

Pearly insists that one Cook cannot spoil his broth.

The dressmakers think the hour-glass shape is timely.

Nobody has as yet suggested the Wright boys for President in 1912.

Also it appears that a dash from the pole is not without its thrills and dangers.

It's a poor case of prosperity that can't keep several strikes going at the same time.

What shall it profit a man to gain all the railways in the world and have to give them up at last?

England resents our impudence in recovering the pole. Well, we waited the polite period of time for England to find it.

Because the corn has long whiskers this year we are promised a cold winter. Has the coal trust been springing beard tone over the farms?

A man nearly broke his neck by turning his head suddenly to look at two pretty girls. Ordinarily it takes only one pretty girl to turn a man's head.

A dispatch says that there is fear in America has been killed by tigers in Costa Rica. There are just as many tigers in Costa Rica as there are in Africa—none.

Now they are talking about farming on the Isthmus of Panama along the canal. Experts will be sent down to examine the land before it is "opened for settlement."

Fashionable dames who may be thinking of adopting Eskimo dogs as pets will be sorry to learn that those dogs are too large to be carried around in one's arms.

The next man who fights his way to the northern extremity of the earth's axis need not be surprised if he finds a notice to the effect that "the pole has changed hands."

According to Cook's story, the town of Etah consists of four canvas tents, several men, eight or nine women, about thirty children and 108 dogs. The wealth per capita must be very small there.

Recent estimates place the supply of coal in the United States as being sufficient to last more than 7,000 years. The law of supply and demand has ceased, however, to have any bearing on the price of coal.

We have glanced casually over Mrs. Besant's plans and specifications of the ideal man who is to appear in 2208, and will be seven feet high and otherwise wonderful—but it is not stated that he will be able to put up a shelf in the kitchen or mend a leaky hose.

Most boys of a mechanical turn are building aeroplanes these days. One of them launched his from the roof of a shed the other day, in an attempt to fly over the garden. The tomato patch in which he landed gave him an appearance more horrifying than was justified when the stains were washed off by his anxious mother.

All the governments of the earth seem to be seeking new objects on which they can levy a tax in order that their revenue will meet their expenses. Even cities and the smaller towns are engaged in this search. Congress spent weeks and months in discussing ways and means; the English parliament has been undergoing a like siege; France is at her wit's end, and Germany is ready to despair. Looking over the list of taxable subjects, it would seem that about every object under the sun had been nosed out and a levy placed on it.

President Roosevelt's country life commission has lately made public its careful and interesting report. It asserts, of course, that agriculture is generally profitable, and the conditions of rural life are steadily improving. Still the farm is less profitable as a business, and less attractive as a place of residence, than it should be. Many farms do not pay because of bad roads and unintelligent cultivation, ending in soil exhaustion. Properly built roads, crop rotation, persistent maintenance of soil fertility, are fundamentally necessary. The commission also finds, in some districts, speculative holding of land, control of streams and water power by interests which prevent the farmer from utilizing these natural resources, and soil destruction following wasteful deforestation. A parcel post, postal savings banks, a thorough study of taxation and the tariff as it bears on the agriculturalist, and an extension of the principle of reciprocity are specific recommendations which the commission makes. It insists, too, on the importance of an understanding of the elements of hygiene and sanitation, and on the necessity of improving the rural schools by introducing practical methods of instruction similar to those so successfully used in the agricultural colleges. The problem of farm labor, it is believed, can be met only by smaller holdings and more systematic tillage—intensive farming, in short—for which hired hands are not needed. Incidentally it is noted that in the older parts of the country, immigrants, accustomed at home to this sort of cultivation, are gradually displacing the native stock. Not the least important subject discussed is woman's place on the farm. The old household industries having been taken over by the factory, the woman finds her life more and more one of routine. An increased share in the lighter field and

garden work, social organizations, like reading and study clubs, and such conveniences as telephones and running water, are mentioned as things which help to make country life more attractive to active and capable girls and women.

