

HANS WANGER NAMES HIS OWN SALARY



Along about March 21 each year Hans Wagner, the great Pittsburgh shortstop, who leads the National league in batting, gets a letter that reads something like this:

"Dear Hans: Inclosed is a contract for the coming baseball season. It is all blank, as you will see. Fill it out to suit yourself, Hans; but in fixing your salary please remember that times are very bad. Still, we must have you and will pay whatever you say."

Hans gets this letter while he is at the office of the independent steel plant that he and his brother own. He studies the statistics and finds that 366,427 persons paid to see the games at Pittsburgh last year. Then back goes this letter to Barney Dreyfus:

"Mien Lieber Barney: Yours chust received. Times was pretty hard

CLARKE FOUR TIME WINNER

Pittsburg Leader Holds the Record Among Managers for Baseball Pennant Victories.

Pittsburg, which clinched the honors as champion of the National league for 1909, also won the pennant in 1901, 1902 and 1903, giving Manager Clarke the distinction of being the only manager in the National league with a record of four pennants. Only three other managers of major league clubs ever surpassed this record. They were Anson, Selee and Hanlon, whose teams won the pennants five times.

Five players hold the record of being members of a club that won the pennant four times. They are Manager Clarke, Shortstop Wagner, Center Fielder Leach and Pitchers Leever and Phillippe.

Pittsburg is the best hitting team in either major league, having 1,282 bingles to their credit, including 204 doubles, 88 triples and 24 home runs, and is second in fielding, Chicago being first.

The Pittsburg team is strong in having the second division of its lineup the hardest-hitting aggregation of any second division in any major

league club. These men are Miller, Abstein, Wilson and Gibson.

Another interesting feature is that O'Connor was catching for the team when the pennant was clinched and the only other game he caught this year was on May 5, when his three hits helped Pittsburg defeat Chicago, thus placing Pittsburg in the lead in the race. Catcher George Gibson has caught 130 consecutive games.

Des Moines won the pennant in the Western league by a remarkable series of games, the winner being unsettled until the very last ball was thrown. Des Moines won over Sioux City by just two points. Sioux City stood at the head of the column, with Des Moines second. Sioux City was scheduled to play two games against Omaha and Des Moines one with Lincoln. In order for Des Moines to win the pennant it was necessary for Omaha to win both games and Des Moines to win its game with Lincoln. Des Moines won and Omaha took the first game from Sioux City. With Sioux City two scores to the good in the seventh inning of the second game and Omaha with two runners on bases Kane of Omaha hit for a home run and won the last game.

LOSSES FLAG ON HOME RUN

Des Moines won the pennant in the Western league by a remarkable series of games, the winner being unsettled until the very last ball was thrown.

Des Moines won over Sioux City by just two points. Sioux City stood at the head of the column, with Des Moines second. Sioux City was scheduled to play two games against Omaha and Des Moines one with Lincoln. In order for Des Moines to win the pennant it was necessary for Omaha to win both games and Des Moines to win its game with Lincoln. Des Moines won and Omaha took the first game from Sioux City. With Sioux City two scores to the good in the seventh inning of the second game and Omaha with two runners on bases Kane of Omaha hit for a home run and won the last game.

Des Moines won over Sioux City by just two points. Sioux City stood at the head of the column, with Des Moines second. Sioux City was scheduled to play two games against Omaha and Des Moines one with Lincoln. In order for Des Moines to win the pennant it was necessary for Omaha to win both games and Des Moines to win its game with Lincoln. Des Moines won and Omaha took the first game from Sioux City. With Sioux City two scores to the good in the seventh inning of the second game and Omaha with two runners on bases Kane of Omaha hit for a home run and won the last game.

Des Moines won over Sioux City by just two points. Sioux City stood at the head of the column, with Des Moines second. Sioux City was scheduled to play two games against Omaha and Des Moines one with Lincoln. In order for Des Moines to win the pennant it was necessary for Omaha to win both games and Des Moines to win its game with Lincoln. Des Moines won and Omaha took the first game from Sioux City. With Sioux City two scores to the good in the seventh inning of the second game and Omaha with two runners on bases Kane of Omaha hit for a home run and won the last game.

