

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

STILL A CHANCE FOR THE POOR BOY.

CROAKERS are forever saying that the average American boy with nothing but his two hands, his brains and his pluck no longer has a chance. Gone, so the croakers lament, are the good old days when merit, with "Excelsior" on its banner, could press upward to the heights. Somehow, the path to success is supposed to be fenced up at its very starting point; and all that the poor youth of to-day is expected by the croakers to do is to sit down outside the fence and bewail his sad fate all his days.

Isn't it strange, then, that when a conspicuous man dies and the story of his life comes out, it is still so often found that no silver spoon was in his mouth at birth?

Alexander J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania, and as such guardian of a billion of property and employer of 150,000 men, who died the other day, found his first employment as a rodmann. The first lesson he learned in real life was to work. He knew what it meant to drag the chain through brush and over the hillsides. Then, step by step, he worked upward, his only advantage being superior capacity and a determination to do particular tasks better than others. Cassatt's successor is James McCrea. What was his start? Also as a rodmann.

The beaten path to success may be fenced against the boy without capital, but there are always ways across lots and over the hills. He whose ideas are stars swung high in the heavens needs no beaten path to guide him. He who has learned to labor and whose heart thrills with aspiration and resolve has the best capital there is—and the best chance. The silver spoon in the mouth at birth is greatly overrated as a factor either for success or failure. There are lots of rich young men whom wealth has not denuded. And lots of poor ones who it would not have helped.—Kansas City World.

AN IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

FOR a time it was supposed that the relations between the States and the nation had been permanently adjusted by the Civil War. It has lately been impressing itself on the minds of the people that the war decided only the insolubility of the Union, and that the old conflict between the national power and state rights still continues.

It is of great importance that the men of the present and coming generations should give serious thought to these things, so that when they vote they may express their opinion with intelligence. The general question is between a centralized government, supreme in all matters that concern the people of the whole country, and control in local concerns by the State governments, even when the whole people are interested in the decision.

How far can or ought the national government to go in the regulation of large corporations chartered by one State, but doing business in other States? Should it interfere in the management of manufacturing as well as transportation companies? If international complications arise because a State refuses to exercise its power over affairs within its borders, shall the national government, acting for the general good, step in and try to set things right?

Such are some of the recent forms in which this old political question reappears for decision. It was the issue on which Thomas Jefferson defeated John Adams for the presidency in 1800. The conflict over it led

to nullification in the time of President Jackson, and finally to secession in 1860.

On the whole, the national power has been greatly extended as result of successive contests, yet every statesman will admit that there must be a limit beyond which the national authority cannot be carried, or the jurisdiction of the State governments restricted. The question is, where is that limit, and it is upon that that parties have divided from the beginning, and will long continue to confront each other.—Youth's Companion.

TRAVEL BY RAIL AND SEA.

SEVERAL hundred ships were lost at sea last year, but they were nearly all sailing vessels. Such steamers as were foundered were small and antiquated. No first-class steamship such as those which make up the fleets of the great transatlantic companies was ever so much as in danger.

The perils of traveling by sea have been almost eliminated. Modern ocean-going ships are handled with perfect skill and discipline, and one who takes passage in any of them is as safe as he would be in his own bed. But railroad travel is no safer than it was thirty years ago; indeed, it may be doubted whether it is as safe as it was then. There have been frightful accidents of late and persons making a railway journey consequently have come to feel that they are taking their lives into their hands when they enter a train.

The perils of the sea are tremendous, but men have conquered them. The perils of land are none, and the dangers of a railroad journey are all self-created. If railroads were managed as carefully as steamship lines there should be no accidents. The trouble is that railroads now seem to be in the hands of Wall street speculators who are more interested in big dividends on watered stock than in improving their roads.

Railroads will some day be almost as safe as steamships are now, but that time will not come until men of conscience are placed in charge of them. To-day those who use the railroads of the United States take risks such as ought not to be demanded of human beings.—Chicago Journal.

PROSPERITY'S CONTINUANCE.

PROPHETS and the sons of prophets, prognosticators, star gazers, "financial experts" and other persons who are manifestly not in that class, are still disputing as to the continuance of prosperity during 1907. The alleged lugubrious prediction of Rockefeller and the gloomy views of Stuyvesant Fish are quoted on the one hand. On the other, the cheerful predictions of a British Rothschild and numerous American men of affairs are printed to show that there is nothing whatever the matter with the United States.

