

The thing that makes a man great is the admiration of men who aren't.

What right has a candidate for office to kiss a sweet, innocent baby?

Somebody has invented a machine that wraps up money. Most people prefer to do it by hand.

As soon as a man gets \$10,000 he begins to fear that somebody is trying to stir up class hatred.

The Kaiser has invented a new emergency brake. At the first good opportunity it will be applied to France.

It beats all how the tips of women's hats is increasing, and the contents of the men's pockets are decreasing.

Though in some instances the glory of woman may be her hair, it does not in most cases stack up to that of her hat.

"No woman who wears a 'rat' shall become my wife," says an Ohio college professor. Rough on rats, for sure.

There are times when Turkey seems to have more troubles than there are pigeons in the Sultan's roll-top desk.

Evidently the person who remarked that history repeats itself had inside information. Earnings are in style again.

Let it be said to the everlasting credit of the English suffragettes that they have not attempted to win by making use of the batpin as a weapon.

Perhaps the only thing that can be said in favor of the present style of balloon racing is that when the aeronaut drops into the sea he gets a new variety of thrill.

A woman who is unmarried won first choice in the Roosevelt land drawing. It should be unnecessary for her to go single much longer. Her drawing is said to be very valuable.

Misses expects the flying machine to be so well developed within five years that it will be possible to fly across the Atlantic Ocean in eighteen hours. Edison has for a long time been one of our most enthusiastic expecters.

A helpless babe born in St. Louis bears the name of Marie Helen Ahrensberg, which, however, lacks a great deal of being the record of Chicago, the home of the renowned James J. Pappathodorokommountourgeopolous.

In a recent address to the people of Serbia Crown Prince George said: "I hope that in a few days we shall be able to give our lives for the king and the fatherland." The crown prince should take something for his liver and try to get over his pessimism.

The dictionary is never allowed a long rest. The new word is "dactyloscopy," and means the method employed at police headquarters of identifying criminals by their finger prints. No doubt some poor fellow, hearing this strange sound for the first time, will think it is the offense he is charged with.

The government is going to lay a molasses road in Massachusetts. That is it will prepare a road for macadam roads the basis of which will be the residue of sugar-cane manufacture, a by-product for which there is at present no known use. But isn't there some longer that the small boys and girls will carry off the road for all-day suckers or some other terrible things?

There is a national righteousness, a national desire for cleanliness in public life and standards of politics, that must depend to some extent on education of some sort. And the college which teaches patriotic duty, patriotic obligation, the responsibility of the individual to his training and his privileges need never fear that its sphere of usefulness will end in this country. The world has a right to expect of the college-trained man a high ideal of life, speech and action; and the college which lives up to that expectation is doing work which all can praise.

The New York newspapers recently noted with genuine enthusiasm the reopening of a restaurant which was formerly a landmark in a remote and unfashionable quarter. The proprietor of the shop closed it and retired a year ago, having made a fortune; but idleness proved irksome, and the appeal of his old patrons finally drew him back to provide them with corned beef and cabbage. The reader, who has doubtless learned how unsavory a dish this combination sometimes makes, will hesitate to accept this statement literally. Yet it is true. It was the corned beef and cabbage served in the house that attracted the gourmets of the metropolitan and won the cordial approval of epicures from abroad. Of its kind, they could find nothing better; and men who have tested the masterpieces of the chefs are the first to admit that simpler viands are, when at their best, quite good enough for anybody. As such authorities tell it, the story of the old corned-beef-and-cabbage shop sounds like a chapter from "Self-Help." It begins with a long list of handicaps—mean location, lack of capital, a clientele which seemed without influence to attract a better or a larger patronage. Yet the success of the place need cause no surprise, for the story of many another success begins in precisely the same way. The happy end of the tale has been accounted for by Emerson. If a man does something superior, said the philosopher, he cannot so hide himself that the world will not beat a path to his door. There should be comfort for common folk in the thought that a

very common thing—corned beef and cabbage, even—may be made a superior thing.

