

No man ever yet got sunstroke from keeping the snow off the walks.

After this strenuous winter is over let Medicine Hat be sent to the cleaners.

How about pemmican? Can't it be utilized for the purpose of reducing the cost of living?

Lots of men would go back to the soil if they had farms to go to and automobiles to take them.

Count Boni is asking the Pope to grant him a divorce and it is supposed that he has found a new victim.

Raymond Duncan, the Hoplite, says clothes cause immorality. The bills for them are frequently productive of crimes.

Mr. Rockefeller is a source of light second only to the sun, yet interviewers complain that they find him anything but illuminating.

The restriction of the sale of artificial diamonds is likely to interfere with the brilliancy of some of the musical comedy productions.

A Jerseyman won't permit any flying over his property. This may go for aviators, but who is going to make the mosquitoes observe it?

Bibles have gone up in price, a New York publishing house announces. It will soon be so that we cannot afford to keep but eight of the commandments.

A man is seeking a divorce because his wife has not spoken to him for five years. Wait. Perhaps he has reason to believe she intends to break her long silence.

The author of a popular song has been compelled to apply for admission to a New Jersey poorhouse. His fate could not have been harder if he had written real poetry.

We are glad to be able to report that if this country gets into a tariff war with Germany it will become more difficult than it is at present to secure harmonica and concertinas.

We should like to know what a simoleon is.—Charleston News and Courier. A simoleon is a meg, a plunk, a bone, a case, a buck, and you don't know what a simoleon is? Suffering spondulix! What appalling ignorance!

Everybody knows that doctors give less medicine than they used to. Nevertheless, it is a little surprising to learn that the cost of medicine per patient in the Massachusetts General Hospital is less than one-third what it was fifteen years ago, although the price of most drugs has risen in that time.

The "biggest" comes along with increasing frequency, especially in the engines of war. The largest and most powerful gun ever made for the United States navy was tested the other day. It is fifty-three feet long, has a fourteen-inch bore, and weighs sixty-three tons. Each discharge costs \$500, and its shell, which weighs fourteen hundred pounds, is expected to pierce battle-ship armor eleven inches thick at a distance of fourteen miles.

Scenery is a crop the value of which to the acre no one has yet figured out. Considering the ease with which the crop is harvested, the return is tremendously high. The value of the summer resort business of New England has lately been given as between fifty and sixty million dollars a year, which is much greater than the annual output of all the silver mines in the country. It is evident that "scenery" goes "pay." The trouble is that not every soil can produce it, not even with irrigation.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt has decided to drive his coach between London and Brighton again during the coming season. "I intend to drive myself," Mr. Vanderbilt explains, "except Saturdays and Mondays, when my friend Vanderhorst Koch will be the whip. We earnestly hope Vanderbilt Koch will prove an efficient whip. It would be distressing if Mr. Vanderbilt were compelled to do the driving every day and thus be robbed of the week-end rest that gentleman coaching seems to make so necessary.

For generations America has been busily seizing upon the opportunities provided it by nature to increase its wealth. Nature has been free-handed, and so has man. Extravagance has become the characteristic of the age. But there are clear signs that a change must come. Economy is necessary. The Harvard professor who says that our trouble with food prices is not so much that of "the high cost of living" as "the cost of high living" speaks the truth. His proposed diet of mush, cocoa and a few other cheap and wholesome foods may not be very attractive as a permanent thing, but even a limited use of it would mean great saving. The lecturer who talked at the University of Wisconsin on "The Grocery Bill, and How to Keep It Down" was in touch with the spirit of the future. Economy is needed in the preparation of foods as well as in their selection. In the last two or three years the wireless cooker has come into sight use, and this is in a way surprising, considering the hard fate which befell Edward Atkinson's Aladdin oven when he introduced it with high hopes for the economies which would result from it. In steam-heated flats people can cook many kinds of food by merely placing them on the radiators, but most people scorn the economy. All that must be changed. Economy in consumption is bound to proceed as the reverse side of that economy in the productive use of our

farming resources which James J. Hill so persistently and so wisely advocates.

