

There is a race horse named Magazine. Wonder if he is four-fifths advertisement too.

We can't help wondering who does the work in the homes of those English suffragettes?

This world would be mighty lonesome if all great questions could be permanently settled at once.

A few more weddings to women of Vanderbilt family and the Hungarian nobility will at least have enough to eat.

There is nothing to make one afraid of the future, says James J. Hill. We might say so, too, if we had Jim Hill's money.

Russia and Turkey are preparing for war, but we are glad to report that Switzerland and Luxembourg are peacefully attending to business.

The new system of "religious therapeutics" is curing a good many people who would get fighting mad if told by a doctor that nothing ailed them.

This is the year 4905 in the Chinese calendar, which shows that the Chinese began to keep count much farther back than our oldest inhabitant can remember.

Harry K. Thaw has been acquitted. This, it is to be hoped, will cause a rapid decline of Thaw publicity. The most desirable future for the Thaws is one of the strictest seclusion.

A New York man has been sentenced to prison for "not longer than his natural life." It must be a relief to him to know that he will not be expected to hang around the place after death.

The Countess of Yarmouth has secured a divorce and the restoration of her maiden name. It will be hard for other heiresses to understand why she didn't insist on clinging to the title after paying so much for it.

A Montana judge has ruled that the right to labor is a God-given right and cannot be taken from any man. However, there are doubtless a number of hobo's in Montana who will offer no desperate resistance if they are deprived of it.

After fighting for five hours against intense cold and a high sea the Nantucket life-savers recently rescued a woman, baby and seven men from a wrecked boat. These life-savers receive \$50 a month and are forced to take a sixty-day vacation without pay every summer. They have appealed to Congress, with little hope of success, for higher wages. They deserve it, but they have little or no political influence—will they get it? How many congressmen would duplicate the feat of the Nantucket crew for ten times \$50—but that, of course, is aside from the issue.

Although for twelve years the constitution of New York has forbidden pool-selling, book-making, and all other kinds of gambling, race-track gambling has continued under a law which is a dead letter because the penalty is frivolous. The governor, in his recent message to the legislature, called upon that body to enforce by proper legislation the constitutional prohibition. All friends of the race-tracks denounce the proposition, but labor leaders have commended the governor for his attempt to prevent young men from wasting their earnings by betting on horse-races.

British pluck seems something more than a phrase when one reads of the diversions of the boys in a Barnardo Orphanage at the East End of London. All these lads are physically defective, yet they box, swim, make ardent use of the apparatus in their gymnasium, and this winter capped the climax by organizing a football-team. Of course they play a modified form of the game, a boy who has no legs being permitted to handle the ball, and a cripple being allowed to "kick" with his crutch. Even so, however, they must needs display the same qualities of nerve and courage that, outside the football-field, have enabled our race to score many a goal.

Almost every great world fair that has been held in this or in other countries has left some permanent legacy to the city in which it was held—a public building or other enduring monument. The Jamestown Exposition is not to be an exception, although in this case it is the national government rather than the city or state which is to benefit. The great pier which was built by the army is to be retained by the Navy Department. It has been found that the pier will hold one hundred thousand tons of coal, and between it and a neighboring pier a large fleet of colliers can lie fully loaded, ready for an instant start, and safe from storms. The pier will therefore be retained by the government as a coal depot, in part payment for the money advanced to the exposition company from the national treasury.

Ten years ago it was discovered that two wealthy contractors and a United States army engineer had conspired to defraud the government of large sums of money in connection with the improvement of the harbor of Savannah. Then began one of the most celebrated cases in American criminal jurisprudence. All three men had influential friends. The two contractors, John F. Gaylor and Benjamin D. Greene, had large wealth. All of them fought the case with determination and every device of shrewdness, every technicality, that the ablest lawyers could devise. The army engineer, Captain Oberlin M. Carter, after exhausting every legal resource, was convicted in 1890, and sentenced to a

