

We agree with the tailor's advertisement: "Spring suits" it does.

Australia, with a total population of 4,276,000, is now almost as big as New York City.

How would it do to have a law providing for the postponement of inauguration day on account of the weather?

An Alabama man says that he has sworn off kissing because he is afraid of germs. That may do to tell his wife.

It is alleged that somebody has invented a machine that will enable a man to darn his own socks. No poetry in that.

An Ohio minister has denounced church suppers. Perhaps he had just attended one where he had an oyster-less stew.

The trouble is that if the women are forced to pay so much for their stockings there will be nothing left to cache in them.

One boy out of every thirty was arrested last year. This is an experience usually postponed to the giddy days of the twenties.

Good country roads are almost in sight. Every piggish farmer either owns an automobile or is making inquiries as to the price of one.

Another universal language, called Ro, has been invented. The name looks as if it might have been furnished by the spelling reformers.

Eggs were thrown at Aunt Carrie Nation while she was making a speech in a London music hall. And the pity of the story is one of them hit her.

If the women are ever supplied with those new machines for the detection of liars, the safest plan will be for the married men to remain at home nights.

A tax on chewing gum seems feasible. Probably the only visible effect would be that you would get a smaller slab when you dropped your penny in the slot.

A 12-year-old boy has succeeded in getting the Paris salon to accept a painting by him. Let's the salon lay itself open to the charge of encouraging child labor?

Mrs. Hetty Green declares that she doesn't need any help in minding her own business. People whose chief joy in life is giving advice to others will regard Mrs. Green as a very rude person.

New York automobilists have formed a club for the purpose of preventing reckless driving. The automobile has come to remain, and the sooner people get over the habit of handling it as a man's plaything the better it will be for everybody.

If you want to make an all-around, good-for-nothing tough out of your boy just but in and take his side on every question which comes up between him and the teacher, and if you want him to have a good start to the penitentiary be sure and let him know that he can always depend upon your assistance in whatever trouble he may get into in school, right or wrong.

Japan is a nation of poets. The emperor gave out last year, as a subject for poetic competition, "The Pine in the Snow." Twenty-five thousand manuscripts were submitted. The committee had not sorted the good from the bad at last accounts. The best pieces were to be submitted to the emperor, who is himself a poet. The hard-headed English-speaking race has always been wont to regard poets as queer freaks unfit for practical affairs. On this point we have something to learn from the efficient ruler of Japan and his very practical, businesslike subjects.

Some English tourists who are in the habit of traveling with a good many trunks have a way of marking their baggage for identification purposes which looks strange to American eyes. It is not at all unusual now to see landed on the steamship piers a big pile of trunks and bags around each of which will be a stripe of some vivid color. A bright red stripe around a sole leather trunk may look queer, but its usefulness is apparent in the ease with which the baggage is picked out by the owner. An Englishman who came over recently had his trunks not only decorated with a white stripe, but on the top of each was his coat of arms in colors. His baggage was handled with much dispatch.

The Roman Catholic policy, as developed in cities, seems to be to erect large churches, whereas Protestants build smaller edifices and more of them. The Protestant idea has been carried a step farther by a proposition recently made in New York to set up in new territory "neighborhood churches," one on every block, perhaps, the lower floor to be used for religious purposes, the upper part to be fitted for housekeeping, and rented. One clergyman might serve a dozen or twenty such enterprises, the rented rooms would help to pay the bills, and although in some instances a neighborhood church might narrow into a sort of family affair, one has no trouble to find precedents of growth from smaller beginnings. Aquila and Petrella still salute Christmas by the hand of Paul, "with the church that is in their house." "I do not know of any other way of celebrating Christmas," said one clergyman who was asked a question was a fishing-out.