Des Moines won over Sioux City by just two points. Sioux City stood at the head of the column, with Des Moines second. Sioux City was scheduled to play two games against Omaha and Des Moines one with Lincoln. In order for Des Moines to win the pennant it was necessary for Omaha to win both games and Des Moines to win its game with Lincoln. Des Moines won and Omaha took the first game from Sioux City. With Sioux City two scores to the good in the seventh inning of the second game and Omaha with two runners on bases Kane of Omaha hit for a home run and won the last game.

SUGGESTION FOR PITTSBURG'S PENNANT FLAG



As His Mistress Had Done

Chinese Cook, Like All His Race, Capable Only of Imitating the Acts of Others.

"Chinese need to be taught to be more self-reliant," said the woman who employs a Chinese cook. "The other day I ordered my cook to make a pudding for dinner, stopping a minute to see if he followed my instructions, for I had taught him to make

this particular pudding. He had seen me smell the eggs before putting them into a bowl and he began by putting the first egg to his nose. He seemed on the right road, so I left the kitchen for a minute. Returning, I discovered that he had used five eggs instead of three as I had taught him. Taking him to task for not following my instructions he answered: 'Yes, three here (pointing to the bowl) two here

WAGNER AND COBB SHARE LIMELIGHT

PITTSBURG AND DETROIT STARS ATTAIN BASEBALL GLORY IN DIFFERENT WAY.

GREAT PLAYERS COMPARED

Not Alike in Temperament But Each "Get There" with Equal Force and Certainty—Both Hitters and Speedy Baserunners.

A few years ago many columns of space were wasted on the relative abilities of Hans Wagner and Napoleon Lajoie, the hitting kings of the National and American leagues, respectively. You don't hear much about Lajoie any more, but his successor as the star player of the American league—Tyus Raymond Cobb—is now being compared to the Flying Dutchman, and not to his disadvantage either.

Wagner and Lajoie are temperamentally alike. Both are modest, quiet men on and off the ball field. Neither has ever appeared to be a brilliant thinker or executor of plays; both seem to have enough natural ability to mechanically execute plays that would appear sensational if performed by another player.

The comparison between Cobb and Wagner is an interesting one. Both achieve great results, but not in the same manner. Wagner is a ponderous perfect athlete, while Cobb, a slender, delicate-appearing chap, possesses ability which is constantly brought to the surface by his brilliant plays and the wonderful spirit that has made him envied and hated by others.

Both men are wonderful hitters, wonderful base runners, and wonderful fielders. For more than two years Wagner has kept up a dizzy pace. He has played every position, and not only that, has been a sensation in every position. He has the speed of Cobb, the terrific hitting powers of Lajoie, the energy of Jennings, and the disposition of Willie Keeler. Cobb, on the other hand, has been setting the kingly pace for but three years.

But how different they are! You point to Cobb with pride as the ideal ball player, and then you watch Hans Wagner and smile at the comparison. For all that Cobb is, except in ability to "get there," Wagner isn't.

In action Ty Cobb comes closer to the athletic ideal than any other man in baseball. Built like a greyhound, his wonderful lithe body is always a study. His slight waist, his magnificently-formed shoulders, his wiry limbs with slight ankles and wrists, and his well-poised head make one thing of the idealized Grecian youth who lives now only in the marble of the museums and art schools.

Wagner is without precedent in the athletic world. As Cobb wins admiration by his grace, Wagner awes one by his bulk. Wagner just bulges all over. He has to have shoes made to order, he is cramped in an ordinary bed, his hands are as big as good-sized hands.

When Wagner waddles to the plate, swinging his great bat, it looks as though Gibraltar were toppling over. But when he is set to swing there is action—wonderful action. Before that it seems as though the legs, arms and body belonged to three different beings; but once the great slugger swings there is a concentration of energy that makes the most stout-hearted of pitchers wince.

Wagner hits 300 every year by force of habit. He is worth well over \$100,000, is a bachelor and is responsible to no one.

Cobb is different in every respect. To begin with the Georgian plays ball because he loves the game. His whole heart and soul is wrapped up in it. Cobb could make four hits and play a wonderful game, and yet, if the team lost, he would be the bluest man on the club. He likes his base hits, as all ball players do, but he plays only to win.

