

The man who is found out never has a good opinion of detectives.

Mary Garden says there is no morality in clothes. And very little economy, she might have added.

A man's hat will almost always do for another year; but a woman's will not do for another minute.

Kingdon Gould is director of a railroad at 22. This ought to allow him to retire from business at the advanced age of 30.

A St. Louis man wants a divorce because his wife forced him to eat pie with a fork. Who says a woman cannot be cruel?

One prophet predicts the end of the world for July 10. But this should not interfere with arrangements for a safe and sane Fourth.

There is to be an increase of a cent a package in the price of cigarettes. This is almost sure to produce another wave of pessimism.

The Sultan of Turkey having lost one of his many wives, the mathematical sharps are trying to figure out just how much of a widower he is.

Perhaps the inventor of that new won't-tip-over airship has been studying the principle on which the humble house cat always lands right side up.

Scientists are now measuring the "horse-power" of the human body. It may soon happen that the old phrase "strong as a horse" will no longer be allowable.

Instead of tramping a child under his horse's hoofs King Alfonso actually made his steed avoid it. Hence he is hailed as the most wonderful person that Spain ever heard of.

When the German Emperor uses the telephone, he opens the conversation with "I command"—except when he phones the Imperial harem, that he is bringing home two friends to dinner.

Caruso the tenor is greatly worried because a fortune teller has informed him that he will lose his voice. She must have been an amateur fortune teller. It is the mission of experienced fortune tellers to make only encouraging predictions.

"The following sentence," says a letter to the New York Sun, "includes every letter of the alphabet, with only 'a', 'o', and 'u' repeated: 'A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.' Which is quite true, except that the 'e' and 'r' are repeated also."

Cougars, coyotes and bears are terrorizing the inhabitants of the Fourteenth Ward in Seattle, but this will not cause any surprise to Europeans who believe lion continue to roam the streets of Buffalo and that Chicago is a frontier settlement where the men wear leather breeches and carry lion's knives.

Arrangements are making in Moscow, with the consent of the government, to publish a complete edition of the writings of Tolstol. This is one of the results of the Russian revolution that began a few years ago and is still in progress. Time was when much that Tolstol wrote was not allowed to circulate in his native country.

Little incidents crop out now and then which make one smile at the old idea of the mental incapacity of women. In one New England college, the students attained scholastic rank in scholarship to win the Phi Beta Kappa key, and nine of them were young women. The dean said that the rank of the men in the class was perfectly satisfactory, but, as one of the students put it, "The sharks for study were all among the girls."

The necessity for a reorganization of the medical corps of the army has been the subject of discussion for some time, and many reforms have been suggested by those most competent to advise. Too little attention has been accorded, while peace reigns, to this less picturesque but equally vital part of the nation's soldiery. In the ordinary duties of the army there is nothing to make manifest the requirements for a thoroughly trained and supplied medical department. But let active hostilities begin and the army be ill prepared to tend the sick and wounded, and we should then see wherein we had failed to perfect the medical service.

A busy clergyman declared recently that the way he got through his work was by violating most of the precepts he had been taught in boyhood, foremost among them, "If you want anything done, do it yourself." The housekeeper may take a leaf from his book. For example, the task which she turns over to her daughter lightens her own hands and trains those of the little maiden. The most fatal pretext for "mother" to observe is, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well"—that is, if "well" is interpreted to mean "as well as you can do it." Here is a place for her to use that judgment which comes so high in the markets of the world and is too often held so cheap in the home. "As well as possible" is none too well when the task is making an apple pie or boiling a potato; but the woman who dusts her house from attic to cellar every day as well as she can do it lacks a sense of proportion. So does she who darns a pair of twenty-five-cent stockings a half-hour a week for three months. "A penny saved is a penny earned" is another dangerous maxim, unless it is administered with discretion. Cheap milk may involve large doctor's bills. Cheap eggs may mean an unstable pudding. A low wage in the kitchen may carry with it waste far beyond its saving. Women are

learning that being a woman demands some knowledge of almost every subject of modern economic inquiry, and that it is no longer possible to trust all the useful precepts of the past to solve the problems of the present.

