

Calling a man a liar won't always settle an argument.

If there's one thing worse than being poor, it's having poor relations.

Mr. Harriman's was a rare case. He was richer than generally supposed.

Always wants a legislature. And if she ever gets one she'll probably wish she hadn't.

A magazine writer is wasting his time in telling how to spoil a boy. Let Grandma do it.

When European monarchs meet they don't seem to take any stock in the kissing germ theory.

Anyway, the next minister designate to Pekin will know what not to do at the very outset.

The man who knows it all will tell it if he can get somebody to listen to him for five or ten minutes.

If the farms will only produce bigger crops, J. J. Hill will furnish the freight cars to haul them to market.

Wilbur Wright says the 60-miles-an-hour aeroplane is practically here. And there are no telephone poles ahead.

A 12-year-old Baltimore girl stole for the purpose of going to a moving picture show. Could depravity sink to a lower depth?

A man who has reached the age of 90 says a steady diet of pie did it. What a splendid tribute to the woman who made the pie!

A St. Louis man is advocating the shortening of the months. That might be all right if all the extra days could be added to October.

It now appears that the Harriman patriotism was more amply rewarded than we had supposed. The estate totals about \$20,000,000.

A Connecticut mother spanked her daughter and the young man with whom she eloped. That is one way of spoiling a beautiful romance.

Not every boy can become a football hero, but there seems to be no reason why he should not wear his hair long during the season if he wants to.

And now Explorer Baldwin wants to touch the pole. So long as there is a choice apple which bears that name, why cannot the Baldwin family be satisfied without seeking further fame?

A Boston publisher of schoolbooks has decided to contribute \$1,000,000 to the cause of peace. People who have complained because of the high prices they were compelled to pay for schoolbooks may be comforted by the thought that at least some of their money is to be well spent.

A Columbus, Ohio, lady has written a letter of complaint to the newspapers because she was compelled when she went to church last Sunday to sit beside a woman who had so thoroughly saturated herself with perfume as to be disgustingly odoriferous. It will never be possible to make church-going pleasant for some people.

An important suggestion, and one well worthy of consideration, was made by a formal resolution of the Grand Army of the Republic at its last national encampment. It was urged that one school under the jurisdiction of every local board of education in the country should be named the Lincoln School, in commemoration of the great President.

Service in the medical corps of the army does not appeal to young physicians, or they are not aware of the attractive pay offered and of the number of vacancies. At an examination recently, to test the qualifications of candidates for one hundred and four vacancies, only forty-two passed. The successful candidates begin with the rank of first lieutenant, at a cash salary of two thousand dollars a year, and with quarters, furniture, horse, fuel and other allowances, which make the pay equivalent to thirty-four hundred dollars. This increases with length of service and promotion; and after the retiring age the officer receives about two-thirds pay for the rest of his life.

It is now less than four years since the issue by a London publisher of the first volumes in a series of reprints of the works of standard authors, which marked an interesting experiment in providing the public with the world's best literature in handy and inexpensive form. The books were clearly printed and tastefully bound and sold for a shilling. On the recent addition of the fourth hundredth volume to the list the announcement was made that more than 5,000,000 separate copies had been disposed of. That is, fully five times the number of books in the Library of Congress, more than double the number of volumes in the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris, the world's largest library—books all of a substantial character—have been absorbed within this brief time by a reading public whose intelligence is too often measured by the sales of "popular" fiction. The proof given that the world's great masters of literature are still the "best sellers," that works published in Athens and Rome before the Christian era or in Welmor or Florence centuries ago are to-day in lively demand, is an agreeable tribute to the quality and correctness of modern popular taste in literature.

