

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Russia can serve you horrors either raw or roasted.

The peace movement in Russia appears to move crab-fashion.

Some brands of coffee are now adulterated with sawdust. Let us hope the sawdust is clean.

The life insurance companies, meanwhile, are glad that somebody else is in the limelight now.

A Chicago bacteriologist has discovered a new germ in the telephone. Probably germ, probably.

America has a large selection of fast chauffeurs it would like to offer to Orleans for his polar trip.

The transcontinental railroads are not in favor of a lock canal, since they can no longer hold the key to it.

A woman of 78 walked two miles in twenty-six minutes. But Osler never said anything about the women.

It's no wonder that the horses get frightened at automobiles. Some of them are ugly enough to make the trolley cars shy.

The price of coffee has been raised in New York, and the people are beginning to think that it's cheaper to live than to commit suicide.

Mae Wood has been so busy with other matters that she has apparently just remembered that she was married to Senator Platt a couple of years ago.

The army worm has invaded several of the States. It is a peculiarity of the army worm that its military operations consist entirely of foraging on the enemy.

A woman at a Kentucky college commencement drew a gun and killed another woman. This is teaching the young idea how to shoot with a vengeance.

The President is to have \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses. He may rest assured that he will receive the most kindly treatment at the hands of the porters.

Gambler Canfield modestly declares that the game he ran was a fairer one than the game that is allowed to go on in Wall street. This, however, is not much of an excuse.

The Englishman who claims to have discovered the secret of perpetual life may get a little frog advertisement now, but he will not be remembered long after he is dead.

The ridiculous custom of wearing that shining funnel, the silk hat, will appear as stupefying to our great grandchildren as the custom of putting a bone through the lip or a ring through the nostrils appears monstrous to us.

James Hazen Hyde is reported to be looking around in search of a French castle in which to spend the rest of his life. A large number of Equitable policy holders in this country will earnestly hope that he may find a castle to suit him.

Mr. Rockefeller attributes the prosperity of French farmers to the fact that they have perfect roads. The accuracy of Mr. Rockefeller's judgment as to what leads to prosperity in any given case, we believe, has never been questioned.

If precedent counts for anything we may now look for a multitude of kidnappings. There are in this world, and especially in this country, a great many people whose intelligence is warped in a way that renders them ambitious to emulate any sensational performance. Such people furnish the explanation of the fact that certain forms of crime run in waves. One week it is robbery, the next murder and the next, perhaps, suicide. Something starts the wave and the perverts keep it moving. Just now the Muth kidnaping furnishes the necessary initial impetus. It will be unprecedented if the man Keat does not find several imitators.

A curious story comes from Oregon of a boy of 16 whose depravity and lawlessness had made him the terror of all who knew him. He recently threw a hammer at a man and fractured his skull. The man's death is expected, and the strangest part of the story is that the Judge before whom the affair was laid has professed a strong inclination to hold not only the boy, but his grossly neglectful father responsible for the crime. This appears to be a new departure in law. It may not be possible to "make it stick," but if something of the kind could be established it would soon greatly reduce the crop

of vicious and murderous young hoodlums which parental neglect is making altogether too abundant in our cities and towns.

The reported rejection by the promoters of the project of a national juvenile improvement association of the reported offer of \$5,000,000 by John D. Rockefeller revives the tainted money question in its most acute form. Acute, because there is taint and taint. It is one thing to accept the gifts of persons whose business methods generally are open to criticism and the sources of whose fortunes are somewhat muddy, morally speaking. Those who say, with Byron and some others, that no money should be taken for charitable or other beneficent purposes from any one identified with trusts and monopolies provide no criterion of personal honor and rectitude. All taints look alike to them. The case of a man who proffers donations or endowments as he runs from justice and its agents, or while he is hiding in another jurisdiction and dodging process-servers, is plainly a case in a different class. The taint on the money tendered under such unfortunate circumstances requires no microscopic examination. It is visible to the naked average eye. It may fairly be contended that it smells to heaven. That's why we say that the reported incident revives the tainted money question in the most acute conceivable form.