AROUND THE BASES

One consolation the Chicago Nationals, who failed to win four consecutive pennants, can have is the fact that Pittsburg did not beat the record they made in 1908, when they won 116 games and lost 36, giving them a percentage of .763.

Pittsburg in playing for the world's baseball title has five men who took part in the 1903 series which Boston Americans, led by Jimmy Collins, won. These men are Clarke, Leever, Phillippe, Leach and Wagner.

A qualifying statement to the effect that if a business venture he is interested in proves worth while he will quit the game next year was made by "Christy" Mathewson of the Giants. However, he says this is not his "annual yell," and that when he gets ready to quit he will simply quit.

The South Bend Central league franchise is not on the market notwithstanding reports circulated about the circuit. Bert Annis, owner of the club, announces that he had no intention of disposing of his holding.

Catcher Guy Sample has been signed by the owners of the East Liverpool team to manage the club next season. Sample was with Zanesville last season.

(indicating where he had thrown the others). Same as you.'

"It dawned on me that when I had taught him to make the pudding I had found the second and third eggs that I had broken to be bad and had thrown both away. He had simply done what he had seen me do—after smelling the second and third egg he had thrown them away."

Is Always Near Him.

It costs the devil little trouble to catch a lazy man.—German.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MODERN HUSBANDS?



turns indicate that the husband is going to have to shoulder the greater part of the blame.

Hundreds of dusty records containing the details of half-forgotten cases are being dug out of the vaults of the courthouses in the big cities and the backwoods county seats. Press dispatches from here and there over the country indicate that an epidemic of wife desertions, abandonments and general infidelities is raging. St. Louis, Los Angeles, Waukegan, Williamsburg, Pittsburg, New York and Long Island answer to the roll when the list of recent delinquencies is called. The modern man seems to be drifting rapidly away from the old ideals of a wife, children, a home and a competency, says a writer in the St. Louis Republic.

Modern literature is full of erotic and neurotic tales of clandestine love affairs; and the churches, courts and conventionalities seem powerless to hold the husband to the time-honored way of living, loving and dying. He won't listen to the preacher, he is not afraid of the court and he scorns conventionalities. The old ideals are losing their grip. The deeps of the social order seem to be breaking up and casting their wreckage high and dry at a hundred places in this and other countries. It looks as if the day of chivalry was dead, the true chivalry that was rooted in something deeper than a mere desire to appear at one's best in the complex wheels within wheels of the society of today. For something seems to be the matter with the modern husband. Not that the modern wife is always guiltless of sins against herself and others, but the husband seems to be the one that leads in abandonments, abuses, infidelities and other sins against the marriage state.

Old Bonds No Longer Bind.

It may be that the bow of Cupid is losing its strength; that the arrows of the little god are becoming blunted or that his right arm is losing its cunning. At any rate, it seems that his arrows and darts are going astray and causing more heart aches and domestic troubles than the efforts of a rational little god ever should. Preachers, lawyers, doctors, business men and millionaires of the multiple class are furnishing from their ranks the latest examples of the loosening and breaking away from the old bonds. "Affinities" came first; then all the rage was for "soul-mates," and now the black flag of the "love-pirate" has been run to the masthead by certain of the more unscrupulous buccaners of both sexes. And as a result hundreds of homes in this and other countries are flying the distress signal.

This thing has swept across the country like a virulent epidemic, leaving here and there a plague spot of especial malignancy. A few years ago an artist with the artistic temperament developed to the point that exceeded even the eccentricities of a prima donna, decided that his marriage was a mistake, and straightaway proceeded to correct it by taking to himself an "affinity of the soul." The

matter was carried through with the most brazen disregard of public opinion that it is possible to imagine. The artist and the artist's "affinity" went down to the docks and said good-by to the wife when she sailed for Europe with her children. However, the gentleman paid the usual penalty of the pioneer. His house was wrecked by an angry mob of his neighbors and he was rather roughly handled himself. But the popular indignation soon died out and the artist and his "affinity" settled down to an existence declared to be as idyllic as a poet's dream or an artist's vision.

Idyll Roughly Shattered.