heavy fine and five years' imprisonment. Greene and Gaylor forfeited their bail and fled to Canada. For years they were able to defy extradition, and before they could be brought back to United States soil, their case was carried by appeal to the highest British court, the judicial committee of the privy council. The decision of that court was in favor of the United States, and the men were surrendered and taken to Savannah, tried, convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of more than half a million dollars each, and to spend four years in prison. From this sentence, rendered a year ago last April, the two prisoners took an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, in the form of a petition for a writ of certiorari. Their petition has been denied. The finding of the Southern District Court of Georgia is affirmed, and the prisoners are at last in prison, where they must serve their sentence. The celebrated case is settled. It was once remarked by a cynical New York politician that no man who has a million dollars can be convicted of a serious crime in this country. The remark has often been quoted, and perhaps has been believed by many persons. The outcome of the case against Greene and Gaylor will go a long way toward correcting this pernicious belief; for if ever the matter had a fair test, this case has afforded it. It is one of many cases in which men of great wealth, defended by the ablest lawyers, have been convicted and punished. The lesson of all of them is that the arm of the law is long and its memory tenacious, and in the end all men are equal before it.

Science AND Invention

Rice paper with which cigarettes are made has nothing to do with rice, but is made from the inner lining of the bark of the bread fruit tree.

A French scientist has invented a process for producing a substance called "molten wood." It is made by submitting wood to dry distillation and high pressure whereby the escape of gases is prevented. After cooling, the mass resembles coal, except that it is without organic structure. It is hard and can be shaped and polished. It is said to be a perfect nonconductor of electricity.

In France a so-called lamp has been invented for the production of dark radiations which, although themselves invisible, are capable of imparting a phosphorescent glow to certain objects brought within their influence. A statuette coated with lime sulphide, for instance, when placed in total darkness near a "dark lamp" soon begins to shine, emerging into sight as if it had been created out of nothing.

During the long drought of last spring, in Mauritius, a singular spectacle, amid the stretches of dying and desiccated plants, was presented by the white flowers of giant aloes stems, which sprang up on the mountains and over the waste lands with amazing speed. At the time of flowering, shafts as thick as a man's arm shot up from the heart of the plants, grew from 12 to 18 inches in twenty-four hours, and reached a height of 30 feet. A cluster of aloes bearing the flowers appear resembles a gigantic asparagus plant.

The visible trails left by meteors as they shoot across the sky have been investigated by Prof. C. C. Trowbridge, who concludes that they are clouds of self-luminous gas combined with very minute particles of meteoric dust. As these trails are usually seen at heights of fifty to sixty miles—seldom or never above sixty-five or below forty-five miles—it appears that their formation must depend upon encountering a certain degree of atmospheric density or pressure. The trails are often visible for ten to twenty minutes, and usually contain a volume of several cubic miles.

Even the most solid metals lose some of their molecules by dispersion from the surface, but some curious peculiarities are observed in the process of molecular dispersion. For instance, when a piece of gold is pressed against a piece of lead, some of the molecules of the former disperse into the lead. The process is, of course, extremely slow, and years are required before its effects become evident. But, slow as it is, the dispersion of the molecules of gold into a mass of lead takes place faster than into either air or water. The surface molecules of water disperse readily into air, but refuse to enter oil. The molecules of salt disperse quickly in water, but refuse to enter air, or most solids, in appreciable quantities.

A Lively Child. The old-time "darker" had a great admiration for high-sounding words and phrases. He also had a deep respect for a man who has the boldness to devise innovations of speech. "I jes' tell you, Massa Rawson had a powerful control on language," said one old plantation negro, thoughtfully, on his return from a neighborly call. "I 'spect to learn something every time I hear him talk. He was telling Major Williams 'bout his wife being taken sick after dat dog-bite she had, an' 'stead of saying in respects to her shakin' fit she had, dat she 'shook like she had de ager,' same as most folks would say, what figur is you 'spokin' her used?" "I dunno," said the old man's wife, sulkily, from the ironing-board. "He said she 'shook like an ash-pan.' Dat's his figur, an' I ain't gwine forget it."

The Strange Part. "Isn't it strange that so few men discover the secret of success in life?" "Yes, but it's stranger still that the secret is still a secret. Surely some of the men who discovered it must have told it to their wives."—Philadelphia Press. We are all struggling forebly for fame and money, and will not stop for anything except to abuse those who have already succeeded in acquiring that which we are seeking.

NEXT EXPOSITION TO BE HELD IN ENGLAND

France and Its Colonies Aid in Making Exhibition a Success—1.3 Acres Are Used.

