

A setting hen may be a loafer, but she gets results.

We can usually struggle along with but most of the things we want.

Truth is stranger than fiction—that is to say, more of a stranger.

Well, there's one comfort—nobody is asking, "Is it hot enough for you?"

The ultimate consumer has at last been located. He is the dog that ate Cook's shoes.

If language was given to us to clothe our thoughts, it's too bad there are so many misfits.

One of the things a man can't understand is why his enemies seem to have so many friends.

Until the earth gets softer aeroplaning is hardly likely to become as safe a sport as croquet.

Every man, of course, is of some importance in this world, but seldom as much as he thinks he is.

To cure the Anglo-German war fever Europe should take a large dose of international brotherly love.

An Illinois man has worked out a system for living 100 years, but it is going to take time to give it a thorough test.

Vice and crime will hide their ugly heads in due course of time if there is anything in a monthly magazine crusade against them.

How much should a man have when he marries?—Detroit News.

About five times as much as he thinks two can live comfortably on.

Nobody seems as yet to have been able to devise a punishment that will fit the crime of the person who calls you up on the telephone and asks: "Who is this?"

"I've had six husbands and I'm sick of matrimony," said a Kansas City woman when arraigned on a charge of bigamy. But has she really given matrimony a fair trial?

A good many people who are disposed to complain because Mrs. Pankhurst, the English suffragette, has come to this country may have forgotten that Carrie Nation went over to England, with our consent, not long ago.

The public drinking cup on trains is dangerous because of its location, the questionable character of the ice-water that is served and the use of the cup by all sorts of people. The most baleful and the most loathsome diseases may be transmitted by a drinking cup.

J. Pierpont Morgan has tried to buy a royal castle in Italy and failed, although he offered \$5,000,000 for it, the Italian government claiming that no foreigner should be permitted to own the historic pile. In order to overcome the difficulty Mr. Morgan might buy Italy and thus cease to be a foreigner in that country.

Dr. Cook has so much trouble over his trips that there would seem to be very little inducement for him to make another. There is a story told of a lawyer who was a bad husband, had father, had neighbor and generally a bad man morally, though he had been very successful in his profession. For the funeral a new preacher in the town was selected so that he would not know just what kind of a man the lawyer had been. The preacher eulogized him highly. When he had heard all he could stand to hear without unbending himself to someone present, the judge of the court in that town leaned over to a lawyer who sat beside him and remarked, "Well, there's mighty little inducement for a really good man to die in Smithville town."

President Lowell, the new head of Harvard, adopts the current impression of the phase of Shakespeare's later life when he says in one of his recent addresses, discussing the ineffectiveness of mere opportunity: "Shakespeare himself did much of his writing under the pressure of finishing plays for the stage; and even Shakespeare, when rich enough to retire as a country gentleman, wrote no more." It is true that opportunity does not certainly, or even probably, produce results in any line of effort. There are thousands of concrete instances that could be cited to prove it. But we do not like to let the view go undisputed that Shakespeare ceased to write as soon as the necessity of earning money by his work was removed. It is true he produced no more after his retirement to Stratford. But one of his loving biographers contends that this was not Shakespeare's intention. He holds that it was the intention of the great bard of Avon to give his leisure to a careful revision of his hastily written plays; but that before he could adjust his affairs and settle down to work he was carried to an untimely grave by a sudden illness. The sanitary conditions of the vicinage in Shakespeare's time were extremely bad, and a glorious life was cut down in its prime by a sharp attack of fever, after only three days of illness. It is more satisfactory to think of Shakespeare as preparing to begin intellectual work anew, with better opportunities, than to think of him as planning a life of ease because a competence had been won. And it is almost intoxicating to imagine what a rich additional legacy the world of letters might have inherited from that prodigious intellect had his life been spared for literary authorship.

