

Every decent young man is entitled to one June bride.

Plenty of people can stand adversity, but only a few can stand prosperity.

To regain his liberty, no doubt Harry Thaw would promise not to go insane again.

The huntsman who shoots at a balloon will never make any effort to skin his game.

Count Zeppelin was flying beautifully until he struck a tree that had grown up in front of him.

"Everything comes to him who waits," but it is much better to go out and meet it at least half way.

Evidently one of President Taft's policies is to write no more messages than are necessary to save the country.

Notwithstanding Mehemed V. is doing a lot of praying, the Young Turks are telling him what to do to be saved.

June is always a severe test of the sticking powers of the healthy young man who has made up his mind to be a bachelor.

New York tailors say that trousers for women will be popular. They have long been figuratively popular in many families.

When it comes to finding novel reasons for asking for divorces the score between the men and the women is a tie in the ninth inning.

Turkey has no national hymn, and a French composer has been asked to write one. Look out for another mutiny and counter-revolution.

There have been few better husbands than Uncle Russell Sage. He spent a lifetime accumulating money, that his wife might have a good time giving it away.

No doubt, when some Chicago or Wall street financier has perfected a way to corner the oxygen in the atmosphere we shall be permitted the luxury of protesting, at least.

It would seem as if a husband in the smart circles of New York were only an adjunct to a well-regulated household, even when it comes to the important matter of obtaining a divorce with expedition.

An English critic says Americans are only playing at music, but an American opera, "Pola," on an Indian theme is to be produced by the Royal Opera at Berlin. We hope this difference will not lead to the building of an additional Dreadnought.

George Meredith, the aged novelist, who died recently, was the last of the remarkable group of literary men and women of "the Victorian age." The group includes the great names of Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot and Swinburne; and no greater tribute could be paid to the memory of Meredith than the general admission that he was not the least of the distinguished company.

In connection with the golden wedding of Earl and Lady Roberts, which was recently celebrated, it is noted that fifty years ago the famous British soldier was recalled from his honeymoon to receive the Victoria cross, which he had won in the Indian mutiny. Almost any American bride would be willing to have her wedding journey interrupted on condition of gaining such a present.

How culpably ignorant of the early history of our country the children are being kept is freshly illustrated by some examination papers filed at a recent college examination, in which it was stated that Gen. Grant and Admiral Farragut commanded in the British army and navy during the revolution. Apparently good work will be found for every post in detailing comrades to inspect the duties of the children in the schools.

Phelidippides goes to join William Tell and Pocahontas, suspected of securing his reputation under false pretenses. No less an authority than Prof. Goodwin, long at the head of Harvard's Greek department, believes that the first Marathon run occurred not B. C. 490, but A. D. 1896. There is no contemporary mention whatever of the run by Phelidippides from Marathon to Athens, and not until about 600 years after was the first allusion made to it—by Lucian, who was a professional humorist. The evidence is clearly defective, but it will be a pity if so stirring a story has to be labeled "fiction" instead of "history."

The Supreme Court has said that one Marius Hanson is a proper person to be made a citizen of the State of Minnesota and, incidentally, of the United States. Hanson has lived in the State twenty-four years, yet does not know who the State's Governor is or what city is its capital, or who is the President of the United States or the name of the nation's capital city. Moreover, he didn't know what polygamy was, what it meant to take the oath of allegiance; didn't know what was meant by the constitution of the United States or who makes the laws. When election day rolls around in 1910 he will go to the polls and cast his vote. He will not know who or what he is voting for, but he will get some one to mark his ballot and it will count for as much in the returns as the ballot cast by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court or the President of the United States. The Supreme Court deserves a leather medal for its

Decision in this case.—Warren Registrar.