Alas for the frailties of human nature and the erratic whims of the artistic temperaments. But a few months passed until the artist was a defendant in a magistrate's court, charged with having laid violent hands on his "affinity." The matter was based up and things were quiet again for a short time, and then the final explosion came. The "affinity" went home to her mother, considerably sadder, and it is to be hoped, somewhat wiser than when she left the parental roof tree. The artist lost but little time in securing another "soul-mate," and in order to be quit of the sneers and revilings of their acquaintances in America they set sail for Europe. The disillusioned "affinity," with her notions of platonic love considerably shaken, has recently returned from Europe under an assumed name. To her intimate friends she has confided that the artist is a monument of conceit and repulsiveness.

But the experience of the first of the affinity seekers has had no noticeable effect on others inclined to throw aside their marital vows for a pretty face or a stalwart form. The germ of material unrest began creeping westward, stopping to cause wife desertion in Pittsburg and a runaway elopement of a staid old organist and school teacher with the prettiest girl in the choir in a western village.

Illit Love Above Life's Work.

He left a wife and three children blind him when they made their mad dash away from respectability and social correctness. Shortly after the escape of the artist had faded from the public mind a new sensation was sprung by the disappearance of the pastor of one of the richest and most exclusive churches of Long Island. With him had disappeared a communicant of his church, a young woman of unusual beauty and a member of a wealthy family. This minister had thrown aside his priestly robes and given up a reputation that he had had years in building, and the two had disappeared, leaving to the mercy of the public the deserted wife.

They vanished into the 80,000,000 other inhabitants of the union and were not heard of for months. Finally they were discovered in San Francisco, where the unfrocked minister was trying to earn a living for himself and his "soul partner" by working as a painter and paper hanger. Even the staid and orthodox followers of the ancient Hebrew faith are not exempt. The recent arrest of a former St. Louisian by his wife when he made her a little visit after an absence of a couple of years shows that the rabbis of the faith of Isaac and Abraham are not able to stem the current that is making inroads on the morals of their faith. This Jewish Don Juan had a wife in each of the three principal colonies of his people in this country—New York, Chicago and St. Louis—all having been the scenes of his matrimonial adventures. He has placed three marriages to his credit or discredit. But he was so unsatisfactory as a husband that his St. Louis wife, after arresting and charging him with bigamy, had him released and gave him \$50 with which to get out of town.

Some Reasons Advanced.

The columns of newspapers, magazines and other publications are full of articles on this evil from almost every imaginable source. Hundreds of reasons are being assigned in editorials and special articles for the tendency to ignore or shatter the bonds of Hymen. One commonly given by some of the women writers and a majority of the men is the loss of the feeling among the men that women need protection.

The woman's right movement has been coming to the front very rapidly in later years and mankind having seen women calmly appropriating cer-

tain jobs of the men who were supporting families, have come to the conclusion that they are ambitious to attain economic independence.

Another thing frequently insisted on by women writers and women thinkers alike is that modern man is fickle beyond all understanding. They claim that the deathless love, sung by the poets and dilated upon by the romancer, simply does not exist. That most marriages, after all, are founded upon convenience and habit. Women are generally lauded as being far the more faithful and long suffering of the two sexes. The correspondents' columns of the metropolitan dailies are full of letters from wives who write tearfully that their husbands are wearying of them, although they have been married only a year or two. The burden of the pleas that come up from among these worried wives seems to be the old poetical phrase slightly changed, "Love is of man's life but a part, 'tis woman's whole existence." But if these women talk to their husbands as freely as they write to the editors there is small wonder that the man in the case falls easy prey to the "other woman."

Woman But an Incident.

One of the "blue-grass school" of authors in his last piece of fiction shows still another reason for the gradual growing away of the husband from the earlier devotional attitude that is the heritage of the honeymoon.

The hero is a professor in one of the little inland schools down in the blue-grass country. He has been there for years, but now the time has come when he has received a call to go east into a wider field of usefulness that his ripened powers seem to merit. Woman-like, his wife is still wrapped up in her devotion to him and their children. He, on the other hand, is becoming more absorbed in his work than in her and his home. She slowly realizes that woman is only an incident in the life of a man.