What constitutes an amateur in athletics is a problem which has long

bothered the officials of athletic organizations, and especially those in authority at colleges and universities. It has developed bitter controversies, and distinctions have been drawn so fine that most people have had difficulty in recognizing them. Broadly speaking, every one knows that an amateur, as distinguished from a professional, does not compete for money. But that is only the beginning of the story. In the hope of bringing the leading governing bodies in the athletic world into closer agreement, the London Olympic committee has sent out a number of questions. Can a man be an amateur in one sport and a professional in another? Can a man recover amateur standing after once losing it? Does a man lose amateur standing through competing with a professional? Can an amateur receive expenses? These are some of the questions. There ought to be clearly defined and universally recognized rules governing amateurism, and it is hoped the efforts of the London committee will accomplish something toward this end. In this country, however, there is a feeling that English standards of amateurism are based too much on the idea that only the leisure class is free from a taint of professionalism. This, of course, is too nebulous for democratic America, where it is held that a boy who works in a mill or store may nevertheless be strictly an amateur when he competes in games or sports on Saturday afternoon. There have been many reforms in college athletics in recent years, but the problem of amateurism is still troublesome. There are sharp differences on the subject of summer baseball, for example, and no doubt under the guise of "expenses" there are evils to be eradicated at many institutions. Sport for sport's sake is the athletic ideal, but like many ideals, it is exceedingly difficult of attainment.

BURGLARS' TOOLS.

Most of them made by supposedly respectable mechanics. Every little while, said a detective recently, the police arrest a man with a set of burglar's tools in his possession, and one naturally wonders where they all come from. It is easy to buy a gun of any description, and the most reputable person would not be ashamed to be seen purchasing the most wicked-looking knife ever made. But who would know where to get a "jimmy" or a device for drilling into a safe or any of the many tools used by the professional burglar in the pursuit of his calling? There are places in the large cities where these things are made and sold to the users, but such places are exceedingly scarce. It may seem a little strange to learn that most of the tools used in burglaries are made by mechanics who are looked upon as respectable men in the community. When a burglar wants any particular tool made he goes to a mechanic who can do the job and pays him perhaps five times what it is actually worth for making the tool and keeping quiet about it. Many detectives can recall cases of this kind that have come to light. One in particular occurred some years ago, when an escaped convict named Williams went to a blacksmith and got him to make a lot of drills to be used in safe cracking. He personally superintended the tempering of the steel, but when the job was nearly completed it leaked out, and Williams was arrested. In this instance the blacksmith knew nothing of the use to which the tools were to be put. Most of the tools used by burglars are secured in the same way.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Cheerful View.

The family horse, which rejoiced in the eminently proper name of Dobbin, had earned a rest by long service, and was accordingly sent away to the country to spend his declining years in the broad pastures of a friend of his owner. The distance being somewhat excessive for his rheumatic legs, adds a writer in the Montreal Herald, he was shipped to his new home by rail. Edna, the family four-year-old, viewed the passing of Dobbin with unfeigned sorrow. She sat for a long time gazing disconsolately out of the window. At last, after a deep sigh, she turned with a more cheerful expression, and said: "Did old Dobbin go in the car mamma?" "Yes, dear," answered her mother. "A broad grin spread over the little girl's face. 'I was just thinking,' she said, 'how funny he must look sitting up on the plush cushions.'"

The Window of Experience.

Men with improvident friends find it difficult to escape their importunities. A writer in the Chicago Post tells the story of such a man who was approached in a hotel one day by an old friend, never a very trustworthy person, and at that moment looking rather the worse for wear. The newcomer took a chair alongside his friend. "I have a tip," he began, "on which I can make four dollars on the Board of Trade to-morrow. If I can get ten dollars to put up. I thought you might have the ten." The other man reached into his pocket and handed him four dollars. The man took the currency, and then hesitated. "This is only four dollars," he explained. "I need ten." "You said you expected to make only four dollars, didn't you? Consider that a loan, and leave the tip to some one else."

The Finisher.

Lawyer—What is your occupation? Witness—I'm a piano finisher. Lawyer—Be a little more definite. Do you polish them or move them?—Boston Transcript.

One or the Other.

The football player from afar Now comes to take a chance On having a triumphal car Or just an ambulance. Never say fall. Just go ahead and fall and your creditors will soon hear of it.

EDITORIALS Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

WHEN SHOULD GIRLS MARRY?

