher, will be built in spite of the danger to the occupants of such an artificial mountain in case of fire, and the danger to neighboring lower structures in case one of these "sky piercers" should collapse, and several

other difficulties which suggest themselves.

METAL IN PLACE OF COPPER.

Aluminum and Sodium, However, Are Not Wholly Satisfactory. The high price of copper has for years inspired search for something which would serve equally well as a conductor of electricity but would be cheaper. To a limited extent aluminum has been utilized for this purpose, but it is not an altogether satisfactory substitute. It now appears that the feasibility of employing sodium has been under consideration. Bulk for bulk, sodium weighs only one-ninth as much as copper. Its conductivity is lower, but it is asserted that a pound of sodium would render three times the service now performed by a pound of the red metal.

Just now sodium is a rather expensive article, because there is little demand for it. It is alleged, however, that if manufactured on a large scale it could be produced for 7 1/2 cents a pound or less than half the price now paid for copper. Apparently, then, the work of carrying an electric current could be done with sodium at one-sixth the cost of doing it with copper.

When the reader's expectations have thus been raised to a high pitch his eyes are opened to the embarrassments that would beset the use of this particular substitute. In the first place, sodium is so soft a metal that it can readily be cut with a knife. Hence it is hardly suited to the raking of telegraph, telephone or trolley wires. Again, it is extremely combustible. A piece of it thrown into a dish of water will take fire. Here is an additional reason for not stringing it near buildings in public streets. Already there are too many fires from defective electric equipment to please the underwriters and it would be folly to increase the number.

Nevertheless, both this and the other difficulty might be overcome by inclosing the sodium in an iron tube and putting it underground. Used in that manner it might furnish a convenient and safe means of transmitting current from the main power houses to the substations of an electric road. It has also been suggested that if alloyed with some harder metal it would prove less dangerous than if employed in a practically pure state. After all, therefore, there is a microscopic chance that future experiment may pave the way to the substitution of sodium for copper, but at the present moment the prospect of a change is hardly what would be called dazzlingly brilliant.

Proof Ready at Hand. Casey (after Riley has fallen five stories)—Are you dead, Pat? Riley—O! am.

Casey—Shure, yer such a liar Oi don't know whether to belay yer Oi not. Riley—Shure, that proves Oi'm dead. Ye wudn't dare call me a liar if Oi wur alive!—Illustrated Bits.

The Dear Girls.

"Here's news! You'd never guess it. I'm engaged to Jack," said Flo. Said May: "I knew you'd win in time. Jack never could say 'No.'"
—Philadelphia Press.

GIFTS.
What shall I give you now your giving's over?
Blossom, or windfall, or a golden ear?
Of wheat, to wither softly with you here?
What shall I give you never was your lover,
Who knew not yesterday I loved you, dear?
Your hands were always full of help and courage,
Your heart brimmed over with the golden wine
Of earthly tenderness and hope divine,
And so, dear heart, I will not bring you borage,
And so I dare not bring you columbine.
Shall I bring snow-in-summer to you, sleeping,
Whose going falls like snow upon my way?
I might not bring you roses yesterday;
So, dear, I put my heart into your keeping—
And if it be a weed not worth the reaping,
The dead are kind and turn no gifts away.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

Henry Goes Riding

IDROVE rather carefully at first, when I was once out of hall of father's lusty voice, for a rain had fallen early that morning and I had no notion of bespattering the mirror glass of the buggy's varnish with mud from the puddles in the road. We were particular about our buggies on occasions of this sort, and then the weather was warm and the mare was nervous—almost as nervous as I was.



"I DON'T WANT YOU STAYIN' OUT LATE."

a fellow take a girl out riding for, anyway? And if she didn't like it all she would have to do would be to say so and I'd quit, of course. No harm done, I'd turn it off as a joke.

But she wouldn't mind, most likely; and maybe I'd— Still, I dismissed that thought; but I did take both reins in my right hand and extended my left arm slowly and cautiously along the back of the seat. Instantly the mare slowed off to the side of the road and tried to climb a high bank crowned with sumacs. I had barely got her into the track again when I saw an approaching wagon. I let the little mare have her head and we flew.

Jerry Bowen, Jerry and Mrs. Bowen on the spring seat beside him. I went by them like a flash, but for all that I had just one glimpse of a grin on Jerry's face and I am pretty sure that I saw Mrs. Bowen nudge him in the side. I supposed that I would hear from Jerry when I went to his place to get our cultivator back, as I had to the next morning.

Another team in sight. It seemed to me that there was an unusual amount of travel on that road—a perfect congestion of traffic. I hoped again to get by with a rush, but alas! there was a big pool of water ahead of me and just behind it was Uncle David Paxton. The old man hadn't the sense to turn out for me. I had to slack up and at that the old loony pulled his mules to a dead standstill and I had to stop, too.

"What's the matter, Hen?" he called. "Folks sick?" I hate to have people call me "Hen." I naturally despise chickens—always did, and mother could never understand it. The boy who first called me "Henk" became instantly my bosom friend. He is my friend to this day.

ulous success that seemed to be attending it. She stopped for a moment to speak to her father and then came tripping down to the gate.

I did not raise my hat. I had thought that over and almost decided to do it, but as the moment approached it seemed a sort of flimsy thing to do. I might have done so if it had been just her, but her father was watching us. I wonder what he thought? Nevertheless I did get out in the manner prescribed by the etiquette book mother had at home and with the reins in my right hand awaited her.

"Hello, Henry!" she returned, shyly. I endeavored to assist her in the etiquette style, but in doing so I pulled Mollie around and spoiled the cramp of the buggy, much to my confusion. I brought the fool animal back again and again turned, but it was too slow. She laid a lace-mittened hand on the dashboard and leaped lightly in and dashed herself. I climbed in after her more or less blunderingly and checked Mollie's impatient forward bound, while my lady settled her fluffy skirts to her satisfaction and adjusted the lap robe.

"Oh, Sadie! Sa-a-die!" "Yes, maw?" "Now, remember, I don't want you stayin' out late. You remember that, Henry?" "Yes'm." "You hear me, Sadie, don't you?" "Why, yes, maw." I glanced at her as we started and her face was touched with crimson. It may have been the reflected glow of the sky, where ruby was blending with turquoise and where floated a thin, golden sickle of a moon with the bright evening star below it. We set our faces westward and I chirruped to the mare and so we drove at a round three-minute gallop into—moonshine.—Chicago Daily News.

Quick Growing Fungus. In "Recollection of a Happy Life," Miss North describes many of her young enthusiasms and among others that of collecting and painting English fungi. On one outing, she says, I came upon a fungus about the size of a large turkey's egg. Eager to see it develop, I took it up carefully and carried it home. I put it under a tumbler on the window sill of my bedroom at night. At daylight I was awakened by a horrible crash of splintering glass. Behold the tumbler had fallen to the floor and broken to bits. The fungus was standing five inches tall, having hatched itself free from its restraining egglike shell and in growing had raised the tumbler and tilted it sideways until it fell over and to the floor. The fungus had a horrible smell, and soon a swarm of flies were hovering over it.

Common thieves sometimes reform, but who ever heard of a reformed politician?
Other people die that the undertaker may live.