Everything, it has been said, comes to him who waits. Even a liberal education, according to Senator Dewey, will come to the waiting husband, provided he reads while his wife is getting ready to accompany him, and provided he acquires sufficient philosophy to absorb knowledge calmly under somewhat trying conditions. Mr. Dewey is old-fashioned in his view of woman if he really thinks that she cannot acquire the habit of punctuality. His experience is limited to women of certain sets and circles. Professional women, working women, co-eds and others manage to acquire punctuality in many cases, although, alas, not a few of them fall from grace after marriage and relax—greatly to the disappointment of the undisciplined husbands. The latter should thank Senator Dewey for his happy idea. Instead of fretting and fuming, of indulging in sarcastic remarks or in protestations not loud but deep, the waiting husbands should obtain up-to-date lists of the best books and employ their time profitably. The enforced leisure will thus be a blessing in disguise. After a while the wives will seem too prompt and will be apt to receive compliments which, even if undeserved, will make for peace and good will in the home. To be sure, the waiting and reading husbands will still miss the first half of various acts of dramas and comedies, various operatic overtures and first numbers on concert programs. These things will represent deductions from the possible annual total of culture, but the balance will still be on the right side. Enterprising literary advisers will doubtless hasten to prepare appropriate libraries for the married man who waits.

The opinion once held by too many State and municipal officials that public office is chiefly an opportunity for illicit profit at the public expense is meeting sharp rebuke through the constantly rising standard of political morals. The conviction of men implicated in the dishonesties which attended the building of the Pennsylvania Statehouse, the punishment of the Pittsburg councilmen who conspired to defraud the city for the benefit of themselves and certain favored banks, and the sensational trials and convictions which have followed the disclosure of municipal corruption in San Francisco are all cases in point. In Boston, too, there have been trials and convictions growing out of the investigation into public affairs made by the recent finance commission in that city. In this case the plunders were small—the three men who were found guilty got only \$500 between them—but that merely indicates that the public conscience is becoming sensitive even to minor crimes. The plea urged by counsel in mitigation of the offenses in Boston well illustrates the distorted point of view which unfaithful servants hold. First it is maintained that robbing the city is by no means so serious or censurable a thing as stealing from individuals. To this the judge replied that it is worse, for it involves not only larceny, but breach of trust as well. Then one of the lawyers begged for leniency on the ground that his client had no doubt followed the example of officials who had gone unpunished, and had acted upon the belief, widely accepted among public servants, that such pickings were part of the perquisites of his office. There was some truth in the statement itself, but as an argument against the infliction of punishment it needs no refutation. A prompt jail sentence was the judge's reply.

Noiseless car wheels. New Steel Variety Has a Life Service of 140,000 Miles.

The order for 30,000 steel car wheels placed with the Carnegie Steel Company at Pittsburg by the Chicago City Railway Company and the Chicago Railways Company has a double significance. It is further evidence that the railroads of the United States are reaching their limit as to the withholding for financial reasons of orders for equipment, and it is also gratifying assurance that for Chicagoans at least the "flat" street car wheel with its pounding annoyance is to become a thing of the past. The steel wheels which have been adopted for Chicago are known as the noiseless wheels, because they will last three and a half times as long as the old style car wheels and are guaranteed not to wear flat. The limit of endurance of a solid steel forged wheel is 140,000 miles, while the maximum limit of usefulness of the cast steel wheel is less than 40,000 miles. The new wheels are not only stronger, but they are lighter than the old wheels by 800 pounds per car. The adoption of the solid steel forged and rolled car wheels by the Chicago traction systems foreshadows a general adoption of the more durable wheel by city traction corporations and by railroads generally. If there be economy in the use of the new wheel, its adoption will be compelled as a matter of course; but if it were merely safer and less noisy, it would be used without regard for economy. While a wheel that can be trusted for service of 140,000 miles on rails of the improved texture such as have been adopted by the Pennsylvania system after severe test, travel will be safer on railroads generally, especially during the winter months, when frost puts a severe strain upon brittle metal which, when subjected to heavy additional stresses is liable to snap at critical moments.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

But It's Always Thus. I know a young maiden with beautiful hair.

No rational person could doubt it; yet sometimes I fear that my daimon fair is a little too puffed up about it.

Usually It Is. She—Marrriage is pottery! Ho—Lo! tery, you mean. She—No; it's a way of making family jars!

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PAINTING'S APPEAL TO THE DILETTANT.

By Marcel Prevost.