GRANDMOTHER has undertaken to answer the question in the headline in a magazine article. Having had experience, she thinks she knows what she is talking about. It is her opinion that no girl should marry before she is 25 years old. There never has been and never can be any fixed rule for the mating of human beings. Ages ago parents were the sole arbiters of the marital destinies of their daughters. They gave in wedlock when and where and to whom they pleased, and the daughters had nothing to do with the bargain. The matter is one in which there is pretty nearly independence of thought and action on the part of American girls. Parents may try as they will to shape their daughters' love affairs to conform to their own ideas, but it is a rare case in which they succeed, and even then success on the part of the parents is a guarantee of the girl's happiness. It has been estimated that a woman's chances of marriage begin to diminish at the twenty-fourth year and decline rapidly to the thirtieth year, when they have almost disappeared. The period of greatest expectation is from 19 to 23. It is between these periods that the majority of women must make up their minds, and they do it from the dictates of the heart often rather than from any other consideration.—Savannah News.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

THE Department of Commerce and Labor has just issued a comprehensive compilation of marriage and divorce statistics from all over the world, which furnishes much information of interest. Hungary alone of civilized countries leads the United States in number of annual marriages in proportion to marriageable population, with 339 weddings to every 10,000 unmarried adults. Saxony follows closely with 350, while Ireland, laid waste and pitifully poor from British oppression, is at the foot of the list with but 126. The United States average is 357. New England and California rank about 250. Therefore, it appears that the coast States, as usual, are leaving their burden of good citizenship to the Mississippi valley. The increase of divorce is shown by the fact that in 1870 but one decree was granted for every 1,233 married persons, while in 1900 there was one divorce to every 250 married couples. Illinois has been unduly increased in this respect, since the figures show the States of Washington and Delaware in the lead, while Illinois is only twenty-fourth in respect of the number of divorces granted, and South Dakota is but twenty-second. Big cities lead the country districts by a comparatively small percentage. The divorce habit in other countries is also on the increase, although religious beliefs and the great expense

VERY EXACTING BUSINESS.

It Takes Lots of Time and Trouble to Fight Bacteria. If we are to sterilize the mouths of telephones every day, to kill the bacteria and prevent infection, and must scrub the doorknobs every day for the same reason, why not be consistent and go on scrubbing and scrubbing every thing with which we come in contact? The Memphis News-Scimitar asks. If these bacteria must be cleaned out once a day, why not once an hour, or once a minute? The pestiferous things are apt to get in any second. Of course everybody knows that drinking water must be not only boiled but distilled. We have all often enough been warned that handshaking is dangerous and kissing deadly. All of which warnings we have all duly observed of course! Now, after having long and virtuously refrained from water as God made it and from the other enticements, it is hard to be informed by the bacteriologists that we still are in momentary danger from microbes unless we scrub, scrub, scrub. And when we get used to scrubbing and learn to look upon it as a matter of course instead of a hardship, may not the microbes steal another march upon us through the scrub-brush? Maybe we shall have to sterilize the soap and then sterilize the sterilizer. Bacteriologists are insatiable. They never know where to stop. But their demands, if fully acceded to, would leave us no time to make a living. It would be scrub, scrub with us all the time. The farmer, instead of plowing, would have to put in all the time killing the microbes in his plow handles; the butcher, instead of killing beef, would never cease to scour his knife and cleaver. There would be nothing produced to eat, and while saving ourselves from death from microbes we would all die of starvation. This sort of thing may very easily be carried too far. The bacteriologists must learn to draw the line somewhere. We may soon become as ridiculous as were the Salemites in the days of witchcraft.

Patron Saint of Aviators.

It has been stated that the Vatican had been approached with the view of selecting a patron saint for aviators and that it had been suggested that Elijah would be an appropriate person to have not taken into account that Elijah was an Old Testament character, and as such would be ineligible. No doubt, going to heaven in a chariot of fire would have made Elijah an appropriate patron. A Paris contemporary suggests that Salate Colombe should be chosen. Her name alone has much to recommend her. She suffered martyrdom at Sens under Marcus Aurelius.—London Globe.

Stopped in Time.

