

The defective fine is more dangerous in an airplane than in any other form of construction.

"Give Mr. Rockefeller credit," urges a Southern newspaper. He doesn't need it; he can pay cash.

A Southern newspaper wants lying eliminated from the game. But wouldn't that spoil the game?

And many a cigar manufacturer is now thankful that he was in no hurry to put a Doc Cook cigar on the market.

If people are to be judged by their fruits, the man who invented the Ben Davis apple has something coming to him.

Zelazny seems to have fully understood the folly of being a dictator when nobody was willing to continue to be dictated to.

New York is old-fashioned in some respects. The city still maintains horse cars, and one of her women is the mother of twenty children.

As soon as they were caught the Arkbuckles settled with the government. Nothing like establishing a reputation for prompt paying.

If strychnine, the new anesthetic, is as pleasant to take as they say it is, having an arm or a leg amputated ought to add to the joy of living.

Looking at the subject calmly, the woman doctor who declares that marriage is responsible for the divorce evil appears to have struck it about right.

There were fewer lynchings in this country in 1909 than in 1908. Still, it will be very easy to establish a better record for 1910. Now is the time to begin to quit lynching.

In old testament times the query "Have you seen Smith?" was superfluous. According to the First Book of Samuel, "there was no Smith throughout the land of Israel."

It is explained that Dr. Cook fled because he was afraid somebody would kill him. With the money he got for lecturing he ought to have been able to hire a husky bodyguard.

"The smallest man may do his part," says Dr. Elliot. He may; but the trouble with him is that he generally wants to do a big man's part, and makes disagreeable noises because he can't.

A Philadelphia girl is alleged to have spurned an offer of marriage from Prince Christopher of Greece. If the report is true it may safely be assumed that she did her spurning in a coaxing tone.

Professor Milton Whitney declares that the increased cost of living is due simply to the fact that Americans are eating more than they formerly did. A good cure for the over-eating habit would seem to be to eat up the surplus food.

It is not because the beggar falls to make money that he finally lands in the potter's field. "Any good, industrious beggar," says Mr. Forbes, "can and does make a great deal more money than the average workman."

But the trend of the beggar is downward, and in the end he is pretty sure to become a hopeless wreck and a delirium.

Who is better qualified to judge of the needs of the poor than those who virtually live with them and who thus become fully cognizant of what is best calculated to relieve their distress? Certainly the best philanthropist is that which gives the kind of aid most needed, which elevates the object of charity to a plane on which charity no longer is necessary; that, in short, which helps the poor to help themselves.

A Good Cheer Society which is national in scope and will eventually be international, has recently been established through the efforts of a young woman from Seattle. The purpose is to carry good cheer everywhere, but especially to convalescents in and from the hospitals; not the dispensing of charity, but the exhibition of interests, friendly feeling and sympathy, is the aim. The society has been incorporated in New York, and lodges already exist in New York, Boston, Chicago and Seattle. The membership is composed wholly of women, and is unlimited.

So the Princess "Pat" is to marry King Manuel and be the Queen of Portugal! Thus all hope of a princess of the blood royal breaking the precedent and marrying for love is for this generation vanished. For Princess Patricia of Connaught, the beauty of the British court, was also the willful one, who stood out for an ordinary woman's privilege of marrying according to her heart and not according to the traditions of her rank and the policy of the state. She refused King Alfonso of Spain, it is said, and also the Count of Turin, and for years has been determined to marry a mere commoner, younger son of a mere noble. The boy king of Portugal is five or six years her junior, but is quite good-looking in contrast to her former suitor of Spain. Perhaps Patricia has yielded to persuasions of duty, for it is important dynastically to consummate the political alliance of Portugal and Britain. Portugal not only has harbors of use to the British fleet, but she has vast possessions in Africa which the German covets. Nevertheless, she sacrifices this marriage. If it is to be a marriage, this one beautiful daughter of Britain's royal house, granddaughter

of Victoria and also of the Red Prince of Prussia, the genius of the 18th war, goes to the throne of a decrepit country, abjures her religion, may be blown up by bombs or murdered with the knife, at least have her nerves broken as are those of her cousin, the Queen of Spain. One cannot help being sorry for Victoria Patricia of Connaught.