"Speaking of the severe floods in France, Germany and Switzerland," said the amateur scientist, "I can tell you the reason for their occurrence. It is the succession of terrible earthquake shocks, beginning several years ago with Mont Pelee in the West Indies, and including the destructive quakes of San Francisco and Italy. These explosions throw up clouds of dust which reach into the upper stratum of the atmosphere, the fine particles remaining up for years. These particles cause condensation of moisture and induce heavy rains, which are liable to fall upon any portion of the earth's surface." This theory is perhaps as good as another. It is certain that rains and snows have fallen in unusually liberal quantities in many parts of the world in the past five or six years. Severe floods have occurred in widely separated localities and at widely varying intervals. It will be found that in our own country the banks of lakes and river courses have run unusually full. The stage of water has averaged higher. It will be remembered that some ten years ago drought conditions were prevalent and wide-spread. The change is on the whole beneficial, although considerable damage has been done by floods. But the beneficent effect of abundance of moisture on crops has more than compensated. Perhaps this is an answer to the question, Why are earthquakes?

The ways of nature are mysterious and past finding out. When conditions recede from the normal, as in the case of long-continued drought, she has to do something violent to restore the equilibrium. And in the perturbations some body is bound to get hurt. The same is true in intellectual and moral and political movements. It seems to be a law of the universe that no progress can be obtained without some disturbance and more or less suffering. The human race is obliged to pay a certain price for whatever good it gets. Agitation, whether in the material or spiritual world, is symptomatic of progress, and if we would enjoy its benefits we must manfully endure its hard knocks.

**DAANGEROUS THINGS TO HANDLE**  
Articles of Daily Use Which May Be a Peril to Human Life.

Thousands of people are handling certain articles daily without any idea of their dangerous nature.

The ordinary soda water siphon, for instance, is a bomb, and an exceedingly powerful one to boot, charged, as it frequently is, up to a pressure of between 120 and 150 pounds.

A child who dropped one of these dangerous contrivances in the street the other day was almost as shocked by the resultant explosion as was M. von Plehve, the assassinated Russian Minister of the Interior, by the dynamite bomb thrown by the anarchist Porznetz.

The large celluloid combs, again, which ladies are so fond nowadays of wearing in their hair, will, if accidentally brought into contact with a naked light, burst into flame of explosive violence.

Nor is this to be greatly wondered at, seeing that one of the ingredients to celluloid is gun cotton, while another is camphor, than which is no more inflammable substance known to chemists.

Iodide of nitrogen, for instance, which is frequently prescribed in combination with other drugs, is a highly explosive chemical, and accidents have happened over and over again through its incautious handling by persons ignorant of its dangerous properties.

Tincture of iron and diluted aqua regia, again, a mixture often prescribed as a tonic, gives off an explosive gas which has been known to shatter the strongest vessels.

Chloride of potash lozenges are highly dangerous if accidentally brought into contact with an unlighted phosphorus match. Chloral hydrate and sal volatile, the favorite nerve tonic, become, under certain conditions, as deadly as dynamite.

The spontaneous explosive combustion of a box of oxide of silver pills has ere now caused fatal injury to their unfortunate possessor. Bicarbonate of potash, a common remedy for flatulence, will cause a dangerous explosion if accidentally mixed with subnitrate of bismuth.

Ordinary spirits of wine is a substance possessing tremendous perils. A pint of it if suddenly ignited will produce the very same destructive effects as three or four pounds of weight of gunpowder. This has been proved on many different occasions.

Once at the Royal Surrey County Hospital a clergyman rashly threw a small quantity on to a "snapdragon" dish, around which a number of choir boys were gathered. The resultant explosion killed one unfortunate lad and severely injured several others.—Pearson's Weekly.

**American Women.**  
A favorite fling of the French at the English has always been that the latter are a nation of shopkeepers. An Englishwoman has called Americans "a nation of housekeepers." During a visit to this country she was struck by the fact that so many American women of means and refinement either "do their own work" or actively superintend the domestic arrangements, taking a pride in this duty.

Our friend was surprised to learn that "an American woman will spend the forenoon in cooking or dusting or cleaning, then dress herself like a duchess and sally forth to the meeting of a fashionable club where she is to read a learned paper, like as not, or else call a carriage and make a round of social calls." And her standing does not seem to be impaired in the least by the fact that during part of the day she has done the work of a menial nor has it affected her own personal attractiveness.

No other woman has done so much as the American to emphasize the dignity of labor.—Housekeeper.

If a farmer hasn't anything else to kick about, he buys a pig brick.

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## THE DEADLY PUBLIC DRINKING CUP.