"When you do tell a lie," remarked Hamlett Patt, "tell an elaborate lie." "I don't know about that," said York Ham. "Following that policy would have lost me the job I just got." "How so?" "A manager wanted to know if I had ever played Richelieu. I never have, but I said yes. I was about to say that I originated the part."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

REASON FOR HIGH PRICES.

WHEN the Chicago packers raised the price of No. 1 beef loins from 19 to 21 cents a pound they gave the shortage of cattle receipts as a reason, and showed that there had been a falling off of about 200,000 head of cattle in the stock yard receipts during the last year. An investigation of the market records showed that the price of the grade of cattle used for such cuts was from 25 to 35 cents a hundred pounds higher than it was on the same day a year ago, while No. 1 loins were 2 1/2 cents lower a year ago than the new price fixed by the packers. Thus it will be seen that, while the price of such cattle increased from 25 to 35 cents a hundred during the year, the price of No. 1 loins increased \$2.50 a hundred in the same interval, so it doesn't seem that the packers' theory that their increased prices are due to a decrease in the cattle receipts is fully substantiated. About all the investigations made into the subject tend to the conclusion that in these days prices are high because they are high. This merely means that we are living in an era of high prices, and while it is doubtless true that some of these prices are the effect of demand and supply, a good many of them are high purely as a result of sympathetic influences. Holders—i. e., controllers of commodities—have found that by judiciously but persistently raising their prices and holding them firm they can get just about what they want to ask.—Indianapolis News.

WOMEN POLICE.

WOMEN police is the latest panacea for the attainment of ideal civic conditions. The idea emanates, of course, from the faerie, not to say erratic, brain of a woman reformer, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, who informed the students of the University of Minnesota the other day that all Minneapolis needs to become a model city is 100 women on its police force. "One hundred women specialists put on the police force of a city would make for improvement in civic conditions." It will doubtless strike the ordinary observer that what the average criminal needs most is fathering—administered with a strong hand. The criminal has been mothered already ad nauseam. States and municipalities vie with each other in coddling him. Large sums are spent to make his cell a boudoir and to save the poor convict from feeling the shame of his condition.—Kansas City Journal.

THE TIPPING EVIL IN AMERICA.



W. D. Howells, who recently returned from England, has given some fresh information about London's new "no tip" hotel. Mr. Howells found tipping in England "pretty near as bad as it is here." He was interested in the new hotel and went there to lunch. The place was so crowded that it was almost impossible to get in. A single daily charge is made for a bedroom, with lights, attendance and breakfast. Tipping is prohibited. This experiment, in the heart of London, is certainly interesting. The house is run by two of London's great cheap restaurant syndicates, which is controlled, by the way, by the British tobacco trust. So there is plenty of money behind it. Its success as a "no tip" hotel depends largely, if not entirely, on the disposition of the public to discontinue the habit of tipping. We have been led to believe that the frequent and vociferous denunciation of this practice by Englishmen is more or less insincere. An Englishman wants comfort, and he is willing to pay an extra sixpence or so to get it, but he objects, naturally, to others doing the same thing. The supply of comfort is always limited. Tipping in this country is worse than in England only because the tips are larger, says the New York Times. The English sixpence tip becomes a quarter here; the threepenny tip is a dime, and is generally received with out thanks. We do not have to tip so many persons. Shopmen and policemen get tips in London. But undoubtedly the habit of tip giving and tip taking is growing in this land of republican institutions, strangely and inexorably. It is a deplorable habit for both the giver and the recipient.

Oil Shot to Calm Seas.

While the process of queuing the troubled waters by scattering oil on the surface has been known and practiced for a long time, there are constantly new means being devised for the application of the oil. The latest thing of this character is the "bottle gun," which has been invented by Vice Admiral Guimaraes of the Brazilian navy, who proposes to scatter oil on the water ahead of the boat by its means. The gun is a handy little piece, mounted on a pivot carriage, which is bolted down to the deck, so that there is no recoil. It is made of bronze, but the chamber at the breech which contains the propelling charge is of steel. The charge, in a brass cylindrical container, is loaded into the gun from the rear, as it is a breech-loading piece, with an interrupted screw plug to close it. The bore of the gun is of much greater diameter than the powder chamber, and the projectile, which is nothing more than an ordinary wine bottle filled

Testing Her.