Will E. H. Harriman go down in history as a famous man? He achieved large things. Some of them, were there any possible common standards of comparison, perhaps would appear folly to other men lasting fame. Will their reward be his? The question may safely be answered in the negative. In financial, commercial and industrial history Mr. Harriman's name will no doubt loom large. But there alone. The writer of the general history of the nation will assign him a very modest place at best; and the general public, three or four decades hence, will hardly find that that brief reminder stirs either enthusiasm or recollection. That has been the fate of every one of the American financiers who have achieved large material success and power. On the head of which one rests the laurel wreath of fame either by popular or critical consent? On Commodore Vanderbilt's or John Jacob Astor's? These and others did large things in their day. But they are not in any sense really famous. The reason why this certain position of historical inferiority awaits the man who devotes his life to the successful accomplishment of large material ends, no matter how gigantic the enterprises or how vast the ability displayed, lies on the surface. It is found in the general feeling that who accumulates vast quantities and gains the power that goes with it is yet far from having done one of the things that merit historic fame. The thing that people glory in is the fruits which the successful struggle towards material ends makes possible—in the arts, sciences and domestic comforts of civilization. In comparison with the finished product, the importance of even the greatest workers in the raw material sinks into historic insignificance. They may be useful. But they are not revered, no matter how valiant and opportune their services. There is also another consideration: The people, no matter how materially-minded they may be, invariably award fame to the men whom they feel in their hearts to be representative of their higher spiritual selves—not of their ordinary instincts for gain and power, but of their more unselfish thoughts.

ARGUMENT BY ANAGRAM.

So many Cassandras come to grieve that the story of Lady Eleanor Andley, the wife of Sir John Davies, who was Attorney General for Ireland in 1606, will surprise no one familiar with the prophecies of melancholy ladies. Lady Eleanor had a turn for prophecy based on Scriptural anagrams. Among other predictions, she claimed to have foretold her husband's death.

"His doom I gave him in letters of his own name—John Davies, Jove's Hand—within three days to expect the mortal blow, so put on my mourning garment from that time; when about three days before his sudden death, before his servants and friends at the table, gave him part to take his long sleep, by him thus put off: 'I pray, weep not while I am alive, and I will give you leave to laugh when I am dead.'"

Sir John was made Chief Justice of England, but died on the day he would have taken his seat on the bench.

It was given to another than her husband, however, to give Lady Eleanor a keener dart. She was brought in to the court of high commission on charges arising out of her claims to prophetic powers, which she grounded on an anagram of her name, Eleanor Davies—Reveal, O Daniel.

"And though," writes an old chronicler, "it had too much by an L, and too little by S, yet she found Daniel and Reveal in it, which served her turn."

"Much pains was taken by the court to dispossess her of this spirit; but all would not do, till Lamb, the Dean of Arches, shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver.

"For whilst the bishops and divines were reasoning the point with her out of Holy Scriptures, he took a pen in his hand, and at last hit on an excellent anagram: "Name Eleanor Davys—Never so mad a lady!"

Old Favorites

Mona. O swift my boat like a bird on the billow. The boat of my heart—my trim Ben-my-chree, But swifter than bird leaps my love from her pillow. The girl of my heart who is waiting for me; And down drops the anchor, the brown sails are falling, And out on the shingle we leap in our glee; But for all the bright eyes and the laughter and chiding, The girl of my heart is all that I see.

Chorus— Mona, my own love, Mona, my darling, Art thou not mine thro' the long years to be? By the bright stars above thee, I love thee, I love thee, Live for thee, die for thee, only for thee— Oh, Mona, Mona, my darling, Art thou not mine thro' the long years to be?

Farewell, all is over, the bitter tears falling; My life is a wreck on a dark winter sea; The innocent days all are gone past recalling, There yawns a dark gulf 'twixt my darling and me; I pass to my exile alone, unbefriended, The summer days mock me with gladness and mirth, For only with death will that exile be ended, Thou'rt lost to me, darling, forever on earth.

Mona, my lost love, Mona, my darling, Pray for me, pray thro' the long years to be; And the angels above thee, who pity and love thee, Will plead for me also and bring me to thee. Oh, Mona, Mona, my darling, Pray for me, pray thro' the long years to be.

—Fred E. Weatherly.

THE NATIONAL SIN.

Extravagance, Public and Private, America's Worst Menace. A few nights ago I sat with a party of men—one an upstate banker, two New York merchants, one of them head of a great corporation whose product enters into the manufacture of a dozen or more leading staples used in nearly every home, and the other engaged in a large way with international trading; the fourth gentleman, a literary man of recognized attainments, and the last, other than myself, a politician of national reputation, an honest man, though the reputed possessor of a large fortune acquired principally by making shrewd investments and as a result of advanced information respecting Wall street operations.