**F**IVE diseases are responsible for 400,000 deaths in the United States every year. They are diphtheria, bronchitis, tuberculosis, pneumonia and gripe, and each and every one of them may be acquired—and often is—by the use of the common drinking cup. This striking array of figures appears in a paper by Prof. Alvin Davidson of Lafayette College, which is given additional weight by being published in the current bulletin of the Massachusetts State Board of Health. It constitutes an unanswerable argument against the use of public drinking cups anywhere, but more especially in and about the public schools.

An epidemic of diphtheria in Rochester, N. Y., during which twenty-four people were ill, was traced unmistakably to a drinking cup which all the sick had used. Tonsillitis and sore throat are invariably more common in schools where common drinking cups are used than where the individual cup is required or the sanitary drinking fountain has been installed. The lesson in this is so plain as to need no pointing out.—Boston Traveller.

## FAKING FOR FORTUNE.

**Y**OUNG man, if you would prosper financially—let us be perfectly cold-blooded about it—if you aim to amass wealth, and that quickly and by easy means, mark the signs of the times and start a cult. With the notable example before you of Mr. Dowie, who did exceedingly well for himself in this and a host of lesser lights of more recent date in the realm of prophecy or revelation, who have all waxed fat of purse, how can you forbear to give rein to your inventive genius? Why can't you discover that you are a reincarnation of the Grand Kahn or Christopher Columbus? Why don't you fake a revelation? Why don't you promulgate some new food theories? You might, for instance, inaugurate a Nebuchadnezzar cult of walking on all fours and eating grass with a view of acquiring wisdom and length of days. Or you might discourse eloquently of the ethereal rhythmic dissonances of ancient Babylonian harmonics—jargon sounds learned and makes a good impression—and propound an empiric system for teaching the music of the spheres as a sure cure for all the evil thoughts and bodily maladies that

## QUEER STORIES

London motor bus drivers are fined for being ahead of time, but rarely for being late.

The use of dust from vacuum cleaners is in demand for use in dusting patterns in foundries.

Fish is now one of the chief means of subsistence of the German people, because of its comparative cheapness.

Long hair, it seems, is to be the fashion for men this year in London. The fat has gone forth from the hair-dressing establishments in Bond street.

Recently there has been a great sale of hansom cabs and horses in London. From one establishment alone 128 cab horses and more than seventy cabs, were sold. There is no great demand for them, and the prices realized for the cabs are very small.

The inhabitants of southern Italy and Sicily are alarmed by an invasion of ravens, which are causing serious damage. At the corresponding period of last year, preceding the terrible seismic catastrophe which destroyed Messina and Reggio, a similar invasion occurred.—Paris Presse.

Mrs. Josephine L. Newcomb, of New Orleans, is said to have given a larger amount to educational charity during the last twelve months than any other woman in this country. She bequeathed \$1,500,000 to the Sophie memorial school of New Orleans. She had previously given \$1,000,000 to the school, which is a memorial to her daughter, who died at the age of fifteen.

Arthur Dupin, the "father of the Apaches," has just died in Paris. He was a feuilletonist, who wrote stories for the Paris press after the style of Fenimore Cooper. One of his early contributions, entitled "Les Apaches des Belleville," made such an impression on the criminal classes of that notorious Paris suburb that by common consent they adopted the name of the redskin tribe.

The German emperor has recently shown himself to be an excellent business man by the way in which he has pushed the sale of the manufactures of the pottery works at Cadzand, which belong to him. These pottery works, where majolica is the principal article produced, have been the Kaiser's private property for several years, and he personally supervises their management. Apart from acting as managing director of the enterprise he also contrives to stimulate the sale of these manufactures among his friends and wealthy men.

Attention should be called to the very abnormal fact that there never before existed in all natural history, outside of a fattening pen and the "Strauss-burger goose, the opportunity for such luxurious consumption of food with so little movement as exists for many here to-day. "The high noon of a grossly glutinous golden age." Until thirty years ago, before up-to-date office work, few Anglo-Saxon men were ever in the house except to eat or sleep, and most were on their feet nearly all the time when awake. This great sudden change bodes not well.—New York Press.

## MAN WITH A HEART.

Queer Charity Shabby Man Conducts at Auction Sales.