"How would you feel, Clarissa, if you and I were sealing down the stream of life together, far away from here?" "How far, George?" "Oh, far, far away." "I'd be so terribly homesick for mother." And from that night this young man ceased his visits.—Judge.

DEATH TAKES US BY SURPRISE.

Death takes us by surprise, And stays our hurrying feet; The great design unfinished lies, Our lives are incomplete. But in the dark unknown Perfect their circles seem, Even as a bridge's arch of stones Is rounded in the stream. All are life and death, When life in death survives, And the uninterrupted breath Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high For ages would its light Still traveling downward from the sky, Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies, For years beyond our ken, The light he leaves behind him lies Upon the paths of men. —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Elder's Burnt Sacrifice

Old Elder McEntee, as his friends affectionately called him, was feeling very cheerful and at times was moved of the spirit to hum a bar or two of some especially quickening revival melody. Had he not held a successful revival at the Towne school house? Was not the campaign rich in victories over the hosts of sin? And now to hasten to a new and fertile field at the call of souls in need? Right there, over his heart, lay some of the new kind of paper money that would help the wife, tried and true in all the dire privations of pioneer life, now at home some fifty miles away. "Thank God for His infinite mercies!" said the good old Elder, aloud. The crisp stars sparkled down on the snowy road. The old moon hid behind the horizon's thither vergo, clasping her dead and darkened self in crescent arms. It was war times, the great Civil War, now little more than an echo in the halls of history. National danger,



carnage and death wrought the souls of men to mighty spiritual throes. As the old Elder strode sturdily along the roughly hewn out highway through pine and hemlocks, he lifted up his voice in one of the popular war songs of the period: "Time with the column and charging in the storm, As men go marching on; Glory, glory, halleluia! Glory, glory!" Hark! what is that answering chorus far down on the road behind him? "Silence! Maybe it is a belated 'tote' team," hauling supplies to some lumber camp. Yes, no doubt that was the driver's answering song; those "lumber jacks" are ever fond of song. Cheered by the prospect of a ride when the team caught up, the Elder's mind turned to a review of the revival closed the night before. Again he fervently thanked God for His mercies as he thought of the dozen pioneers who came to the "anxious seat," asked for prayers, and, under Divine conviction, made a profession of faith. At his return four weeks hence he would administer baptism to the little band of saints, his brands plucked from the fires of sin. Then his mind turned to the urgent call that came to him, a hopeful call from the unconverted asking him to begin a revival at the McCall school house the next Sunday evening. Strong and self-reliant at three score and five, accustomed until well past 45 to buffet the ocean storms, a sailor before the mast, he had sturdily refused all conveyance through the twenty miles of forest roads. Now, at midnight, he was still five miles from Brother Smith's.

But this was the last long stretch of woods, the last turn in the road was at hand. A mile farther and he would come to the first "clearing." Beyond there the cabins of the pioneers were frequent all the way. Then his soul warmed as he recalled the generous collection taken up for him and put his hand over a pocket where one of those new and handsome "greenbacks" kept his heart aglow with gratitude toward his fellowmen. But, isn't it time the team overtook him? He turned to listen. Night! Darkness! Silence! Perhaps he could rouse the driver by power of song. He poured forth the fiercely triumphant challenge of an old-time revival melody: "Ethan's mad and I am glad, Praise the Lord—" "Ow-w-w!" came a long drawn wail from the road he had so lately trod. From the road twenty rods ahead

A Decided Difference.

Naggsby—What are some of the most decided differences between fire and life insurance? Waggsby—In the latter there is no hesitancy in insuring the risk for an amount far above its actual value.—Baltimore American.

A Widow's Plea of Popularity.

A widow's plea of popularity is to have the men call her "irresistible."

came a shorter reply. To the left a chorus broke out in wildest fury. "Wolves!" said the Elder, agast. The long drawn wail of the leader again chased the mournful echoes deep in forest gloom. No time to lose. The Elder broke from the track, worn deep by "tote" teams, and hastened through the deep snow to the trees beside the road. There was but one tree of climbing size at hand, so far as he could discern, amidst that muck and gloom. This was a pine, possibly six or seven inches through. Some falling giant of the woods had broken off the top, perhaps ten feet from the ground. The Elder paused an instant, then his sailor training served him well as he sailed the quivering tree, and none too soon.