A woman who had just returned from a residence of ten years in Europe was asked a short time ago to give a travel talk to a mothers' club

In a city mission. "They do so love, our women, to hear about new places!" the plea ran. "You see, they haven't very many pleasant things to look at themselves." The traveler accepted with pleasure. She talked for nearly an hour, after which simple refreshments were served, and the meeting changed into an informal social. As the traveler spoke with one and another, she became more and more interested. Finally, after the last one had left, she turned to the friend who had invited her. "I can't realize it," she exclaimed. "All the world's a-traveling! They were telling me one woman had been spending the summer in Buffalo with her sister, and had been to Niagara twice; another has a son in Harvard, and is going there when he graduates; another had been on a three-day excursion to New York, and another on trolley trips that touch all three States. It wasn't so when I left America. Really, women are beginning to inherit the world—not the summer boarder nor the globe-trotter, but working women. It is glorious!" It is merely another phase of the great widening of life in this twentieth century. The world has always been "inherited" by those who have held the secret. Many a blithe young apprentice in the middle ages, with no fortune save the clothes on his back, the skill in his finger-tips, and the stout heart under his jacket, made his own a thousand gay and happy scenes. But the apprentice's sister! There was no wanderjahr for maids; rarely, indeed, did she know the world's face beyond a few narrow streets or a handful of green fields. The world—the great world, with its marvels and its beauties—was all about her—but never for her. To-day how this is changed! The constantly changing modes of travel, the great social awakening, changes in labor conditions, a hundred forces, recognized and unrecognized, are opening the doors everywhere.

IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE.

The irritated Customer Found Cause to Modify Her Judgment. Rosamond had gone to the office of one of the managers of a big department store, seeking redress in the matter of an unsatisfactory purchase.

The manager quietly took notes as Rosamond rather indignantly stated her grievance. Then he asked a few questions, and when she had answered, he said, courteously:

"I must ask you to wait while the matter is looked into. I shall have to send a statement of the case down to the head of the department, and have him take it up with the clerk who waited upon you."

He touched a button as he spoke and gave the notes he had made, with a few directions, to the youth who answered the summons.

Rosamond tapped the floor with an impatient foot. She felt that, considering the fault was entirely with the store, it was unfair not to settle the matter at once in her favor without so much unnecessary red tape.

After fifteen minutes' waiting she was about to express her feelings to the manager, who was apparently engrossed with the papers on his desk, and demand more speedy action, when a young saleswoman entered the office in a hesitating manner. There was a sweet but shy eagerness in her face as she approached the desk that attracted Rosamond at once.

"What is it, Miss Snell?" asked the manager, looking up for the merest instant.

"I wanted to—ask you, if to-morrow I should come down an hour earlier and, not take any nooning—if you could let me go home at 4 o'clock?"

"My dear girl, if you wish to leave work at such an unusual hour? Is there any special reason?"

"Well, my best friend is going to be married to-morrow night at 7 o'clock, and I wanted to be home early to have plenty of time to get ready for the wedding, for I'm going to be the bridesmaid."

"Have you ever been a bridesmaid?" asked the manager, turning over the papers which he was examining.

"No, sir, I never have before, but I should like to be her bridesmaid and see what it's like." The manager raised his head and smiled at the girl. "Well, if you come down an hour earlier in the morning, we'll try to get along without you in the afternoon. You may go home at 12."

"Oh, the whole afternoon! Thank you so much. I'll be here at half past 7 sure."

Rosamond smiled at the lightness of the feet that ran out of the office back to work.

"I was so afraid you wouldn't let her go home early, I could hardly keep still," she said, impulsively; and the manager gave her a swift, pleasant smile, the like of which he had bestowed upon the little saleswoman.

"Even in the daily grind of the shop there should be room for some pleasures for the young," he said. "Are you getting tired of waiting?"

"I won't wait longer. I'll leave the matter to you. Whatever you do will be all right, I know. But please don't let the head of the department be hard on the clerk who sold me the goods. I've just thought that maybe I was careless in making my selection."—Youth's Companion.

The Long Way Around. Little Willie—Father, how far is it from London to Brighton? Father—About fifty miles. Little Willie—And how far is it from Brighton to London? Father—Of course, it's the same distance, stupid!

Little Willie—Well, it isn't far from Christmas to the new year, but it's a long way from the new year to Christmas!—Comic Cuts.

Natural. "She's a very natural girl." "So?" "Yes, whenever she's invited out to dine she never thinks of taking the smallest piece of meat in sight, but helps herself to as much as she would eat if she were at home."—Detroit Free Press.

A boy likes pie so well he never knows when it is poor.