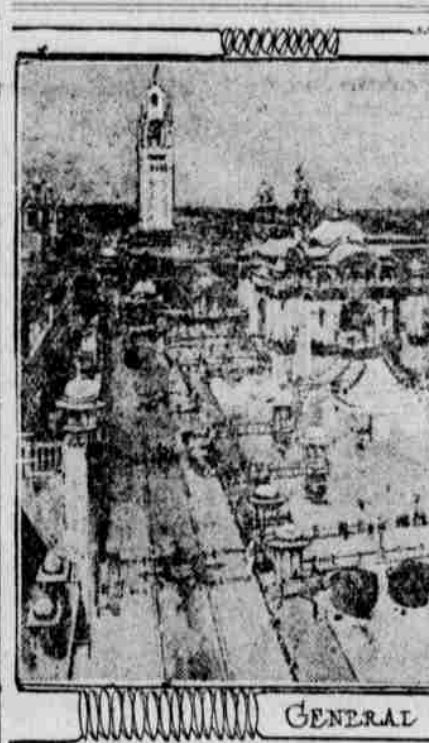
2,000 ATHLETES TO TAKE PART.

Seventy-Six Buildings in Grounds and Lagoons Add to Beauty of the Surroundings.

Millions of dollars are being spent in preparations for the Franco-British exposition, to be held in north London, London, Paris, the British colonies and the French dependencies, are aiding in the exhibition. Its object is twofold—to cement the existing friendship between Great Britain and France; and to stand as a monument to the peace of Europe.

The location of the fair is at Shepherd's Bush, a suburb of North London, but so situated that it is easy of access by train, tube, or car from almost any point of the great metropolis. It covers an area of 143 acres. The famous international exhibition of 1841 occupied only twenty-one acres, and the recent exhibition in Glasgow, Scotland, sixty-nine acres. In all, there will be twenty huge palaces which will be dedicated to science, art and industry of the two nations—Britain and France—for on no account will any other country be allowed to exhibit. Then there are fifty-six other fine buildings.

The buildings are spacious and artistic structures, of steel, iron, concrete and plaster. Wood is conspicuous by its absence, with the result that all the edifices will be fireproof.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

The giant of the palaces is the machinery hall. It is the largest building ever erected at any exhibition. It covers an area of six acres, and consists of a main building running northeast and southwest, joined together at the south end by a building of similar construction, the whole resembling in design the letter "H."

One of the most advanced structures is the palace of woman's work. Another structure that is nearing completion is the Fine Arts palace. The hanging space for pictures in this edifice is two and a half times greater than that at the British Royal Academy.

Stadium Like Rome's. A striking feature is the great stadium, built after the design of the famous Coliseum at Rome. Here will be held the quadrennial Olympic games in which it is hoped all the civilized countries of the world will meet.

Upward of 2,000 representative athletes will take part in the varied contests, and the curves of the running track have been so delicately calculated that a runner will be able to get round a corner at full speed. Besides athletic games of every description, great angling and fly-casting tournaments will be held, and a week in October will be devoted to games of Rugby and association football, lacrosse and hockey, while in the stadium the Aero Club will conduct a number of flying machine contests and competitions. The attractions will be practically unlimited.

WHEEL OF YESTERDAY. Statisticians of the Census Bureau Record Its Decline and Fall.

Ten years ago even persons with cork legs rode bicycles, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. Not only did hot polloi buy "wheels" on the installment plan and tear down street and boulevard and pike and path in mad pursuit of pleasure, but society straddled the "bike" and did feats that evidenced hitherto unsuspected grit and brawn. The fat rode to reduce, the lean to build up, the old to get young and the young to get muscle. For one reason or another every one gripped the handlebar with both hands, paved at the pedals with both feet and rode with all of his—or her—heart and soul and strength. Not to ride was to miss something like seven-eighths of life and live the other eighth in solitude. Where is the wheel of yesterday? Early in the morning, when all men are abed save those who are forced by hard taskmasters to be upon their way to work, the bicycle is seen threading its way to mill and factory. Throughout the day and night it may be seen conveying the messenger boy upon his easy way. There is an occasional "old-timer" who still wheels for health and pleasure—a lonely figure upon a highway made noisy if not musical by the honk of the motor car. The statisticians of the census bureau tell a melancholy tale of the decline and fall of the bicycle as a pleasure vehicle. In 1900 the bicycle industry paid

