

Money talks, and what it says has a soothing effect on a wild and boisterous panic.

If the lines of thought affect the lines of the figure it is remarkable that more women do not resemble the interrogation point.

According to recent estimates there are 8,000,000 telephone girls in the world. Most of them are at this moment giving the busy signal.

King Edward of England wears a green hat, but Ireland refuses to give up the hope of gaining home rule eventually.

An Australian physician claims that sour milk is the only real elixir of life. That ought to suit people who have dispositions to match it.

New York has a young engineer named Herbert Spencer. He begins life either with brilliant prospects or under a fearful handicap.

Although "Uncle Joe" Cannon has expressed the opinion that "boys will be boys," he is not likely to overlook the fact that a good many become voters.

If ever the complete story of arctic exploration is written it will be found, doubtless, that the astronomers on Mars discovered the north pole ages ago.

The American who was arrested in Russia while gathering material for a lecture will soon be back here with some material that he hadn't figured on getting.

A contemporary describes a simple and effective burglar alarm, operated by means of a string. The burglars doubtless have read of it with interest and will know what to do when they meet it.

One photographer reports that he has taken 7,000 pictures of Mrs. Still. There is no likelihood that pictures of Mrs. Still will take the places of the pictures of pretty girls on the covers of the magazines.

Having attained to that degree of common sense where they ignore the "panic" cry, it is not too much to hope that some day the people will keep their seats and laugh when the idiot shouts "fire" in the theater.

Brazil, distinguished in the merry comedy, "Charley's Aunt," as the place "where the nuts come from," is also distinguished as a place where ideas grow. Thirty Brazilian merchants and professional men, have been visiting this country, in obedience to the advice which Secretary Root gave to all the Americans to get acquainted.

King Alfonso of Spain kept his wife awake with his snoring, and to preserve peace in the family he has had adenoids cut from his nose, so that he may breathe through it when asleep. His physicians have ordered him not to smoke so many cigarettes, if he would retain his nasal health, and he doubtless will do as he is told. Kings and slaves alike must obey their physicians and their wives.

The King of Aysobonia is offering his realm for sale, advertising in a number of European papers that he will accept \$200,000 for his kingdom, together with all his subjects. He even offers to throw in thirty of his wives. Aysobonia is in Africa and is 250 miles long and ninety miles wide. Why doesn't some heiress who has unfortunately married a bogus count or a spurious duke buy this kingdom for him, and thus establish her right to the possession of a title?

Mechanical traction has been substituted for horses on the Ladoga canal in Russia. When the traction engines appeared 2,000 peasants seized them and stopped all traffic so effectively that troops had to be called out to restore order. There were riots of this sort in England a hundred years ago, when power sawmills were introduced there, but in the more advanced countries the laborer and the mechanic now adjust themselves quickly to new inventions. Russia is about one hundred years behind the times. When one realizes this, one will understand many things that happen there that are otherwise inexplicable.

The Department of Agriculture is taking a paternal interest in the prosperity of the farmer. It is teaching him to have better crops, better machinery and better buildings. Now comes Postmaster General Von Meyer with an intimation that the Postoffice Department also wants to take a paternal interest in the farmers. It wants to give rural residents the parcels post.

"This," according to Mr. Von Meyer, in a Philadelphia speech, "will be a great boon to the farmers on the rural routes, because when they are able to order their goods by telephone or postal card it will relieve them of the inconvenience of going to town to obtain the necessities of life." The Postmaster General admits that country storekeepers strongly object to this form of benevolence to the farmers. But he says he will quiet their objections by giving farmers a lower parcel post rate on their local delivery routes than from the outside. Does Mr. Von Meyer imagine that even this concession will protect country stores from the aggressive city mail order houses? The fatal flaw in Mr. Von Meyer's reasoning, as quoted above, is the supposition that the farmer needs to be pampered until his conditions of living are as artificial as those of the average city resident. He is to have the trolley car at his door, the telephone in his house, his daily mail delivery, which will include all his groceries and store supplies. Neither the farmer, nor his wife, nor his children are to feel the need of "going to town." One may well doubt