A New York Supreme Court Justice walls that "the age of patriotism has yielded to the age of commercialism," and that "uppermost in the human mind to-day is not the Stars and Stripes, but the dollar mark." We don't believe it. The distinguished jurist must have eaten too much dinner. The baseless superstition that commerce is a selfish thing and trade utterly without bowels of sentiment is a survival from the feudalism that despised any pursuit save murder and every profit save privilege. The truth is that all national patriotisms to-day rest upon the need of commerce and industry for organized order, law and security, and those countries whose national power and good are upheld by the commercial and industrial classes, are exactly the ones whose citizens exhibit most national patriotism. Napoleon called England a nation of shopkeepers, but the patriotism of the shopkeepers in the course of thirteen years of war wore the Corsican down. The South despised the Yankee as devoted to the almighty dollar, but the South was conquered by the sacrifices of blood and treasure the Yankees made. Feudalism, chivalry, and that sort of things kept Germany disrupted and Japan a collection of warring tribes. National patriotism is a quality of modern Germany and modern Japan. Right here in America at this present hour is more sense of civic responsibility, of patriotic devotion, of public identity than ever animated the rank and file of any numerous people. We need them all, in order to deal with the evils that afflict us, but we are not corrupt to the core or blind worshippers of Mammon—not by a great deal.

Will live in glass houses. In ten years Americans will reside where they can't throw stones. "Within ten years people in this country will be building houses of glass, which will excel in sanitary appointments, beauty and durability and also low cost of maintenance any type of structure of the present time. In other words, the American people within ten years will be living in glass houses. They will therefore be unable to throw stones."

This was the interesting declaration made recently by Roger S. Pease, one of the oldest glassmakers in the United States, a man who has taken an active part in all the improvements that have set the glass world face to face with new conditions and placed it in line for the greatest development in its long history, the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times says. By glass houses Mr. Pease said he meant just what he said. Foundations of concrete, which are now recognized as standard, the walls of wired glass, the ceiling and roofs of wired glass, and the floors of tile, covered with a light sheeting of wood. Such a building will prove practically indestructible, can be made of any sort of colors desired and requires no painting, no papering inside, will be sound-proof, moisture-proof and fireproof.

Mr. Pease has planned a house that will be composed of glass and is going to have it finished in some color that will make it attractive and such colors will be permanent. The moment this idea is started, Mr. Pease declared, the public will be quick to see the value of the material. Its cheapness and reliability are understood. Glass, he said, is the most honest and most easily understood material in the world. It is not mysterious and people will not have to employ experts to see that the quality is right. The glass for the walls of houses need not be transparent, but dense, like slate or stone. The roofs can be of the same character of glass. It withstands heat and cold alike and whatever patents may interfere with the cheapness of the material now are so nearly expired that it will be but a short time before these will be eliminated as a cost factor.

That's All He Forgot. The cab containing the absent-minded man and his family drove up in front of the Broad street station. There emerged the absent-minded man, his wife and three children, a birdcage, a dog on a leash and innumerable bundles and parcels. The absent-minded man paid the driver, gathered up the bundles, dropped them and pressed his hand dramatically to his fevered brow.

"There," he exclaimed, "I just knew I had forgotten something." His wife carefully counted the three children, saw that the dog and the birdcage were intact and took an inventory of the bundles.

"We seem to be all here," she remarked. "I am sure we have everything. What do you think it is you have forgotten?"

"Why, bless my soul," cried the absent-minded man, "now that we are here I've forgotten where we intended going!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

New Light on Holmes. Two old ladies wandering about the public library building in Boston the other day entered Bates Hall and gazed interestedly at a bust of Oliver Wendell Holmes in black bronze.

"Well," one old lady remarked very audibly to the other one, "I never knew before that Dr. Holmes was a negro."—Success Magazine.

Cleanliness Before Hole-iness. Waiter (to gentleman who is looking at napkin full of holes)—"I'll bring you another one, sir."

Diner—Never mind. The holes seem to be clean.—Boston Transcript.

Tell a man a secret, and he tells it to his wife, and when she in turn repeats it, he has a great deal to say about a woman not being able to keep a secret.

Low shoes and high hats may be fashionable extremes.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

DOES THE DECALOGUE NEED ENLARGING?

By Austin Bierbower.