The churches and civic societies for decades have been fulminating against the rottenness of human nature; the moral sense of the community always condemns it, but whatever its causes may be, they are always strong enough to sweep down the puny barriers of convention and law. The new school of ethnology and social life has been giving these social evils its attention. But the scientists admit the impulses of man's character run so deep in raw human nature that a remedy is well-nigh impossible.

Prof. Starr, whose vicious attacks on womankind and her nature have been so widely noted, has recently taken up the study of the civilized male as a social animal.

Professor Starr's first verdict on the ordinary man and his habits and desires was delivered with characteristic venom. He had made his earliest studies of this character during the summer season just passed, and had found that the pretty girl in the chorus and the lure of pink-tinted fleshings were just as strong a drawing card as the comic artist of all these years has been telling us. The shows that contain the most coarse infidelity and the most blatant sneers at married life were the ones the husbands whose wives were away for the summer seemed most anxious to see. Every joke with the married man as the victim was applauded uproariously. The most popular songs were those that told of the joys of the married man while wife was away. "I love, I love my wife, but O you kid," was always one of the hits of the evening with these summer bachelors, according to Prof. Starr.

Affects All Classes.

And the staid bankers, brokers and dry-goods men would stand on the seats and beat one another over the

heads of the men who were supporting families, have come to the conclusion that they are ambitious to attain economic independence.

Another thing frequently insisted on by women writers and women thinkers alike is that modern man is fickle beyond all understanding. They claim that the deathless love, sung by the poets and dilated upon by the romancer, simply does not exist. That most marriages, after all, are founded upon convenience and habit. Women are generally lauded as being far the more faithful and long suffering of the two sexes. The correspondents' columns of the metropolitan dailies are full of letters from wives who write tearfully that their husbands are wearying of them, although they have been married only a year or two. The burden of the pleas that come up from among these worried wives seems to be the old poetical phrase slightly changed, "Love is of man's life but a part, 'tis woman's whole existence." But if these women talk to their husbands as freely as they write to the editors there is small wonder that the man in the case falls easy prey to the "other woman."

Woman But an Incident.

One of the "blue-grass school" of authors in his last piece of fiction shows still another reason for the gradual growing away of the husband from the earlier devotional attitude that is the heritage of the honeymoon.

The hero is a professor in one of the little inland schools down in the blue-grass country. He has been there for years, but now the time has come when he has received a call to go east into a wider field of usefulness that his ripened powers seem to merit. Woman-like, his wife is still wrapped up in her devotion to him and their children. He, on the other hand, is becoming more absorbed in his work than in her and his home. She slowly realizes that woman is only an incident in the life of a man.

The churches and civic societies for decades have been fulminating against the rottenness of human nature; the moral sense of the community always condemns it, but whatever its causes may be, they are always strong enough to sweep down the puny barriers of convention and law. The new school of ethnology and social life has been giving these social evils its attention. But the scientists admit the impulses of man's character run so deep in raw human nature that a remedy is well-nigh impossible.

Prof. Starr, whose vicious attacks on womankind and her nature have been so widely noted, has recently taken up the study of the civilized male as a social animal.



heads of the men who were supporting families, have come to the conclusion that they are ambitious to attain economic independence.

Another thing frequently insisted on by women writers and women thinkers alike is that modern man is fickle beyond all understanding. They claim that the deathless love, sung by the poets and dilated upon by the romancer, simply does not exist. That most marriages, after all, are founded upon convenience and habit. Women are generally lauded as being far the more faithful and long suffering of the two sexes. The correspondents' columns of the metropolitan dailies are full of letters from wives who write tearfully that their husbands are wearying of them, although they have been married only a year or two. The burden of the pleas that come up from among these worried wives seems to be the old poetical phrase slightly changed, "Love is of man's life but a part, 'tis woman's whole existence." But if these women talk to their husbands as freely as they write to the editors there is small wonder that the man in the case falls easy prey to the "other woman."

Woman But an Incident.

One of the "blue-grass school" of authors in his last piece of fiction shows still another reason for the gradual growing away of the husband from the earlier devotional attitude that is the heritage of the honeymoon.

The hero is a professor in one of the little inland schools down in the blue-grass country. He has been there for years, but now the time has come when he has received a call to go east into a wider field of usefulness that his ripened powers seem to merit. Woman-like, his wife is still wrapped up in her devotion to him and their children. He, on the other hand, is becoming more absorbed in his work than in her and his home. She slowly realizes that woman is only an incident in the life of a man.