"If you play with a gambler long enough he is bound to win your money. He can't help but get it. When you play with me in round numbers you put up \$100 and against that I put up \$80. Now figure how long you can keep doing this. You may win my money now and then, you may break me temporarily, but as long as you play against me at the odds of 100 to 90 in the end I'll have your money." That is the way Richard A. Canfield, the big New York gambler, puts the gaming proposition. He ought to know. Canfield is reputed to have made \$5,000,000 in the gambling business. It is said he has not personally touched a card in twenty years. He intrusts the business of his establishment to subordinates and relies with mathematical certainty upon the returns. Canfield puts it very plainly. If you go into the gambler's game he has 100 chances to your 90, ten chances to your nine. If you stay in the game long enough—and the majority of the players do—he will get your money. It is simply science, skill and luck pitted with absolute certainty. The end is known from the beginning. That is where the average man who gambles makes his fundamental mistake. He imagines that good fortune will beat the law of mathematics. He bets on the theory that good playing and luck will enable him to overcome the stubborn fact that 10 is one more than 9. Canfield says what everyone ought to know: When you go up against the gambler's game you go up against a sure thing. The gambler's game is not "a game of chance" at all. Chance has nothing to do with it. It is financial robbery done scientifically. Gambler Canfield's frank statement will have little effect, however. There will always be the man who fancies he can change 9 into a bigger figure than 10.

**SOME TIPS FOR THE COOK.**

**Frying is the Worst Way of Using a Potato—Baking.**

The commonest mistake we make in cooking potatoes is that we use too many fried and boiled potatoes, according to a writer in the Garden magazine. Fried potatoes are less easily digestible than food cooked in other ways. The most wasteful way to cook potatoes is to peel them, put them in cold water and bring them slowly to a boil. This method allows the water to penetrate to the center of the potato so that a good deal of the starch may be dissolved and lost and the potato becomes soggy because it has not been "cooked dry."

On the other hand, if you put peeler or cut potatoes into boiling water the gluten is hardened at once—as is that other common albuminous food—the white of an egg, thus preventing the water from getting to the starch and thereby insuring a mealy potato.

The best way to cook potatoes is to bake them, because a dry heat being used, none of the food value is lost. Next in nutritive order is the boiling of potatoes with their skins on. Next comes steaming, which every one should practice instead of the common way of boiling because it wastes less starch while giving the same kind of flavor and texture. Frying is the least rational process. Of the "fancy" methods "ricing" is one of the easiest and most attractive and it has the great advantage of being useful for potatoes unfit for other uses.

**Starting the Machinery.**

"Pop, is there going to be a revolution in Russia?"

"I am afraid so, my son. The government there seems determined to see how the wheels go round."—Baltimore American.

How people rip it to a woman who is caught! No wonder women generally behave; their punishment is so dreadful.

**WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.**

Little Bessie—What's a widower? Little Harry—Why, a widower is a widow's husband. I should think anybody ought to know that.

Teacher—How many senses have we, Harry? Harry—Five. Teacher—That's right. Now, Johnny, tell me how we may use them? Johnny—To buy candy with.

Sunday School Teacher—Tommy, can you tell me why the Israelites made a golden calf? Tommy—'Cause they didn't have enough gold to make a beef trust.

"Little boy," said the parson, "I hope you don't read those horrid dime novels." "Not me," replied the wise youngster. "I know where to get better ones for a nickel."

"How far back can you remember, Willie?" asked the inquisitive visitor. "Oh, ever so far," replied the little fellow. "I can remember when I couldn't remember anything at all."

"How do you know that you have a soul?" asked the Sunday school teacher. "Cause," answered the small boy in whose mind souls and hearts were the same, "I can hear it tick."

"I wish," said an anxious mother to her indolent son, "that you would give a little attention to your lessons." "Why, mamma," replied the little fellow, "I do give them as little attention as I possibly can."

"Now, Tommy," said the mother of a small boy, as she paused in the disciplinary slipper exercise, "what made you eat the whole of that pie?" "Cause," sobbed Tommy, "you t-told me to n-never do t-things by h-halves."