Those who most wrong us are the men who wreck railroads and banks, thereby wiping out the fortunes of thousands; great corporations which monopolize the necessities of life, raising prices and making it harder for the poor to live; politicians who levy extravagant taxes and squander them without public benefit; diplomats who plunge nations into war without due cause, etc. These evils were unknown when the decalogue was framed and ancient morality fixed. The people had not then gone to governing themselves, to voting franchises and undertaking great public works. Immorality was private, as also morality. Only rulers could be immoral on a large scale, and they were few and thought to be incapable of wrong, so that immorality was practiced and confined to the common people.

Morality is a larger subject than hitherto. Hence, I say, the new morality cannot be formulated in the old precepts and prohibitions. As men have new forms of business and conduct them with injury to their fellows, they must work out new ways of avoiding this injury. Morality is as varied as the vices operate, and the ways of doing good as countless as the ways of causing injury. In learning a new method of achievement we should learn what new vice is involved in it.

Why Our Past Lives Are Forgotten. No question is more often heard when reincarnation is spoken of than: "If I were here before, why do I not remember it?" Many people cannot remember learning to read, yet the fact that they can read proves the learning. Incidents of childhood and youth have faded from our memory, yet they have left traces on our character. Fewer patients have been known to use in delirium a language known in childhood and forgotten in maturity. Much of our subconsciousness consists of these submerged experiences, memories thrown into the background but recoverable.

When a philosophy or a science is quickly grasped and applied, when an art is mastered without study, memory is there in power, though past facts of learning are forgotten; as Plato said, it is reminiscence. When we feel intimate with a stranger on first meeting, memory is there, the spirit's recognition of a friend of ages past; when we shrink back with strong repulsion from another stranger, memory is there, the spirit's recognition of an ancient foe.

Not until pleasure and pain, however, have been seen in the light of eternity can the crowding memories of the past be safely confronted; when they have thus been seen, then those memories calm the emotions of the present, and that which would otherwise have crushed becomes a support and consolation. Goethe rejoiced that on his return to earth life he would be washed

Barbers Who Became Famous. High Rank Attained by Many Victims of Shave and Razor. Perhaps the best known of all barbers who have attained fame were Arkwright, the improver of the spinning jenny, who was said to have turned to mechanics when the wigmaking trade fell off, and Jeremy Taylor, who was brought up in his father's shaving shop at Cambridge, says London Tit-Bits. Edward Sugden, afterward made Baron St. Leonard, was the son of a hair cutter in a shop in Lincoln's Inn, London. Once when Sugden was addressing a crowd in the interest of his candidacy for parliament a man called out to know what soap cost and how lather was made. "I am particularly obliged to that gentleman," Sir Edward is reported to have said, "for reminding me of my lowly origin. It is true that I am a barber's son and that I myself was once a barber. If the gentleman who so politely reminded me of these facts had been a barber he would have continued to remain one till the end of his life." Charles Abbott, Baron Tenby, was also a barber's son, and it is related how, when he was made a peer of England, he took his own son to a little Westminster shop and bade him remember it was there that his grandfather had been accustomed to shave others for a penny. William Falconer, the poet, was a poor barber in Edinburgh until his poem, "The Shipwreck," brought him renown and incidentally a commission in the royal navy. Crags, associated with the South sea bubble, was a barber turned promoter. He became enormously wealthy, but when the South sea crash came his fortune dwindled and in despair he committed suicide. Giovanni Belzoni of Padua was a barber with a varied and interesting history. Belzoni set up a shop in England, but soon found more profit in going at Sadler's Wells as the "Patagonian Samson." Being of thrifty temperament, Belzoni accumulated quite a fortune. He achieved lasting fame as the discoverer of interesting relics in the tombs of Egypt and as a traveler.

Machine Smokes Cigars. The curious apparatus here illustrated is a cigar-smoking device used at the Department of Agriculture at Washington to test the burning qualities of cigars. The smoking is accomplished by allowing the water in the glass vessel at the left to escape gradually through tubes. This movement of water creates a vacuum.—Popular Mechanics.

Trying to Save Time. Bacon—Is that hen of yours industrious? Egbert—Well, rather. She tried to do two days' work in one, to-day.

"How so?" "She laid a double-yolked egg."—Yonkers Statesman.

In the race for wealth the average man looms up among those who also ran. It takes a child to make a wise man feel like an ignorant fool.

DREAMER ALONE UNDERSTANDS LIFE.

By Ada May Krecker.