whether the average rural resident appreciates or needs quite so much attention on the government's part. The country storekeeper needs as much protection as the farmer, perhaps more, says the Chicago Journal. The farmer should be encouraged to deal in the nearest town or village. The parcels post is an enemy to this rural community life. It will increase the artificial markets in the cities and curtail the natural home markets. The government's paternalism could find more legitimate objects than the suppression of normal healthy neighborhood exchange in the rural centers.

Dr. Forbes Winslow has found in studying statistics of insanity that locomotive engineers and firemen are unusually apt to become mentally deranged. In a list of seventy-four trades and professions that of the engineers stands seventh from the top in this respect. As records of 40,000 engineers and firemen entered into these statistics, they have a good basis of reliability. The three exceptionally destructive accidents to passenger trains in England in the last year or two, those of Salisbury, Grantham and Shrewsbury, have all been due to failures of thoroughly reliable engineers to see signals or to judge correctly their speed and position at critical moments. Naturally there is active discussion of the strain which is being put on engineers by their service, and of the extent to which they weaken, if not to the point of insanity, at least to that of unreliability of attention during their work. The railway unions have emphasized the heavy requirements of the roads upon the engineers in the way of making time, and the roads have tried to place all the blame upon the men. It is the conclusion of Keighley Snowden, writing in one of the current British reviews, based upon conclusive reports, as to the causes of all three of the accidents in question, that the engineers of fast express trains have literally more work than they can hope to do thoroughly and unflinchingly. What between making time, caring for the running of their complicated machine, and watching out for danger signals, they are burdened beyond the limit. And his remedy is that either a system of automatic signals must be adopted on all lines running fast trains, or else that the fast trains instead of two; one of those three having the sole duty of watching out for the signals. The installation of automatic signals is expensive and cannot be done in a day. Where it is most needed by proof of experience the reasonable temporary expedient. Certainly the fact that two men were enough to run a twenty-mile-an-hour train a generation ago is no argument against the need of three men on many trains today.

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BEAUTIFYING A CITY. American Towns as a Rule Pay Little Attention to Shade Trees. In the beautifying of a city special attention should be paid to shade trees in the residence portions and in the parks. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says:

"In the most beautiful cities of the world the shade trees are scarcely second to architecture in pleasing effect. The architects and city foresters supplement each other, and the most delightful scenes are those in which the efforts of both blend harmoniously.

American towns, as a rule, spring up without attention to shade trees, but the times come when the lack is pressed upon public attention by comparison with other cities that have been less negligent. Superficially viewed, shade trees are a minor item. But, in fact, they are one of the most important branches of municipal work. They add to the value of property to an extent but little understood, though every purchaser of a home knows how much he is attracted by a well-shaded street.

A few well-developed shade trees on a vacant lot, with other good specimens along the curbs, are sure to bring along customers willing to pay a little higher price than on a naked highway. The general vistas of a well-planted neighborhood are worth still more. All large cities are multiplying parks and boulevards in which trees, shrubbery and lawns are a main consideration. Compare the price of property in such localities with that in other sections, outside of business, and a true idea is formed of values and their basis. Shade trees are property of a precious kind.

"The city shade tree should be a special object of care on the part of the municipal authorities. It should be guarded and protected. No person should be allowed to hitch a horse to it. No candidate or other advertiser should be permitted to tack a placard on it, or allow it to be abused in any way. Not only should the planting of trees in a city be encouraged and the trees outside of the city along roads should be planted and protected for the public benefit. It is shocking to see fine forest trees along the Glendala trolley line and along the turnpikes defaced with all sorts of tin and paper signs that are tacked upon them. The trees should be respected for the public's sake."