OURS A NATION OF MOVERS.

Americans Change Their Places of Residence for Many Reasons. Until a dozen years ago the reason why so many families moved was that they might find a place in which to make a living or a better living, says the Delimitator. But in the great and general prosperity of the period that began to draw to a close a year or two ago, another reason became important—to find a place in which to spend to the best advantage the income from considerable property.

Any change in the dollars and cents of life means usually that the family will move. When we get rich we move. When poverty threatens we move. When the land on which our house stands rises considerably in value we move in order to invest the profits; and when it falls we move because "the tone of the neighborhood is no longer what it was."

We move for many other reasons. When we marry, of course we move. Sometimes we marry in order to have a plausible reason for moving; and sometimes, when our children marry and go away from home we move "because the old home seems lonely." Nearly every divorce means that two must move. When the parents die the children move. As the family grows in number we move into a larger house in order to have more room; and, when we can, we move into a better neighborhood in order to give the children social advantages. When unwelcome faces appear upon our street we move; and when our friends move away we move. When the landlord raises the rent or refuses to make repairs we move.

Almost any event is a good enough reason for an American family to move. Some of us own two or three different homes, in city, in country and by the sea; and thereby have an assurance of the delight of moving several times a year. And some of us live in hotels or in boarding houses in order to be "foot free" to come and go as we will.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

The Center of Church Life. The child is the center of the church's life.—Rev. Rufus W. Miller, Reformed, Philadelphia.

The Fight of Faith. Fight the good fight of faith; there is nothing like it.—Rev. Charles F. Aked, Baptist, New York City.

Self-control in lower things will lead to self-control in that which is higher.—Rev. S. N. Watson, Episcopalian, Akron.

Truth. Truth begins its work in the soul—also at the center of humanity.—Rev. W. W. Willard, Congregationalist, Aurora, Ill.

Continuous Plague. Child labor is a plague that smites its victims twelve months of the year.—Rev. Stephen S. Wise, Hebrew, New York City.

Committing Sin. To deny God is usually to disobey His laws, and that is to commit sin.—Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, Protestant Episcopalian, Toledo.

Melancholy. Melancholy has given to the world some of the greatest poets, dramatists and philosophers.—Rev. S. P. Cadman, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

Evil Reading. Evil reading has made men skeptical and indifferent to any form of immorality.—Rev. J. Wesley Hill, Methodist, New York City.

Neglect of God. What is the reason for the spread of the plausible fanaticism called mental or psychic healing? The neglect of God.—Rev. George A. Gordon, Congregationalist, Boston.

The Ideal Woman. The ideal woman does not consider work unwomanly. She believes that whatever concerns her husband concerns her.—Rev. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

The Voice of the Future. Let us listen not so much to the voice that is behind us as to the voice that comes out from the great future that stretches before us.—Rev. E. L. Powell, Christian, Louisville.

Present-Day Fathers. Present-day fathers are too often merely their children's pocketbooks and bogy men, instead of being their law book, monitor, teacher, guide and closest friend.—Rev. Joseph Krauskopf, Hebrew, Philadelphia.

The Great Perils. Man is ever placed between two great perils, the peril of the dreamer who has common sense, and the peril of the materialist who never sees the veil.—Rev. E. N. Hardy, Congregationalist, Quincy, Mass.

Vitalized Truth. New truth does not need the annihilation of old truth. Better one truth vitalized in your Christian experience than whole systems of truths lying fallow in your brain.—Rev. Ailyn K. Foster, Baptist, Brooklyn.

Serious-mindedness. The serious mind never forgets the hard side of things; it does not let its feet, for it is prepared for whatever may come, nor does it yield to any delirium of pleasure.—Rev. Howard N. Brown, Unitarian, Boston.