It is said by travelers that the inert, brutish folk of parts uncivilized chant their work songs in order to dissipate their lethargy. They find it almost as hard to begin to work as it is for us to cease. Yet even at this early point in their industrial evolution they evidently are possessed by the same notion of the desirability of labor that burdens us and eggs us on to toilsome and marvelous achievement. It is hard to furnish evidence for things unseen to our crass minds. And if anyone can do it, these lotus eaters can. For their work is a joke and dreaming a fine art. The only things they take seriously are "Arabian Nights" and castles in the air.

We insist upon being alert, energetic, wide awake to opportunity, which, we declare grimly, knocks but once at our door and then leaves us to that sorriest of fates, indigent obscurity. And we forget the happy family where blissfully dreams the ragged slumberer. We say the Lord helps those who help themselves. But the waiter on Providence knows how the manna falls from heaven on those that are without bread. All the heart that is dried out of our gilded mechanisms of existence the slumberer and lotus eater keeps breathing and pure. While we are gaining the whole world he knows that somehow he is saving his soul.

Girls' Extravagance Hinders Marriage. The men who made this country—80 per cent of them—began their married life without a dollar. They began in a humble way, worked together, saved, reached up and grew up, and if the four millions of women in America who are now bread-winners became bread-makers, and married for love of worthy men, and began their married life as our fathers and mothers began, there would be few bachelors, and fewer women compelled to work outside of their own homes.

Our young women "won't do housework." The majority of men on salaries paid them cannot keep a servant; besides, there are not servants enough to meet the demand, and the result is that we are rapidly becoming a nation of boarding houses and hotels, crowded with people who ought to be in modest homes of their own, and, like our parents, realize the dreams of their youth by working and rising together.

What we need now is several million sensible women who realize that the mightiest institution on earth is the home, and who, instead of aping the vulgar rich and the silly poor, will revive the old-fashioned virtues of thrift and domestic economy.

Invents a Novel Craft. A vessel designed to operate both on the high seas and on inland rivers has been invented and is just now being brought to perfection by John F. Cahill, a well-known St. Louisan, and plans for the construction of a pioneer boat after Mr. Cahill's models are expected to mature at an early date. Extraordinary light draft, combined with large tonnage, seaworthiness, safety and speed, are claimed for the new boat by its inventor, and that it possesses these qualities is vouched for by some notable authorities on shipping construction.

Coming, as it does, at a time when inland waterways traffic is a subject attracting national attention, the invention is one of exceptional interest. With such a vessel placed in commission, Mr. Cahill promises freight and passenger traffic from St. Louis, or other inland cities of the larger streams, to interior points on the great rivers of South America, or elsewhere, without the necessity of a transfer of cargo or passengers at deep-water ports. For more than twenty years Mr. Cahill has devoted himself to the perfection of this type of vessel, and during that time has spent a small fortune in experimenting, improving and perfecting his idea.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Ruling a Savage Tribe. The author of "Heroes of Modern Crusades," the Rev. Edward Gilliat, M. A., at one time master of Harrow School, says in his most interesting book that he had a few years ago the privilege of meeting the king of the Quah country, Tetty Agamasson, at Harrow. The Quah king had been educated at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and was able to lecture to the Harrovians in good English. In his lecture he told a quaint story which brings one nearer to the weird lives of the Quahs, a small agricultural and trading tribe of inoffensive character on the west coast of Africa.

"In my country," said the king, "we have no prisons; therefore if a culprit is brought to me I must chop off something—an ear or two, a hand or a foot—and he goes home a sadder and a wiser man. Just before I left for England a chief came to my hut, bringing a prisoner.

"What has he done, friend? I asked.

"He is a dangerous witch, O king; he can turn himself into an alligator!"

"Pooh! nonsense! I don't believe that old-fashioned stuff."

"Oh, but we saw him do it, down by the big river."

"Indeed! Well, chief, tell me all about it. You saw him yourself?"

"I did. We were hunting by the banks of the river with our rifles when all at once we saw a big alligator lying on a rock in the river. The witch man was lying asleep in a hammock some fifty yards away. O the dangerous creature he is!

"Well, king, do not laugh with your eyes like that, for I am speaking the truth. I put my rifle to shoot the alligator, but to our great fear, as soon as I fired, this fellow rolled out of his hammock and fell on the ground, and rubbed his back, and swore he was hurt."

"Now, O king, if this witch had not been inside the alligator, how could he have been hurt when I fired?"

"Gentlemen," concluded the king, "I see you are laughing with your eyes; but it is very difficult to rule over a people untaught and given over to superstition."

