

Can a pick-pocket be said to have a helping-hand?

The newspapers are talking about a "chestnut blight." We hope it hits the worms.

Russia is also constructing large dirigibles. Has she made the ship of state dirigible?

With the evolution of the flying machine will come in due time the flying machine politician.

The Englishman's idea of fair play appears to be that there is no such thing unless the Englishman wins.

A Pennsylvania woman killed a snake but it is a ten-to-one shot that she would run if she encountered a mouse.

That clergyman who preached to the smokers on a liner in a room where it was 180 degrees had no need to mention hell fire.

A New York baby that was born without a brain is dead. Some New York babies born without brains have lived to grow up.

The report that Russia is sorely tempted to reform the despotism in Persia indicates that even monarchies are not devoid of humor.

There are now seven presidential candidates in the field. In 1900 there were eight, so it will be seen that we are breaking no records this year.

An authority asserts that carrots are four times as nutritious as cucumbers. And cucumbers, we believe, are twice as nutritious as Japanese matting.

A Seattle man promptly accepted an offer of \$2,000 for a meteorite in his possession. It seems like reaching out in the air and pulling in the money.

A Kansas contemporary prints an editorial headed "The Cat is Out of the Bag." The trouble in this part of the country is that the cat is spending too much time on the back fence.

The young Turks want the sultan to give up his harem and live with one wife. We hope they will not be harsh enough to insist that he shall pick out the homeliest one in the harem.

A Russian who has lived 126 years was presented to the czar the other day. As a sample, we suppose, of what a Russian can do by not attracting the attention of snipers and bomb throwers.

Much ado is being made over the fact that skill in "diabolo" has won a summer girl a husband. Girls who win their skill in cooking are too numerous to receive mention nowadays.

A motto is very much the fashion these days. If you see an office without some sort of injunction on the walls you may be satisfied that the occupant is either behind his generation or ahead of it.

It is estimated by experts in the agricultural department that rats annually damage the crops of the country to the extent of \$160,000,000, which is vastly more than the animals' skins are worth, even when made into fine kid gloves.

Interest in old-age pensions is manifest in many countries—acutely manifest in England and France. At the same time there is everywhere a tendency in business life to consolidations, which reduce the number of employes without raising much, if any, the salaries of those who are retained. There is also a tendency to discharge the older employes and to keep only the comparatively young. There are many who do not believe in pensions, but who consider it far better that a man receive an adequate salary during his working years. One or the other plan must come, for there is an investment of labor which deserves its permanent reward as much as the investment of capital; and there are corporations which by the highest standard of justice should be held criminally responsible for the miserably low salaries they pay.

The death of Ida D. Sankey brings sorrow to the hearts of thousands. Like the psalmist David, he was "a sweet singer of Israel," and his voice has been heard by more thousands, probably, than any other voice in the world. His songs are sung in nearly every Protestant church in Christendom, and they have been an inspiration in the homes of the people from frozen Norway to the islands of the South Sea. Mr. Sankey's association with the late Dwight L. Moody resulted in one of the most powerful evangelistic movements of modern times. These two men, seemingly inspired, traveled over the world preaching the gospel of Christ; the sermons of the one and the songs of the other were remarkable influences for good wherever they were heard. Moody and Sankey became household words; and though the preacher has been dead these many years and the singer has been blind for at least five, their influence has never departed. Mr. Sankey's finest hymn, the beautiful "Ninety and Nine," has come to be regarded as almost a classic of sacred song; it takes rank with Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," and Dr. Dyke's "Holy, Holy, Holy." The value of a life such as Ira D. Sankey's cannot be estimated by human methods. Only the Great Judge knows its full measure. But mankind everywhere will concede that Mr. Sankey's influence was all for good. Simple religion, not bound by creed or formalism, was what he tried to instill with his music and his songs. If immortality was the basis of what he attempted to quicken in human breasts, he is hardly to be criticized for that. He could

have slightly retorted that intellectualism was the basis of his critics' teachings and there would have been no honors on either side. But Mr. Sankey was no bigot; he did not quarrel with sects. He only went about trying to do good with the talents his King had bestowed upon him, and for doing just that he was honored by men of all creeds everywhere. His is "a sweet voice that has been stilled, a gentle light gone out."