Predicament of Age. To-day our attitude toward old age has greatly changed. We no longer pretend to treat it as a hackneyed joke, but instead have agreed politely to ignore it. No one is old, simply because he cannot afford to be. The kingdom has been given over to the young, and age must borrow youth's clothing if it would still hold its own in the council chamber or the market place.—Gentleman's Magazine.

To Meet the Demand. "Do these mamma oranges really grow without seeds, mamma?" asked Tommy. "Yes," replied his mother, "some smart man discovered a way to make them grow that way." "Oh, wouldn't it be fine if he could only find a way to make chickens grow with four drumsticks!"—Philadelphia Press.

Some women marry for love, some for money, and some for a home. It is not known why men marry.

WASHINGTON MURDER TRIAL WHICH ATTRACTED ATTENTION OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY.



MRS. ANNA BRADLEY.



U.S. DIST. ATTY. DANIEL WEBSTER BAKER.

JUDGE ORLANDO POWERS, ATTY. FOR DEFENSE.

JUDGE MR. STAFFORD.

Woman placed on trial in Washington for the killing of former Senator Brown of Utah, the presiding judge and leading attorneys in the case.

Although some of the salacious features which were looked for at the trial of Mrs. Anna N. Bradley for the murder of Senator Arthur M. Brown were eliminated by direction of the court, there was enough of the sensational connected therewith to hold the attention not only of Washington but of the entire country. The prominence of the man and the attractiveness of the woman, together with the manner of the shooting, invested the case with unusual interest.

Arthur M. Brown, leading citizen of Salt Lake City, man of great wealth and for a brief time United States Senator by appointment of the Governor, was a close friend to Mrs. Anna N. Bradley. This was some years ago when the frail-looking defendant was the robust of form and beautiful of face. For Brown's sake she deserted her husband, and although he would not heed her pleas to marry her, she clung to him. About a year ago Brown went from Utah to Washington. Mrs. Bradley heard that he was going to marry Mrs. Anna C. Adams, mother of Maud Adams, the great actress, and she followed him. At his room in a Washington hotel they had a loud talk, the result of which was that she was said to have shot him and he died five days later. He refused to say anything concerning the tragedy. Mrs. Bradley, it is said, never denied the shooting, pleading temporary insanity. Mrs. Adams has declared that there was no foundation for the report that she was to have married Brown.

When the case came up for trial in Washington Mrs. Bradley's story upon the stand was that Brown won her love by protestations of undying affection and promise of marriage; that he urged her to get a divorce and induced her to chief counsel for Mrs. Bradley was Orlando W. Powers, a native of New York, who went to Utah to live and is the leader of the Gentile party there. He was made associate justice of the Supreme Court of Utah by President Cleveland. He has sat in the State Legislature and has been an unsuccessful candidate for Congress. Once he declined a United States Senatorship for an unexpired term.

The jury brought in a verdict that she was not guilty of the alleged murder of former Senator Brown. The plea of temporary insanity at the time the killing took place won after an all-afternoon and night deadlock of the jury.

WORRY CAUSES DEATH. Brooding Over Trouble Injures the Brain Cells. Modern science, says a German medical contemporary, has brought to light nothing more curiously interesting than the fact that worry will kill. More remarkable still, it has been able to determine from recent discoveries just how worry does kill. It is believed by many scientists who have followed most carefully the growth of the science of brain diseases that scores of the deaths set down to other causes are due to worry and that alone.

The theory is a simple one—so simple that any one can readily understand it. Briefly put, it amounts to this: Worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain, and the brain, being the nutritive center of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and when some disease of these organs, or a combination of them, arises, death finally ensues. Thus does worry kill.

Insidiously, like many other diseases, it creeps upon the brain in the form of a single, constant, never-lost idea; and, as a dropping of water over a period of years will wear a groove in a stone, so does worry gradually, imperceptibly, but no less surely, destroy the brain cells that lead all the rest; that are, so to speak, the commanding officers of mental power, health and motion.