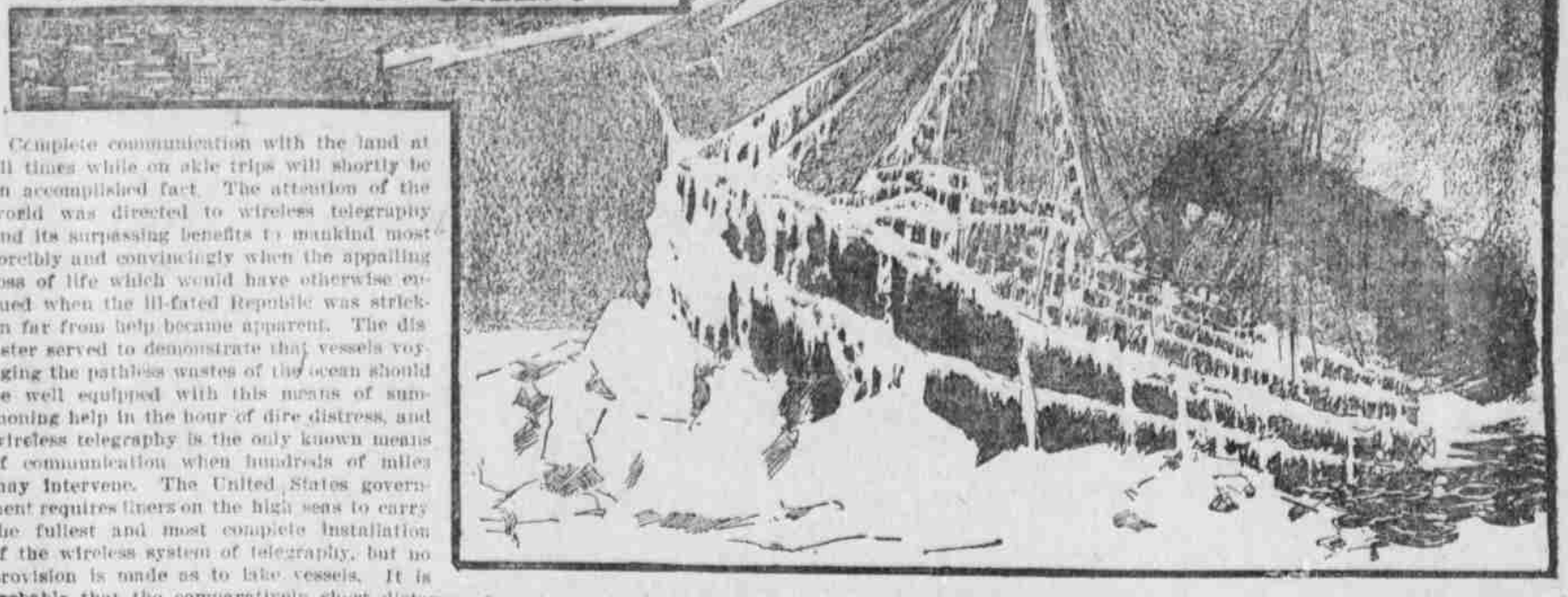
Many Virtues. Manhood is not fully grown until it measures up to the religious life of Christ. All manly virtues should be illumined by religion; and religion should be interpreted in the language of manly virtues.—Rev. Cornelius Brett, Reformed, Jersey City.

All In. The Hostess—I hope you will like this punch. My husband worked over it all the afternoon, making it with his own hands. The Guests—It's grand! Where is your husband? We must congratulate him. The Hostess—Sorry, but he can't be seen. I put him to bed.—Puck.

Probably the easiest way to acquire wealth is to inherit it.

LINKING LAKES TO LAND

WIRELESS TELEGRAPH WILL BE INSTALLED ON GREATEST FRESH WATER FLEET OF BOATS.



Complete communication with the land at all times while on lake trips will shortly be an accomplished fact. The attention of the world was directed to wireless telegraphy and its surprising benefits to mankind most forcibly and convincingly when the appalling loss of life which would have otherwise ensued when the ill-fated Republic was stricken far from help became apparent. The disaster served to demonstrate that vessels voyaging the pathless wastes of the ocean should be well equipped with this means of summoning help in the hour of dire distress, and wireless telegraphy is the only known means of communication when hundreds of miles may intervene. The United States government requires liners on the high seas to carry the fullest and most complete installation of the wireless system of telegraphy, but no provision is made as to lake vessels. It is probable that the comparatively short distances from land which the ships of our inland waters go does not impress the government officials as offering an element of danger sufficiently great to make this legal requirement necessary. The system can be maintained and operated only at great expense, but no complaint from the companies operating the livelihoods of the sea has ever been made. It is the modern triumph of man's skill and inventive genius the most efficient professor against loss of both life and property so far known, the vessel owners willingly assumed the burden of the large expense incurred by the installation and operation of the system. The government maintains the shore stations and with the utmost vigilance skilled operators ever alert for the first click of the signal key. Work already is under way for the installation of the wireless system of telegraphy on a number of ships sailing to and from Chicago, says the Inter Ocean.