The every-day citizen may wisely conclude that the opinion of one man respecting the future is just about as likely to be correct as that of another, and that his own best course will be to apply himself with diligence to whatever trade or occupation he is engaged in, not forgetting the fact that it is always advisable to keep a certain amount of funds available for squally weather. Worrying over the possibility of "reactions" in advance of definite signs of their coming is not unusually a remunerative habit. Sticking at honest work is apt to be much more conducive to useful results.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE WEALTH OF POVERTY.

Wealth bids with poverty. The wilding rose,
Or little violet nestling by the stream,
'Tis these that set the gazing eyes a-dream,
Not all the beauties of the garden-close.
'Tis not in mighty tempest where it blows
Nor in the sea that shouts to cloud and sail,
That music lives, but in the nightingale,
The woe, brown bird that sings at dusk
its woes.

Tea, and the crowns of happiness and love,
Grace not the troubled brows of king and queen;
But, Fate's free gifts, they deck the hearts that move
In lowly state amid the quiet scene.
'Tis not rich Croesus, owner of the sod,
But passing beggar hath the peace of God!
—Munsey's Magazine.

A TRUE-LOVER'S KNOT.

"Do have some more tea," urged the Flapper.

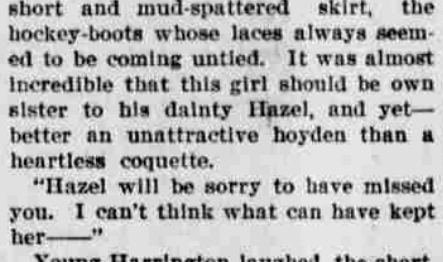
"Not any, thank you," responded young Harrington stiffly, and he put down his cup with a clatter of finality.

"Then won't you have—have another cake?" You haven't tried one of these little pink ones with cherries on the top. They're awfully nice. Hazel made them—"

Young Harrington's face darkened. "I won't have any more, thanks," he enunciated, with great distinctness. "And I'm afraid I must really be—"

"Oh, don't go yet!" pleaded the Flapper.

He shot a glance of unconcealed dislike at her; it took in the rough mane of hair beneath her tam-o'-shanter, her



WAS THE GIRL MAKING FUN OF HIM?

Sermons of the Week

Old Age.—There is nothing so potent to save old age from sterility as the capacity to associate oneself with the needs of the world at large and the hopes and the activities of the growing generation.—Rabbi H. G. Ebelow, Hebrew, Louisville.

Sympathy and Love.—No angel from heaven has a plummet that can reach the depth of human sorrow and human sympathy, and no archangel has a wing that can reach the height of the love of Christ for a redeemed being.—Rev. C. B. Galloway, Methodist, Montgomery.

Respect for Women.—The treatment of woman is the index of civilization. Where she is respected and treated with courtesy in girlhood, with fidelity in wifehood and with reverence in motherhood, then civilization reaches its highest expression.—Rev. J. L. Levy, Hebrew, Pittsburg.

Great Battles.—The greatest battles are not physical, but moral; they are not fought out on the field of blood, but within the human heart. The greatest battle ever fought was that between Jesus and the devil. This conflict was inevitable.—Rev. H. H. Proctor, Congregationalist, Atlanta.

Galilee.—There is no sheet of water on the face of the globe that has associated with it a title of the sacred and immortal memories that cluster about the Sea of Galilee. It is woven and interwoven with the life and work of Christ as no other place on the earth.—Rev. G. R. Vosburgh, Baptist, Denver.

Experimental Marriage.—The ease with which a divorce may be procured leads to ill-advised and hasty marriages. With many marriage is merely an experiment, for they know that if they are not satisfied they can be freed, if not in one State then in another.—Rev. Alexander Lewis, Congregationalist, Worcester, Mass.

Money Mad.—Our national energy is consecrated to commerce. Somebody has said that if Shakespeare and Dante lived in the United States to-day, they would not create masterpieces of world literature, but would catch the contagion, give themselves up to money-making and become millionaires.—Rev. J. E. Wray, Methodist, New Orleans, La.

Religion and Business.—The Christian of to-day is beginning to get a new idea of what it means to carry his religion into his business; he has found that it signifies an earnest effort to make his business not only a means of gain, but an instrumentality of help and service to all his fellowmen.—Rev. Washington Gladden, Congregationalist, Columbus, Ohio.