Russia and Persia have furnished fresh illustrations of the old truth that paper constitutions and paper reforms are worthless, and that only an effective and organized public opinion breathes vitality into grants extorted in emergencies from despotic governments and privileged ruling classes. When the revival of the Turkish constitution of 1876 was announced to the amazed world skepticism was universal. It was not confined, moreover, to western observers. The young Turks and the other progressive elements in the sultan's dominions showed that they were in no hurry to disarm and assume that the millennium had arrived. It is certain, however, that so far the march of events in Turkey has been in a direction that is calculated to strengthen one's faith in the genuineness of the great change. In Russia the grant of the constitution, so called, was followed by massacre and civil war; in Turkey peace has reigned to a remarkable degree. Even in the storm centers of Macedonia an armed truce has tacitly been proclaimed. None of the militant "buds" have tried to take advantage of the situation; the Christians in the province are safer than they were before the proclamation of the constitution; the instigators of insurrection and rebellion in the neighboring principalities have suspended their activities. And nothing is more significant in this connection than the decision of England, Russia, Australia and the other powers to refrain from pressing their own programs of Macedonian reform for the present and to await developments. This means that the new regime is to be given a fair trial and that the first parliament will be afforded a proper opportunity to deal with the whole situation in European Turkey. The sultan, on his part, has made additional concessions. A progressive ministry has been organized; a program has been put forth which promises to amend all laws and regulations that are not consonant with the primary principles of the constitution. In Russia the great difficulty is that the constitution is one thing and the laws administered by local satraps and even by ministers are quite another thing. Is the cause of reform actually stronger in Turkey than it is in Russia? Without jumping at conclusions, it must be admitted that all the early indications in the former country are distinctly favorable.

**A SECOND SERVING.**  
Old age should command respect, and an old joke which has remained fallow for fifty years should not receive too harsh treatment on its re-appearance to the world. But jokes do not always improve with years, as is the case in the report of the Manchester Union. The paper first records the current joke.  
"Why, Jennie!" exclaimed a Sunday school teacher to quite a large girl. "You have come to Sabbath school barefoot. Do you think that many little girls would go that way?"  
"Yes, ma'am. Some of the girls on my street go that way, and the rest mind their own business."  
Now the above has been trotted out in the funny column of the local papers for several years, even being claimed as a local happening in dozens of places. The following article was printed in Harper's Magazine for August, 1857:  
"Old Professor S. was one of the instructors of Dartmouth College years ago, and was about as blunt and straightforward a specimen of humanity as ever walked. One day in the early summer he was taking his usual stroll round the village, keeping his 'eye out' for any student who might be off duty, when he chanced to see Mr. Page, a sturdy farmer of East Hanover, with a load of wood, trudging along the dusty street barefooted and coatless.  
"Hello, Mr. Page!" growled the professor. "I'd like to know if all the people of East Hanover go barefoot?"  
"Part of 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their own business!" was the reply.  
The startling thing is the story of a little girl at Sunday school perpetrating the same joke half a century later.

**The First English Bookmaker.**  
Both the Derby and the Oaks owe their names to that Earl of Derby who kept a pack of staghounds near Epsom during the last quarter of the eighteenth century and resided at a hunting box called the Oaks. Fifty years later a spiteful description of the Oaks and its jockeys was recorded in the diary of Charles Greville. In the report of the first Derby run the names of five starters and of all the riders are missing and there is no betting quotation.  
As the earliest known bookmaker, Vauxhall Clarke, was hanged, not for gambling, but for highway robbery, betting on the race course could not at that period have been a particularly profitable profession. Jockeys did not then possess their present princely salaries, but with a fee of a guinea were more richly rewarded than those of King James I, who were regaled by our British Solomon with long speeches, delivered half in Latin and half in Caledonian.—Westminster Gazette.

**Fitting Up the Flat.**  
"What's this?" inquired Mr. Young, as he picked up a colander.  
"It's an open-work saucepan," explained Mrs. Young, with superior wisdom. "It must be the latest thing."  
—Washington Herald.  
Goffer—Will you come round again to-morrow? Second Enthusiast—Dunno. I'd arranged to get married to-morrow. Perhaps I can postpone it.—Tatler.

# Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

**THE MARRIED MAN.**  
**B**EFORE a man is married, he is considered a fit companion for any woman, but as soon as he is married he is thought to be dangerous except when his wife is along to wither him. A man may travel the world over, and come back all right, but at home he is considered a savage unless his wife is along to control him. Young women are allowed to spend a great deal of their time with unmarried men, but if a married man walks along the sidewalk, the older members of the family rush out and bring the girls in. The married men must have been guilty of some great wickedness in the past; otherwise they would not be looked upon with so much suspicion. Innocent amusements are planned for all sorts of people except married men; it is generally believed that married men are so wicked that they only enjoy swearing, drinking whisky and chewing plug tobacco. A great deal is done by young women to entertain unmarried men, but a married man, particularly if he has children, is a wretch if he wants to be entertained beyond allowing the children to climb over him. Married women have their afternoon parties, and enjoy themselves, but a married man is not trusted in the sacred precincts of his own home when there is company; it is feared that even his wife may fall to keep him from acting up, and possibly shooting some of his guests.—Aitchison Globe.

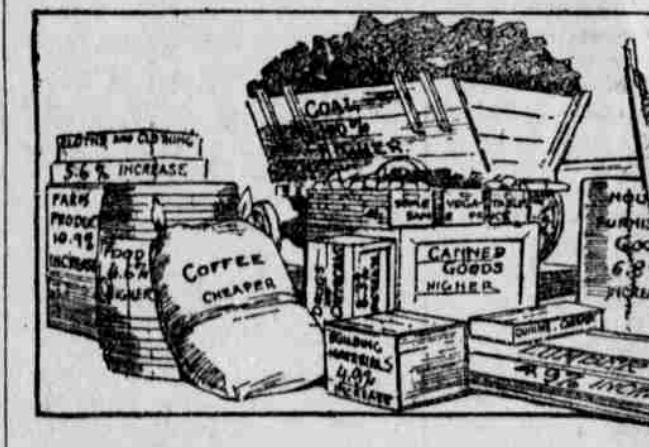
**PROGRESS OF THE CANAL.**  
**V**ISITORS to the canal zone, both officers of the government and tourists, report that they find the men employed on the work engaged in eager rivalry. Two or three years ago the subject of discussion was the difficulties in the way. Now everyone connected with the work is boasting of the amount of earth moved last month, and of how much more they expect to move next month. The most hopeful are talking of the probability that ships will be sailing across the isthmus within five years.  
At the present rate of excavation the trench can easily be completed within that time. More than one-fourth of the earth has already been removed from the trench, and there remain only about a million cubic yards to dig. In the year ended on March 31 last about twenty-two million yards were excavated. In March this year the excavation amounted to about three and a half million yards, or three times as much as in March of last year. In May, the first of the rainy months, with twice the usual amount of rain, which impedes the work, two and a half times as much earth was moved as in the same month a year ago.  
When it was decided to build a great earth dike for the Gatun dam to impound the waters of the Chagres river, the problem of the disposal of the excavated earth was solved. The dike will be a mile long and half a mile wide at the base, and will create a lake twelve miles long, through which vessels can pass at full speed. Dirt

trains are now hauling earth to it in a continuous procession.  
The work on the locks at both ends of the canal and at the dam will be carried on as the excavation proceeds. They cannot all be completed by the time the trench is dug, but barring unexpected delays, the oceans will be joined much sooner than was expected when the United States took hold of the work.—Youth's Companion.

**SAVING DAYLIGHT.**  
**O**NE may at first be inclined to assume that the obviously simple way for a nation to save an hour of its summer daylight is to get up an hour earlier, without paying any attention to the clock face. This is very good advice in theory, but people being creatures of habit and largely governed by what, for want of a better phrase, may be called sense hypnosis, may be far more effectively modified in any required direction by combining the appeal to reason with a harmless deception of the senses. The man accustomed to getting out of bed at 6 o'clock will turn out at twenty minutes to 5 far more willingly and certainly if the clock face indicates the usual 6 o'clock than if he has to stop and reason out all the advantages to be gained by rising an hour and twenty minutes earlier.  
Besides, as a matter of fact, it is just as much 6 o'clock, or 9, or seven minutes past 3, for that matter, at twenty minutes to 5 as it is when the Greenwich clock marks those precise periods. Clocks and the labels affixed to seconds, minutes and hours being man-made devices, mere empiric formulae and schedules, so arranged for the convenience of home sapiens, are obviously legitimate subjects to change at his convenience. There is reason to believe that the United States will not allow John Bull to remain an hour and twenty minutes ahead of her very long.—New York Globe.