The topic, entirely by chance, was the extravagance of the present age, and the consensus of the opinion expressed and assented to by all was to the effect that national, state and municipal governments rush into engagements involving in execution vast sums of money raised and to be raised through the only available source, taxation of the people, and many times larger than the known wealth of the country or the probable endurance of the people's prosperity warrants. The people, inherently committed to woeful waste and profligacy according to their means in personal expenditures, are blind to proper realization of the meaning of these stupendous budgets. They are too much absorbed in their own pursuits to give attention, even could many of them do so understandingly, to the direction affairs are taking. The multiplicity and duplication of public offices and the incumbents thereof, many of whom are in charge of vast expenditures of public funds, are in the hands of men who never have made and never could make commercial success in business ventures of any description. They look on while graft, direct and indirect, runs riot with the people's money.

Contemplation of the foregoing picture is not pleasant. Is it too grossly painted?—Communication in New York Sun.

POTATOES.

The Great Potato Center and How Best to Increase the Product. The greatest center in the United States for the production of potatoes lies in the five counties of Virginia along the eastern and western shores of Chesapeake bay. The value of the crop shipped from this section in one year averages \$6,000,000, which, having been planted late in February, is harvested in June. During the four intervening months, however, the Colorado potato bug—or beetle, as the entomologists have it—reaps a harvest all its own, and the trucker suffers heavy damages as a consequence.

The department has been looking into the ravages of the potato bug for some time, and in a recent bulletin it gave the farmers some expert advice regarding the proper manner in which to deal with his bug. The old manner of minimizing the ravages of the potato bug is to satiate his gluttonous appetite with a mixture of paris green and land plaster—one pound of the former to forty or fifty pounds of the latter. The powder is put in a burlap bag and shaken over the potato rows.

plant's foliage, and the bordeaux mixture appears to have the beneficial effect of increasing the yield of potatoes. The growers are advised to use spraying pumps, which will enable them to apply the poison generally, and to go over their fields at least three times during the season. This method, the department experts say, will prove vastly more effective, will result in a larger crop of vegetables, and withal will be more economical. It is asserted that the farmer will more than save the cost of his spraying outfit in a single season—Washington Post.

FACTS ABOUT THE MIKADO.

He is an Industrious Man and Remarkably Intelligent. The yearly allowance of the Mikado, which is at the same time that of the whole imperial family, is now \$1,500,000. Besides he has the yearly incomes of \$50,000 from the interest on the \$10,000,000 which was given to him from the war indemnity received from China ten years ago; of \$250,000 from his private estates, which amount to \$5,000,000 more; of \$500,000 from the forests, covering an area of 5,134,873 acres and valued at \$12,487,300, at \$100 an acre; in all, \$1,250,000. Thus, his yearly net income amounts to \$2,750,000, says the Independent.

There are in all sixty members in the imperial family, inclusive of eleven married and four widowed princesses, who are members of the family by marriage, not by birth. Of the rest there are eleven married and ten unmarried princesses, inclusive of the Mikado, and eighteen unmarried princesses. The Mikado is industrious. He rises early in the morning and performs his official duties all day for many hours. The Mikado is an intelligent man, well educated. It is said he is erudite enough for a degree of Ph. D.

THE FIRST BLIND PUPILS.

In describing the work of her father Dr. Samuel G. Howe, for the blind Mrs. Laura E. Richards tells of his first pupils. At first he taught in his father's house, and went about the State to find blind children who needed help. An incident in this work is given in Doctor Howe's own words.

In the year 1832, while inquiring for blind children suitable for instruction in our projected school, I heard of a family in Andover in which there were several such, and immediately drove out thither with my friend and co-worker, Dr. John D. Fisher. As we approached the tollhouse and halted to pay the toll, I saw by the roadside two pretty little girls, one about six, the other about eight years old, tidily dressed, and standing, hand in hand, by the tollhouse. They had come from their home near by, doubtless to listen, as was their wont, to gossip between the toll-gatherer and the passers-by.

On looking more closely, I saw that they were both totally blind. It was a touching and interesting scene, that of two pretty, graceful, attractive little girls, standing hand in hand, and although evidently blind, with uplifted faces and listening ears, as if brought providentially to meet messengers sent of God to deliver them out of darkness. It would indeed be hard to find among a thousand children, two better adapted, irrespective of their blindness, for the purpose of commencing our experiment.