Worry, to make the theory still stronger, is an irritant at certain points, which produces little harm if it comes at intervals or irregularly. Occasional worry the brain can cope with, but the iteration and reiteration of one idea or a disquieting sort of the cells of the brain are not proof against it. It is as if the skull were laid bare and the surface of the brain struck lightly with a hammer every few seconds with mechanical precision, with never a sign of a let-up or the failure of a stroke.

Just in this way does the annoying idea, the maddening thought that will not be done away with, strike or fall upon certain nerve cells, never ceasing, and week by week diminishing the vitality of these delicate organisms, so minute that they can only be seen under the microscope.

Past Salaries of Actors. A number of autograph letters of Edmund Kean supply some interesting information about the salaries of actors early in the nineteenth century. One relates to an offer by Mr. Ellison offering Kean £3 a week as acting manager of "the new theater in Wych street." Later this rose to £25 a month. In 1829 Kean was offered \$12,000 a year to go to America. In the prime of his popularity he received £200 for a week in Edinburgh and apparently reached the highest point when Mr. Bunn wrote from the Theater Royal, Dublin, on Feb. 8, 1829, and offered him £50 a night to play in Dublin and Cork.—Liverpool Mercury.

Self-Evident. Some humor was interjected into a case in a magistrate's court in Germantown, according to the Philadelphia Record. Two lawyers became excited and somewhat personal in their argument. Matters proceeded to such a pitch that the lawyers began to call each other names. "You're an ass!" said one to the other, "You're a liar!" was the quick retort of the opposing lawyer. Then the magistrate, in a very dignified manner, said: "Now that the counsel have identified each other, kindly proceed to the disputed points."

In a Showdown. A Japanese exponent of Jiu Jitsu and an Irish blacksmith in the Union Pacific shops at Cheyenne got into a mix-up. The Japanese resorted to Jiu Jitsu and the Irishman used a plain, everyday right swing. The Oriental awoke in the hospital and the Irishman went on with his work. Jiu Jitsu is all right if the other fellow permits it to be used.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Strength of Labor Unions. In New York one out of every nineteen persons is a member of a labor organization. In England the proportion is one in every twenty-two in Germany one in thirty-one, in France one in fifty, in Italy one in 125 and in Spain one in every 323.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

MAKING BUSINESS OF BENEVOLENCE.

By John D. Rockefeller. It takes a practical mind to make a fortune. Men have often said in my hearing, "Oh, how I wish I were rich! If I had money I should do this great work or that." Now, these men will never be rich. They haven't got the purpose and practical bent of mind for it. They think of the fruits of victory without the struggle. It is necessary to fix the mind pretty firmly upon the making of money before it is possible to plan its spending. I remember clearly when the financial plan—if I may call it so—of my life was formed. I was in Ohio, under the administration of a dear old minister who preached, "Get money; get it honestly, and then give it wisely." I wrote that down in a little book. I have the little book yet, with that writing in it. I have tried ever since to "get money honestly and to give it wisely."

There is a great deal of folly shown in the distribution of benevolence. If substance is a trust, then it is very serious business, this matter of dispensing it. One can't simply get rid of it and have a free conscience. A responsibility attaches to the distribution. I have an idea on that point, to this effect: Let us have benevolent trusts—corporations to manage the business of benevolence.

SMALL TOWN IDEAL PLACE TO LIVE.