SHEEP NONSENSE

Tourist.—Are we not near the falls? Guide.—Quite near; as soon as the ladies stop talking you will hear the roar.—Wiener Caricatures.

Prison Chaplain (preaching on Sunday in the prison chapel)—I am so delighted, my dear brethren, to see you assembled here in such goodly number.—Figaro.

Principal (to applicant for post of correspondent)—For my business you will require a wide knowledge of languages. In which language can you not write?—Figaro.

Farmer's Wife.—Why have you left that piece of steak I sent out for you? Tramp (indignantly)—I didn't ask for work, ma'am; I asked for something to eat.—Illustrated Bits.

Englishman (whose dog has fallen overboard)—Stop, Captain, stop! Captain—I can't do it. I can't stop for anything short of a man. Englishman (jumping overboard)—Well, then, stop now!—Floh.

Mrs. Hunks.—I wish you wouldn't be so positive. There are two sides to every question. Old Hunks (with a roar)—Well, that's no reason why you should always be on the wrong side!—Chicago Tribune.

Doctor.—The increasing deafness of your wife is merely an indication of advancing years, and you can tell her that. Husband—Hum! Would you mind telling her that yourself, doctor?—Weiner Salonblatt.

Boarder (warmly)—Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding-houses twenty years for nothing? Landlady (trigidly)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.—New Yorker.

Her Query.—Agent—I have a book you should buy for your son, telling how to become a politician, statesman, President of the United States, banker, broker— Mrs. Hennessy—G'wan; did yer mother buy wan for you?

"Are you sure the sick man wanted me?" asked the physician, reaching for his hat. "He didn't mention your name, but he's screaming for some one that'll put him out of his misery and I thought of you right away."—Houston Post.

Mania.—I can't think why your second concert didn't go; the first was so crowded. Dora.—That's just it. We sent tickets to all our friends for the first concert, and hadn't even acquaintances left for the second one.—Slovo.

She.—Did you enjoy the opera last night, Herr Schwarz? He.—No; I couldn't hear anything. She.—Why not? He.—Two ladies sat in front of me and chattered the whole evening about how much they loved music.—Kleiner Witzblatt.

Elderly Lady (to workman who has given her his seat in the street car)—Oh, thank you very much. Workman—Oh, that's nothing at all, Miss. Many men only get up when the lady is pretty, but it never makes any difference to me.—Die Muskete.

His mother tucked 4-year-old Johnny away in the top berth of the sleeping car. Hearing him stirring in the middle of the night, she called softly: "Johnny, do you know where you are?" "Tourse I do," he returned sturdily. "I'm in the top drawer."—Youth's Companion.

Manners.—Jimmy had come to school with dirty hands, says a writer in New York World. His teacher was shocked. "Jaalie," she said, reprovingly, "your hands are very dirty. What would you say if I came to school that way? "I wouldn't speak about it," said Jimmy; "I'd be too polite."

Naturally.—The elderly lady who was looking through the shop of a dealer in knickknacks picked up a small handbag. "Are you sure," she inquired, "that this is a real crocodile-skin?" "Absolutely certain, madam," replied the dealer; "I shot the crocodile myself." "It looks rather soiled," observed his customer. "Naturally, madam," explained the salesman; "that is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the tree."

Easily Americanized.—There was a little Irish boy named Patsy, who came to the United States with his family. One morning his teacher in the public school asked him: "Who was the first man, Patsy?" "George Washington," was the prompt reply. "Oh, no," said the teacher; "George Washington was the father of his country, but Adam was the first man." "Well," responded Patsy, "I didn't know yer wor speakin' o' furriners."

Gas Pipes Made of Paper.
Gas pipes of paper are being made in France. Manila paper is cut into strips equal to the length of the pipes to be made. They are then placed in a receiver filled with melted asphalt and wrapped around a core of iron until the desired thickness is reached. After being submitted to a strong pressure the paper is coated with sand, cooled and core withdrawn and the outer pipe surface covered with a water proof preparation. It is claimed that these pipes are as good as and more economical than metal ones.

Over a Million Arrivals.
The total number of cabin and steerage passengers landed at the port of New York during the year 1906 by all the trans-Atlantic steamship lines was 1,159,551. In 1905 992,905 were landed, which gives the year just ended the record by a margin of 167,480.

He Knew Women.
She—Why is it a man always drops into a back seat when he goes to church?
He—Because he has no bonnet to show, my dear.—Yonkers Statesman.