Twenty years ago the cotton-boll weevil, having completely wiped out

the cotton culture in many parts of Mexico, crossed the border and began its ravages in Texas. At about the same time fruit-growers in California awoke to the fact that a minute saw-tooth insect was threatening to destroy their apple, peach, pear and plum orchards. In spite of every effort, these two pests spread rapidly. Only the cotton-fields of the Atlantic coast have so far escaped the weevil's attack; the San Jose scale is domesticated in almost every State in the Union. Some persons predicted the complete destruction of both cotton-fields and orchards, and it is certain that a good many planters and fruit-growers were ruined. But the intelligence and ingenuity of man are proving equal to the emergency; and incidentally there are appearing certain of the blessings which always follow adversity courageously met. The Southern farmer has learned the benefits of a proper crop rotation, and a close and careful cultivation of his fields. In the boll-weevil country the old system of mortgaging the ungrown cotton crop to get the money with which to raise it has gone. There may not be any crop at all unless the planter is vigilant and industrious. There is more and harder work to be done, but there are the rewards of hard work to be had. Texas raises about as much cotton as ever, and more general crops. The banks show increased deposits. In one community the farm mortgages have fallen from twenty-eight hundred to four hundred. The orchardist has found that he can save his trees by thorough spraying. The scale is destroyed, and with it other pests, which were not dangerous enough to persuade the grower to the practice of spraying, but the destruction of which greatly improves the quantity and quality of the yield. The experience has been alarming and costly, but it has left both industries on a sounder basis, and has taught their practitioners much that will be of lasting value to them.



A New Antiseptic.—Vitrin, a new German pigment, is applied like ordinary paints with a basis of white lead or zinc white. Bacilli of tuberculosis are killed by the painted surface in three days, of diphtheria in five hours, and of typhoid in eight hours. Cider for Typhoid.—A French chemist has recently proclaimed that cider is an antidote for typhoid fever. The malic acid in it is the agent as it destroys the germs. Cider in Europe is more generally used as a beverage than in this country. Germans appear to prefer cider after it becomes sour, but our people usually drink it while it is sweet. Adenoids.—These are growths of various sizes which appear in the upper part of the throat. When large they may fill the back passage of the nose into the throat so that a child will breathe with the mouth open and snore at night. They may also close the openings of the little tubes which give rise to deafness or some other form of ear trouble. Children with adenoids have a vacant expression and are apt to be dull at school. The growths should be removed as soon as the symptoms become prominent. Cough Remedy.—It is not the cough that we doctor so say the physicians but the disease that is the cause of the cough. The cough simply announces the fact that a certain member is diseased and the remedy should be applied accordingly. The following remedy for irritated lungs, which are so often manifested by a hacking cough, cannot be excelled. Two ounces of gum arabic soaked in a cup of cold water over night. In the morning set upon the stove until it comes to a boil, add the strained juice of four lemons and one pound of loaf sugar. Give a tablespoonful about once in two hours.

"Act Well Your Part." But there is one great, striking difference between the theatrical stage and the great drama of human life. On the former, as a rule, the leading lights—the star actors and actresses—get most of the applause; those who are forced to play the lesser roles often get but scant notice. But on the great, wide stage where the Author of our being is both judge and audience, it matters not what part we play—whether it be prominent or obscure—provided we play it well. The head carrier and the poor washwoman, who perform conscientiously and exactly the duties of their lowly state, may be far more pleasing to their Maker than the professional man, the monarch or the genius—certainly a consoling reflection.

Mathematically Impossible. The farmer who spent half a day getting two fence posts in line with each other has a kindred spirit in the newly enlisted man who, not long ago, says the Argonaut, was ordered to the range for his first target drill. Out of his twenty-one chances, he made not a single hit. "You've missed that target every time!" said an officer. "What on earth is the matter?" "Well, sir," answered the new man, "the only reason I can think of is that the person who set up my target hasn't placed it in a straight line from here."

Where the Trouble Lay. "You look sick, old sport. Is your trouble catching?" "No it isn't," said the young recruit from the minor leagues. "My trouble is pitching."—St. Louis Star.

The roller skating fad, which became popular in England last winter, promises to continue this season as well.

WHEN THEY WERE 21.

Occupations of Well-Known Men of To-Day at Time of Their Majority.

TAFT WAS A YALE GRADUATE

Beginning of Careers of Belmont, Maxim, Corey, Ryan, Choate, Schwab and Others.

At the age of 21 William Howard Taft was graduated from Yale, and second in a large class, says the New York Times. He was salutatorian, received Phi Beta Kappa honors and divided the first prize on his graduation in law. His plans for the future study of law were undertaken the same year. In his twenty-first year the future Rear Admiral Evans was serving as Lieutenant in the United States navy. He became a lieutenant commander in his twenty-second year. At 21 William Dean Howells was an active newspaper man in a small Ohio community. He entered his father's

partner in the commission house of Clarke & Rockefeller, where he had been established for more than two years.

