

White Silence, as Jack Frost is called in the northland, envelopes the Arctic, the railroad ties are a trail to the musher. To miss footing, however, is often to sink hip deep in the tundra.

The fare to Anvil in those days was \$1 one way, while freight was at the rate of four and one-half cents a pound. The cost six years ago for a horse team to Anvil creek, four and a half miles, was \$60. The Nome-Arctic railroad in consequence cleared in the first season of less than three working months \$60,000.

The road had been extended to Station Ex, 12 miles from Nome, when the Wild Goose company sold it in the summer of 1905 to the Northwestern Development company. With change of ownership came change of name, and to the newcomer the Nome-Arctic is now the Seward Peninsula railroad.

These facts a statistical Sourdough imparts as the train wabbles into the first station, Brownsville. Scattered everywhere back of the roadhouse are canvas or tar paper shacks, derricks, huge dumps—the winter's diggings waiting for water to clean up—a network of sluice boxes and miles of canvas pipes billing like huge reptile through the tundra.—Seattle Correspondence New York Herald.

IN VIRGINIA

The roses nowhere bloom so white
As in Virginia,
The sunshine nowhere shines so bright
As in Virginia.
The birds sing nowhere quite so sweet,
And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,
For heaven and earth both seem to meet
Down in Virginia.

The days are never quite so long
As in Virginia,
Nor quite so filled with happy song
As in Virginia.
And when my time has come to die
Just take me back and let me lie
Close where the James goes rolling by,
Down in Virginia.

There nowhere is a land so fair
As in Virginia,
So full of song, so free of care.
As in Virginia.
And I believe that Happy Land
The Lord prepared for mortal man
Is built exactly on the plan
Of old Virginia.

—Exchange.

MISSOURI POULTRY

Poultrymen's figures show that during the last year the hens of Missouri have laid, in round numbers, 150,000,000 dozen of eggs. Now get out your pencil and keep tab.

These aren't baker's dozens, but just the common dozens—twelve. These 150,000,000 dozen, then, give us 1,800,000,000 separate and distinct eggs—average eggs, not counting the dwarfs or the giants.

Well, any self-respecting, average egg weighs two ounces. That means eight to the pound, doesn't it? And that means that the whole crop will weigh in at 225,000,000 pounds, or 112,500 tons.

Oh, don't begin to exclaim just yet. That's only the beginning.

Allowing five eggs to the foot, when they are set end to end, these 1,800,000,000 would form a string 300,000,000 feet long, or 68,132 miles—long enough to stretch across the continent twenty times, from Baltimore to San Francisco; or long enough to reach more than 3½ times around the world. That's an easy one.

Now, then: Suppose that this mass were just one egg, weighing 112,500 tons—how big an egg would it be? Why, it would have a meas-

urement of 2,700,000,000 cubic inches, or 1,562,500 cubic feet.

Put this into one eggshell and the shell would measure 200 feet in length by 125 through the small way. Set it on end alongside almost any one of the St. Louis skyscrapers, and it wouldn't appear to be out of its class.

Now, suppose that we've found a way to "set" this monster egg. And suppose that it hatches, and that the chick lives and thrives and grows to maturity. If its weight were in proportion to the weight of the average bird hatched from an everyday egg, it would weigh 14,400,000,000 pounds, or 7,200,000 tons.

Now, what if this bird should turn out to be a rooster of Shanghai tendencies, growing to legs instead of putting on flesh. Then, full grown, he would stand 1,800,000,000 feet, or 340,000 miles high. Standing on the solid earth, his head would overtop the moon by just an even 100,000 miles. How far could you hear him crow?

Or let's suppose it to have turned out a hen, and that the hen behaves as a good Biddy ought, and "lays eggs for gentlemen." If her eggs bore the usual proportion to her own weight, they would tip the scales at 225,000,000 pounds each. And if she were an industrious hen, laying the poultryman's standard of 200 eggs a year, then the year's crop from this one bird would weigh 45,000,000,000 pounds, or 22,500,000 tons.

And then if each of these eggs were to be hatched as a thrifty chick, and each chick should take after its mamma in point of growth, then at the year's end we'd have 1,440,000,000 tons of poultry—17 tons for every man, woman and child in the whole country. At ten cents a pound this stock would be worth \$228,000,000,000 of any man's money.

Let's go into the poultry business.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

WOMANLY LOGIC

"Never," groaned a Euclid avenue picture dealer the other day, "never try to argue a woman into believing that she ought to pay a bill when she thinks otherwise. I tried it this morning—presented a bill for some stuff ordered two months ago. Here was her irrefutable logic:

"I never ordered any pictures.
"If I did you never delivered them.

"If you did I never got them.
"If I did, I paid for them.

"If I didn't I must have had some good reason for it.
"And, if I had, of course, I won't pay."

"What d'you think of that?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TEDDY BEARS A MENACE

The "Teddy Bear" fad was severely scored by Rev. Richard G. Esper from the pulpit in St. Joseph's Catholic church today. The priest held that the toy beasts in the hands of little girls were destroying all instincts of motherhood and in the future would be realized a powerful factor in race suicide.

Father Esper spoke earnestly to his congregation for fifteen minutes on the subject, exhorting all parents to replace the doll in the affections of children. "There is something natural," he said, "in the care of a doll by a little child. It is the first manifestation of the feeling of motherhood. In the development of these motherly instincts lies the hope of all nations. It is a monstrous crime to do anything that will tend to destroy these instincts. That is what the Teddy Bear is doing, and that is why it is going to be a factor in the race suicide problem if it is not suppressed. It is terrible enough that the present generation of parents in this country are leading us into grave

danger. If we can not awaken them, let us at least save the future generations."—St. Joseph (Mo.) dispatch to the New York American.

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