The advantages accruing from having the wireless system on lake vessels have been abundantly proven. The big steamship Theodore Roosevelt, owned by the Indiana Transportation Company, has had the system in operation for some time, being the only boat up to date to be so equipped. On one occasion the Roosevelt encountered a small steamer far from shore, the rudder of which had become unshipped. She was consequently helpless and was rolling heavily in the trough of the sea when found by the Roosevelt. A wireless was sent to Chicago informing a tug company of the accident. A tug immediately was dispatched and the ship towed into port in safety. On another occasion a dead body of a man was found and taken aboard the Roosevelt. This ship was met at the wharf by a wagon from the morgue and the body immediately removed, when much delay otherwise would have ensued.

As to wireless telegraphy overland, little progress has been made in bringing it into practical working condition. Signals were at one time passed between Chicago and St. Louis, but the effort to use the same commercially was pronounced futile by reasons of interferences in many directions. Chicago had at one time communication with Milwaukee by wireless, but it was abandoned as a business enterprise. The demand for a wireless telegraph overland is insistent in the business world, but the scientists do not seem to have overcome the numerous difficulties in the way of successful operation.

CHICAGO'S RICHEST POLICEMAN.

Being a gentleman of leisure, as some persons understand the term, is not to the liking of Michael Hassett, who retired from the Chicago police force recently, "the richest policeman in Chicago." Hassett has traveled a beat in the stock yards district for twenty-three years, and, although not an old man by any means, he thought he needed a rest. Now that he has the opportunity to remain in bed until 10 o'clock in the morning and have his breakfast brought to him, he finds that he cannot break away from the habits which have been formed by a life of



MICHAEL HASSETT.

rigid routine. In spite of his desire to snooze in the morning he finds himself rising at 6 o'clock, and he is at the police station when the "roast of the boys" report. When the squad starts out to begin the day's work Michael becomes restless, and by the time the last of the men has filed from the building the "millionaire" has "fallen in" and steps as lightly and as proudly as he did twenty years ago. He passes the greater part of the day on his old beat with his successor. "It's great to be rich," says the former patrolman, "but what good do I get out of retiring if I can't quit the beat? My heart is in the work and my feet won't let me stay away."

CONQUERING THE TARPON.

Sensations of One Who Has Hooked a Fish of That Kind.

The boat stops still; yonder is a swirl on a wave and a great, dark body, with a greenish back and large protecting fin appears above it; it is a breathless moment, says a writer in "Outing." "Look out dar," yells "Tony"; there is a splash about thirty yards away, your line becomes taut and is gliding out like lightning before you can apply the brake. When you do it is almost jerked from your grasp and simultaneously the tarpon leaps and writhes above the water again. There is no sight more beautiful to the angler than the graceful, silvery form of the tarpon, like a gleam of light from darkness, leaping forth from the green sea. That moment when the tarpon has the bait and you strike is the one of all others most fraught with intense ex-

MEMBER WHEN YOU HAD TO TAKE SULPHUR AND LASSES?

It is the first crisis in the battle. He is down again and your hook holds. He darts back and forth, ever going deeper in his wild rushes. It is an earnest fight. The first ten minutes seem like an hour. "Rush 'im real up, don't let rest"; following the advice, your arms tire, your hands become numb, but you save your fish. Thus you are towed out toward the sea, always fighting.

In his first mad rushes the huge fish gained on you, taking out nearly 100 yards of your line. During the first half hour he has decidedly the better of the fight and keeps most of the line. During the second half hour you gain the lost line foot by foot and the honors are about equally divided. Now the long rushes and leaps begin to tell and he loses wind. If he did not help to kill himself by these wild rushes and leaps, you could never land him. By some kind of intuition an angler can tell when he has gained the mastery over a fish. You feel instinctively that the second crisis has been passed and the boat turns back toward the beach; and as the beach is neared you reel in and fight at close range.