When a man comes around, and induces a society to get up a play, members of the society say their purpose is to make money. Really, the members will to lose money.

Old Favorites

The Vale of Cashmere.
Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottoes and fountains as clear
As the lovelighted eyes that hang over their wave?

Oh, to see it at sunset, when warm o'er the lake
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!

When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
And each hallow the hour by some rites of its own,
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging.

And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
'Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.
Or to see it by moonlight—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens and shrines;

When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Ceylon
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool shining walks where the young people meet.

Or at noon, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the sun;

When the spirit of fragrance is up with the day,
From his harem of night flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen trees till they tremble all over;

When the east is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And day, with its banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opens,
Sublime, from the valley of bliss to the world!

—Thomas Moore.

A Hymn of the Homeland.
The Homeland! The Homeland! The land of the freeborn;
There is no night in the Homeland, but eye the fadless morn.
I'm singing for the Homeland, my heart is aching here;
There's no pain in the Homeland to which I'm drawing near.

My Lord is in the Homeland, with angels bright and fair;
There's no sin in the Homeland, and no temptation there;
The music of the Homeland is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland my eyes gush out with tears;

For those I love in the Homeland are calling me away,
To the rest and peace of the Homeland, and the life beyond;
For there's no death in the Homeland, there's no sorrow above;
Christ brings us all to the Homeland of His eternal love.

—Amen.

JUNGLE HUNTING IN PANAMA.
Guide with a Big Machete is Usually Necessary.
As there are as yet practically no roads in the interior of Panama and trails are nearly always tributary to the nearest river, travel is almost entirely done by canoes, says a writer in Recreation. The native cayuco or piragua of the interior is usually made of native cedar, narrow, flat bottomed and ending in a flat, platform-like bow and stern. This peculiar construction is to enable one to land directly over the bow or stern when, due to the nature of the bank, it is impossible to more than force the bow to solid ground.

A trip up the river needs little preparation as compared with a camping trip to a cold climate. A good guide with his big working knife or machete can do wonders. With this he can cut trail, clean the camp site, make a shelter or house, a bedstead, a mattress or hatch and a cover for the fire—all fastened together with vine ropes which he cuts near by. He can cut firewood and dress game, slice bacon or potatoes, chop out an impromptu paddle or palanca, "cut rubber," dig roots, get out fair-sized logs and, if necessary, inflict serious wounds with it.

As your canoe slips quietly along the bank of some good river, the charm is derived both from the beauty of the scene and from the feeling of expectation regarding new sights and chances of all sorts of game. You round a bend, your canoe, or paddler, stops and, as you slowly bring into view the stretch of vista beyond, probably he says, "Logarto, senior, all! All!" and when your unaccustomed eyes finally follow his direction you see a big jaguar, light-gray on the back from dried mud, and yellow below, lying like a log on the farther mud bank. He sees you, you may be sure of that; in fact, he usually sees everything that moves, and hears and smells as well as sees; he is in no hurry to slide into the water, however, for he sees native canoes every day and they never bother him.

The Soulful Boston Messenger.
A short time ago a gentleman in Boston sent a small boy in his neighborhood to deliver a note to a young lady who lived a few blocks away. He gave the boy a quarter to make him hurry. After a short time the messenger came back and, handing the money, said: "Miss X says she will be glad to see you to-night, but she didn't want the quarter."—Judge's Library.

Some people have the "blues" worse than others. The kind of blues the young people have seem to be worse than any other kind.

When a farmer has any leisure time, he usually fixes fence or breaks colts. A just complaint is an accommodation.

EXPENSIVE GIFTS.

The two girls were talking of Christmas gifts, and Dorothy asked Helen who of all her tribe of relatives and host of friends seemed to have the keenest intuition as to her longings.

"I'm not sure about that," said Helen, after a short period of reflection, "but I know whose gift I always find saves me from embarrassment all the next year—Aunt Mary Colburn's."

"Dear me, that sounds mysterious," said Dorothy. "What does she give you?"

"She gives me a liberal check," said Helen, "and on the envelope which contains it she always writes, 'For my niece Helen—to mount and frame pictures, supply cushions, and otherwise finish the gifts she receives.' You see, people are lovely about embroidering things for me and giving me valuable photographs and sketches, but it costs a good deal sometimes to get them in order; and yet if you don't, the people who give them to you seem to think you don't appreciate them, and—What makes you look so queer, Dorothy? You never gave me an unfinished present."