By Milton Starr. Some people in happy circumstances are unhappy. Many who are better off in their small town would like to live in a large one. Bigness does not mean happiness. It does not insure content, which anywhere is essential to happiness. The town of 3,000 almost anywhere in the agricultural regions of this country is more favorable as a place of residence than is the average town of 50,000 or larger. It is cleaner and healthier. It has a better class of people. The average of intelligence and of character is higher. If the small town is without saloons it has that distinct advantage over others, large and small, which have, and the larger towns usually have the saloon and the evils which congregate about it. The small town has no considerable vicious element, whereas that element rules many of the larger towns. The air of the small town is clear and pure; that of the big town sometimes is loaded with smoke and soot and burdened with the bad odors of dirty streets. The small town has good schools, as good churches, as good teachers, and as good preachers, and recognition in the home and society does not depend so much upon money. There is less snobbery and dissipation. There is a juster recognition of personal worth. At the same time the conveniences and luxuries of life are to be enjoyed, and living is cheaper.

IN THE WASTE-BASKET.

The recent death of Miss Julia Bryant, the daughter of William Cullen Bryant, has called forth a number of reminiscences of the poet and his family. Although always kindly, Bryant was not a man of winning personality. He was too dignified. But at home he could unbind; with his children and their intimate friends he could occasionally even romp. With strange children the poet, perhaps being a little shy of them, became even more than usually dignified, with the result of reducing them to solemn and hopeless good behavior.

"I always, in my infantile mind," confessed a lady who knew him slightly in her childhood, "connected him vaguely with the Old Testament, and revered him accordingly. Such a beard and such a brow were his as I knew only in Biblical illustrations depicting Methuselah and Jeremiah. It would have shocked me, I am sure, to see him laugh."

With another little girl, whom he knew better, however, he often laughed, and used to perch her on his desk to listen to her amusing chatter. When he had had enough of it, and wished to resume his writing, he would put her in the big waste paper basket, carry it outdoors, and meekly tip her out on the grass.

His own girls were at that time grown up, but it was a method of closing a conversation first practiced upon them. Sometimes, too, he used the same receptacle to hold a daughter too small to be overconversational, but large enough to insistently demand amusement. Dumped in among the scraps, she would be happy for a long time, crooning to herself and tearing bits of paper into smaller bits.

Not until the crooning stopped did her father need to give her any further attention, but silence was a signal not to be disregarded, for it meant that she was, by no means figuratively, exercising her literary taste upon his latest discarded poem. Her opinion it was never possible to extract; but the poem it was—more or less cheered—and it was removed from her mouth as rapidly as possible, and the little lady supplied with some other pliantly less tempting or more digestible.

The Common Danger. We have been used to hear that while the fear of dangerous negroes made it hard for white children in the South to get to school, the negro children were not in danger, and going to school without fear or risk had on that account an educational advantage over the white children. A Southern woman who writes to the American Magazine about race relations in the South touches on this point to say that the dangerous negroes are dangerous to all women and girls, white or black; that the negro children go to school in groups, as the white children do; and that the negro women, like white women, in the South recognize that it is not safe to go far from home unprotected. This statement has probability in its favor, and for various reasons sounds true. It was worth making; the more so that we do not remember

demand for the product, it is a clear case. If there is great local demand, while transportation cuts small figure in the cost of the product, it may pay. Those things settle themselves when men of means are weaned of speculation abroad and are satisfied with modest returns of money invested at home.

PLEASURE IMPOSES YOKE OF IRON.

By Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis. Consider that all schemes of living based on pleasure, sensual delights or worldliness impose on men a yoke of iron. If the biography of epicureans tells us anything, if the lump of experience throws any light on the path of life, then the way of worldly pleasure is a thorny way, a steep path, and pleasure's yoke is a yoke of iron. Strangely enough, if many people were to serve Christ with half the zeal and self-sacrifice that they serve vanity, frivolity and sensual delights, they would exhibit zeal that would give them a place in the book of martyrs. The time has come when some speak of the big, splendid virtues of a former generation as old-fashioned virtues. Well, the old-fashioned flowers in a mother's garden are the sweetest flowers that ever grew. We never will outgrow the virtues of our fathers, that were rooted in faith, matured on courage, illustrated in a struggle for liberty, and compacted in the laws and institutions of the land. These poor, silly, restless folk that want to cast off the yoke and faith of their fathers choose yokes of iron. They want an easy yoke. But when it is too late they find the yoke is iron, and that the shoulders are worn raw, that the feet are cut, and that the heart is broken, and that hope is dead.