Once he dashes almost up to the boat and suddenly turns about; you nearly lost him that time. You soon land him back, however. Now he lies near the boat; you see his gleaming side glisten in the light. "Stiddy now," says your man, as the boat touches the beach; you climb out and, resisting his last waning strength, as he lashes spray upon you, pull him out upon the sand and the fight is won.

WOMEN ACCOUNTANTS.

There Are Said to Be Twenty-Five in the United States.

One line of work which women have recently taken up is accounting. There are said to be about twenty-five women engaged in this work in the United States. They have come into this field within the last two or three years and have met with unexpected success.

It is hard work, but it is far more remunerative, according to a writer in the Bookkeeper, than any other of the professions in which women have heretofore engaged. A director in a leading commercial school of New York says:

"I know of two women in well known concerns who have mapped out and put into operation a complete new system of financial methods for their employers and who have ever been entrusted with big funds for profitable investment and whose advice has been followed in many other important business undertakings. The number of such women who have proved their ability and liking for this responsible and remunerative work is steadily growing. It offers a splendid field for the woman who is not loath to accept responsibilities and who has a liking for the hard work it entails and who is ambitious."

Nearly all the commercial schools show a steady increase in the number of women students over previous years. One of them reports that four-fifths of its students in the regular business course this year, which includes stenography, commercial law, banking, English and kindred subjects, are women.

In the bookkeeping classes there are about as many women as men. A very large proportion of these women, who appear to have marked out a business career, are college bred and many others are high school graduates. One reason given for this tendency is the overcongruity of such professions as teaching.

Earning It. "My wife kisses me whenever she wants money."

"Gee! if she was like my wife she'd have your face kissed off by this time."—Houston Post.

Mr. Henpeck. "He dictates to his stenographer all day long."

"That's more than he can do to his wife."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

CLASS IN ENGLAND.

Equality is Hardly Known and Social Lines are Sharply Drawn. The classes are as distinctly marked as though they wore uniforms. At the base of the social pyramid are the agricultural laborers earning from \$2.50 to \$3.25 a week; 50 per cent of the laborers in England earn 25 shillings a week or less. A fact worth remembering when we revise our tariff, says a writer in Scribner's. Then the farm servants and house servants of the small gentry, earning the men from \$90 to \$250 a year, the women from \$60 to \$125 a year; then the shopkeepers and their assistants and employees; then the richer merchants, and mill or factory owners, and ranking with them the local professional men, lawyers, doctors, dissenting ministers, land agents and the like; next come the gentleman farmers and landed proprietors, and the clergy of the church of England; and finally the country gentlemen and the movement nobility, with the lord lieutenant of the county, often a great noble, as the official and political apex.



Four one-half pound of powdered sulphur and one pint of molasses into a thick, yellow bowl, and mix thoroughly. Dose: Two teaspoonful every morning before breakfast for nine days. Look pleasant.—Cleveland Leader.

One of Those Foolish Questions.

A certain man, of rather a waggish disposition, contends that his wife has no imagination. A writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger tells why he thinks so. "At dinner one night he happened to mention a tragic circumstance which he had read in the evening paper on the way home. It seemed that a passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in mid-ocean, and had never been seen again.

"Was she drowned?" asked his wife. "Oh, no," answered the husband, "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."

Pure Iron at Last.

Chemically pure iron has never been obtained until very recently. It has been found almost impossible to remove the last traces of impurities, especially of sulphur. But a German chemist, Dr. H. Krosser, has finally by a long series of ingenious processes, partly chemical and partly electrical, succeeded in isolating the pure metal, the properties of which he expects to differ greatly from that of the impure iron that we know. Iron prepared by Krosser's process resembles platinum.—New York Herald.

A Worse Prophet.

A prominent member of the Rothschild family says there will be no war in the Balkans. As a war prophet, too, we believe we have more confidence in a Rothschild than a Hobson, as a general proposition.—Washington Herald.

When men are drunk, they usually call each other "boys."