"What did I do? Why, if I had left him free they would have killed him as soon as I had gone on my ship, so I saved his life by chopping off his left ear."

Camel a Delicate Beast. Contrary to the widespread but erroneous opinion, the camel is a very delicate animal. A camel that has worked fifteen days in succession needs a month's pasturage to recuperate. It is liable to a host of ailments and accidents. When a caravan crosses a sebkha, or dry salt lake, it is rare that some of the animals do not break a leg. If the fracture is in the upper part of the limb there is nothing for it but to slaughter the animal and retail its flesh as butcher's meat.

If the lower part of the limb has been injured the bone is set and held in position by means of splints made of palm branches, which are bound with small cords. If no complications ensue at the end of a month the fracture is reduced. When it is a case of simple dislocation the injured part is cauterized with a red-hot iron, then coated with clay and bandaged with a strip of cloth. Fifteen days afterward the animal is generally cured.—Vulgarisation Scientific.

It Depends. "How do you pronounce st-t-h-g-y?" the teacher asked the young gentleman nearest the foot of the class. And the smart boy stood up and said it depended a great deal whether the word applied to a man or a bee.—London News.

London. The Romans built London about the year 50 A. D., but London wall was not built until 506 A. D.

And when a cigar is called a "weed" the reason is obvious.

Science AND Invention

For the improvement of Blyth harbor, England, a specially constructed dredger has been employed which scoops up rocks of as much as twenty to thirty hundredweight each, and discharges them through chutes into a barge. The machine is furnished with a chain of buckets like an ordinary dredger, but the buckets are of a special shape, and the rims are reinforced with hard-steel cutting edges. The boulders are embedded in mud and sand, and more than 200 tons of such rock have been removed in an hour. The apparatus works with surprising ease and certainty.

It has recently been discovered that the rare atmospheric gas neon readily becomes luminous under the influence of electric waves, and it is suggested that the property may afford a means of visually reading wireless telegraph messages. Prof. W. L. Dudley experimented with a tube of neon during an Atlantic voyage in July, and found that the gas glowed beautifully in response to the waves sent out from the wireless apparatus of the ship, but the received waves were apparently too weak to affect it sensibly. Further experiment may result in the discovery of a means of utilizing this property of neon as a detector of received signals. At present it is employed to measure the length of electric waves sent out. The length of those tested by Professor Dudley was about 800 feet.

The Texas town of Rockwall, about twenty-five miles east of Dallas, derives its name from what appear to be the remains of immense walls of ruined masonry surrounding the town, but extending in many directions. Mr. Sidney Paige has recently studied these walls, and his conclusion is that they are natural formations, consisting of sandstone dikes which under the influence of the weather and earth movements have been cracked and jointed in such a way as to afford, in many cases, a striking resemblance to artificial walls. The weathered sands, stained with iron oxides between the joints have been mistaken for remains of mortar. The dikes rise out of a rich, black, waxy soil composed of original lime muds. They vary in thickness from an inch to two feet, and have been traced to a depth of fifty feet or more.

Recent experiments by government experts have revealed an unexpected source of trouble in the process of sterilizing wood by the injection of preservative liquids. It is customary to remove the bark from a stick of timber before it is subjected to creosoting, but it has been supposed that thin layers of the inner bark left unremoved would do no harm. Now it is found that such layers, no matter how thin, almost absolutely prevent the penetration of the liquid. In any case, the preservative usually fails to penetrate the center of the stick, but forms an exterior antiseptic zone, which answers the purpose if there are no gaps in it. But if such gaps exist, owing to the presence of thin layers of bark, the teredo carries an entrance through them, and carries on its work of destruction in the interior of the timber supposed to have been protected.

Lights in Street Cars. Explanation of Why They Are Sometimes Dim, by an Expert. Who has not noticed when riding on the street cars at night that sometimes the lamps which light the cars burn very dim for a minute and then seem to burn very bright? Sometimes they almost go entirely out; then suddenly come on again. To the ordinary traveler all this is very mystifying, but to the electrical engineer it is simplicity itself, the Electric News says.