The churches and civic societies for decades have been fulminating against the rottenness of human nature; the moral sense of the community always condemns it, but whatever its causes may be, they are always strong enough to sweep down the puny barriers of convention and law. The new school of ethnology and social life has been giving these social evils its attention. But the scientists admit the impulses of man's character run so deep in raw human nature that a remedy is well-nigh impossible.

Prof. Starr, whose vicious attacks on womankind and her nature have been so widely noted, has recently taken up the study of the civilized male as a social animal.

Professor Starr's first verdict on the ordinary man and his habits and desires was delivered with characteristic venom. He had made his earliest studies of this character during the summer season just passed, and had found that the pretty girl in the chorus and the lure of pink-tinted fleshings were just as strong a drawing card as the comic artist of all these years has been telling us. The shows that contain the most coarse infidelity and the most blatant sneers at married life were the ones the husbands whose wives were away for the summer seemed most anxious to see. Every joke with the married man as the victim was applauded uproariously. The most popular songs were those that told of the joys of the married man while wife was away. "I love, I love my wife, but O you kid," was always one of the hits of the evening with these summer bachelors, according to Prof. Starr.

Affects All Classes.

And the staid bankers, brokers and dry-goods men would stand on the seats and beat one another over the

heads of the men who were supporting families, have come to the conclusion that they are ambitious to attain economic independence.

Another thing frequently insisted on by women writers and women thinkers alike is that modern man is fickle beyond all understanding. They claim that the deathless love, sung by the poets and dilated upon by the romancer, simply does not exist. That most marriages, after all, are founded upon convenience and habit. Women are generally lauded as being far the more faithful and long suffering of the two sexes. The correspondents' columns of the metropolitan dailies are full of letters from wives who write tearfully that their husbands are wearying of them, although they have been married only a year or two. The burden of the pleas that come up from among these worried wives seems to be the old poetical phrase slightly changed, "Love is of man's life but a part, 'tis woman's whole existence." But if these women talk to their husbands as freely as they write to the editors there is small wonder that the man in the case falls easy prey to the "other woman."

Woman But an Incident.

One of the "blue-grass school" of authors in his last piece of fiction shows still another reason for the gradual growing away of the husband from the earlier devotional attitude that is the heritage of the honeymoon.

The hero is a professor in one of the little inland schools down in the blue-grass country. He has been there for years, but now the time has come when he has received a call to go east into a wider field of usefulness that his ripened powers seem to merit. Woman-like, his wife is still wrapped up in her devotion to him and their children. He, on the other hand, is becoming more absorbed in his work than in her and his home. She slowly realizes that woman is only an incident in the life of a man.

The churches and civic societies for decades have been fulminating against the rottenness of human nature; the moral sense of the community always condemns it, but whatever its causes may be, they are always strong enough to sweep down the puny barriers of convention and law. The new school of ethnology and social life has been giving these social evils its attention. But the scientists admit the impulses of man's character run so deep in raw human nature that a remedy is well-nigh impossible.

Prof. Starr, whose vicious attacks on womankind and her nature have been so widely noted, has recently taken up the study of the civilized male as a social animal.

shoulders with their Panamas when the cantatrice in pink tights would trip lightly to the footlights, throw a kiss to the nearest box and warble, "My Wife Is Gone to the Country." The whole bunch that came under the professor's observation acted as if they were having the best time that had come their way since they left the altar on the day of their marriage.

There is no sign that seems to show such instances as that of the preacher and the choir girl who were arrested in an Illinois town recently are on the decrease. You can hardly pick up a paper, metropolitan or rural, without coming across a headline telling the story of a recreant husband. There seems to be a germ in the air that makes for loose living no matter what the consequences. It is a far cry from this love-pirate, soul-mate, affinity craze back to the simple living, loving and dying of our pioneer grandparents.

In the "Good Old Days."

They say that in the good old days, before marriage had come to be discussed in the light of a "failure," no one ever dreamed of suggesting that the husband got all the hapence, whilst the wife, metaphorically, had nothing save the kicks and pinpricks of matrimony.

