Comforting.

A few years ago when they were operating cable cars up and down a steep hill in one of the New England cities, a middle-aged lady, who had never seen them before, entered a car one day that contained only two other people, seating herself as near the conductor as possible, and when he had collected her fare she spoke to him and said:

"Is this car perfectly safe?"

"I hope so, madam," replied the conductor.

"Have you ever had accidents on this awful steep hill?"

"Well," replied the conductor, "there have only been a few small accidents; nothing serious."

"Where would I go," she then inquired, "if this car should get away and go sliding down this steep hill?"

"Well, madam," said the conductor, "it would all depend on how you have lived your past life."—Philadelphia Ledger.

PAYING FOR HIS BOARD

That little "Rikki-tikki-tavvi" is not wholly a creature of the "Jungle Tales;" that he makes life-saving excursions into the real, every-day world, is shown by an incident described in Pearson's Weekly. A gentleman who had been ill in India was lying on his cot, eating fruit and biscuits, when all at once he saw a little sharp-nosed, bright-eyed creature, looking something like a squirrel, come creeping slyly along the floor. He threw it a bit of banana, which at first startled it; but in a moment it thought better of it, and snapped up the morsel. The man kept on feeding the small animal until it grew quite friendly; then, as some one approached, it ran away. The invalid soon composed himself for a nap. Just as he was dozing off something roused him, and he saw a horrible sight. What it was he himself describes.

Creeping into the room from the veranda, coil after coil, was a huge hooded cobra, the deadliest snake in all India, more than seven feet long and as thick as a man's arm. I tried to call for help, but my voice was so weak it could not have been heard in the next room.

On came the snake, rearing up its horrid spotted head. It had already got to the foot of the bed and was just preparing to crawl up when I heard a "skirr" of tiny feet across the floor, and saw my squirrel-like rat friend.

The brave little fellow never hesitated an instant, but went right at the cobra like a tiger, and gave it a bite that drew blood like a cut. Again and again he attacked the reptile, biting and biting and always escaping the enemy's blows, until he conquered and the cobra lay dead. Just as this happened the snake, in its dying throes, knocked a glass off the table, and the attendants in the house, hearing the crash, came rushing in.

My little rat-squirrel was a mongoos.

Probably the youngest general in the world is a nephew of the late Shah of Persia, a boy not yet 14 years old. He holds the rank of full general in the Persian army.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Home Police Needed.

NEARLY every photograph of the rioting in Chicago during the first weeks of May, when the teamsters' strike was in progress, showed a large proportion of the mob to be composed of boys and very young men. Snap shots of a fatal shooting affray revealed the fact that those who were scampering from the zone of danger were merely youths, not workingmen nor responsible citizens of any sort.

Of course it is not true that all, or nearly all, the trouble was made by them, but at the best they formed a shield behind which hoodlums worked unseen by the police. Their presence suggests the need of some such "home police force" as accomplished a wonderful breaking up of a mob in Chicago in the strike of 1894.

The mob, which was composed of about a thousand men and boys, had been raging unhindered for two hours. A deputy marshal had been kicked to death, scores of freight cars had been overturned, and much other damage had been done. The police seemed powerless. All this while the mob was led by two very excited and noisy young fellows, the older not more than seventeen.

At last they had attacked a switch tower in which two men were working. At the head of the stairs sat a deputy marshal with a firearm. The mob at the foot of the steps and about the tower clamored. "Kill the scabs!" was the cry. In a moment there would have been shooting. Suddenly appeared upon the scene an enraged and muscular woman, brandishing a stout club.

"Where's them two b'ys of mine?" she shrieked. She caught sight of the two leaders, made for them, and landed resounding blows across their backs.

"'Tis nice work for ye," she exclaimed, "out here tearin' up the tracks while I sit over a hot stove, kapin' dinner fer ye! Come home, now!"

They hesitated not, but went, their mother after them with her club. The mob, deprived of leaders, hesitated, hooted, threw a few stones and broke up. A single member of the home police had vanquished it.—Youth's Companion.

The Strike Habit.

THE strike habit is becoming a menace to the prosperity of a majority of the people of this country. The primary purpose of organized labor is to defend its membership from imposition and to secure a fair day's wages for a day's work. A strike is only justified when it is necessary for the protection of the craft. Recently, however, a new class of strikes has developed. Since unionism made the fatal blunder of admitting unskilled labor to an industrial equality with workmen in trades where proficiency is acquired only by years of experience and training, many of the new unions have developed a disposition to go on strike at certain seasons without regard to whether the conditions justify such action.