Man is the only creature on the earth that gives evidence of progress in physical perfection and intellectual achievement. Fossilists occasionally tell us that man is deteriorating morally, but enlightened communities fail to substantiate their utterances. If contrasted with the dark ages man has made marvelous progress in education, personal liberty and consideration for the natural rights of man. The evolution of society from barbarism to modern civilization has not uplifted all the members of a community to a high sense of moral equity. There are periods of outbreaks of crime which startle a community, but the criminals are regarded with abhorrence and punished for their offenses. Laws are enacted to hold in subjection the criminal classes, and contemplation of those laws proves the progress of man in defending the right. Learned judges preside over tribunals of justice to protect every member of the community in his natural and inalienable right to life, property, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That man is degenerating is contradicted by every circumstance of life. So far from deteriorating, man is constantly growing stronger physically and in the moral attributes of society. Men are no longer burned at the stake for an opinion or banished from a community because they neglect to kneel to popular idols. Man is less bigoted, less channish and more humane and charitable than a century ago. While the world has not reached the elysian of universal honesty it has progressed so far that general honesty shines on the horizon. Man has progressed in estimating the value of human life. Man has advanced in physical perfection and longevity. The twentieth century is as far in advance of the medieval age as the dark age was superior to the cave dwellers. The epidemic of plagues that decimated populous cities no longer afflict society, as science has discovered the germs of pestilence and formulated a toxin to cure it. Only one bitten by rabid animals now dies out of seven hundred, where formerly 90 per cent of the victims died. Man progresses in the knowledge of life and the sanitary conditions to conserve it. Far from retrograding, man is advancing and continually evolving higher types of life. Never were gifts of charity so great or the work of philanthropy so broad in the building of hospitals, endowment of schools, construction of homes for orphans, incurables and indigent aged as characterize the present age and emphasize the progress of man in those attributes that make for the general welfare of society.

disappear beneath encroaching waves of civilization, which long spare nothing pitilessly. Cables from far off Addis Ababa, Menelik's capital, bring news that he has formed a cabinet and published the appointment of ministers of war, finance, justice, foreign affairs, and commerce.

And this change has come not from the pressure of any party or faction within his kingdom, for such do not exist; but out of the fount of his own wisdom—a wisdom so sound as to prove him a most worthy descendant of the sage Hebrew King Menelik claims as ancestor,—if indeed more proofs were necessary than the statesmanlike way in which he has dealt with jealous diplomats, and the martial skill with which, at Adua in '96, he defeated the flower of the Italian army and won from Italy an honorable truce.

Whether or not the claim of Menelik that he is lineally descended from a son supposed to have been born to the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon of old is true, and there is no real reason to doubt it, it is certain that in race type Abyssinians plainly resemble the sons of Israel, crossed and modified with Coptic, Hamite and Ethiopian blood, and to this day cling closely as the most orthodox Hebrew to some of the dearest Israelitish tenets, notably in their antipathy to pork and to other meat not bled before dead, to observance of the Sabbath and the rite of circumcision. And this notwithstanding that the Abyssinians have been Christians since the fourth century of this era, when, only eight years after the great Constantine decreed the recognition of Christianity by the state, a proselyting monk came among them with faith so strong, heart so pure, and eloquence so irresistible, that single handed he accomplished the conversion of the Abyssinian race.

Old Fashioned Breakfast. How dear to my heart is that scene of my childhood Which food recollection recalls to view; The daisy-curd breakfast with its lavishly piled food, Delectable fare my young appetite knew. The thick, juicy beefsteak, the omelette by it, The crisp, fried potatoes, seductively brown, The rampart of toast with the marmalade high it— Ambrosial breakfast, where now thy remains? The old-fashioned breakfast, our forefathers' breakfast, The long-ago breakfast of vanished renown. These rich-tinted waffles, how toothsome and tender, Their dimpled delights on those mornings of yore; How oft to their delicate charms I'd surrender, How sweet the libation I'd over them pour, How calm the content that would softly enfold me, As each melting mouthful slipped lusciously down, And how I'd have sorrowed had any one told me That opulent breakfast would lose its renown. The old-fashioned breakfast, our forefathers' breakfast, The long-ago breakfast of vanished renown.

How bleak is this modern repast of the morning, It differs far from the feast of my dream, That succulent fern the bare table adorning, I yearn to devour with sugar and cream. I'm weary of hay, predigested and shredded, On health-giving savdust I look with a frown, The pangs of dyspepsia are less to be dreaded— Oh, bring back the breakfast of ancient renown; The old-fashioned breakfast, the dear, dainty breakfast, The long-ago breakfast of vanished renown.