If a small hole were drilled in a water pipe just above a faucet, the water, under pressure, would rush out at terrific speed, but if you should open the faucet the pressure would immediately drop down so low that the water would all but cease to flow out of the tiny hole. This is exactly what happens to the incandescent lamps in a street car when they suddenly grow dim, only it is electricity we are dealing with, instead of water. To start a loaded street car requires an enormous amount of electricity, the motors fairly eating up the current in order to get the necessary starting power or torque, as it is called. Using such a quantity of electricity relieves the pressure, or voltage, of the system, and of course the lights burn dim until the car is under way.

Nearly all street car systems operate at 550 volts pressure. The lamps in the car consume current at 110 volts pressure, and they are connected in groups of five in series across the 550-volt circuit. When the voltage for these lamps drops below 110 because of the large amount of current going to the motors under the car not enough electricity is being forced through the lamp filament to heat it to incandescence, and of course the light is dim. Opening wide the current conductors to the motors suddenly lowers the line pressure, which in turn reduces the pressure to the lamps. Once the car is under way the motors do not require so much current and the pressure returns to the lamps and they continue to give their rated candle power until the next time the car is started.

Show Noah's Grave. At Stamford, Conn., somewhat of a sensation was caused at an assembly dance given by Stamford's exclusive social set, when a little pig was led into the ballroom by two young men and turned loose. The pig ran squealing about, and some of the ladies climbed on chairs, presumably thinking of rats. When they discovered that it was just a harmless little pig they joined in the chase about the ballroom floor. The scared little porker was finally captured and taken out of doors. The prank was enjoyed by every one.

He's a poor lawyer who mistakes the will for the deed.

Native About Ararat Connect Many Sports with History of Flood. The region of Mount Ararat and the local traditions which still keep alive the story of the ark having rested there were described the other evening in a lecture given in London before the Royal Geographical Society by Capt. Bertram Dickson, who made a series of journeys to the neighborhood while British military consul at Van, a London correspondent says.

The country east of the Tigris, he said, was known to the ancient Assyrians as the mountains of Nairi and

at other times the Niphates and the mountains at Urartu, from which comes the name Ararat. The Bible historian took the account of the ark resting on Ararat from the Chaldean legend, which made it rest on the mountains of Urartu; while local traditions, Christian, Moslem and Zeydi (or devil worshippers) alike make its resting place Jebel Judi, a striking sheer rocky wall of 7,000 feet, which flour over Mesopotamia.

Common sense also suggested that with a subsiding flood in the plains a boat would more probably run aground on the high ridge at the edge of the plain rather than on a solitary peak miles from the plains, with many high ridges intervening. The lecturer thought himself that the local tradition had the greater element of truth.

There is a large ziarat (ziyarat or sanctuary) at the top of Jebel Judi, where every eve in August is held a great feat, attended by thousands of energetic Moslems, Christians and Zeydis, who climb the steepest of trails for 7,000 feet in the terrific summer's heat to do homage to Noah.

This mountain seems to have been held sacred at all times, and certainly it has a wonderful fascination about it, with its high precipices and jagged, tangled crags watching over the vast Mesopotamian plain.

The local villagers can show one the exact spot where Noah descended, while in one village, Hassana, they showed his grave and the vineyard where he is reputed to have indulged overrely in the juice of the grape, the owner declaring that the vines have been passed from father to son ever since.

Capt. Dickson recounted some curious stories of the inhabitants of these regions, particularly the Kurds. These people, he said, claim to be the descendants of Solomon by his concubines, and though nominally one race they are split up into numerous hostile clans, with little in common but their religion, their language and their love of a gun and cartridges.

LAST OF THE JACOBITES. Theodore Napier Still Ready to Defend the Stuart Cause. Here is a staunch supporter of the Scotch claims to the throne of Britain, who despite the fact that he is falling fast in health makes an annual pilgrimage to the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots.

So firmly does King Edward and his line seem settled on the British throne that it is startling to find an ardent remnant of Scottish Jacobites declaring he is a base usurper.

They still cling to the claims of the Stuarts, though over 200 years have passed since the last of that bad family of rulers fled from British soil. To them Mary Queen of Scots is the "marry queen," and their contention is that the lawful ruler of England is an obscure Mary, who, resident abroad, is all unconscious of her phantom dignity.

Most fiery of them all is Theodore Napier, a picturesque figure often to be seen in the streets of Edinburgh, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Every February, clad in highland garb, he journeys to Fortheringy castle, the scene of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, to lay on the tomb of that queen of romance a floral offering as a symbol of his fealty to the Stuarts.