Painting, I believe, is getting to be the most tempting art for the dilettant, more tempting even than music. There are more painters than there are musicians, writers, than anything else, almost. There are infinite numbers of them. The most modest banquet of painters reunites hundreds of guests. At every exposition modern paintings cover a large area of space. And what does honor to these volunteers of art is the fact that no financial bait induces the greater part of these painters to follow this vocation. In justice to these dilettants of the brush it must be said that many of them do not pretend that they will gain either glory or fortune by their paintings. Less presumptuous than poets, less chimerical than musicians, many men of talent who hang up their pictures in salons from time to time admit that they paint for the pleasure of painting only. The pleasure of painting is complex. While giving an occupation for the painter's fingers, painting is not exactly a thing to stir the soul of the amateur. The amateur is not required to undertake a number of compositions and to pick out the most difficult. A faithful reproduction of a house at the edge of a stream, and the amateur has gained the name of an artist. Painting within the limits in which the dilettant exercises it is one of those arts where invention and originality have been greatly reduced. A successful copy of a picture of a great master with them passes for a work of art. The most mediocre painting has a thousand times more of a chance to be seen than a literary masterpiece has the chance to be read. It is for these reasons that canvas and brush stand in no danger of remaining idle. But will art gain by it? That is another question.

"OLD MAN" PROBLEM FOR YOUNG MAN.

By John A. Hewland.



Young men, middle-aged men and old men have been interested alike in the problem of the "old man" in business. That specific complaint of the old man is that he is not wanted. Modern business admits the fact. But young men and men in the prime of their lives must grow old. What are the young men and the men of middle age going to do about it? It is not likely that in any near future the methods of modern business will so charge that the old man, per se, will be more in demand than he is now. Economic philosophies are to the effect that in general the man who has grown old ought to have a competence upon which to retire. Cold, hard facts that are indisputable show how impossible this is. Probably in the vast majority of cases where earnest, honest men have worked at a chosen work that old age problem is met if, until the end, the worker is privileged to work. To die in the harness is by thousands considered an ideal ending of an ideal life. Accumulated money and idle ease have shortened thousands of lives at the expense of contentment. For this

type of man it is a certainty that ability and opportunity to work until the end must satisfy. What, then, shall the young man choose—if he can—promising him that longest independent usefulness?

Every day in the great cities no keen observer is needed to see thousands of young men risking their whole future in actions that can be only ruinous to them. Not all these actions are positive. The negative stand may be as menacing in a hundred ways. This working capital is working capital, not idling, careless, time-serving routine, with dissipation sandwiched between in the off hours from duty. But even work itself may be blind work. It may be honest work, with only the next pay day in the mind of the worker. Or it may be clear-eyed, conscientious work that involves a future more than it contemplates the results of yesterday or of last year.

"Am I a better worker than I was last year?" is the specific question. "Why am I not better?" is the further question which may need following up and forcing a definite answer. Your working capital has been impaired if you are forced to answer this second query. What has done the mischief? Your employer, making such a discovery as to his working capital, probably would employ an expert accountant firm to show him the source of such damage. What are you going to do about your own case?

MAN'S MIND PART OF UNIVERSAL MIND.

By E. E. Fournier d'Albe.



We are gradually and inevitably drawn to the conclusion that mind is everything and matter but an expression of the universal mind. A table, a house or a machine is the embodiment of some human mind. A stone is the embodiment of some mind at present inaccessible to us, of some will at present inscrutable. Of one thing we may be certain—no universe exists which is entirely unconnected with this of ours. We know that the fruit of our slightest act goes thundering down the ages, that nothing is ever effaced, that everything is of infinite and eternal consequence. And if it leaves a permanent mark on the material universe it will affect also all invisible universes. This reflection may give a new zest to our present form of existence. To pierce into the innermost recesses of nature, to mold natural forces to our will, to make life happy and glorious for ourselves and our kind, to assert our supremacy over disease and death, to conquer and rule this universe in virtue of the infinite power within us, such is our task here and now.

The individual is withdrawn towards that center of sentient life where all souls are one with the great over-soul. What this future fate may be we need not now inquire. Should it ever become necessary to enter upon and pursue such inquiry we may be sure that a full acquaintance with the laws of our present visible universe will form the best preparation for it. And these laws we shall apply with the greater confidence when we know that they suffice to interpret not only our own universe, but the other worlds just discernible on the horizon of our present faculties.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR

Some years ago the water in Philadelphia used to become unfit to bathe in, let alone to drink, after even the mildest kind of storm. Everybody complained, says a writer in the Washington Star. One gentleman complained to Peter Burness, an incorrigible optimist. But he received little encouragement. "Actually," I said to Peter one morning after a storm, "I couldn't take a bath to-day on account of the muddy water. It was like brown paste."