The auctioneer who was conducting the sale of some poor devil's household goods spoke with marked respect to the shabby little man. "Got a seat saved for yuh, sir," he said. "You, Jim, bring out that box I put away." Jim brought out a shabby soapbox, and the shabby little man sat down without a smile. He had hardly realized to the red-faced salesman's greet-

assail us. Remember P. T. Barnum's remarks about willing popular gullibility. Just have the courage to be a fakir, and crowds will flock to you with ecstatic devotion and heap upon you the blessings of their wealth.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## IS CHRISTIANITY DECLINING?

**C**HRISTIANITY occasionally bewails the lack of popular influence which she realizes affects the modern church. Scorners foresee the day when churches will be swallowed up in great economic movements. Both scoffers and clergy are partly right and partly wrong. The church does lack influence, but the right kind of clergymen are beginning to see why, and the day is not far distant when the church, instead of remaining reactionary, will cast in its lot with the progress of civilization and wage its share of the battle.

Economic movements will not swallow up the church, because church leaders will make the church more practical and less theoretic, its administration more business and less blundering, and its aims as earnestly to improve conditions on earth as to insure happiness in heaven. In 1909 the American people gave just about \$1,000,000 a day to Christian churches. In a nation where the church receives \$100,000,000 more than all the expenditures of its States, Christianity is not waning and the church is not declining.—Chicago Journal.

## FEMINIZATION OF THE UNIVERSE.

**T**HE feminization of the world is slowly but surely being accomplished, the Eternal Feminine crowding the Transitory Male off the boards. Gutzon Borgium, the sculptor, is the latest to assent to the skirt-sward trend of thought. He has made a statue of Atlas, but he has substituted a woman for the traditional strong man bearing the world upon his shoulders. It is woman, not man, he rightly thinks, who is carrying the whole world's burdens. This gives added significance to the latest anfractu story. It is related that one of these women became much depressed at the non-success of her labors in reforming the world. The task seemed hopeless, and in her despair she communicated her fears to another anfractu, who thus consoled her: "Do not be cast down. There is always One to whom we can take our sorrows. Pray to God, and She will aid you."—Chicago Tribune.

## FAMILY MEAL A NICKEL.

Excellent St. Louis Philanthropy Meets Seaside Recognition.

A meal for a family for a nickel. This is the sign on the door of the St. Louis Soup-house, one of the novel charitable institutions of the city that is doing much good among the poor and with little public recognition, the St. Louis Republic says.

The place is at 818 Walnut street. The cold weather has driven a steady stream of hungry and cold humanity to its doors.

W. Vincent, the proprietor, preaches the gospel on the streets during the summer and devotes his limited means to the relief of the poor during the winter. His wife is his assistant.

Nobody is turned away if possessed of a nickel, and even that is not necessary where Mr. Vincent is convinced the party is deserving. The charge of 5 cents is made to keep away the tramps and hobos who would be drawn to St. Louis by the prospect of free meals all winter.

For the men, a pint of soup, a pint of coffee and all the bread that can be eaten is furnished, while heads of families receive a quart of soup, a quart of coffee and a loaf of bread for the same price.

All sorts and conditions of men are cared for. In cases of drunkards without a nickel, Mr. Vincent gives them a card, with the request that they get the necessary nickel from the saloon-keeper who sold them the liquor.

"Sometimes they come back, and sometimes they don't," he says.

## The Best of Intentions.

Competency learning and technical capacity characterize the true critic, but native tact and delicacy may occasionally be substituted with good effect—as in the case of a gardener known to a contributor to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The gardener was employed by a friend of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. One day, when she was walking in his garden, Mrs. Stowe came upon him working among his roses. She watched him a while, then entered into conversation. Curious, as all authors are, to know the impression her work had made upon him, Mrs. Stowe suddenly said:

"My man, did you ever read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?"

The old gardener did not want to hurt the famous novelist's feelings, neither did he want to appear ignorant under further questioning.

"Well, no, ma'am," he stammered, "not exactly. Not as you might say 'read it,' but I've tried to, ma'am."

## The Parthenon.

The destruction of that famous building, the Parthenon, took place in 1687 during the siege of Athens by the Venetians. The Turks held the city, and the Parthenon was used for a powder magazine. One day during the conflict a Venetian bombshell dropped into the building, and the explosion followed which badly shattered the structure. From that date the renowned building has stood roofless and exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. For more than 2,000 years the temple stood entire, and in its ruins is the architectural wonder of the world.—New York American.