But is there no hope? Must I ever continue On flakes of dried science to nourish my brain? While "vigor" and "force" feed my muscle and sinew, My poor, patient palate petitions in vain. Dear me of my youth, with what rapture I'd hail thee, Could I but before thy abundance sit down! With keenest enjoyment I'd haste to assuage thee, Thou memorial breakfast of blessed recollection, The old-fashioned breakfast, our forefathers' breakfast, The long-ago breakfast of vanished renown.

A woman gets more enjoyment out of a good cry than a man does out of a hearty laugh.

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A Norwegian factory receives power for six turbines from water that falls 3,287 feet through a tunnel from a lake seven miles away.

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MENELIK II AND HIS PEOPLE.

Mighty Monarch of Abyssinia Who Welcomes Civilization.

Few mightier monarchs than Menelik II of Abyssinia ever surveyed the destiny of a people. Throughout the vast territory of the Abyssinian highlands his individual will is law to some millions of subjects, laws also to hordes of savage Mohammedan and pagan tribesmen without the confines of his kingdom. His court includes no counselors. Alone throughout the long years of his reign Menelik has dealt with all domestic and foreign affairs of state.

But now this last splendid survival of the feudal absolutism exercised and enjoyed by medieval rulers is about to



KING MENELIK II.

disappear beneath encroaching waves of civilization, which long spare nothing pitilessly. Cables from far off Addis Ababa, Menelik's capital, bring news that he has formed a cabinet and published the appointment of ministers of war, finance, justice, foreign affairs, and commerce.

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"CHIEF'S" STEPMOTHER.

He Liked Her Even After He Thought He Wouldn't.

"Chie" had never been a bad boy, and there was no reason outside of the story books why he should begin now, just because a sweet-natured woman had come to mother him and his two little sisters; but Chie could not see it in that way. He knew about stepmothers, how they told tales in whispers, and poisoned the hearts of kind fathers against their own children, so he decided to have his fling.

The first thing he did was to go down to Jim Harding's one evening after dinner and stay until 11 o'clock. That was as far as he really planned. It was no fault of his that the cable broke and that he finally reached home at 1 o'clock of a cold winter morning, to discover that the latch key with which his father had entrusted him a few days before had disappeared from his pocket.

Here was trouble. The house was dark and silent, and Chie knew that his father, called from his slumbers at that hour to admit a 12-year-old son, would need no stepmother's prompting, but would be quite capable of acting for himself. With this in mind, instead of ringing, he discreetly prowled round the house in search of a basement window that he could force. He found one at last, opening over the coal bin; but the door leading up-stairs was securely barred, and at 2 o'clock in the morning a dejected boy lay down on the cement floor, with feet propped against the furnace, and fell sadly asleep, to dream of the things an irate father, egged on by a stepmother, would do to him in the morning.

The next minute it was daylight, and a pleasant voice close to him was saying: "O James, look! On that cold floor all night! He must have forgotten the key. I saw it on his dressing table when I went in this morning. And we closed the house so early! He did it for me, James, I know he did. You spoke at dinner about my headache, and he wouldn't disturb me by ringing; but I couldn't have slept a wink if I had dreamed he was down here. He's waking up, James."

"There, son, there!" said Chie's father, with unheeded gentleness, as he helped the astonished boy to his feet. "Pretty hard bed, wasn't it? You might have rung, my boy, but I'm proud of you for being so thoughtful. Wash up now and come to breakfast."

With that he started up-stairs, but Chie, still blinking, stood and stared at his stepmother. Could it be—was she really so innocent, or— "To think Chie," she was saying, softly—and there was a look on her face that made him remember his own mother—"I was afraid you didn't like me!" "Pooh!" he answered, with a sudden big lump in his throat. "I guess I do!" —Youth's Companion.

Hardships of the Very Poor. Little Marion, having few real playmates, has supplied herself with several imaginary ones, with whom she has many surprising experiences. Her mother recently overheard her playing with her large family of dolls and entertaining a visionary caller. "Yes, Mrs. Smith," she said, heaving a deep sigh, "we are poor, terribly poor. We are so poor that I have to spank my babies to keep them warm." —Woman's Home Companion.