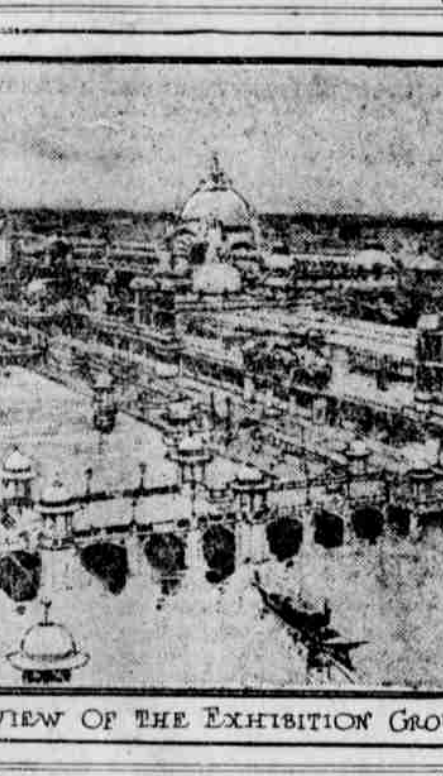
\$10,000,000 in wages and salaries, bought \$17,000,000 worth of materials and employed 20,000 Americans. Since then the business has slumped until about 250,000 machines a year are manufactured now, as against 1,200,000 in 1900. The 1,200,000 persons who bought bicycles in 1900 are not motoring. Most of them are walking or riding upon street cars. From the standpoint of the consumer nothing has filled the gap caused by the death of the bicycle craze. And yet bicyclists were never offered such opportunities for good sport as they are to-day.

Where there was one mile of good roadway in and about the parks and approaching the country roads ten years ago there are ten to-day. Ten years ago a good bicycle cost \$100. A better one may be bought to-day for \$25. Both bicycling and the ownership of a bicycle present simpler problems than were presented to the cyclist in the days when "everybody" rode.

That the bicycle craze was a craze is indisputable. Many persons rode to excess. Many of the physically unfit, so physicians assert, rode despite their infirmities. More time and money and nerve force were wasted upon the sport than, in strict economy, should have been devoted to it. But in the main bicycling was a wholesome, healthful form of recreation when it was expensive and arduous. Its revival would be beneficial not only to manufacturers and wage earners but also to countless men and women who do not get out into the country because they have neither horses nor motor cars and who need the fresh air and the exercise that bicycling once gave them.

GREW TREE FOR HIS COFFIN. Boards Cared for by Farmer Used for the Box Enclosing Casket.

The wish of Ember Mason, a farmer, made fifty years ago and carefully fostered through the long years following, that he be buried in a coffin made from a walnut tree which he had grown



himself, is only to be partly granted. Mason died last night at his home near Leeds, says the Kansas City Star.

Fifty years ago Mason found a young walnut tree, particularly straight and pretty, while he was clearing some ground on his farm. He was a man of queer ideas and he decided to let that tree grow for the particular purpose of providing wood for his coffin. The tree grew in the center of a meadow from which all the other trees had been cleared. Fearing, however, that it might be struck by lightning and destroyed, and it was already grown large enough for the purpose for which he intended it, Mr. Mason about three years ago had it cut down and sawed up into lumber. The "butt cut," from which he took the lumber for his coffin, squared fourteen inches. The boards were placed in Mr. Mason's barn and were carefully kept.

Last night Mason died, after an illness that had lasted for several years, but to-morrow, by the decision of the family, these boards which he cut from the walnut tree will be used, not for the coffin, but for the box in which the casket will be inclosed.

A queer man was Ember Mason, who was 91 at the time of his death, and he took great delight in caring for his coffin tree and later from the boards cut therefrom.

"I reckon I'll take these boards to town an' have 'em made up pretty good," he said to a visitor several years ago. "I'm givin' out putty fast o' late an' I might need that coffin most any time." But "those boards" were never taken to town. The old man became weaker every day and never found the opportunity. For fifty-six years, with the exception of four years in the Civil War, Mr. Mason lived in his home, a quaint, old-styled structure on a hill overlooking the valley of the Blue River. He was born in Tennessee and used to remark often that he was a "Hickory Jackson" Democrat, a Rebel in the Civil War and besides all that a "hardshell Baptist."

"An' they didn't lick us in th' Civil War," he used to say. "We jes' got plum wo' out a killin' them Northerners."

For the last several years of his life Mr. Mason gave up work in the fields, but he kept several hives of bees, by which he used to sit all day watching over them.

CHARACTER IN OLD SHOES. Cobbler Studies as He Pegs and Develops Unique "Ology."