His Game.

"He always patronizes that one restaurant." "Who, Stinjas? Yes, there are waitresses there, you know?" "But he doesn't care for the girls." "No, but you don't have to tip girls."

In Arctic Circles.

"Do the natives ever give banquets?" "Sometimes." "I suppose the Eskimo bear drinks whale oil out of a lady's slipper." "Yes, and then eats the slipper."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Defused.

The pessimist stands beneath the tree of prosperity, and grows when the fruit falls on his head.—Success Magazine.

AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY.

There's a lulling song of locusts and the hum of honey-bees, And you almost hear the sap flow through the thrilled veins of the trees; And the hazy, mazy, daisy, dreaming world around you seems Like a mystic land enchanted—like a paradise of dreams!

Blue smoke from happy huts, A rain of ripened nuts, And far away, o'er meadows ringing, Sweet sounds, as of a woman singing: "Comin' through the rye— 'Comin' through the rye!"

And then, the faint, uncertain, silver tenor of a bell That summons all the winds to prayer in many a cloistered dell; And then, a thrush's music from grooves with golden gleams, The wild notes of a mocking-bird, and still the dream—the dream!

Blue smoke from happy huts, A rain of ripened nuts, And far o'er golden meadows ringing, Sweet sounds, as of a woman singing: "Comin' through the rye— 'Comin' through the rye!"

—Frank L. Stanton.

Miss Elizabeth

"So Miss Pysar got to go to the poor farm. There's that back chamber with nothing in it, and she's got her own furniture—"

She looked appealingly at the girl, who did not immediately answer. To undertake the care of another meant additional sacrifices, more rigid economy. She sighed a little; life was hard enough for her already. Should she add to her burden? Would she be just to herself in doing so? Then she thought of the days when she and John Pysar were boy and girl lovers, and made wonderful plans of what they would do when they grew up.

"You don't mean to say that the Willowdale people are really going to let Elizabeth Pysar go on the town, after all the good she's done?" she asked. "Why not?" returned Mrs. Barker. "It ain't their fault that she's wasted her money. She's shiftless—always givin' something to somebody; and meek—meek as Moses; you'd think she don't say her soul's her own; but she's deep!" And with a sigh of commiseration at the unworthiness of poor little Miss Pysar, she closed her mouth with a snap. She had never forgiven her for being Mr. Barker's first love and she half suspected that he would be quite willing to exchange his energetic and short-tempered wife for the sweetheart of his youth.

"Where are you goin', Miss Berry? Ain't you goin' to stop to tea?" "No, I guess I'd better be gettin' home early to-night; Bessie'll be waitin' for me."

"Now I'll bet Clarindy Berry's gone straight over to the millinery store to spread the news; so afraid she won't be the first to tell it. Thank Heaven, I know enough to keep things to myself!"

But Miss Berry was not going to the store nor to spread the news; she knew it was unprecedented for her to leave the sewing meeting before tea time; but as she listened to the talk of the days of her girlhood rose before her when she and Elizabeth Pysar were "chums," and told each other all their secrets; then came a foolish little quarrel, and they had not exchanged words for twenty years.

She walked straight down the street, turned the corner, and without giving herself time to change her mind, entered Miss Pysar's garden and went up the walk bordered with bouncing-bets, or "old maid's plinks." When, in answer to her knock, Miss Pysar opened the door, neither knew what to say, but straightway fell into each other's arms and began to cry.

"The door closed on them. An hour after when Miss Berry left the house to go to her own home, there was a springiness in her step, and a smile playing about the corners of her thin lips, that betokened unusual excitement. Her pretty niece, Bessie, was about to sit down to her lonely tea when Miss Berry made her appearance.

"Why, auntie! What brings you home so early?" she asked pleasantly. "Oh, I couldn't stand the clatter of those old women. Now you needn't laugh, Bessie Berry; I know I'm no chicken myself; but if I'm as heartless as them I left behind, I hope I'll die before mornin'."

come somewhat reduced in circumstances, and had applied to the town for aid; and so—and so—"

"And so you sent her to the poor house! Was there no one in this God-forsaken hole to pay her back a little of the kindness she had always showed others?"