Mamma—You look as if you had been fighting again. Have you? Johnny—Yes, ma'am, I had to, Tommy Jones hit me on the cheek. Mamma—Well, you should have turned the other cheek. Johnny—I did and he hit that and socked me on the nose. Then I got mad and heked the stuffin' out of him.

**ANATOMY OF AN OYSTER.**

**The Bivalve's Organs and Where They Are Located.**

Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach and other necessary internal organs, including a set of curiously devised intestines. The mouth is at the small end of the oyster's body, near the hinge of the shell. It is oval in shape, and, though not readily discovered by an unpracticed eye, it may be easily located by gently pushing a blunt bodkin or similar instrument along the folds of the surface of the body at the place mentioned. Connected with the mouth is the canal which the oyster uses in conveying food to the stomach, from whence it passes into the curious little set of netted and twisted intestines referred to in the opening.

To discover the heart of an oyster the fold of flesh which oystermen call the "mantle" must be removed. This is fatal to the oyster, of course, but in the interest of science and for the benefit of the "curious" it is occasionally done. When the mantle has been removed the heart, shaped like a crescent or horned moon, is laid to the view. The oyster's heart is made up of two parts, one of which that of a human being, one of which receives the blood from the gills and the other drives it out through the arteries. The liver is found in the immediate vicinity of the heart and stomach and is a queer-shaped little organ, which is supposed to perform all the functions of a blood filter.

**A Ready Helper.**

"Maria is a well-meaning soul, now isn't she?" said one of Maria's much-rid relatives to another. "She has a real helpful spirit."

"That she has," returned the other sufferer, heartily. "I suppose Maria has done more to get tickets for people who didn't want them to go to places they couldn't abide, sold more articles to people who couldn't use them, assisted more people over crossings who were boiling with rage because they preferred to go alone or with the policeman, helped more kinswomen to make up their minds in the exactly opposite way from the one they wished, and told more strangers in the city things they already knew than any other woman in Christendom."

"But if you told her the braid was slipped off the bottom of her skirt, she wouldn't really like it," said the first speaker.

"No, I've noticed that these ready helpers never care for suggestions themselves. Curious, isn't it?"

Maria's luckless relatives sighed in concert.—Youth's Companion.

**Where Dogs Resemble Men.**

Men and dogs are the only kinds of living creatures that can stand an instantaneous change from arctic cold to tropical heat without losing their health or suffering deterioration.

When a woman is out of town, she worries if the men are kind to her lone some husband, and gets mad if the women are.

**MISS LEOPOLD, SEC'Y LIEDERKRANZ.**

Writes: "Three Years Ago My System Was In a Run-Down Condition. I Owe to Per-una My Restoration to Health and Strength."



MISS RICKA LEOPOLD, 137 Main Street, Menasha, Wis., Sec'y Liederkranz, writes:

"Three years ago my system was in a terrible run-down condition and I was broken out all over my body. I began to be worried about my condition and I was glad to try anything which would relieve me.

"Peruna was recommended to me as a fine blood remedy and tonic, and I soon found that it was worthy of praise. A few bottles changed my condition materially and in a short time I was all over my trouble.

"I owe to Peruna my restoration to health and strength. I am glad to endorse it."

**Per-una Restores Strength.**

Mrs. Hettie Green, R. R. 6, Iuka, Ill., writes: "I had catarrh and felt miserable. I began the use of Peruna and began to improve in every way. My head does not hurt me so much, my appetite is good and I am gaining in flesh and strength."

On a street car many stand and dangle from a strap because selfish citizens will not close up and make room. The same is true of life. There would be ample room for thousands more to enjoy living if those who are fortunate would occasionally take an interest in the strap hangers and close up.

The man who has no ideal man to admire and emulate is conceited and poor indeed.

Speech on Hamilton: He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of public Credit, and it sprang upon its feet.

Some men will give a beggar a dime and be happy ever afterward. All good deeds will bear repetition.

A married woman of Texas shot off her tongue. Some men play in great luck.