James J. Hill was educated with the idea of becoming a physician. His father's death compelled him to enter business, when he obtained a position in a country store at the age of 18. Later he moved to St. Paul, and in his twenty-first year was engaged as shipping clerk in that city, with the Mississippi Packet Company.

First as a school teacher, then a printer, Hudson Maxim fought his way against unusual odds. By the time he had reached his twenty-first year he had become a printer and publisher of subscription books, and in selling these he traveled about the country. His spare moments at this period were spent in experimenting with high explosives.

From his first job, at \$1 a day, William E. Corey advanced rapidly in the great Carnegie steel works at Pittsburgh. His twenty-first year was spent in perfecting the famous Carnegie re-enforced armor-plate. Shortly afterward he was appointed superintendent of the plate mills.

Charles M. Schwab started to earn his living as a farm hand. Next he became the driver of a coach, and later a clerk in a grocery store. At 19 he became a civil engineer's assist-

after injuries which caused the loss of his eye.

ODD COLLECTING FADS.

People Who Delight in Gathering Slippers, Ink Wells and Clocks. The solon who coined the trite but expressive phrase, "There is no accounting for tastes," might have applied his statement to fads with equal appropriateness. New fads are coming to light all the time, the Philadelphia Record says. "There is a young woman in Tioga who makes a specialty of saving slippers. She has a collection that certainly cannot be equaled in Philadelphia, and probably not anywhere. She has two trunks and three bureau drawers full of slippers—silk, leather, suede, black, tan, red, blue, gold, pumps, Oxford ties, sandals; in short, every conceivable kind. A Germantown man has a collection of plain and fancy inkwells covers that he says he would not take \$2,000 for. He has been collecting for fifteen years. A doctor on Cedar avenue, West Philadelphia, has a collection of clocks, foreign and domestic, numbering over 800, including fourteen different kinds of Tyrolese. Another West Philadelphia man, who is a student at the University of Pennsylvania, has a collection of campaign buttons. He has two very rare ones,

antique dealers, and, oddly enough in this respect, he was imposed upon in the same way as Richard Mansfield.

A Fearless Woman.

Sollman, the dreaded Turkish sultan, in 1521 was going to besiege Belgrade, the capital of Serbia, his most hostile neighbor. While slowly proceeding with his military train on the dusty highroad a woman stopped his unapproachable majesty. Bitterly she complained about the soldiers, who, during her sleep, had carried off her cattle, the sole fortune she had. "You must have fallen into a most profound sleep not to have heard the thieves at their work," said the sultan laughing. "Yes, I slept well. I slept in confidence that your majesty is watching over the safety of your people," replied the woman. This answer, which might have cost the woman's head, pleased the sultan because of the fearless way it was said. He restored all the cattle stolen by the soldiers.

A Remarkable Chapel.

The most remarkable mortuary chapel in America is located in Calvary Cemetery, Long Island City, N. Y., and cost \$180,000. The crypts or catacombs are for the burial of priests of the diocese of New York, under the charge of which the cemetery is maintained, says Popular Mechanics.

GIRLS HARVESTING CROPS.

Many of Them Earn Good Wages in Wheat Fields of Northwest.

The small grain harvest that was recently being finished throughout Southern and Central Nebraska supplies convincing proof that the women of the West are rapidly crowding the men out of the fields of labor and are candidates for positions in all of the respectable vocations. When the Nebraska small grain harvest opened there was a great shortage of male help. Even \$3 a day, with board, lodging and washing, did not attract the city man. A large number of college students went to the rescue of the ripening grain, but the supply was far less than the demand. Farmers became desperate. The price of wheat kept on soaring and they could not afford to let the grain go back into the ground. Out in Beatrice one day Henry Wilson, a farmer living nine miles south of town, needed four men for gathering and shocking wheat. He offered idle park loungers \$3.25 a day, but they declined to go to work. Stopping at a lunch counter before going home, Mr. Wilson told of his troubles to Miss Jeannette Allison, a waitress. "Why don't you hire girls?" she asked. They would not go into the harvest field and they would not do the work if they could," responded the farmer. "Try them," ventured the girl. "Give me the same wages as you would a man and I will go. Besides, if I do not do the work of a man I will not charge you a cent."