"All this talk," said the old-fashioned gentleman, "of setting forward the date of the President's inauguration to April 20 seems out of place to me. The interval between the popular election and inauguration is long enough now. Why do some people want the date changed? To insure better weather to afford an opportunity for display and to give everybody concerned a 'working' time. 'But the inauguration of a chief magistrate should be a high and solemn ceremonial and not an occasion for extravagant display. Whether it should be a time for general rejoicing depends. Rejoicing is not a compliment to the outgoing President. The incoming President is to be tried. He faces sobering responsibilities, and the people with him face perplexing uncertainties. All this would seem to mark the day as a day for fasting and prayer rather than for dancing and jubilation.' These may be old-fashioned notions, but are they so far astray? For the heavy duties that lie before the new President it would seem that a solemn scene in the Senate chamber, before the high dignitaries of the nation, and then quiet for introspection, would be a better preparation than a ball and the fanfare of the mob. There will be plenty of time during the four years for the people who are exclusively inclined to visit Washington and engage in the social whirl. Instead of going to all the trouble to alter the date, in the hope of thereby propitiating the weather, why not make the inauguration a quiet and befitting ceremony, and arrange a grand 'blow-out' if such needs be, for a later date?"

METHODICAL BURGLARS.

There had been a number of burglaries in a certain suburban neighborhood, and the conversation at a small whirl party turned naturally enough on burglars in general and their local performances in particular. Everybody had expressed an opinion except a quiet, elderly gentleman, who was apparently more interested in his cards than in criminology. But he was not to be left out so easily.

"Doesn't it make you nervous," somebody asked him, "to think that every night when you go to bed that you may be burglarized before morning?"

"Oh, we don't mind them," said the elderly gentleman, cheerfully, with a glance across the room at his wife. "We're too well used to them, aren't we, Mary?"

"John," said his wife, warningly, "don't be silly."

"Silly!" echoed he, and turned to the others. "Now that's her modesty. Those burglars have been trying to go through our house every night for two weeks. Always get in through the dining-room window, too. But Mary hears them. Yes, sir, no sooner do they get through the window than Mary hears 'em and wakes me up. Fortunately for us, Mary is a very light sleeper."

"But it must be awful to wake up like that!" exclaimed one of the listeners.

"Rather disturbing the first night," continued the speaker. "But not so bad after one gets used to it. All I have to do, you know, is to get up and lock the bedroom door, and then the burglars go right back out of the dining-room window."

"Very methodical they are, too," added the elderly gentleman, thoughtfully, "for they always lock the window after them."

COOKING AT SEA.

Kitchen and Provision Rooms of a Modern Steamship.

With a population of more than 4,000 to be cooked for and fed, three, four and five times a day for a week, and with no butcher, bakery and grocery "around the corner," the culinary arrangements of a modern steamship must, of necessity, be most complete. Great cold storage rooms for perishable provisions must be provided as well as the appliances for cooking and preparing the raw material. The kitchen and provision rooms of the George Washington, the newest steamship of the North German Lloyd and the largest German vessel afloat, which will arrive in New York June 20, are of enormous dimensions. The kitchens of the first and second cabins are near the dining rooms of their respective classes. In them are great steaming, stocks pots, ranges, steam tables, and all modern machinery which can in any way aid the chefs in their work.

Many of these devices, such as egg beaters, potato parers, mincing machines, automatic egg boilers, coffee mills and dishwashing machines are worked by electricity.

In addition to the kitchens there are on board icehouses for meats, bakeries, a confectionery room and well-lit rooms. In all, the kitchen and provision rooms occupy a space of 47,000 cubic feet.

The cold storage and provision rooms are so arranged that their contents may be readily sent into the kitchens by electrically operated dumb waiters.