No interest suffers more severely than organized labor from an ill-advised or unjust strike. The strike is a dangerous weapon, and should only be resorted to when necessity makes its use imperative. A strike that is inaugurated merely because a busy season is approaching, and it is believed that employers will be compelled to assent to what they consider an unjust proposition in preference to sacrificing their business, is a distinct injustice to organized labor as well as a menace to the prosperity of a community.—Chicago Journal.

State Control of Marriage.

NO one can deny that the prevention of degeneracy is much more economical than the cure of conditions which arise from it. It needs no prophet or the son of a prophet at this late day to expound the truism. The difficulty is to find and apply the preventive.

Dr. G. Frank Lydston believes in controlling marriage upon rational, scientific principles. He would extend the functions of the State and make it responsible for healthy and suitable marriages. He would also have it exercise paternal control over the training of children, in order that they shall have sound minds in sound bodies.

This confidence in the ability of the State to work miracles in behalf of reforms that have baffled religion, philanthropy and individual effort is expressed with a surprising disregard of history and human nature. It was pardonable in the Spartans to believe in the omnipotence of the State, for they had had little experience with social conditions. Plato drew up the plan of a republic where all marriages should be under the control of the Government, and where children should be given to the State for nurture and training, but that was twenty-five hundred years ago.

Since that time plans without number have been tried of having the State act as mentor and guardian over what concerns a family relation, its rights and duties, but a superabundance of laws impossible to carry into effect has always defeated the high purpose in view.

No doubt, marriages based upon scientific principles would result in a far better race of people than inhabit the earth to-day, but where is the State capable of managing with scientific accuracy affairs in which even those most interested often make grievous mistakes? And wherein is the State better able to train children than the parents of the child, who, more than any one else, have the child's interests at heart?

Dr. Lydston sees many of the ills we suffer under at present, but he ignores the train of ills that would come from shifting responsibility from the family to the State—from those most interested to those most indifferent.—Chicago Chronicle.

Sermons on Live Topics.

THE ministers of Chicago preach more sermons on timely subjects than those of any other large city in the country. Battles, wrecks, murders, strikes—events of every kind in which the public is interested—furnish them with themes with which to point a moral. While Chicago leads in this respect the practice of sermonizing on timely topics has become general among the pastors of city churches within the last several years.

Ministers who preach on timely subjects are sometimes criticised as "sensational," but they follow old and revered examples. The sermons of the prophets of Israel were not dry bones. Elijah did not expend his time and energies elucidating doubtful texts in the writings of Moses. He preached against the idolatrous worship of Baal and denounced King Ahab's and Queen Jezebel's wickedness to their faces. The sermons of Isaiah and the lamentations of Jeremiah likewise dealt with the misfortunes and the folly of their immediate contemporaries. The preacher on live topics has a still better example. The Savior lashed the hypocritical Pharisees and the avaricious money changers of his time with stinging sarcasm.

In Chicago, and doubtless elsewhere, the ministers who preach on timely subjects draw the largest crowds. They do so because their sermons are the most interesting. The great end and aim of preaching is to teach people what is right and get them to do it. But before the minister can do this he must get himself heard. There has been a good deal of discussion as to why many city people do not go to church. The main reason probably has been that many preachers have not striven to keep in touch with the people in the struggling, playing, sorrowing world about them—have not kept informed as to what men were doing and thinking—and, consequently, have failed to provide in their sermons the kind of intellectual and moral pabulum for which their congregations were hungering. Preachers who strive constantly to keep up in their lives and their sermons with the thought and life of their time seldom complain of lack of hearers.—Chicago Tribune.

"Yah" and "Yep."

THE simple English affirmative is becoming somewhat battered in common speech. "Yes," has long sounded as "yus" from the lips of the uneducated. But there is a present tendency among the educated to adopt the American variants upon the world. America has found that an open vowel or a labial is easier to pronounce than a sibilant. And it has two substitutes for "yes.' One of them is "yep" and the other is "yah." Obviously the "yah" comes through the influence of the simple German "ja,' which is quite an elemental sound. "Yep," on the other hand, is clearly a protest against the waste of time in getting tongue, palate and teeth in a position to hiss. Phonetic laziness is what the late Professor Max Muller would call it. And within the last week the present writer has conversed with half a dozen men of culture and position, three of whom "yah'd," while the other three "yepped." We have all heard sermons to the young on the importance of learning to say "no"—which is easy—but will the pulpit thunder warnings to those who will not say "yes?"—London Chronicle.