**WHAT BECOMES OF THE COINS?**  
**W**HAT becomes of all the metal money? We know that paper money is worn out or destroyed from time to time, but what happens to the coins which Uncle Sam turns out yearly by the tens and tens of millions? The Philadelphia mint in the fiscal year which ended June 30 made 137,133,777 separate pieces of money. These coins were worth \$125,755,848. Now it happens that this same mint has been converting gold and silver bullion or metal alloys into coins for many years, and several other mints in the country have also been working steadily.  
If the nation's population increased 1,000,000 in the past year, the Philadelphia mint made for each person 137 coins. Who has that money in his possession? More than 81,000,000 pieces of the new money were pennies, so that every citizen of the United States got a new cent since last June.—Philadelphia Press.

## HOW THE COST OF LIVING HAS INCREASED FORTY-FOUR PER CENT IN TEN YEARS.



It costs more to live, anywhere in the United States, than it did ten years ago. But comparisons of Chicago price increases with those discovered by the national government show that the law of compensation has not been altogether off the job here.  
For instance, coal here is higher—a full 100 per cent higher than ten years ago. But if you have no coal, and catch cold through lack of it, you can buy quinine to cure your cold much cheaper than you could in 1898.  
On the other hand, coffee is cheaper on the Chicago retail market than it was a decade ago, but the drugs most in favor for curing indigestion, which coffee sometimes causes, are costlier than they were then.  
Meat has gone up scandalously—in fact, 50 per cent in three years. Oh, very well. Vegetables and canned goods are about as cheap as ever, and the logic of the household expense account is making more vegetarians than appeals to sentiment ever did.  
The government figures show a higher price on the whole in 28 commodities that enter largely into the living of all the people. In 1907 the percentage over 1906 was 5.7 per cent, and 44.4 per cent higher than 1907, the year of lowest prices during the eighteen year period, and 29.5 per cent higher than the average for the ten years, 1890 to 1900.

well as the scarcity of cattle, are given by the packers as being responsible for the rise in prices in the last ten years.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**BRAIN THE SOURCE OF YOUTH.**  
Maintain Its Activity and Preserve Suppleness of the Body.  
Vital as is the physical side of conserving youth, however, its true fountain is in our brain, says Scribner's Magazine. If we maintain activity of the cells it quickens the circulation of the blood, the vital organs, gives light to the eyes, preserves the suppleness of the body, removes to a distance illness, age, death itself.  
Remember the lesson of the bicycle; how the laboring man and the busy housekeeper, ready to drop from the day's work, would go for a spin and return, after an hour's exercise of those same weary leg muscles, rested. Body ache is often nothing but brain rust.  
"He looks much older than he is," said Von Moltke of a fellow-officer; "he has used his body more than his mind." Age was to the French women of the salons no excuse for dullness. To the very last one must be pointed, animated, alert. Because an age has come when ordinarily the crust of custom begins to encase our free spirits is exactly the reason for keeping them elastic.  
One of the most remarkable things in the career of Dr. Richard Storrs was that by far the greatest portion of that career was after he had passed the age of 50. The duke of Marlborough began his career as a great commander in 1702, when he was 52 years old. Lord Lyndhurst on the eve of his 80th birthday made a brilliant speech in parliament. Sophocles wrote his masterpiece at 50. Goethe finished "Faust" in his 82d year. Albert began Greek at 47, and at 54 mastered it. Mrs. Plozzi preserved her fine faculties, imagination and unexampled vivacity to the end. On her 80th birthday she gave a great ball, concert and supper in the public rooms at Bath to over 200 persons and opened the ball herself.  
Our Lady Gray painted beautifully though she only began to be an artist when she was quite an old woman. She always went out sketching with thirty-nine articles, which one servant carried over at the door, another murmuring "Here" for each article, to make sure that nothing should be left behind.

**Frankness.**  
"Frankness," said Speaker Cannon, "is an attribute greatly to be admired. Frankness I ever knew was a chap out in Illinois who served several terms in the Legislature. Then he came home and built himself a fine house. It was a beauty and cost a power of money."  
"Nice house you've got there," said a visitor in the town where the legislator lived.  
"Yes," he replied, "it's a nice house."  
"Where did you get the money?"  
"Down at Springfield, of course," the legislator replied. "I tell you, my friend, there is a heap of yeas and nays in that house!"