The greatest attention was given every detail of the provisioning and kitchen accommodations in order that the great number of passengers and crew might be properly and promptly fed.

Getting Next.

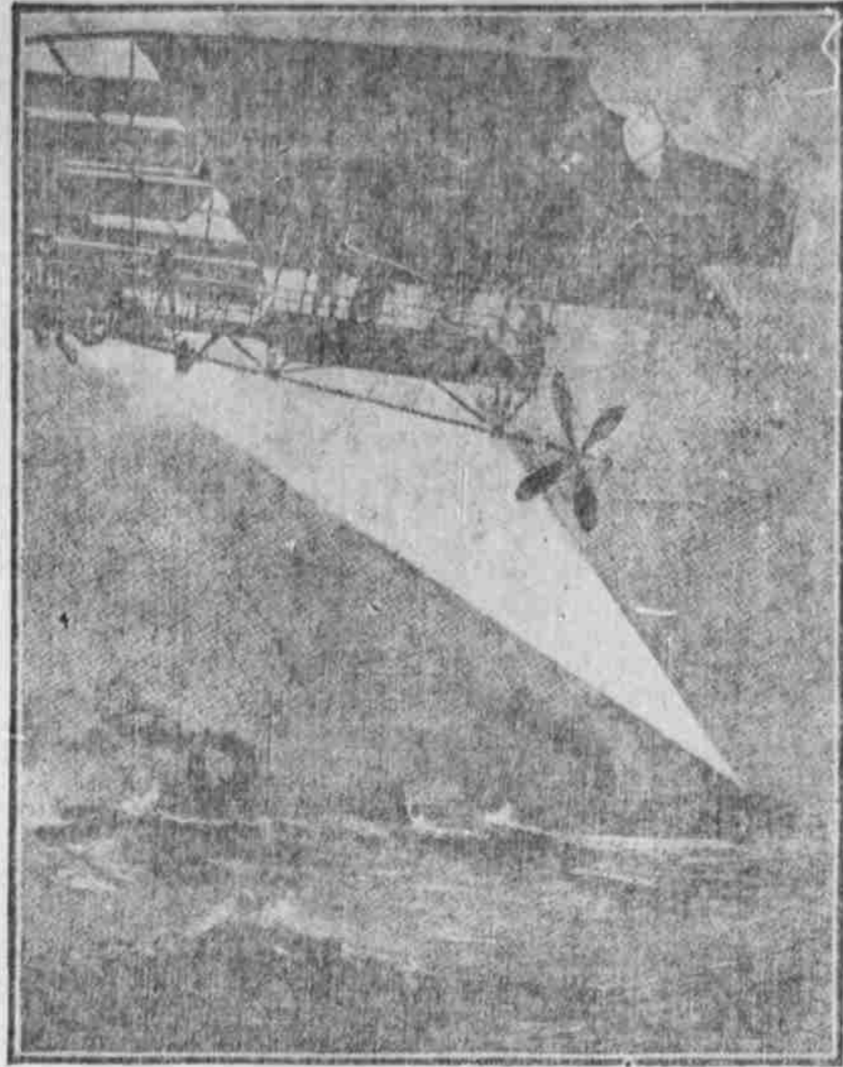
"What's the matter? Has your husband ceased to love you?"

"No—no, but he's ceased to be wared, when I have hysterics."—Cleveland Leader.

A girl with a lot of fellows hanging around her is the most worthless person on earth; both to herself and family.

No sailor expects to have much of a pull unless he knows the ropes.

MEHACE OF THE AIRSHIP.



LATEST ENEMY THAT WARSHIPS MUST FACE.

England is having all sorts of military scares. After having the possibility of an invasion by sea held before the people by their soldier idol, Lord Roberts, and others, with an inadequate home force to defend the land, comes the menace of the airship which may destroy their mighty warships, and this is giving inhabitants of the "tight little island" another fit of fear.