Not only did Miss Allison ride home with Farmer Wilson that night, but four of her girl friends went along. The next evening Farmer Wilson told his wife that he had never had harvest hands that did better work than the five girls. The second day farmers came from miles about, saw the girls at work, and that night many of them went to Beatrice and other neighboring towns, where they hired fifteen young women to work in the grain fields.

Word was passed down to Omaha that young women could have employment in the harvest fields of Gage County. An employment agency published this ad: "Wanted—One hundred young women to work in the harvest fields. Wages \$3 per day. Board and washing."

The next day that employment agent did business. He was swamped with applicants, all young women, school teachers, stenographers, college girls and girls who had been working in factories at from \$6 to \$7 per week. All they wanted was to be given a trial. The farmers gave them the trial, and they made good. They remained with the farmers until the harvest was finished, and many of them will continue during the stacking and haying, receiving from \$1.75 to \$2 per day and board.—Omaha (Neb.) Dispatch to Boston Transcript.

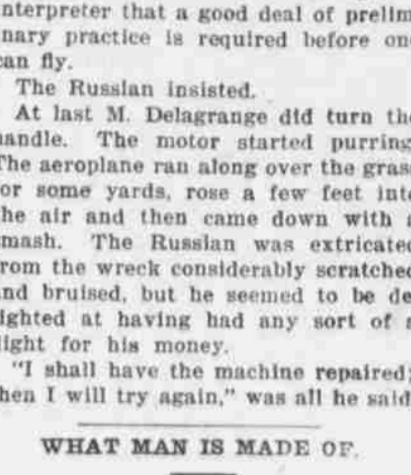
HE BOUGHT AN AIRSHIP.

A Wealthy Russian Wanted a Bleriot Monoplane and Got It.

A good story is being told in Paris of how M. Delagrangé, pilot of one of the Bleriot monoplanes at Rheims, disposed of the monoplane with which he made his record flights last year. He was at his abode when a wealthy Russian, fresh from St. Petersburg, was introduced to him, the New York Morning Telegram says. "Is your aeroplane for sale?" asked the stranger. "Yes, if you like." "Would you mind taking it out of the shed to let me see it?" "Certainly not," replied M. Delagrangé. The Russian examined it all over, then asked the price and was told \$2,400. "I will take it," said the Russian, drawing out his pocket book and handing over the money. "All right." "Then the machine is mine?" "Yes," replied the aviator; "it is." Thereupon the Russian got into the pilot's seat and, looking up at M. Delagrangé, said to him: "Turn on the motor, please. I want to see how the thing goes." There was laughter and astonishment all around among the persons present. M. Delagrangé in vain tried to explain to the Russian through an interpreter that a good deal of preliminary practice is required before one can fly. The Russian insisted. At last M. Delagrangé did turn the handle. The motor started purring. The aeroplane ran along over the grass for some yards, rose a few feet into the air and then came down with a smash. The Russian was extricated from the wreck considerably scratched and bruised, but he seemed to be delighted at having had any sort of a flight for his money. "I shall have the machine repaired; then I will try again," was all he said.

WHAT MAN IS MADE OF.

An English specialist in nerve diseases has been recommending all who suffer from any kind of mind disturbance to take to digging, for he says there is something about mother earth that gives steadiness and balance. If every woman who is a victim of neuralgia, nervous headache or irritability would take a spade and dig a little patch in her garden every morning before breakfast and then interest herself in this little patch so far as to see what can be grown in it he is of the opinion that she would soon forget her troubles. The remedy is a simple one and worthy of a trial by those who find it within their reach. It is cheaper and more agreeable than traveling to a distance for baths and other cures and if used with discretion can do the patient no harm. A woman's ambition is not only to have both ends meet, but to lay over and have enough for her kin.



MEN WHO STARTED AT THE BOTTOM.



SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.



JOSEPH G. CANNON.



ROWLEY D. EVANS.