"Yes," the startled young man said. "Miss Berry took her in." And he told the stranger where to find her. It was Miss Elizabeth's turn to be electrified when a prosperous looking man presented himself at Miss Berry's house and inquired if his Aunt Bessie lived there.

"I am Elizabeth Pysar, sir," she answered in response to his inquiries. "Why, auntie, don't you remember Johnnie?" he exclaimed. Miss Elizabeth had grown very white, and slipped into a lifeless heap on the floor; but joy overtook her, and when she recovered it was to realize that her troubles were over, for Johnnie was well-to-do, and able and willing to take care of her for the rest of her days.

The old house was bought back and refurbished, and Johnnie and his aunt settled back into the old life. She petted him to her heart's content, and he alternately fondled and teased her, just as he had done years ago, and she had sent him to bed without any supper, and then carried him up a sandwich for fear he might be hungry.

And Bessie Berry also returned to the old routine, and was busy and cheerful as ever, though her aunt thought she seemed rather quieter than of yore, particularly when John Pysar came to see them, as he did more and more frequently as time rolled on.

"Aunt Bess," said John, one day, in rather a shamefaced manner, "don't you think you ought to have some young person in the house to do the work?" "O Johnnie!" cried the little woman in fear and trembling. "Don't I please you? I know I'm getting old, but I thought you was used to my ways and we could get along. I don't want a girl botherin' round."

"But auntie, the girl I have in mind is a very good one. Perhaps she won't come, but I intend to ask her if you are willing." "Of course I'll do anything to make you happier, Johnnie, though I don't see how a servant can make home any pleasanter for you. As for me, I should just rust out and die if I didn't have something to do."

The dear old lady was almost in tears. "Auntie, it isn't exactly a servant I want; it's—in fact—"

Johnnie really couldn't say the words; he had hardly dared think them as yet; but he crossed the room to Aunt Bess and whispered in her ear. "Oh, John," she cried delightedly, "how stupid of me! It is just the thing! And I never thought of it before!"

Miss Elizabeth was in a flutter of pleasure. She urged her nephew to go at once on his errand. "I'll sit up till you come home. Won't it be like a story if Bessie becomes your wife?"

"Perhaps she won't have me, Aunt Bess."

"Bah! Go along! What's worth havin' is worth askin' for. Have you? Of course she will! She's sensible, Bessie is!"

And Miss Elizabeth looked with pride on the stalwart young man, who, although he was not handsome, and, and honest, manly face that a woman could trust.

Aunt Bess was right. And now the two families are one, and the "old maids" vie with each other in petting and spoiling their grown up children, who, in return for the kindness shown them in their youth, make their lives one long, happy dream.—Gritt.

Play Up to the Part.

The story is so old it seems trite to repeat it, but when a girl wants to go on and play herself, she has proven then and there that she does not want to act; she wants simply to show herself. It is just a plain, garden variety of ingrowing ego. Her attitude of mind at once proclaims her. She will never be an actress. But if an exceedingly good looking girl decides she wishes to play character parts, in other words, forget her personal beauty and make up plans and homely for the sake of a characterization, it's a pretty good sign that somewhere within is a spark that may mean art, says Paul Armstrong in Success Magazine and he goes on to say:

Acting is, after all, simply self-hypnotism—the trick of being some other person than oneself; of being it in mind and voice, body and soul. It goes deeper than clothes, wigs and grease paint, and, as in all other things, the mental strength always wins.

According to no less an authority on the art of acting than Miss Olga Nethersole, it is a great paradox.

While it is certainly egotism which leads a girl to believe the public wish to applaud her, nevertheless, Miss Nethersole maintains, "There is no ego in art." In other words, she means that it is the utter effacement of the person—the ego—which makes an actress.

Kinder Man.

Stevs Long is noted for attending to his own business and saying very little about it. One morning an inquisitive neighbor met him returning from the woods with his gun over his shoulder.

"Hello, Steve. Where ye been? A-shootin'?"

"Yep."

"What ye been a-shootin'?"

"Dog."

"Ver dog? My! Was he mad?"

"Wall, he didn't look so danged well pleased."—Everybody's.

Helps Most.

"You know a man is a true friend if he will lend you money."

"I don't know. Often it turns out that the man who refuses is the best friend after all."—Kansas City Times.

Some men live in advance of their age by reading only next month's magazines.

"Where is Miss Elizabeth Pysar?" The clerk answered that she had be-