Soon Available. Scene—Matrimonial agency. Manager and gentleman applicant. Mat. Agent—You want a wife? Customer—Yes, sir. Mat. Agent—Blonde or brunette? Customer—I am not particular. I insist on but one thing—she must be a divorced woman. Mat. Agent—Sorry, sir. I have none on hand, but if you can wait a few months ago, when he had quarreled, irrevocably quarreled, with Kathleen Steele. He had not seen her since—dear, fluffy little person that she was, with big blue eyes which he used to think foolish before they learned to sparkle for him. She, conquered as all his captives were more by the intense sympathy which he exhaled than by any physical or facial charm, had promised to marry him as soon as he could save enough to furnish the little house and studio somewhere near Regent's Park. And now he was here in this big, proper, many-hand-maidened suburban villa, engaged to Adela—Adela Wint, to whom he had come for consolation in that trouble, just as he had come to her for consolation ever since he put on his first dress-coat. And he realized that he wasn't happy at all—and half a hundred other things besides.

"Tell me," said Adela, "tell me you love me, Dick!" "You know I love you, dear," he said, knowing that he lied. "Why do you ask?" he went on. "I wondered," she explained. "I just wondered whether it wasn't the need for sympathy that made you ask me to marry you! And that you thought you were in love with me because we were beautifully in tune together and because I was able to console you!" She was right; as always, so wonderfully right. They had been, as she put it, so beautifully in tune together, and he had got carried away by his confounded temperament and the necessity for putting an artistic finish to the episode.

For the moment he paused in conflict with himself. Honor and honesty warred with indecision and weakness. Then honor and honesty lost the day, betrayed by the too-noticeable absence of chin which spoiled his face. "There's no one quite like you, Adela!" he truthfully assured her. "No one who understands as you understand!" "Ah!" she happily smiled. "But I, you see, have made a life-long study of you! And if I didn't understand, who in the world should?" The picture of Kathleen flashed across his mind; Kathleen in a blue frock which matched her eyes, Kathleen with the blush rose cheeks and laughing lips that challenged and provoked his frequent kiss. Not even Kathleen understood as Adela did, but then—well, Kathleen was just everything that Adela could never be! But he put the picture out of sight,

turned his face, as it were, to the wall. "Have you, then, made an exhaustive study of your servant?" he questioned, searching her heart with feigned humility. "Always! Always!" she answered. The sincerity, the look, the self-abandon that underlay every word which she spoke killed the last germ of compunction in him. To-day was to-day; to-day with its great moments, such as he loved. They should live the present hour, at any rate. To-morrow he would write what he could not bring himself to speak.

So for the next half-hour he made love to her out of the ripe fullness of his own experience. And his philosophy was as the Spaniard's. To-morrow, to-morrow, always to-morrow—which means the completest plucking of to-day. Then he met Kathleen Steele at a dinner party. Kathleen was there, not fortuitously, but by design. For she had found out how much she cared for him, and incapable of hiding her emotions, had worn her heart quite openly upon her sleeve. So people were trying to bring them together again, and the dinner party was a ballon d'essai.

As he went into the drawing room she was the first person who caught his eye. His heart hammered at his ribs and a swift desire to take her, then and there, in his arms came upon him. He shook hands with his hostess in a dream, looking over her shoulder to where Kathleen sat with half-averted head; and, the barest civilities exchanged, he walked straight across to where she sat. She was talking to another man—but that didn't matter to him. "Kathleen!" he said. She put out her hand. He took it with a new surprise at its comparative limpness, which he never remembered having noticed before. "How I've do, Dick!" she began with ill-acted coldness. "It's ages since I've seen you!" Somehow her voice jarred upon him. There was a curious quality in it—but what that quality was he couldn't quite detect. He took an oblong piece of cardboard from his pocket and showed it to her. "I'm to take you in to dinner!" he told her. "Really?" she asked with brows delightfully arched. "Really?" Her surprise was so obviously spurious that it gave him the key to the whole situation. And a certain dull resentment against his hostess—and even against Kathleen herself—came into his heart.