JAMES J. HILL.



NELSON W. ALDRICH.



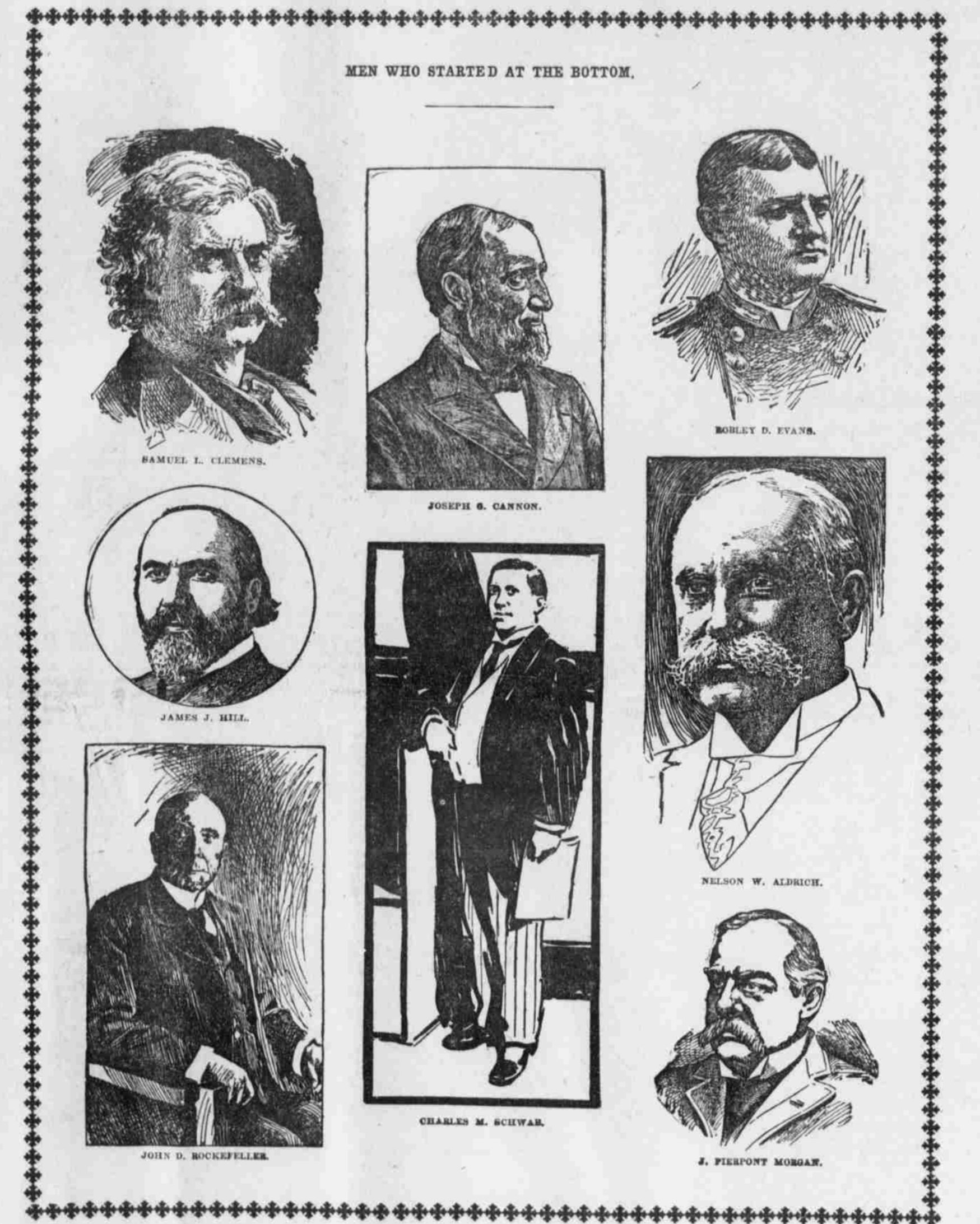
CHARLES M. SCHWAB.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.



J. PIERPONT MORGAN.



newspaper office, working first as a compositor, later occupying an editorial position. He was appointed news editor of the local paper in his twenty-second year. His appointment as consul to Venice followed two years later.