"No," said Dorothy, in a voice muffled by her handkerchief, "but I was thinking about one somebody gave me two years ago—some beautiful mull bands; and I've never been able to afford the dress to put them on. I haven't any Aunt Mary Colburn, you know."

"I ought to have been ashamed of myself," said Helen.—Youth's Companion.

Tennyson's Astronomy.

In Tennyson's "Palace of Art" occur the lines:
She saw the snowy poles and moons of Mars.
That mystic field of drifted light
In mid Orion, and the married stars.
This at first looks like a literary parallel to Swift's well known fortuitous forecasts of the discovery of the Martian satellites, and J. S. Stevenson, writing from Blairavon, Norwood, Ceylon, points out that Professor H. H. Turner quotes it in "Modern Astronomy" as having been written in 1835. This, however, appears not to have been the case, for Mr. Stevenson on reference to the biography of the late poet laureate has found the note: "The 'Moons of Mars' is the only modern reading here. All the rest are more than half a century old. Scientific discovery was thus not anticipated by Tennyson in the mention of Martian satellites.—Nature."

A Bitter Speech.

Hilary K. Adair, the noted Western detective, replied to the toast, Detection, at a dinner in Omaha.

"Speeches, pregnant with meaning, often help the detective in his delicate work," said Mr. Adair. "Often a speech of eight or ten words will reveal volumes.

"Thus I once knew how things stood in a Milwaukee house when I heard a Milwaukee woman say to her husband, 'Jim, do you know you talk in your sleep?' and the man replied, 'Well, do you begrudge me those few words?'"

ISTHMIAN ROAD IS IN OPERATION.

Unloading Railroad Supplies at Salina Cruz.

General Porfirio Diaz, President of the Republic of Mexico, and Sir Weetman Pearson recently nominally superintended the unloading of the first ton of freight from the steamship Venture and saw it loaded into a freight car ready to be transported across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec on the Tehuantepec National Railroad to Coatzacoacoas ready for shipment by steamer to New York. In doing so they commercially brought San Francisco 11,627 miles nearer New York. The distance around the Horn is 16,552 miles, while that via the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is only 4,925 miles.

The Tehuantepec highway, the competitor of the Panama Canal, is now opened to the traffic of the world and the dream of Hernan Cortes almost 400 years ago came true. Eight years before the possible completion of the Panama Canal, there is opened from one ocean to the other an American isthmian route. Thirty-five millions of dollars have already been expended in perfecting this project, and \$15,000,000 more will be expended before all is completed.

TWO SIDES TO TROUBLE.

Mrs. Peters had just returned from a visit to her brother, Calvin Jones, who had recently lost the power of speech through a paralytic stroke. He must cheer your mother up all we can. Mr. Peters had remarked to his daughter, "She always set considerable by Calvin, and this affliction that has come upon him will be apt to upset her completely."

But, contrary to their expectations, Mrs. Peters returned home in a cheerful frame of mind.

"Your uncle is in good health," she said in response to her daughter's inquiries; "he eats and sleeps well. Of course he can't talk, and that's a dreadful hard thing to bear, especially with a Jones."

"When a man came to the village once, when we were little, and examined our heads—a phenologist, he was—he said he never saw 'arger bumps of language in his life than Calvin and I had. But of course that don't help poor Calvin any now, but I had a real

ISTHMIAN ROAD IS IN OPERATION.

good visit with him, and I shall go often."

"Wasn't it dreadful dull for you, just sitting quiet there?" questioned Mr. Peters.

"Quiet?" Mrs. Peters looked at him in surprise. "Quiet! Oh, well, of course Calvin couldn't talk, but he hasn't lost his hearing, and I regard that as a great mercy. He can hear. And for the first time in my life I was able to speak my mind fully and freely, and to be certain that I was understood and sympathized with, and that it wouldn't go any further."

Mrs. Peters paused for a moment and then concluded, "Yes, Calvin's affliction may be hard to bear, but all my life I have been wishing for a true friend who would listen to what I had to say and wouldn't repeat it. And now I've found that friend in Calvin."

"There are always two sides to trouble, look at it as you may."—Youth's Companion.

The average man is at least ten miles behind his daughters in keeping up with fads and fashions, but this doesn't make him unhappy if his wife is back there with him.

LIFE IN A SIBERIAN PRISON.