## Should Be Careful.

Plain Guest (excitedly)—Miss Lucy—your—mare's run away. I just popped my head over the gate.

Miss Lucy (annoyed)—Oh! That's enough to make her. She's so frightened of anything like that.—London Opinion.

Considering how worthless dogs are, we often wonder why the Lord invented so many different kinds.

We can't understand why any man should become excited over basket-ball.

## Old Favorites

Pass Under the Rod.

I saw a young bride in her beauty and pride Bedecked in her snowy array, And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek And the future looked blooming and gay.

And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart At the shrine of idolatrous love, And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth By the chair which her tenderness wove;

But I saw when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn And the chain had been severed in two, She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief And her bloom for the paleness of woe.

But the Healer was there pouring balm on her heart, And wiping the tears from her eyes, He strengthened the chain he had broken in twain And fastened it firm to the skies. There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God, "I love thee; I love thee; pass under the rod."

I saw a young mother in tenderness bend O'er the couch of her slumbering boy, And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name While the dreamer lay smiling in joy, Oh, sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew

When its fragrance is stung on the air, So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed As he lay in his innocence there. But I saw when she gazed on that same lovely form,

Pale as marble and silent and cold, But paler and colder her beautiful boy When the tale of her sorrow was told. But the Healer was there who had struck her heart And taken her treasure away;

To allure her to heaven he had placed it on high And the mourner will sweetly obey. There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God, "I love thee; I love thee; pass under the rod."

I saw a fond father and mother who leaned On the arms of a dear gifted son, And the star of the future grew bright to their gaze When they saw the proud place he had won.

Oh! the fast coming evening of life promised fair And its pathway grew smooth to their feet And the starlight of love glimmered bright to the end And the whispers of fancy were sweet.

But I saw them again, bending low o'er the grave Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid; Their star had done down in the darkness of night And the joy from their bosoms had fled.

But the Healer was there with his arms thrown around, And he led them with tenderest care; He showed them a star in that bright upper world—"Twas their star shining brilliantly there.

There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of their God, "I love thee; I love thee; pass under the rod."

## MAN OF MODERATE MEANS.

Stoges His Regular Smoke—What He Uses When He's Feeling Rich.

"All things," said the man of moderate means, according to the New York Sun, "impress us by comparison. If a man had lived all his life in a palace it would have to be a very grand sort of a place indeed that would seem anything particularly fine to him, whereas if he had lived always in a shack a very modest house would seem to him luxurious.

"If since they first came in we had been driving steadily a \$10,000 automobile then obviously it would take quite considerable of a kerosene cart to give us any added joy in that line, while if we had been accustomed constantly to ride in the subway even the simplest of gasoline gigs might give us great glee. All things go by comparison.

"Take, for instance, smoking. My regular smoke is a stogie that costs \$1.45 a hundred, but I buy also for special occasions a special brand of cigars for which I pay \$2 a hundred; I buy a fifty-box at a time for a dollar. Commonly I smoke the stogies and I think they're pretty good, at a little less than a cent and a half a smoke, but if I happen to strike a little streak of luck I blow myself to a couple of those choice smokes out of the other box, in which really I find great pleasure.

"It's all by comparison. Some men would have to pay \$10 for a cigar to get any fun out of it. I can get a lot of fun out of a 5-center.

"And speaking of great pleasure, I'm glad I have not exhausted all my great pleasures; I've still got them all, or mostly all, to enjoy. My capacity for novelty and enjoyment has never been much taxed; it is still practically boundless. I have got life ahead of me, not behind, and when I do get money, as I certainly hope to do some day, everything will be new and charming to me and I shall enjoy everything immensely.

"I've got something to look forward to anyway and I think there's something in that."

## ANIMALS EAT OUR FOOD.

Conservation in This Line as Important as in Others.

Among the important subjects discussed at the fourth annual Pennsylvania State College Farmers' Week, recently concluded, was the problem of supplying the necessary food for man when the time shall have arrived when the increased population will necessitate more intensive husbandry and greater economy in the rations for cattle. In other words, it is believed by

Dr. H. P. Armsby, head of the Department of Animal Nutrition, that the time will come when the demand for food in this country will be so great that it will be impossible for man to live, if we continue to feed to animals much of the food palatable to human beings. Thus, complex experiments are being conducted here under the direction of Dr. Armsby. The machine employed in the work is an animal calorimeter.