So it was all a put-up job, was it, he thought. A reconciliation over the soup and declaration of eternal affection after dessert. He would see himself somewhere first. If they came together again they should come together in his own way and not at the time and place dictated by well-meaning friends! Then they went down to dinner. And, though she was as beautiful as ever, she failed, in some intangible, elusive, indefinable way, wholly to please his critical eye. But how she failed he was utterly at a loss to discover. Then, hating Kathleen's voice, he tried to lose himself in the contemplation of her beauty, to watch the pleasant lights in her blue eyes, eyes which were, it seemed, always gay. They were too gay, he thought. Adela's eyes could be gay; but then he loved their sadness best. But, of course, though in a way he was very fond of Adela, he could never love her as he had loved—and could still love Kathleen. Still at 10 o'clock next day he went to see Adela. She saw him come up the short drive as she sat writing letters at the study

PROVIDING HOT MEALS IN TIME OF WAR.



MOVABLE KITCHEN OF THE GERMAN ARMY. The statement that an army marches on its stomach is recognized by the German military authorities as containing much truth, and thus have come into being the portable field kitchens of the type illustrated. Meals can be cooked in these kitchens while the kitchens themselves are being driven from place to place at full speed and each kitchen can provide three hot meals a day for 300 men. The contrivance was tested during the recent maneuvers with much success, and was inspected by the Kaiser, who tasted some of the food cooked in it and pronounced it excellent.—London Illustrated News.

OCTOBER. Beneath the tender autumn sky Silent the hills and woodways lie. Half folded in their robes of mist; And o'er the mass of turning green, Beyond the hyaline, serene The clouds in tint of amethyst. The crickets sing about our feet, And there's a gleam of winter wheat. Far down the hill, in mellow beams; In fields, and dells, and sleepy woods A very heaven of stillness broods— Till life seems on a sea of dreams. —Woman's Home Companion.

The One and Only

"Are you quite sure?" asked Adela. "Absolutely sure!" answered Dick. He leaned over the back of the chair in which she sat, and let his long thin hands frame her face, with the fingers locked beneath her chin. "Absolutely sure!" he repeated. His tone convinced himself, but left Adela a little doubtful still. The careless, almost furtive, kiss with which he had brushed her lips a moment ago, was not the kiss of which she had dreamed—had dreamed through times of tens and twenties up to and beyond her last, her thirtieth birthday. For he was, and always had been the only man for her; though she, for him, had remained just one of the many women to whom, under various disguises, discreet, restrained, but always artistic, love could, at pleasant intervals, be made.

"And are you happy, dear?" she wondered. "Of course!" he fervently told her, without pausing to analyze his emotions. And his hands caressed the brown smoothness of her hair. Then, in the quiet half-light of the February evening, his thoughts ran away with him and gave the silent lie to his words. They carried him back to the dance at the concert hall three months ago, when he had quarreled, irrevocably quarreled, with Kathleen Steele. He had not seen her since—dear, fluffy little person that she was, with big blue eyes which he used to think foolish before they learned to sparkle for him. She, conquered as all his captives were more by the intense sympathy which he exhaled than by any physical or facial charm, had promised to marry him as soon as he could save enough to furnish the little house and studio somewhere near Regent's Park. And now he was here in this big, proper, many-hand-maidened suburban villa, engaged to Adela—Adela Wint, to whom he had come for consolation in that trouble, just as he had come to her for consolation ever since he put on his first dress-coat. And he realized that he wasn't happy at all—and half a hundred other things besides.

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turned his face, as it were, to the wall. "Have you, then, made an exhaustive study of your servant?" he questioned, searching her heart with feigned humility. "Always! Always!" she answered. The sincerity, the look, the self-abandon that underlay every word which she spoke killed the last germ of compunction in him. To-day was to-day; to-day with its great moments, such as he loved. They should live the present hour, at any rate. To-morrow he would write what he could not bring himself to speak.

So for the next half-hour he made love to her out of the ripe fullness of his own experience. And his philosophy was as the Spaniard's. To-morrow, to-morrow, always to-morrow—which means the completest plucking of to-day. Then he met Kathleen Steele at a dinner party. Kathleen was there, not fortuitously, but by design. For she had found out how much she cared for him, and incapable of hiding her emotions, had worn her heart quite openly upon her sleeve. So people were trying to bring them together again, and the dinner party was a ballon d'essai.

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