VOICE CULTURE FOR SPARROWS

A series of interesting experiments in which English sparrows have been taught to sing sweetly is recorded in the American Journal of Psychology. Hhe aim of Dr. Conradi, the experimenter, has been to determine what are the conditions under which birds learn and cling to their traditional notes. For this purpose he has taken very young birds of non-musical species and kept them entirely with songsters to determine whether they would thus acquire the musical notes.

In July, 1893, he put four fledgling English sparrows into the nest of a pair of singing canaries. Three of them died, but the fourth survived. This one had already acquired a sparrow chirp, but hearing thenceforth only the notes of the canary, he went no further with the language which was his birthright. Instead he came gradually, when among the canaries, to give notes different from sparrow talk. Even when he was silent, if the canaries were singing he could be seen moving his throat as if he were trying to form the sounds, much as a person inaudibly follows a song which another is singing. At last these sounds began to be audible, and increasingly so. He began to give notes in rapid succession, three or four tones up the scale, and then repeating the top note five or six times.

Growing bolder with practice and the sound of his own voice, he soon indulged three or four runs in succession, with eight to twelve notes in each; and in the last days of September, when three months old, he went up and down and up the scale all in one run.

All this while his voice had been changing. At first it was harsh, as is natural with English sparrows; but gradually, with the effort or with the sub-conscious influence of the sweeter sounds about him, it became softer and acquired something of the canary quality.

At first he sang on a low scale and tried the top notes vainly, but as his voice became milder he went higher more easily. He was three months old when, growing bold, he essayed his first trill. It was short, but musical, and he evidently liked it, for he repeated it, and continued steadily to practice it. It was done modestly, and after each trill he sat still and appeared to be listening. A year later, however, when the report was being written by the experimenter, he had grown to be quite an adept in canary song, and would trill and sing continually, punctuating his song with complete circles and semi-circles on his perch.

To try the effect of association upon him, Dr. Conradi removed him for a time, in his first year, from the canaries, and put him where he heard only sparrow chatter. Gradually he ceased to sing and began to return to the neglected sparrow tongue, but when he was again hung with the canaries he regained all he had lost in less than a month.

Not Everybody.

Nordy—I should think Astorfeller would get discouraged.

Butts—Why so?

Nordy—Everybody's abusing him.

Butts—Not on your life. He gets more than 500 letters a day from people willing to accept his coin.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fun Ahead.

"Beware!" cried the fortune teller, your bitterest enemy will shortly cross your path."

"Hooray!" yelled the man, delightedly, "my auto won't do a thing to him.' —Philadelphia Press.

The line under the horse's tail causes more runaways than automobiles.

THE TRUTHFUL CAMERA.

The tintype man had found a remunerative field in Ashton. When the summer boarder arrived that year at Willow Farm, she noticed that the parlor mantel was adorned with staring, large-sized tintypes of all the Jenkins family.

"He charged us overprice, and they're fearful plain, aren't they?" said Mrs. Jenkins to her guest. "But they've done us a sight of good."

"Yes," said the young woman, vaguely, "I suppose they might"——

"Lawzee, dear child, there's no reason you should know what I mean," interrupted Mrs. Jenkins. "But you take a family of folks living on a farm, and growing old together, same as Ab and Jane and Henry and I are, and we don't notice little ways we've got into. But the night after we had those taken we stood 'em up in a row and looked at 'em.

"'Do I chew my mouth down to the left that way?' said Ab.

"'Is my forehead any such bed o' wrinkles as that?' said Jane.

"'Do I commonly squint my eyes up like that?' asked Henry.

"And every time the rest of us, put to it truthful, had to say yes. So we've set 'em up there on the mantelpiece to kind of remind us. I think some time, maybe, we'll have regular photographs taken in Nashuy that would show our failings still better."

Mrs. Jenkins removed her own likeness from the mantel, held it at a distance, then brought it close to her eyes; then she held it appealingly toward the summer boarder.

"The rest of 'em are faithful, but mine— I haven't got any such a cant to my eyebrows as that, one up and one down, now have I?" she asked, with much anxiety.—Youth's Companion.

MOB RULE IN TOKIO.

MARTIAL LAW IN CAPITAL OF ISLAND EMPIRE.

Crowds of Japanese Battle with Police and Apply Torch to Much Valuable Property—National Troops Are Called Into Service to Quell Disorder.