Speaking of houses with literary associations the birthplace of George Borrow at Badley Moor, England has just come into the market. At a higher level may also be mentioned the sale of Stoke park. This estate includes Stoke Pogis, where Gray's mother settled in 1742, and where he wrote the Elegy.

Longfellow says Sisyphus is forever rolling his stone up the mountain. Sisyphus should join the union.

"A good story" is not always a moral one, according to worldly estimate. Some people seem to be about as much use on earth as a gnat in the eye. What an old beggar of a world this must seem to the tax assessor.

**POOR LO, THE PLUTOCRAT.**

Osage Indians Shown to Be Pretty Well Off in This World's Goods.

If in the course of ages some race should arise to push the Caucasian from the territory to which he has helped himself in the westward course of empire he will be fortunate if his treatment averages as well as that of the Indians of the United States. It is estimated that the number of Indians in this country is about as large as it was when the new world was discovered. By right of possession the red men were the owners of the continent, but history falls short of furnishing an abstract of their title.

In all probability they had pushed some weaker race from the soil. The earlier victims themselves may have originally applied the same process and so on ad infinitum. But civilization cannot get a moral quittance by pleading savage precedents nor are the people of the United States reduced to that poor excuse. They have taken care of at least some of the Indians with a generosity beyond the dreams of coppery avarice.

The other day the House passed the bill segregating the lands of the Osage Indians of Indian territory, numbering about 1,800. These sold citizens own \$8,000,000 cash deposited to their credit in the national treasury. Each Indian receives quarterly \$50 interest and in twenty-five years the principal, amounting to about \$4,500 each, will be distributed. In addition, the 1,800 Osages own 1,400,000 acres of land or about 700 acres each, exclusive of rich oil and coal lands, which are not to be alienated for twenty-five years.

These aboriginal Croesuses have Uncle Sam as guardian and paymaster as well as provider, and will be compelled, in spite of any proclivities of their own, to stay rich for the next quarter of a century at least. The most exacting per capita man will admit that they are doing well. Should some genius among their number organize a trust eventually and water the stock the Osage company will make Standard Oil look like a penny dip.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

**JAVA'S ISLAND OF FIRE.**

It is Really a Lake of Boiling, Bubbling Mud and Slime.

The greatest natural wonder in Java, if not in the entire world, is the justly celebrated "Gheko Kamdka Gumko," or "Home of the Hot Devils," known to the world as the Island of Fire. This geological singularity is really a lake of boiling mud situated at about the center of the plains of Grobogana and is called an island because the great emerald sea of vegetation which surrounds it gives it that appearance. The "island" is about two miles in circumference, and is situated at a distance of almost exactly fifty miles from Solo. Near the center of this geological freak immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great timbers thrust through the boiling substratum by giant hands and then again quickly withdrawn. Besides the phenomenon of the boiling mud columns, there are scores of gigantic bubbles of hot slime that fill up like huge balloons and keep up a series of constant explosions, the intensity of the detonations varying with the size of the bubble. In time past, so the Javanese authorities say, there was a tall spire-like column of baked mud on the west edge of the lake which constantly belched a pure stream of cold water, but this has long been obliterated, and everything is now a seething mass of bubbling mud and slime.

**One on the Author.**

"How dare you approach me for the price of a dinner?" said the haughty author with the Henry James stride. "Why don't you seek employment?" "I was employed not long ago," replied the shabby individual, "and I nearly starved."

"H'm! What kind of a position did you have?"

"I was a book agent, sir."

"And the book you were trying to sell?"

"Your last one, sir."

**Proof Positive.**

"At last," said Shortleigh with a sigh long drawn out, "I am convinced that the poor are getting poorer and the rich are getting richer."

"What convinced you?" asked De-Long.

"Miss Cashleigh's refusal of my offer of marriage and the subsequent announcement of her engagement to young Gotrox," replied Shortleigh.

**Model Trio.**

Small Boy (entering studio)—Say, mister, do you need a model? I'm a bird at posin'.

Artist—Sorry, but I don't paint birds; only flowers and fruits.

Small Boy—Then I'll send my twin sisters around. One's a daisy and the other's a peach.