The airship is a factor to be reckoned with at any modern naval conference, says a writer in the Sphere, for since the exploits of Wright and Farman the idea of aerial navies "grappling in the blue" seems to be in a fair way of realization. Before very long it is possible that in time of war the lookout on board a man-of-war will not only have to "keep their eyes skinned" for the first glimpse of a torpedo boat or the dimly visible periscope of a submarine, but will also have to direct their attention to the sky above, into which at any moment a hostile aeroplane might sweep up from the horizon, prepared to drop her deadly cargo of high-explosive bombs upon the leviathan of the sea. Possibly at night special men chosen for their acuteness of hearing might be placed aloft at the mastsheads as far as practicable from the noise of the sea and engines to listen for the first whirr and rattle of an approaching airship's motors and propellers. Light guns so mounted as to be fired almost vertically and provided with specially-designed projectiles will doubtless form a part of the warship's equipment, and with their muzzles trained aloft and their crews sleeping beside them will be ready to boltch fire and destruction at the hovering aeroplane, whether seen coming up by daylight or suddenly discovered by the sweeping beams of the searchlights. And it is by no means certain that the battleship would offer second best. She is built to take punishment—which the aeroplane is not—and though she may be badly damaged she may still bring down her opponent flaming and heading into the sea.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

What most women think they know; That men are crazy over widows. She'll laugh gaily with you about those new ebullient or punch-bucket hats but she'll stogie you for the price of one of them, all the same.

The modern woman's idea of an "allowance" for herself is this: All that is left of the roll after the rent and household expenses have been paid.

No woman ever becomes so outlandishly fat that she doesn't imagine that her husband takes estatic delight in having her plump herself into his lap.

Some women have a sufficient sense of humor to chortle inwardly when their lovers or husbands—anonymous terms in this case—place them on pedestals.

A woman imagines that she's the dainty little homemaker all right, all right, when she buys her husband a new green velvet Morris chair on the installment plan.

The reason why she reads aloud to you the list of the wealthy bride's lingerie trousseau is to show you what a tightwad you are for not getting her the same kind of stuff.

Every woman ought to know that there are plenty of husbands—not necessarily pigs, either—who distinctly dislike to hear their wives tell off-color stories, even if they don't say so.

"Trial marriages," that new time-will-it matrimonial scheme, sounds all right, but the idea is lacking in novelty. Anybody who has tried it knows that the average marriage is a trial.

Often, when a woman fondly imagines that she is making a man her slave with her languishing glances and subtle flattery, his inner self is riotously, raucously laughing at her vain laughings.

When a man's little old carefully concealed dreams and illusions are all warped out of shape through constant contiguity to the selfishness and greed of his home, his wife calls him "cat-tou."

A married woman hates to think of getting to be 45 years old because she feels that at that age she'll look middle-aged, whereas her husband will be just a young fellow and still teeny in the game, looks and all.

The wife says to her women friends, "Land sakes alive, I'd hate to have a man tied to my apron strings," generally is the one who fights like a wildcat when her husband intimates that he'd like to carry a labecky.

When a woman's gray hairs can no longer be pushed underneath a comb over, or otherwise hidden, she says, nonchalantly: "Oh, I've been as gray as a badger ever since I was 19—a family trait, you know."

It makes no difference how artfully and resolutely she led you to the hymeneal altar, she is bound to twit it around, after a few years, to make it appear as if you had threatened to commit suicide if she rejected you.

Although most of the royal princesses of Europe are taught in their girlhood how to cook, many a \$15-a-week young fellow on this side marries an American princess whose knowledge of cooking is confined exclusively to fudge.

Man is such an unreasonable brute that he's bound to become a bit thoughtful when, upon arriving home

in the evening, he finds his wife (still wearing the crumpled kimono he saw her in at breakfast and her hair yet undone) huddled up on the couch "telling her fortune" with a dog's eared deck of cards.