Shocking Situation of Russian Convicts—Death Welcome.
Winter, fanged and remorseless as winter is in these regions only, had fallen on Siberia with a sort of hungry vengeance, and lengthened the long journey interminably, says a Russian revolutionary writer in Leslie's Week. Coped up in a convict car, which was divided into some twenty small, badly ventilated cells, it seems a miracle that we did not perish miserably on the way. One or two emaciated wretches, bitten deeply by exposure and consumption, did succumb, while the remainder of my companions dwined gradually in numbers as we crawled tortuously from station to station—prison to prison—over the barren leagues between Russia in Europe and the confines of the empire. Akatui, a decrepit village at best, was more than half buried in snow when we—myself, two other prisoners and guards—arrived, after slogging the last fifty-mile stage of the journey. Hising over the town at one end was the gray prison, surrounded by high and massive walls, built, it is said, of material taken from the great wall of China. Half frozen, nearly famished and wholly discouraged by the first glimpse of what was to be my residence for nearly two years, I was lodged in a roomy cell in company with two other prisoners of hope.

During the eighteen wretched months that followed, every spare moment we had was spent in planning an escape, but so heavy was the guard maintained over the town as well as the prison, and so vigilant were the soldiers, that two years passed before my dream of escape came true—two years of drugging, unremittent labor in the silver mines of the region; two years of rigors and hardships which only the strongest constitutions may possibly survive. Death, in fact, is a release which on a dozen occasions I have heard welcomed in our exile community there.

Boarding House Conundrum.
"Why is a woman like an airship?" asked the thin boarder.
"Hard to manage?" suggested the man with the fat wife.
"Good, but not the correct answer," said the thin one.
"Takes so long to get her started?" suggested another.
"That's not it."
"Well, we give it up," came the chorus.
"Because when she goes up in the air you can't tell what she's going to do next."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Pressing Need.
Nod—These new baby carriages are simply great. When you are finished with one you can fold it up and put it away till the next time.
Todd—They are good as far as they go. What we really want, however, is a baby that can be folded up and put away.—Smart Set.

When a widow "bears up" wonderfully there are those who say: "Her mourning is all in her bonnet."

An unmarried flirt is apt to develop into a married fury.

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Shocking Situation of Russian Convicts—Death Welcome.
Winter, fanged and remorseless as winter is in these regions only, had fallen on Siberia with a sort of hungry vengeance, and lengthened the long journey interminably, says a Russian revolutionary writer in Leslie's Week. Coped up in a convict car, which was divided into some twenty small, badly ventilated cells, it seems a miracle that we did not perish miserably on the way. One or two emaciated wretches, bitten deeply by exposure and consumption, did succumb, while the remainder of my companions dwined gradually in numbers as we crawled tortuously from station to station—prison to prison—over the barren leagues between Russia in Europe and the confines of the empire. Akatui, a decrepit village at best, was more than half buried in snow when we—myself, two other prisoners and guards—arrived, after slogging the last fifty-mile stage of the journey. Hising over the town at one end was the gray prison, surrounded by high and massive walls, built, it is said, of material taken from the great wall of China. Half frozen, nearly famished and wholly discouraged by the first glimpse of what was to be my residence for nearly two years, I was lodged in a roomy cell in company with two other prisoners of hope.

During the eighteen wretched months that followed, every spare moment we had was spent in planning an escape, but so heavy was the guard maintained over the town as well as the prison, and so vigilant were the soldiers, that two years passed before my dream of escape came true—two years of drugging, unremittent labor in the silver mines of the region; two years of rigors and hardships which only the strongest constitutions may possibly survive. Death, in fact, is a release which on a dozen occasions I have heard welcomed in our exile community there.

Boarding House Conundrum.
"Why is a woman like an airship?" asked the thin boarder.
"Hard to manage?" suggested the man with the fat wife.
"Good, but not the correct answer," said the thin one.
"Takes so long to get her started?" suggested another.
"That's not it."
"Well, we give it up," came the chorus.
"Because when she goes up in the air you can't tell what she's going to do next."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Pressing Need.
Nod—These new baby carriages are simply great. When you are finished with one you can fold it up and put it away till the next time.
Todd—They are good as far as they go. What we really want, however, is a baby that can be folded up and put away.—Smart Set.

When a widow "bears up" wonderfully there are those who say: "Her mourning is all in her bonnet."

An unmarried flirt is apt to develop into a married fury.