**Sprinters All.**  
Pastor—And what may I inquire, is your walk in life?  
Brisks Newcomer—Obsolete expression, my dear sir. There are no walks in life nowadays; everybody has to run like mad or get left.—Boston Transcript

## The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River

Congress, at its last session, was asked to appropriate money for a monument to John Wesley Powell, to be erected somewhere on the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which he was the first white man to explore. His achievement differed from those of other explorers in that they followed routes or trails more or less known to the aborigines, while his way was through a chasm so tremendous, so appalling in its vastness, so filled with hidden perils that even the natives feared and shunned it. Until after Powell and his companions passed through the terrific depths of the Grand Canyon what the world had known of it was mostly based upon mythical tales told by the Indians, or some hunter or prospector. Stories were related of parties entering the gorge in boats, and being carried down with fearful velocity into whirlpools, where all were overwhelmed. Others told of under-

Grand Canyon it would appear hardly larger than a baby ribbon to a spectator on the rim. It is estimated that to obtain enough earth to fill the Grand Canyon it would be necessary to excavate 20,000 Panama canals.  
The Grand Canyon is like an inverted mountain range, 217 miles long, reaching a depth of 7,530 feet, with a series of depressions averaging 6,000 feet chiseled out of the earth by the erosion of ages. It is the generally accepted theory that this great chasm is solely the work of water—of the floods that come down from the mountains every spring and summer—but Mr. Ordovez, a distinguished Mexican geologist, who came here not long ago, made a suggestion which may not be entirely new but is worth mentioning. It is his idea that, while the earth was cooling, the soil and the rocks contracted and split a deep and wide fissure in the surface of the plateau, and that its sides have since been worn down and polished by



GRAND CANYON FROM SCENIC DIVIDE.

ground passages of the madly rushing river, into which boats had been carried, never to reappear. It was currently believed that the river was lost under the rocks for several hundred miles, and that any attempt to ride its surface meant certain death. There were stories of great canyons, from which the roaring music of the waters could be heard on the summits of distant mountains, and there were accounts of parties wandering on the brink of the canyon, vainly endeavoring to reach the waters below, and finally dying from thirst within sight and hearing of the river, which seemed to mock their distress. The mysteries of the canyon were woven into the mouths of the religion of the Indians.

the action of the water. That seems reasonable.

**MYSTERY OF LOST MEMORY.**  
Not an Uncommon Occurrence for Persons to Forget Names.  
A young Parisian actress who had for weeks held the title role in a popular play, recently, it is said, while on the stage, suddenly afflicted with forgetfulness and was utterly unable to repeat the lines of the last act, though she had successfully passed through the three preceding ones, says the Indianapolis Star.  
It is not an uncommon happening with stage people, lecturers and others, and seems more likely to occur when the matter memorized has been so often repeated that forgetfulness would appear impossible while intelligence remained.

The same thing happens in a less marked and conspicuous way to a great number of people, its most common manifestation being forgetfulness of proper names. A name ordinarily familiar and just about to be spoken will vanish from the mind at the instant and be to the one about to utter it as if it had never been. His consciousness grasps at it in vain, and, as it were, beats against a blank wall. It is always a disagreeable experience, this momentary failure of the memory, and sometimes extremely embarrassing. Often it happens when the victim is

eighteen or twenty miles to the top the climb is comparatively easy. It follows a stream of clear, pure cold water which comes tumbling down a narrow canyon on the western side, and Major Powell during his first memorable exploration of the canyon called it the Bright Angel River because it was such a grateful discovery.  
People are beginning to find their way to the Grand Canyon. Last year, which was the first since the railroad was opened, about 12,000 people came. This year, if the present average keeps up, there will be from 20,000 to 25,000 visitors, and every one who comes goes home a walking advertisement for the place. There is nothing to compare with it anywhere in the world. It is impossible to exaggerate the grandeur, the sublimity, the impressiveness of the scenery; and its fascination cannot be accurately described. It is impossible for one man to express his emotions to another.

**General Restraint.**  
Judge—You'd better be careful or I shall commit you for contempt of court.  
The Lady—Don't be 'ard on me, yer worship. I'm a-doin' my best ter conceal me feelings.—The Sketch.  
Not to Be Expected.  
"Have you any idea how many pounds the shipments of tea received in this country in a year would total?"  
"Of course not. I'm not a tea-totaler."—Kansas City Times.



VIEW OF THE RIVER FROM ANGEL PLATEAU.