"Oh, I took a good long bath," said Peter. "When the Schuylkill water is like that it is the best thing in the world to bathe in. So medicinal, you know. Better than Homburg or Marienbad or any of those places."

"But it's so muddy," says I. "That's just the point," said Peter. "It's medicinal mud, full of all sorts of phosphates and things. To-night when you get home fill your bath, jump in and splash about; but afterward don't use any towels."

"No towels!" I objected. "There's a much better way than towels," said Peter. "Stand before the radiator and let the water dry on your body. Then brush it off with a whisk broom."

DESICCATED WATER.

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AN ANCIENT ORDEAL.

How much the vacuum-cleaner has done to destroy the comedy of spring-cleaning is indicated by an account of the old-time methods printed in the Boston Transcript. One cannot help suspecting that the vividness of recollection has helped to brighten the colors a bit here and there.

Laying a carpet sounds as simple as writing a poem—paper, pens and ink; hammer, tacks and carpet. But the divine afflatus is necessary for each.

My cousin, Julian Cleghorn, thought he had it—the carpet-laying afflatus—and as his adventures are fairly representative, they may serve as the type. Cousin Julian happened to be visiting us at the time, and hearing that the library carpet awaited the tack-hammer, announced blithely:

"Just leave that to me, Aunt Anne. I lay carpets blindfold with one hand tied behind me."

"The library floor is very difficult to fit, Julian," faltered mother; but she was secretly rejoiced, for father had balked that morning.

"Shucks! If nobody bothers me I'll have that carpet down in twenty minutes from the time I rolled it."

After dinner he unrolled the carpet and took a mouthful of tacks. Sarah held the lamp—there was no place to put it down—and I was supposed to hand him the tack-hammer.

We admired him openly as he made one corner fast with a deft stroke. Then he signaled us in dumb show. We tried to fit the edges to the hearth, the bay window, the radiator, the base of the pier glass, but nothing suited him. He continued to make horrible grimaces, with semaphoric arms.

"You blithering idiots!" he cried at last, spouting a shower of tacks. "Can't you see I want it stretched?" and he fell to tugging until he was black in the face.

"Perhaps it would stretch more if you got it off," suggested Aunt Caroline, and left the room abruptly.

Julian tacked in silent wrath. Then he found he had tacked the hearth-rim under the radiator, and it all had to come up. A little later he drove us all out. Some hours after midnight, when things had quieted a little, he came out and remarked that in stretching the carpet he must have upset the lamp. At any rate, the town fire bell went all at the upstairs windows trying to locate the glow, the hose cart arrived on our front lawn.

Cousin Julian was then seen crumpling yards of smoldering Axminster out of the French window. The neighbors impulsively moved us out into the side yards, then went home to bed. We spent the rest of the night moving in again.

The next day Cousin Julian left on an early train.

English Pica for Cities Beautiful. What England wants just now is a man, or several, of infinite ability and ample means, who, purely for the sake of their art alone, will prepare imaginary schemes showing how and in what way our cities ought to grow if they are to be healthy dwelling places and beauty spots instead of blot on our land.—English Building News.

When a woman loses anything she nearly always believes someone stole it.

Science AND Invention

The lammergeier, or bearded vulture of southern Europe, is known by the natives of the countries it inhabits as the "bone-breaker," from its habit of dropping bones upon rocks from great heights to crack them, enabling it to get at the marrow.