"Ologists" have for years been telling people's dispositions by the bumps on their heads, the lines on their hands, the contour of their faces, their handwriting and a dozen or more other methods. Now a new "ology" has come into the field, called "shoology"; and by it the cobbler to whom you take your shoes can tell whether you are "square" or "crooked," level-headed or rattle-brained, shiftless or painstaking, fickle-minded or stubborn and so on ad infinitum, says the Columbus Dispatch. Columbus has one "shoologist." He

is David Cassidy, a cobbler who also owns a small shoe store. Just as a man's handwriting or his eyes or the way he wears his clothing betray some characteristic part of his nature, so does the way he wears his shoes out also tell its story.

Why it is so, even to a certain extent, Mr. Cassidy doesn't pretend to explain. The shape of the foot has something to do with the way the shoe wears out; the way a man walks has a great deal more. But why the honest man walks one way and the dishonest man walks another, or why the heels of changeable men are inclined one way and the heels of stubborn men inclined the other, is a question yet to be solved.

The man who wears his sole off across the toe will aerial," said Mr. Cassidy. "But just think of the women's shoes that come in here worn out that way?" said another.

"Well, what of it? Won't women pliffer little things quicker than a man? They take little things where a man wouldn't take the chance, because he knows the value isn't enough to risk the chance of being caught. Look at the shoplifters.

"Now, a man who wears his shoes off evenly across the bottom is a pretty level-headed sort of a chap. He doesn't go off half-cooked and when he says a thing you can pretty generally bank on it." He thought it over before he said it.

"But when the shoe wears out on the outside of the sole look out for that man. He isn't a man of his word. Don't extend any credit to him, because you're liable not to get paid. He's liable to be a pretty slippery customer in a deal."

"How about these shoes?" asked another listener as he held up his for inspection.

"I can't tell anything about the soles, because you've just had them mended. But I can tell by the counter that you're changeable in your nature. You're not as steadfast as you should be. Pull your shoe off," and as it was handed to him he said: "Now if you'll



look down on that shoe from the top, or from the back, you'll see that the counter is swung inward. The man who breaks his counter down toward the inside of his foot is changeable in his nature. It isn't very marked in this shoe, so you're not so bad."

"What about the man who wears his heel off on the outside?" "Every one does that. It doesn't mean anything in 'shoology.' But there are men who wear their shoes out squarely on the back of the heel—come down so hard they break the counters down. All I've seen have belonged to successful men."

"Is there any difference between the way fat men and slim men wear out their shoes?" "Not that I've noticed. They wear them about the same as other people."

Washington to Have Prince. Austria has come to the rescue of the American capital, says the New York Press. In the new year assignments to the embassy are a prince, a count and a baron, all bachelors and belonging to the old aristocracy. Counts and barons are rather common, but the prince may cause a flutter. He is known in the official records as Vincent Alfred Guillaume Marie Gabriel, Prince of Windisch-Graetz and Baron de Waldstein, and he will inherit from his father other high-sounding titles. The prince belongs to a mediocrity family of Austria, and, though he may marry royalty, he is not compelled to do so. It may be he would like a wife such as his friend, Count Szechenyi, has won.

Prince Vincent is 25 years old and is described as one of the representative aristocrats of his generation. He figures merely as an honorary attaché on the Austro-Hungarian embassy staff, and that will leave him free to follow his social bent. The family owns a big estate in the Syrian mountains, long famous for game and for historic hunting parties. It has fine houses in Vienna and Prague and a superb chateau in Tachau.

Handsomeness Are Good Dogs. In the most characteristic of English dogs, with the English bulldog as an unfortunate exception of a glaring sort, common sense principles in the canon of judging are distinctly marked. In the case of hounds any good eye can pick out the best animals. This was curiously illustrated not long since in private when an artist taking over one of the bigger kennels of foxhounds picked out the prize and pedigree dogs one after the other. He went purely by his own sense of what was strong and comely, as Shelley says in a very different connection. — London Outlook.

An Admission. Alice—I rather like that young Thompson. He has such a good, firm mouth and chin. Hazel—Goodness! Has he been kissing you, too?—Kansas City Independent.

Nothing hurts a woman more than to have a man tell her that she is nothing but a woman.

SUN-WORSHIP AMONG THE INDIANS.



INDIAN SUN-WORSHIP.