For days and nights mobs have filled the streets of Tokio, the capital of Japan, and clashes with the police have been frequent. Four lives have been lost, 600 persons, of whom 200 are policemen, have been injured and much property has been destroyed. Ten Christian churches and one mission schoolhouse were burned last night. E. H. Harriman, president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, has been threatened, and Marquis Ito, president of the privy council, has been stoned by a mob, but neither was injured. National troops, called out for service in the war, have been put on duty in checking the disorder, the police force having proved unequal to the task.

MARQUIS ITO.

After the attack on the office of the Kokumin Shimbun, the government organ, Tuesday, a mob attacked and burned the official residence of the minister of home affairs, which stood between the Nobles' Club and the Imperial Hotel and faced Hibiya Park, which was the storm center throughout the day.

Threatening demonstrations occurred in the neighborhood of the official homes of Premier Katsura and Baron Komura, foreign minister, who is now in the United States, but the police succeeded in preventing injury to the occupants or damage to the houses.

The destruction of the home minister's residence was intensely dramatic. Throughout the day a series of demonstrations took place in the neighborhood of the building, and late in the afternoon the mob attacked the house, swept the police away and batttered down the gates. The police and servants resisted stoutly, but the mob surged forward and entered the house.

One of the mob leaders carrying an armful of burning straw gained the rear of the structure and succeeded in setting it on fire. The police reserves charged the crowds, using their swords freely, but the mob rallied from several quarters and stoned the firemen when they arrived. The members of the minister's household were rescued and escorted to the Imperial Hotel.

Accurate figures of the casualties in these encounters are not obtainable. It is known, however, that one man was killed, that fourteen were mortally wounded by sword thrusts and that many persons were bruised with stones and injured in the crushes.

A member of the mob which burned the home minister's residence said to a correspondent of the Associated Press:

"We burned the house for the purpose of attracting the attention of the emperor. We want him to refuse to ratify the treaty. We believe that those surrounding him prevent him from correctly understanding the popular attitude toward the disgraceful, humiliating peace."

An imperial ordinance establishing martial law in Tokio was issued. It is reported there is rioting at Chiba, a town with a population of 20,000, twenty miles east of Tokio. The prefectorate building and the court house are reported to have been burned. The government has suspended the further publication of the Niroku, a newspaper printed in Tokio.

QUAKE SPREADS DEATH.

Violent Shock in Calabria, Italy, Destroys Towns and Ends Lives.

Earthquake shocks in the province of Calabria, Italy, are reported, with an estimated loss in life of 100. The towns of Martirano, Pizzo and Monteleon di Calabria were almost entirely ruined.

The greatest damage appears to have been done at Stefaconi, where the dead are said to number close to the century mark. Almost every house in the town was wrecked, burying the people in the ruins. The villages of Piscopio and Triparni were destroyed. At Martirano all the buildings have collapsed, including the barracks of the gendarmes.

Pizzo, Monteleone, Martirano and the other places mentioned in the dispatches as having been damaged or destroyed by an earthquake are towns in the extreme southern part of Italy. They are situated on the Peninsula of Calabria, which for the most part is rough and mountainous. The region is reached by a railroad running southeast and south along the coast from Naples to Reggio on the route to Sicily. Pizzo is a town of about 10,000 inhabitants and is located directly on the line of the railway 200 miles from Naples. It is built on a sandstone rock on the coast. Monteleone is a mountain town of 12,000 inhabitants and is situated some miles from the coast. Martirano is also a mountain town in the interior of Calabria. It has less than 5,000 inhabitants.

Vesuvius, which has been in extreme activity during the last ten days, is only 125 miles from Catanzaro, while Mount Aetna, the loftiest volcano of Europe, towers in Sicily only ninety miles away. The Lipari Islands, just west of the Calabria department, contains the volcano Stromboli, threatening and active always.

J. C. Savery, owner of the famous Cable mine and well known in Iowa banking circles and in Wall street, is dead at his residence at Cable, Mont. Heart disease was the cause. He was 83 years old.

Marrying on Account.

Rev. Mr. Williams was the Congregational minister in the village of Winslow, Me., several years ago. One evening, says a correspondent of the Boston Globe, four young people called at the parsonage. Two of them wished to be married.

The papers in the case were legal, so Mr. Williams performed the ceremony. The other couple acted as bridesmaid and best man. The groom was the son of a well-known man in the town, and as the happy couple were leaving the parsonage the young man whispered to Mr. Williams:

"Just charge it to father, parson. It will be all right."