Ridicule or argument breaks upon him without effect. He proclaims himself a Jacobite of the Jacobites; though all else bow the knee to the English king, still will he refuse.

Many Scotsmen declare there is no King Edward VII. of Scotland, for former Edwards did not rule the north or half of Britain. But their objection is not pressed hard, and they are loyal enough to the house of Guelp.

Not so this venerable Jacobite. Whenever there is a celebration of a Scottish national event, there he is to plead for the glorification of Scotland as distinct from England. At a recent dinner in Edinburgh, when the toast of "The King" was proposed, he refused to join, and when remonstrances rained upon him, the hoary Scotsman leaped to his feet and challenged any "traitor to the Stuart cause" to meet him "with claymore, battlesax or dirk," at the same time casting a gauntlet at their feet, in his best dramatic manner.

Nowadays, when the highlands are overrun every day by English and American financial magnates, who sport themselves in kilt and bonnet, Scotsmen are loath to wear the garb of their forefathers. But Theodore Napier regards it as "the only wear." In no other costume would he consent to appear in public, lest he should be taken for a mere Englishman, so inferior, in his opinion, to the men of brawn and bravery, reared on sound oatmeal, north of the Tweed.

FIG LOOSE IN A BALLROOM. At Stamford, Conn., somewhat of a sensation was caused at an assembly dance given by Stamford's exclusive social set, when a little pig was led into the ballroom by two young men and turned loose. The pig ran squealing about, and some of the ladies climbed on chairs, presumably thinking of rats. When they discovered that it was just a harmless little pig they joined in the chase about the ballroom floor. The scared little porker was finally captured and taken out of doors. The prank was enjoyed by every one.

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There is a large ziarat (ziyarat or sanctuary) at the top of Jebel Judi, where every eve in August is held a great feat, attended by thousands of energetic Moslems, Christians and Zeydis, who climb the steepest of trails for 7,000 feet in the terrific summer's heat to do homage to Noah.

This mountain seems to have been held sacred at all times, and certainly it has a wonderful fascination about it, with its high precipices and jagged, tangled crags watching over the vast Mesopotamian plain.

The local villagers can show one the exact spot where Noah descended, while in one village, Hassana, they showed his grave and the vineyard where he is reputed to have indulged overrely in the juice of the grape, the owner declaring that the vines have been passed from father to son ever since.

Capt. Dickson recounted some curious stories of the inhabitants of these regions, particularly the Kurds. These people, he said, claim to be the descendants of Solomon by his concubines, and though nominally one race they are split up into numerous hostile clans, with little in common but their religion, their language and their love of a gun and cartridges.

LAST OF THE JACOBITES. Theodore Napier Still Ready to Defend the Stuart Cause. Here is a staunch supporter of the Scotch claims to the throne of Britain, who despite the fact that he is falling fast in health makes an annual pilgrimage to the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots.

So firmly does King Edward and his line seem settled on the British throne that it is startling to find an ardent remnant of Scottish Jacobites declaring he is a base usurper.

They still cling to the claims of the Stuarts, though over 200 years have passed since the last of that bad family of rulers fled from British soil. To them Mary Queen of Scots is the "marry queen," and their contention is that the lawful ruler of England is an obscure Mary, who, resident abroad, is all unconscious of her phantom dignity.

Most fiery of them all is Theodore Napier, a picturesque figure often to be seen in the streets of Edinburgh, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Every February, clad in highland garb, he journeys to Fortheringy castle, the scene of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, to lay on the tomb of that queen of romance a floral offering as a symbol of his fealty to the Stuarts.

Ridicule or argument breaks upon him without effect. He proclaims himself a Jacobite of the Jacobites; though all else bow the knee to the English king, still will he refuse.

Many Scotsmen declare there is no King Edward VII. of Scotland, for former Edwards did not rule the north or half of Britain. But their objection is not pressed hard, and they are loyal enough to the house of Guelp.

Not so this venerable Jacobite. Whenever there is a celebration of a Scottish national event, there he is to plead for the glorification of Scotland as distinct from England. At a recent dinner in Edinburgh, when the toast of "The King" was proposed, he refused to join, and when remonstrances rained upon him, the hoary Scotsman leaped to his feet and challenged any "traitor to the Stuart cause" to meet him "with claymore, battlesax or dirk," at the same time casting a gauntlet at their feet, in his best dramatic manner.

Nowadays, when the highlands are overrun every day by English and American financial magnates, who sport themselves