Among the remnant of the Blackfoot Indians, who once ranged over the territory of Montana and Wyoming, on the east side of the Rockies and between the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, and who were one of the most ferocious tribes that the white race has encountered on the continent, the worship of the sun still survives. Among the Blackfeet, as among the more settled and civilized Incas, sun worship was the central part of their religion. They believed themselves to be the children of the great luminary, and it was the custom of mothers to hold up their children to be blessed by the beams of the rising sun. Our illustration depicting such a scene is by the "cowboy artist," Charles M. Russell, and is reproduced from the Illustrated London News.

BLACK ART IN INDIA. TRAMP'S IDEA OF SQUARE MEAL.

Leading Imp Is Small, but Mean Out of All Proportion. It may not be generally known that the black art flourishes to a certain extent in southern India, especially on the west coast, says a writer in the Indian World.

The average Malayalee Keralan is superstitious to the very highest degree; he considers himself to be always under the influence of some devil or other (the number of devils and demigods on the west coast is legion), and every house in Kerala has a temple dedicated to the patron devil of the family.

In this country the place of honor is given by the superstitious Malayalee to the imp Kuttichathan, who is considered by him to be the most mischievous and frightful of demons. This imp is about three feet high, with hair all over the body and capable of any mischief. He is the most dreaded of all and manifests his displeasure in a thousand ways.

Primarily he begins with throwing stones over the house of a man under his displeasure. If steps are not taken immediately after the preliminary stages of the manifestation of his displeasure, it is said the consequences generally are very violent.

It is said that every sorcerer has a devil or demigod under his command to do his wishes and carry out his commands. To get mastery over a devil or demigod, it is said, one has to undergo severe trials. Keeping vigils, incessantly uttering the name of the devil or the demigod he wishes to subdue, in crematories and lonely jungles, is the primary duty of a man who aspires to become a sorcerer.

On the forty-first day of the vigil the devil will present himself to the candidate who aspires to take the degree of honors in sorcery and surrender himself to the latter. A sorcerer who has already one devil at his command generally aspires to exercise sovereignty over another.

This can only be enjoyed after a great trouble. It is said that the demon whom the sorcerer wishes to captivate will generally ask the candidate to fetch inaccessible and impossible things as a proof that he is sincere and capable of doing anything. They say that such candidate generally meets the demand through the aid of the devil already under his command.

In Self-Defense. It is fortunate that the various theories in regard to the training of the young do not make so very much difference, after all, and that the little individual grows up somehow, into the man or woman it was intended to be. The Washington Star has a story, told by a well-known instructor who holds to the old-fashioned ideas. He says:

I place little dependence upon moral suasion. Good healthy boys under moral suasion have too easy a time of it. They get out of hand.

There is a friend of mine who is rearing a family of six boys with the help of moral suasion. The mild little chap argued the matter the other night at the club.

"And do you believe," said I, "that moral suasion is better than corporal punishment for big, lusty boys like yours?" "Yes," said my friend.

"And do you mean to say you have never whipped your boys?" I asked. "As true as I sit here," answered my friend, earnestly, "I have never struck one of my children except in self-defense."

The Marxist Spirit. "When you go to the battle," said a human analyst, "do you feel your heart surge with hostility toward the foe, or anything like that?"

"Yes," answered the military expert. "In time of war we feel even more resentful toward the foe than we feel toward our rival associates in time of peace."—Washington Star.

The man with a swelled head usually wears a small hat.

From the Chronicles of Plum Hollow "Yes," said the native, "he wuz mighty fond o' makin' jokes. An' he'd take no end of trouble to work 'em up good an' proper."

He paused and puffed at his corncob pipe. "Do you remember any joke in particular that he perpetrated?" inquired the visitor. "Why, yes, I do. One of th' best of 'em was a sort o' quotation Bill had seen somewhere, an' in order to work it out he had to keep comin' with a girl named Libbie Tinglefoot. One day we wuz all sittin' round in Biscorn's stove when Tom Barlow spoke up an' says, 'Better look out fer the zat of yours, Bill. She's pooty flirtatious.' That wuz Bill's chance. 'Eternal vigilance is th' price of Libbie T.' he says. Porty dern good, wasn't it?"—Houston Post.

A City of Happy Homes. Dubliners took a walk in the cemetery, where he noticed on the tombstones, "Good Husband," "Good Wife," "Good Son."

"It is evidently here that the happiest homes are found," he reflected.—Nos Loisirs.

Some politicians have long fingers and short memories.