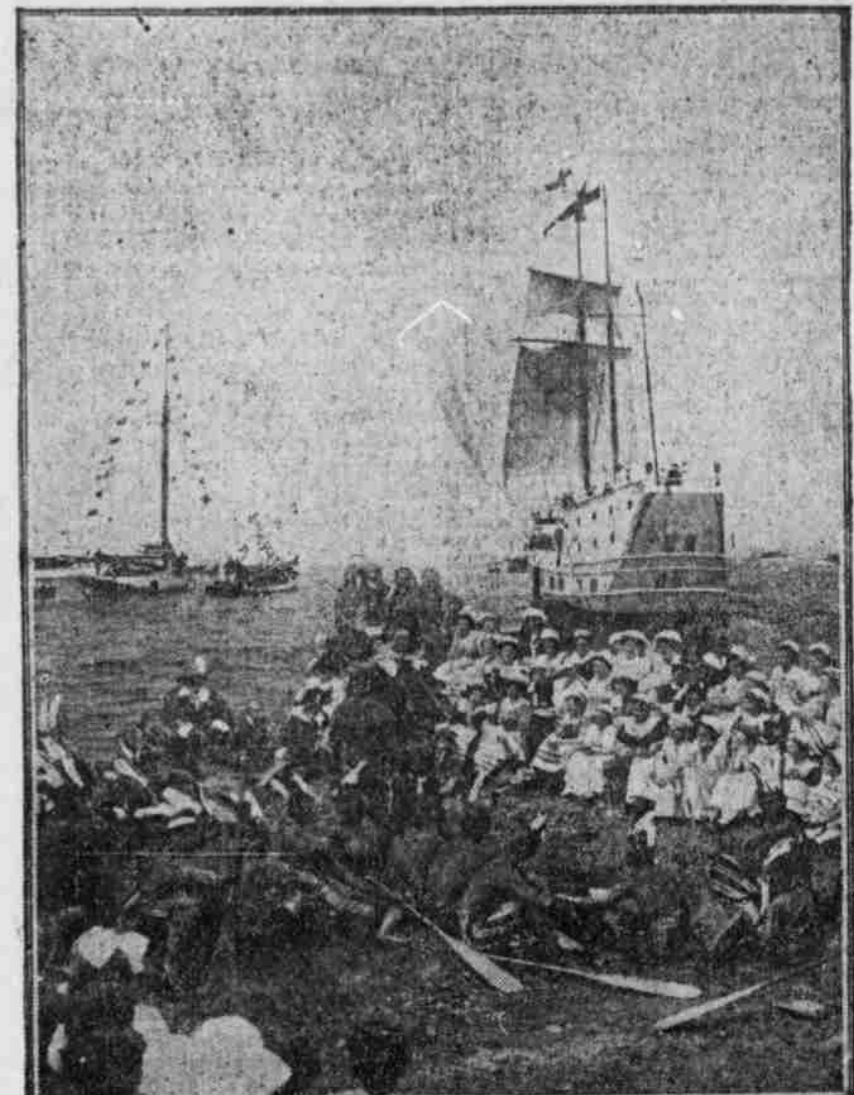
One of the results of the recent exploration of the Antarctic Continent is the discovery that that lone and distant land, with its burden of snow and ice, is able to furnish minerals of value to the civilized world. Among the minerals is a very good variety of coal. Professor David, one of Lieutenant Shackleton's companions, who climbed Mount Erebus, expresses the opinion that there are many minerals on the Antarctic Continent that could be profitably worked from Australia. The recent experience of Count Zeppelin's huge airship in beating about Munich, unable to land because of the storm which was raging, emphasizes the need of harbors for such vessels, and the German government has offered a competition for plans for harbors.

In a goat that went daily to the pasture. Every night the monkey would pick out the burrs and thorns, sometimes to the number of 2,000 or 3,000, from that goat's fleece, in order that the animal might lie down in peace. On coming in from the pasture the goat regularly went in search of his light-handed friend and submitted himself to the operation. Strange to say, the tricky instincts of the monkey reassured themselves after the burrs were removed. He would tease the poor goat unmercifully, plucking his beard, poking him in the eyes and pulling out his hairs. The goat bore it all with patience, perhaps regarding it as only a fair price to be paid for the removal of the thorns.—London Standard.

KALAMAZOO IS NOW CLEAN.

Mrs. Crane the Improvement League That Effected Reformation. Kalamazoo is a city of only about 30,000 inhabitants, yet in many respects it has attained to such correct civic department as indicates careful bringing up by hand by the Improvement League that the Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane organized. It is the vital needs of the heart and lives of the community that are reached. The league looked on the streets of

OLD COLONIAL DAYS REVIVED.



LANDING OF THE HUGUENOTS IN AMERICA REPRODUCED.