BOXING FOR SCIENCE.

London Medical Students Demonstrate the Value of Oxygen.

Dr. Leonard Hill's lecture on "The Use of Oxygen" the other evening at the London Institution was made doubly interesting by the introduction of a real boxing bout, the object being to prove how valuable oxygen is in athletics.

The boxers were both from the London hospital and one was an expert with the gloves, the other a novice, says a New York correspondent. The first round, lasting two minutes, was fought by the latter without oxygen. The young medicals hit, dodged, feinted and hit again. The novice banged out right and left, but could not get through the expert's guard, while the latter got many blows home, so that he had his opponent panting when "time" was called.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

GOSSIP RESPONSIBLE FOR CHURCH SCANDALS.

By Rev. F. E. Hopkins.

It is doubtful if much harm is done by a church scandal. Those on the inside know that the men and women responsible for it are not of much account, anyhow. They are usually carbon-like in nature and skunks in practice. In the past thirty years I have known three or four church scandals, and, without an exception, it was not so much an offense that had been committed, but it was a disposition on the part of a few to roll inferences and suspicions and gossip and guesses all together with personal prejudice or dislike for a victim.

There need not be much scandal in any church, however, if it will do the one thing it ought to do to be worthy of the respect and support of the people. It ought to do as much for its members, at least, as for those who are not members.

What a spectacle for a church to fairly tumble over itself trying to tell some man who has been a drunkard, thief, liar and all-around villain all his life: "Get down on your knees, dear brother, and in five minutes we will make you white as snow and send you out at a hundred dollars a week as an evangelist to convert sinners." But to a man or woman who for thirty or forty years who has lived a blameless life, but who may have sinned once, it has only this to say: "We will pin the scarlet letter on your breast. We will wear our shoes out rumbling from one hedge to another to tell what we have heard you have done. We will demand that you surrender your license to preach. And we want you to get right out of the membership of this church. We wash our hands clear of you. We want nothing to do with you or any member of your family."

Now, I have not a particle of doubt that a church that will do that sort of thing is as near an annex of hell as the devil is delighted to have it.

DESTROYING FAITH IN MARRIAGE.

By Joseph Goff Lemen, Jr.

A statistician could produce some startling figures concerning the growing divorce evil in America with a pertinacious kind of snarl flung into happy homes by papers whose "home department" supposedly wholesome, is filled, like a leathome guster rag, with the disease germs of domestic discord.

Young wives, supremely happy in their love and trust, are sneered at by misanthropes and unbelievers in the very institution of matrimony, by people who floutingly violate its sacred creed. Wives are jested at because of the confidence they have in their husbands, and are intimated into belief that they are moral and physical slaves. Tender girls of recent wedding are told by these gloating iconoclasts that all men are evil, and are persuaded that every husband is

evil, wrathfully. "All the same, I should like to know," she added, with true feminine pertinacity, "what made you marry her?"

"Shall I tell you?" he asked, calmly. "Do, please?" entreated Winnie.

"She did," said the widower. "She did? What do you mean?"

"I mean that she made me marry her," explained the widower, patiently. "Your wife?" demanded Winnie, opening wide eyes of amazement upon him.

"Yes. She was a woman of the most extraordinary determination. She was very rich, too." He sighed. "Money is such a power," he added.

"Then," said Winnie, with an air of stern rebuke, "it was not a love match at all?"

"Well, perhaps not exactly what you would describe as a love match," he conceded; "although she pretended to be very devoted to me. I may add that she had a rather remarkable way of showing her devotion at times."

"What sort of a remarkable way?" inquired Winnie, becoming interested. "Did she pet you too much?"

"Hardly too much," replied the widower, reflectively. "You see, the poor girl had a somewhat fiery temper. She was terribly jealous—entirely, oh, quite

entirely without cause," he hastened to add. "Nevertheless, she would not allow me on any consideration to speak to a woman under 45."

"That must have been a great hardship," murmured Winnie.