The varied trials and crosses that come into every married life were accepted as matters of course, and to have suggested to some sweet young great-grandmamma, in the days ere she was a great-grandmamma, that her lord and master had the "best" of life, would have filled her with equal amazement and horror.

"Appetite comes in eating," say the French. And assuredly the talking and writing indulged in on the subject of matrimonial jars increases them to an astonishing extent. The mere acknowledgment of the tiny pinpricks magnifies them, to say nothing of the desecration of the dear old loyalty that washed (if there was any to wash) its dirty linen at home, and turned a smiling and untruffed face toward the cold criticism of the world.

Apart from nature having elected to handicap the fairer sex in a physical sense—an injury that even the most discontented new woman must surely recognize the futility of railing against, more especially since, without an effort on her own part, it obtains countless concessions from the opposite sex—apart from this one immense superiority of man—and where in lies the "best" that husbands in general are said to enjoy?

Woman Often to Blame?

A freer, more diversified life? Undoubtedly; but, in nine cases out of ten, the woman who so bitterly complains of the "monotony" of her life is largely herself to blame. She has laid herself—a willing sacrifice—upon the altar of home and children, and then grumbles when the sacrifice is unthinkingly accepted!

Paradoxical as it may sound, womanly unselfishness is at the root of much married trouble. The wife lays upon her slender shoulders more than any one pair can carry, and, when she falls beneath the unreasonable load, blames Providence and the marriage state, grows discontented, sharp tempered, and is actually a less desirable wife and mother than a more commonsensical, if selfish, sister, who lives up to the belief that all work and no play makes Jih an exceedingly dull and morbid creature.

Weather Predictions.

When a hurricane is announced as coming in this direction conviction that there is no hurricane, or that it is belated, or that it is headed some other way, amounts to a certainty.

An international weather code will soon be in use the world over.

according to its size and beauty shall be its value to thee as a talisman."

The maiden thanked the good giant, and then sat forward upon her quest. As she advanced she saw many ears of corn, large, ripe and beautiful, such as calm judgment might have told her would possess virtues enough, but in her eagerness to grasp the very best she left these fair ears behind, hoping that she might find one still fairer. At length, as the day was closing she reached a part of the field where the stalks were shorter and thinner and the ears were very small and shriveled.

She now regretted the grand ears she had left behind and disdained to pick from the poor show around her, for here she found not an ear which bore perfect grain.

She went on, but alas! only to find the stalks more and more feeble and blighted, until in the end as the day was closing and the night coming on she found herself at the end of the field without having plucked an ear which would possess virtues enough, but in her eagerness to grasp the very best she left these fair ears behind, hoping that she might find one still fairer. At length, as the day was closing she reached a part of the field where the stalks were shorter and thinner and the ears were very small and shriveled.

OPPORTUNITIES WE LET SLIP

Common Failing of Humanity Exemplified by a Beautiful Indian Legend.

How many, in all climes and in all ages, call sadly and regretfully to mind the thousand golden opportunities forever lost. The lesson is beautifully taught in the following Indian legend:

There was once a beautiful damsel upon whom one of the good giant wished to bestow a blessing. He led her to the edge of a large field of corn, where he said to her:

"Daughter, in the field before us the ears of corn, in the hands of those who pluck them in faith, shall have talismanic virtues, and the virtue shall be in proportion to the size and beauty of the ear gathered. Thou shalt pass through the field once and pluck one ear. It must be taken as thou goest forward, and thou shalt not stop in thy path, nor shalt thou retrace a single step in quest of this object. Select an ear full and fair, and

WOMAN IS ALWAYS AT HOME

For Fourteen Years Lighthouse Keeper Has Not Spent a Night Away from It.

American women have the reputation of being restless gadabouts, not perhaps without having given grounds for the accusation; but there's one American woman who is a homesteayer of the most chronic type.

Mrs. Kate Walker has lived in the lighthouse on Robbins reef for 23 years, and the number doesn't have any mystic significance implying an impending departure either. For 14 of those years, ever since her husband's death, she herself has been keeper of the light.

Robbins reef is a ledge a mile or so north of Staten Island on the port side of what you call the bay. You reach Mrs. Walker's home by scrambling up an iron ladder after you have reached the spot—that