It was a mere stub with only one limb strong enough to hold up his weight, and near the top. Even this seemed alarmingly near the earth, and of brittle pine. The first wolf's eyes glowed in the darkness below as he sensed himself cautiously and threw one arm over the broken top of the friendly tree. Others came loping, hunger driven; or slinking cautiously in dread of danger; some high sped by youthful ignorance and courage. Soon they rushed, a frantic, gruesome band, leaping high in air. The Elder drew his feet up on his slender perch as the lithe leader sprang high and closed his jaws with a crash of gleaming teeth no more than a foot and a half from the Elder's feet. They were now a mass of snarling dogs standing up beside the tree to tear its bark with cruel fangs; or jumping on each other's backs to get nearer the coveted feast. The Elder could think of no comparison more fit than a revival meeting led by the evil one with fends on the "anxious seat!"

He was terrified in body and soul, but soon his resolute spirit calmed the body's terror as he poured out his trust, his hope, his faith and resignation, in fervent prayer to God. The reverent beasts became more noisy in their fury as immunity to danger grew apparent. At last it came to the Elder like a flash of inspiration, even like a divine answer to that Heaven-pleading prayer, that wolves are terrified at the flash of flame and fire. He drew from his pocket a match box, relic and habit of sailor days. But, what to use for tinder? Searching his pockets he clasped his Bible in hand. Ah! the leaves are just the thing! Then his soul shook in strong revulsion as he cried aloud: "Better death than desecration of Thy Word!" He reverently returned the Bible to his coat pocket and slipped his be-numbed hand under his coat. Ah! that vest pocket and the treasured "greenback."

With fingers slightly warmed he gathered a bunch of pine "needles" and carefully placed the crisp ten-dollar bill within, scratched a match and held it beneath his treasure. Tiny flame; a glimmer; a hope; a thrill of keen despair; another tongue of flame from a new match; a burst of light. Already some of that coward crew are skulking shadows, cautiously breaking off a handful of twigs and branches he lighted them and dropped them all aflame among the besiegers, now retreating toward the outer darkness. Down the road a rifle shot rang out, sharp, imperative command; rousing the slumbering echoes to insistent reply. The wolves vanished like phantoms in wildest dreams. "Hello, there! Anyone in trouble?" rang out a voice in the distance. "The wolves had me treed!" said the Elder, "but, thank God, they have all left." When the three armed rescuers arrived they found the good Elder down from the tree, down on his knees in the snow, pouring forth his thankfulness in praise to the Great Deliverer, in fervid words the inspired psalmist might have spoken. For many winters, around the cozy farmhouse fires, a favorite story was that of the burned greenback which good old Elder McEntee sacrificed.—E. Hollenbeck.

Deer in the Arctic Regions.

The deer which Commander Peary found in large numbers on his last expedition were reindeer, or as they are usually called in Canada, caribou. It is the only kind of deer that inhabits Greenland and the land of the north, says the Manchester Guardian. It was formerly very plentiful in southern Greenland; as many as twenty-five thousands of its hides were exported annually to Denmark in the middle of the nineteenth century. Constant hunting, however, has thinned its numbers, and now in the districts anywhere near civilization, though not exterminated, it is no longer common. The reindeer is found near and within the arctic circle, both in the old world and new, and though more or less well marked differences are found in the deer inhabiting different countries, naturalists seem to agree in regarding all the geographical races as varieties of one species. There are half a dozen of these in all, three of which are found in British America, and a fourth in Greenland. As may be expected in animals living in such a cold climate, the pelage is extremely dense and compact, qualities which make the skins invaluable for keeping out the cold. They are used not only for clothes and bed covering, but also as lining and carpets in the winter houses. No real attempt seems to have been made to domesticate any variety of reindeer except the European. These latter have been introduced into Alaska, and for some years have been used as draft animals.

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