"I could have supported it with equanimity," he sighed. "But she latterly developed various uncomfortable eccentricities. Among other things she became a vegetarian, and compelled me to live on herbs, like herself. She announced the absurd theory that two meals a day were enough for human beings to subsist upon, and from that moment I never knew what it was not to feel hungry. It was this practice, I believe, that eventually carried her off."

"She—she was not very young?" hazarded Winnie.

"Poor girl—no! She—she had been, I believe, but she outgrew it. She was in her 64th year when she expired."

"Sixty-four!" exclaimed Winnie, "Sixty-three," he corrected.

"O—oh!" ejaculated Winnie in a long-drawn gasp. "And you—you were only 25 when you married her?"

"When she married me," the widower interposed mildly. "Yes, I couldn't help that, you know. It was three years ago now, so I became considerably older as we went along."

"Don't be absurd!" exclaimed Winnie.

If he falls to toe the fireless goal at the stroke of 6 each night. They are called "rusting ninies" if they allow themselves to be bound down to the iron-handed rule of a self-centered monster, and are urged to "show him his place."

The effect of such reading upon formerly untroubled minds of young wives is to create misgivings if not disbelief in the fidelity of their devoted husbands. Finally the recalcitrant attitude of the deluded wife in attempting to "show her husband his place," her sarcastic insinuations and her assumed indifference to what she imagines to be the faithfulness of her husband, gradually tear away the cords of love, and another divorce results.

The dissension that is bred in peaceful households by venom-dipped words is not confined to that stamp of the sensational newspaper article. Every woman who has made a botch of her own life, matrimonially, seems to nurse a grievance against all who have attained the joy for which her own heart yearns, and she watches for opportunities to prejudice and embitter happy young wives with devoted husbands. Between the disappointed women who gossip and those who write, the young wife has a troubled time of keeping her faith intact. But many of them, true types of womanhood, heed not the tongue's screech and retain the love of a good man always.

THE CHURCH AND THE REPUBLIC.

By Cardinal Gibbons.

There is a union that is inimical to the interests of religion, and consequently to the state; and there is a separation that is inimical to the interests of religion, and consequently to the state; and there is a separation that is for the best interests of both. In our country separation is a necessity; and it is a separation that works for the best interests of religion, as Mr. Taft recently stated, as well as for the good of the state.

I fully agree with him, and I can understand, too, and sympathize with the great Catholic leader of France, the Comte de Mun, who recently exclaimed: "In America separation means the reign of liberty; in France the reign of impiety." American Catholics rejoice in our separation of church and state; and I can conceive of no combination of circumstances likely to arise which should make a union desirable either to church or state. We know the blessings of our present arrangement; it gives us liberty and binds together priests and people in a union better than that of church and state.

Other countries, other manners; we do not believe our system adapted to all conditions; we leave it to church and state in other lands to solve their problems for their own best interests. For ourselves, we thank God we live in America, "in this happy country of ours," to quote Mr. Roosevelt, where "religion and liberty are natural allies."—North American Review.

OLD SONGS ARE BEST.

Old songs are best, whose tender play Of lilt and cadence, sad or gay, Brings back with sudden loss and pain Old thought, old fields, old summer rain So near, and yet so far away.

Once more the quickened pulses sway To subtle things that would not stay, And murmur like a lost refrain— Old songs are best.

The lure of moonlit nights in May, The light that on far hills-tops lay, Strange dreams that thronged an eager brain, Lost faces in a ghostly train, Wake with forgotten tunes, and say Old songs are best.

—National Magazine.

Winnie and the Widower

"It's the first time," said Winnie, getting her eyes droop, "it's the first time that we have been quite alone together—since it happened."

The widower seemed struck by the circumstance.

"Yes," he replied considerably. "I believe it is—I positively believe it is."

"I—I hope," she said timidly, "I hope you've got over it—by now?"

The widower reflected.