After graduating from the English high school of Boston J. P. Morgan went abroad to study higher mathematics at the University of Gottingen. He returned to New York and began his business career just before reaching his twenty-first year. In his twenty-first year August Belmont was graduated from Harvard. He spent several months thereafter in a trip abroad, when he returned to New York and entered his father's banking house.

Following an academic education Nelson W. Aldrich plunged into mercantile pursuits. He was an ardent Republican from his first vote, and early took an active part in local politics. He became president of the common council of Providence shortly after reaching his majority.

Joseph G. Cannon was busily engaged in studying law in his twenty-first year, and for several years thereafter. Following an education in the common schools and in law, he was admitted to the Illinois bar.

Long before his twenty-first year, John D. Rockefeller was well established in business, and had given evidence of his genius for organization. He went to Cleveland when 15 years old and obtained his first position. Two years later he was engaged in an oil commission house. At 21 he was

ant at \$1 a day. At 21 young Schwab was working hard in the field with an engineer corps. Five years later he was appointed chief assistant of the division engineer, and under his direction the famous plant at Homestead was built.

An orphan at the age of 5, Thomas F. Ryan was cared for by his grandmother, and at an early age sought employment. His first position was with a dry goods commission house in Baltimore. He had saved enough money by his nineteenth year to come to New York. He entered business actively and became a member of the stock exchange in his twenty-fourth year.

The study of law was engaging the time of Joseph H. Choate in his twenty-first year and for several years thereafter. He was graduated at 21 from Harvard, with Phi Beta Kappa honors, and entered the law school at Harvard. He was graduated with the degree of LL. B. at 22.

A variety of occupations had been followed by Samuel L. Clemens before he had reached his twenty-first year. The greater part of his time had been spent in a printing office, where he became an expert compositor. At the age of 21 he was threading the difficult channels of the Mississippi river as a regularly licensed pilot. His newspaper career followed.

At 21 the future Senator Tillman was living on a farm with no ambitions for a political career. He had entered the Confederate army when but 17 years old and had been retired

showing the faces of Harrison and Morton and Cleveland and Thurman in 1888, the first buttons in America. Political buttons were still rare at the time of the second Harrison-Cleveland campaign in 1892, but in '96 the craze was fairly on, and there were a dozen different photographs of both McKinley and Bryan in that year. If this young man's collection is any criterion, 1904 was the greatest year, both for volume and variety, in campaign buttons. Since then they seem to have declined somewhat.

Clyde Fitch's Bad Taste.

Clyde Fitch manured and was as careful of his hands as a prima donna. Once he amused several rows in the theater by expressing horror at the discovery of a black smudge from the program on the tip of a finger. He had his spike-tailed coat decorated with black braid like gold lace on a court uniform. He crossed his front when in full regalia, too, with a heavy gold watch chain, with big diamonds notched between the links. Fitch was notorious for his bad taste. It was told that he crammed his town house full of junk which he had bought at fabulous prices for art treasures, but that finally a friend who knew something about art values cleared out the place, altered the wall decorations, gave a harmonious whole, and made the house look presentable. The stable of Fitch's country home is full of near-art objects picked up in Europe. The playwright was an easy mark for the picture men and the

At present, but one section of the catacombs has been completed with accommodations for 24 bodies in the concrete niches. But the section can be extended underground in four directions, and at any time an addition for 72 more bodies can be made. For a cryptal burial there is a lit set into the floor of the chapel to lower the body to the level of the crypts. The record for burials at Calvary indicates that the mortuary chapel will be in almost constant use. The burials average 70 a day and often run as high as 120.

Get Out and Dig.

An English specialist in nerve diseases has been recommending all who suffer from any kind of mind disturbance to take to digging, for he says there is something about mother earth that gives steadiness and balance. If every woman who is a victim of neuralgia, nervous headache or irritability would take a spade and dig a little patch in her garden every morning before breakfast and then interest herself in this little patch so far as to see what can be grown in it he is of the opinion that she would soon forget her troubles. The remedy is a simple one and worthy of a trial by those who find it within their reach. It is cheaper and more agreeable than traveling to a distance for baths and other cures and if used with discretion can do the patient no harm.