Steers are put into this apparatus, and by means of minutely accurate observations made every thirty seconds is learned the exact disposal of every bit of the ration of the animal. Through changes in the diet of the bovine subjects knowledge is acquired as to the most economic feed, and by the supplying of foodstuffs not desirable to man, but tasteful to cattle, information is obtained along the line of conserving the food supply of the country. Speaking of the calorimeter and its allied investigation, Dr. Armsby said:

"A sufficient food supply is a fundamental necessity of civilization, and its conservation is as important as that of our mines, forests or water powers. We are at last beginning to realize that there is such a thing as a food problem, and that when, in the not distant future, our population reaches half a billion, it may be a very serious one. All the available material will then be needed for human consumption. A large part of the products of the farm, however, can not be consumed directly. About 70 per cent of the wheat crop is contained in the straw and the milling residues, while hay and similar forage crops we can not consume at all. We can, however, feed them to farm animals, and thus effect a double saving."

## ODDITIES IN GIVEN NAMES.

One Family of Nine Had One Hundred and Three Appellations.

One can't help sympathizing with Lieut. Tollemache, who after groaning for many years under the burden of seven Christian names containing no fewer than sixty letters, has at last decided to jettison five of them and to be known for the future as plain "Leo de Orellana Tollemache," a designation long enough surely to satisfy any reasonable man.

And yet the gallant lieutenant was an enviable person compared with the other members of his many-named family, nine of whom share 103 Christian names among them, ranging in number from ten to seventeen, the latter number being the baptismal dower of one of his sisters, who, if ever she has time to sign her name in full, must write "Lyona Decima Veronica Edyth Undine Cyssa Hylda Rowena Viola Adela Thyra Ursula Ysabel Blanche Lellias Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache," London Tit Bits says.

After such an autograph as this one turns with relief to the royal signature of the empress dowager of China, which contains but a paltry fifty-nine letters, or to that of a native of Hawaii, who is content with fifty-one letters, eight of which are a's and fifteen s's.

That a multiplicity of names is not the prerogative of the higher class was proved a few years ago when the infant boy of a Buckinghamshire farmer was presented at the front with twenty-six Christian names, each beginning with a different letter of the alphabet, from Abel to Yariah and Zachariah, and when a farm laborer handed a list of twenty-one names to the vicar of a church near Tunbridge Wells as the dower of his baby boy.

Fortunately for the child, the father was induced to cut down the allowance to half a dozen. Even thus we can imagine that in future years that boy will look with envy on the offspring of a Mr. Penny, who labeled his children One Penny, Two Penny, and so on, up to the full shilling's worth of pennies.

The absurdities of Christian names are illustrated in a Sussex jury list of the seventeenth century, which may be seen in the British museum. Among the jurors of the time were Safety-on-High Snaat of Uckfield, Kill-Sin Penible of Westham, Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith White, Small-Hope Biggs, Faint-Not Hirst and Earth Adams, although, after all, the names are no more remarkable than those given a few months ago to twin infants in the Midlands, who will go through life as Faith Hope Charity Rogers and Pentateuch Rogers.

**Napoleon's Farewell.**  
It was at Fontainebleau that Napoleon received the pope in 1804. It was at Fontainebleau that he imprisoned the pope—the apartment which served as his prison is still shown—in 1812 and 1813. Finally, for Nemesis would have it so, it was at Fontainebleau that Napoleon signed his abdication and said farewell to his army in 1814, at the head of Cour du Cheval Blanc and placing himself at the head of the guard as if for a review.

"For twenty years," he said, "I have been well content with you and you have always been with me on the path of glory. With your help and that of all the brave men who are still loyal I could have carried on the war for three years longer, but France would have suffered, and I do not wish that to happen.

"I might have died—that would have been easy—but I would not. I prefer to follow the path of honor and to write the history of our exploits.

"I cannot embrace you all, but I will embrace your general. Come, General Petie. Bring me the eagle! Dear eagle! May these kisses find their echo in every brave man's heart!

"Farewell, my children! That surely is the most pathetic as it is also the most dramatic scene in the whole history of Fontainebleau.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

## No Violence Necessary.

"I submitted some humorous sketches here the other day," said Jokeley. "They haven't appeared yet. Did you kill them?"

"I passed upon them," replied the editor, "but I didn't kill them."

"No?"

"No. They just died naturally of old age."—Catholic Standard and Times.