"I think I have," he answered conscientiously; "I'm almost sure I have. You see, I have been trying hard—traveling and all that sort of thing, you know. I finished up at Monte Carlo. The place cheered me wonderfully; I lost quite a lot of money at the tables."

"I think that was very wrong of you," said Winnie, sternly. "Gambling is wicked."

"Ah—but if you knew what a relief it was to be able to do something wicked again," sighed the widower, "you would overlook it. Do you know, I was gradually becoming almost too good to live. It gave me quite a shock, when I realized it. My constitution would not have stood the strain much longer. I am certain."

"The older men grow, the worse they get," declared Winnie, with the air of one delivering a profound epigram.

"That, of course, is the natural tendency," he admitted. "It doesn't do to check it—beyond a certain point." He sighed again at this sudden contemplation of man's innate depravity. "It's like suppressing measles," he added a little inconsequently.

Winnie was silent for a moment. Then she looked up suddenly, fixing her large, blue, childish eyes on the widower's abstracted countenance.

"I can't think," she protested, "what on earth ever made you marry her."

The widower withdrew his gaze slowly from vacancy and let it rest on her face with mild wonder.

"You didn't know my wife," he remarked cryptically.

"I don't see that that would have helped to explain what made you marry her," persisted Winnie.

"It would have helped immensely," he corrected. "It would have afforded a complete and satisfactory explanation, in fact."

Winnie shook her head.

you grandmother?" exclaimed Winnie indignantly.

"True; but she would never have consented to act in that relation towards me—though, of course, I should have preferred it, if it could have been arranged."

"I feel," declared Winnie, severely, "that we are treating the subject much too flippantly."

"You've not been married," he sighed; "so you don't know."

"That's true," conceded Winnie, meditatively. "I don't know—at least, not yet—"

"There's no reason why you shouldn't," put in the widower, with sudden eagerness.

"Oh, but I am not sure that I want to," she objected.

"You would then enjoy the advantage of being in a position to prove your assertion," he urged.

"And, supposing I found—when it was too late—that I was wrong?" she demurred.

"You wouldn't," said the widower, with emphasis. "You would find that—in your case—theory and practice would entirely coincide. To begin with, you—are not a vegetarian."

"But," protested Winnie, "my husband might insist upon making me become one."

"I can answer for him," said the widower, decisively. "Do you know—Winnie—by the way, you don't mind my calling you 'Winnie,' do you? 'Winnie' has always struck me as being the very prettiest name a girl could have—Winnie."

"I didn't say you could!" she exclaimed.

"I have a wonderful way of taking things for granted," explained the widower airily. "But, do you know, it just occurred to me—while you were talking and while you were showing me what a beautiful thing marriage might be with a sweet girl (who wasn't a vegetarian)—it just occurred to me that I was most frightfully fond of you—"

"Oh," said Winnie. "There's the next dance beginning, and I—"

"Never mind the next dance. What do you think I came here for to-night? I didn't come to dance. I came to see you. I have been waiting to see you for—four months; but they told me you were engaged, and I kept away."

"I—I broke it off," she murmured, looking down.

"Was he a vegetarian?" asked the widower, anxiously.

Winnie raised her eyes to his, and her cheeks turned suddenly crimson.

"So, but I—I—"

The widower gave a little triumphant laugh.

"My darling," he whispered in her ear, "we can make it up to each other all the rest of our lives!"

The man with a wife and seven children hauled up in front of the hotel desk, registered, got his bill and was starting off when the clerk, thinking maybe he might jolly the new arrival, called to him:

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but didn't you better leave your valuables in the safe?"

"Do you think I ought to?" inquired the man innocently enough, to hear him say it.

"Well, it is the best plan."

"All right," said the man, and, turning to his wife, "Here, Mary, pass the children over to the gent behind the counter. He'll look after them and give us a rest."

Whereupon the clerk apologized. Judge.

"WHAT MADE YOU MARRY HER?"

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