GHOSTS DOMINATE THE WORLD.

By Rev. Dr. Frank Crane. In Ibsen's play, "Ghosts," Mrs. Alving claims, upon discovering the evil bent of her son, and realizing that it is traceable to the father, that she seems to hear ghosts. Extending her thought, she adds that she feels that her own so-called principles are but ghosts. Ghosts, she cries, fill the earth, thick as the sands of the sea; she sees them between the lines of the newspaper, they dominate the world—ghosts of dead creeds, dead passions, dead convictions. Ibsen was more than a morbid breaker of convictions—he was a master and knew life. He perceived the truth that men's minds are controlled not by reason so much as by the long gray arms of vanished reasons; not by living, intelligent convictions so much as by the crystallized power of dead convictions; not by voluntary will, but by automatic instincts. We are born into a nag-ridden world. We find all the prizes of life mortgaged by our fathers' fears. We are bribed to conform or die. To revolt wildly at all of this is folly; for the ghosts are too strong for us, and we fight as they who beat the air, only to make ourselves ridiculous. But the way to freedom is to find the truth and sell it not, to cling to it, to follow it unwaveringly, better, to find, love and follow that strong Son of God, who is truth's self. Following Him we come ever into wider chambers, and last to freedom.

AN EXTINCT ANIMAL.

The Saber Toothed Tiger Was a Formidable Creature. The most remarkable of all the extinct feline animals are those known to naturalists as the saber toothed cats or tigers, a group comprising the greater part of all the fossil forms. They date back to the earliest times of which we know anything about the family in North America and reach down to the time of man himself. A large and powerful species described from the Indian Territory by Cope lived contemporaneously with the hairy mammoth, as evidenced by the commingling of their skeletons. There can be little or no question but that the hairy mammoth was contemporaneous with man in North America as well as in Europe. Its geological range is from the close of the scene to the latter part of the pleistocene.

The chief peculiarity of the animal is the extraordinary elongated canine teeth. The tail is of unusual length and the legs are short. The animal measures about seven feet in length aside from the tail. The lower jaws have a downward projection in front, due to a flange-like widening of the jawbones, which doubtless served as a protection to the teeth, preventing their injury or loss. In some of the larger forms from South America this flange was not present, while the canine teeth were even more elongated than is the case with this species, attaining a length of over six inches and protruding far below the jaws when closed.

Two Tragedies. A poet had a wife and the wife had little to eat. After several weeks of failure to get money wherewith to purchase food she ran away with a cab driver who owned his outfit and acted as though he owned the city.

"The blow will kill him," cried people. "She has ruined his career." It didn't kill him, for he turned his sorrow into a sonnet that he sold for \$5, and reviewers said that the font of inspiration had at last been opened to him.

A man's wife deserted him, and the neighbors were more interested than he was. "Poor fellow," they said, "it will drive him to drink."

It did, for he was one who never lost an opportunity, and his wife was a strict teetotaler.—New York Sun.

Called Forever. The gray-haired man, tall and dignified, stood on the deck of the outward-bound steamer trying vainly to control the tears that coursed down his worn and haggard cheeks. "Alas," he sighed as the ship moved slowly from the dock, "I shall never see this, my old home, again!"

"What was your sin," asked the sympathetic passenger, "that it is punished by eternal exile?"

"Sir," answered the fearful man pathetically, "it was not sin, it was folly. I was a judge at the baby show."—Florida Times Union.

Much that passes for patience is simply laziness. No idle person recognizes the rights of busy people.

Better Yet. "I suppose you had the six best sellers with you at the seashore?" "No; but I had the six best sellers the greater part of the time."—Houston Post.