Two hundred and twenty-one years ago a little band of Huguenots came to a new land and anchored their vessel close to a rocky spit off what is now New Rochelle, and a short time ago the descendants of these men and women celebrated the anniversary of their ancestors' arrival with elaborate pageantry. Suddenly from their hidden rendezvous twenty canoes, each manned by two men attired like Indians, shot into view and pulled with racing speed towards the lower bay. A shout went up, and there moved majestically to meet the Indians a strange craft, white, standing high out of the water, and with queer sails bulging fore and aft in the light breeze. The Indians surrounded the caravel, and their war whoops were answered by similar yells from a band of about fifty Indians on shore.

bers of that kind, in the form of sheds of re-enforced concrete, fitted with doors at the ends large enough to open out the entire frontage for the reception of an airship in distress. It is recognized that chains of such refuges must be erected across the country in order to make navigation with the Zeppelin type of dirigible balloons a success.

Chief Engineer Burgess of the Honduras National Railway, giving advice to engineers working in the tropics, says emphatically, "Don't get lost!" He adds that a man should no more think of going into a tropical forest without a compass than of going alone to sea without one. Without a compass one has no way of getting his direction. In a few minutes he is turned round. The sun can only be seen, if at all, when directly overhead. There is no moss on the trees to serve for a guide. Distant elevations, or mountains, if any exist, cannot be seen on account of the density of the forest. Even on the treeless llanos of South America, where the compass is the only guide. One can tell the direction of east and west at sunrise and sunset, but in the middle of the day the sun is useless as a guide, because it is almost directly overhead, and often one may stand in the shadow of his own hat.

Dr. G. C. Simpson proposes a new theory of the origin of the electricity of rain in thunderstorms. In such storms ascending air-currents carry up large amounts of moisture which accumulates at the top of the currents. There it grows into drops, which gradually become large enough to break. Every breakage causes a separation of electricity, the water receiving a positive and the air a negative charge. A given amount of water may be broken many times before it falls, and thus may obtain a high positive charge, and when it reaches the ground as rain it retains this charge. In the meantime the negative ions left in the air are absorbed by the clouds, which become highly charged negatively. The rain falling from these clouds will be positively charged. A quantitative analysis shows, Doctor Simpson says, that the electrical separation accompanying the breaking of the drops is sufficient to account for the electrical effects of the most violent thunder storms.

Monkey and Goat.

Monkeys are more renowned for mischief than for kindness, but even monkeys can be benevolent. M. Montoux records the doings of one in Guadeloupe that surely seemed to merit that reputation. The monkey had a friend

Kalamazoo and saw that they were not hygienically swept. How should men know how to sweep, anyway? The men of the city government said that they were cleaning the streets as the streets always had been cleaned and it must be right. But the women said "No; we will show them." The city council was asked to give over to the league six blocks of the main street for a period of three months, together with the appropriation usually expended on this strip of pavement. The plan was agreed to. Then it became noised abroad that the women of Kalamazoo were going to conduct this demonstration of right street-cleaning. And the yellow journalism of Chicago, the nearby metropolises, began to focus the trained machinery of their all-searching staffs on the little town.

The women grew nervous in this glare of the limelight of publicity, but under Mrs. Crane's direction the arrangements progressed. It was Col. Waring's New York system that was to be introduced. The "white wings" were uniformed and all equipped with new brooms and little carts. Then, at the eleventh hour, the women who had been assigned in squads of two to act as inspectors of the work, one after another rang the Rev. Mrs. Crane's front-door bell. With one accord they began to make excuses. There were sick babies and unkind husbands and the ever-useful husband who refused to allow it, says the Delinquent.

So that the league that really cleaned the streets was mostly Mrs. Crane. At first appalled by the prospect, she nevertheless stood by her guns when all but one of her faithful lieutenants had fled. The yellow cameras got her, but at the end of three months she had her reward. The city adopted the system, for she had done for \$5 what had previously cost \$2.50 a day, and she had proved that sweeping by hand was better than the machine sweeping that sent clouds of dust and disease into the houses. To complete this demonstration of neatness in municipal housekeeping methods the league purchased and placed on the street corners galvanized iron cans for the reception of waste paper and refuse. And they enlisted the efforts of the children to keep the streets free from litter by organizing in the schools junior civic improvement leagues, with a badge declaring, "I will help."

Sociologist—Do you have much trouble keeping down expenses? The Tollor—Not so much as keeping up the revenue.—Milwaukee Journal.

Even a very tall man may not come near up to your expectations.