



"Stealthy Steve, the Six-Eyed Sleuth," by Newton Newkirk, a satirical detective story, is the second in the "Foolish Series" being published by John W. Luce & Co., Boston.

Maudie Howe Elliott, wife of John Elliott, the artist, who wrote many Italian sketches and stories while in Rome with her husband, has put them in book form, with the title "Roman Reminiscences."

Five editions of "The Great Optimist," the clever series of optimistic essays by Leigh Mitchell Hodges, have been sold by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York, and the demand is still steady.

Brentano's has imported a limited edition of a work on America, "The Land of the Future," by Wilhelm Von Foerster, which made a great sensation in Germany. The authorized translation into English is by Lily Wolfsohn.

Evelyn Underhill, who wrote "The Gray World," published in New York, as an English woman and a bookbinder by profession, hence the chapters in this, her first long story, which deal with the bookbinding craft may be accepted as accurate.

Professor Walter L. Fleming, of West Virginia University, is preparing and the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, will soon publish a collection of "Documents Relating to Reconstruction," very many drawn from private sources and not heretofore printed.

"New France and New England," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have just published, completes the set of six volumes by the late John Fiske, which deal with the history of the American colonies from the settlement of Virginia to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States.

In Canon Tully's annotated volume, "Old Times and New," there is an amusing story of a clergyman who apologized for being absent from his church one Sunday, and drew from an earnest parishioner the compliment, "Well, I will say this for you, whenever you do go out you never seem as a worse one than yourself!"

Cheerful is the life of the editor in Spain. If we may judge from an advertisement printed this summer in one of the newspapers of the country, La Lancha. "Here it is in all its sweet simplicity: 'During the great heat the Lancha will suspend publication. It will appear again regularly after the middle of September next!'"

Curts Dighton and Oliver Herford have collaborated as author and artist, respectively, in the production of a cleverly illustrated little volume for children, entitled "Two in a Zoo," first issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. The hero of the story is a poor little boy named Foots, with an iron-bound leg, who interprets the sayings of the iron-bound beasts to a rich little girl whom he calls the Princess.

Guy Wetmore Carry's posthumous novel, "The Transgression of Andrew Kane," is being dramatized for Charles Warner, the English actor, who, after playing for many years the leading part in "Drink," appeared last season as Jacques Frochard in the "all star cast" of "The Two Orphans." It is not yet known whether Mr. Warner contemplates playing the title part, or, it seems more likely, Radwallader, the polished villain of the story.

The Zurich publisher, Herr Schabelitz, died the other day. He was the man who never wrote to say no except on a postal card. He used that means of communication when he accepted the celebrated memoirs of Count von Arnheim. "I reserve the right," he wrote on the usual card, "to correct your infernally bad grammar." To a budding historian he sent this message: "You are making the mistake of your life. You do not want to study history. You want to learn how to write."

A Personal Favor.
One of the most picturesque figures of the New York bar was the late Thomas Nolan, a lawyer, whose witty retorts furnished subjects for merriment at many a lawyers' gathering. Now, Nolan was at one time counsel for a poor widow who was suing a construction company for the death of her husband. The case had been placed upon the "day calendar," but had been frequently postponed, and Mrs. Moriarty, by the time she had made her fifth call, was in an exceedingly disturbed frame of mind, consequently the tones of Nolan's rich brogue were more than usually fervid as he fought against the sixth adjournment.
"I am sorry," said Justice Dugro, "but your opponent has shown me good cause for the adjournment, Mr. Nolan, and the case will therefore go over until to-morrow."
"Very well, sor," said the barrister, sweetly, "but might I ask you personal favor of this court?"
"Certainly, sv, with pleasure."
"Will your honor kindly step down to my office and just tell Mrs. Moriarty that you have adjourned the case?"
—Success.

We'd like to take a lot of people in this town out behind the barn, and sell them something; they demand too much of others, and not enough of themselves.

OLD FAVORITES

The Marseillaise.
Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark, Hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandires
hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruman band,
Ablight and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! To arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! March on! All hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! To arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! March on! All hearts resolved
On victory or death.

O, liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! To arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! March on! All hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Break, Break, Break.
Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Break, break, break.
At the foot of thy crag, O sea!
But the leader tracks of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me,
—Alfred Tennyson.

HE IS A "POW-WOW" DOCTOR.
Jucer Method, Used to Cure a Sick Child.

A woman, in investigating the birth of a child yesterday, discovered the existence of a "pow-wow" doctor in his city, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The man, J. J. Marshall, of 4301 North 15th street, described himself as such, and said he had the power to effect a cure through his weird incantations.

According to Mrs. Rebecca Ruch, of 8905 Arlsona street, her 4-months-old child died after she had treated her as directed by Marshall. Mrs. Ruch said others had been cured by the "pow-wow" man and she went to see him upon the recommendation of a neighbor.

"He examined the child and then un-dressed her," the woman testified. "He took a piece of sod and rubbed her all over first with the dirt side and then with the grass. He told me to change off her clothes and after taking them off to shake them out of the window and never to use them again. Then he said that I should take the baby out of the house when the sun reflected on the rooftop and bring it in again when the stars began to shine."

Marshall, a decrepit and aged man, with a short, bristling white beard, was defiant while under examination by the coroner.
"What is your business, Marshall?" asked the coroner.
"I am a blacksmith by trade, but I don't work at that now. I'm what they call a 'pow-wow'."
"You are what?" queried the coroner, amazed at the man's admission of his occupation.
"I'm a 'pow-wow.' That's what the doctors call me."
Asked by the coroner to define the meaning of "pow-wow" Marshall said "pow-wow" is what the physicians call a humbug.
"Then you are a humbug, are you?" asked Mr. Dugan.
"So the doctors say. But you can't do anything with me. I am not registered as a physician, but then I don't charge for my services. I take whatever my patients give me. I don't ask a fee, but I always get one."
"I was taught how to cure human ills by my mother, who taught me all she knew. How she found it all out is between her and God. I know nothing about laws. I have lived in Philadelphia many years and hope to die here, but I've always minded my own business."
The coroner admitted that there was no law to reach Marshall, but at the same time he roundly rebuked him for his practices.

OHN CHINAMAN AT HIS EASE.
alcohol Dignified When He Casts Off the Curse of the World.

With the summer weather the Chinaman comes before us prominent in his gaudy silks and in his native nakedness. His temperament also becomes noticeable feature to the observant

foreigner and the manner in which he takes his pleasure contrasts most velously with that of the energetic occidental human being.

In the early hours of the morning when the rays of old sol are tempered with the dissipating dews of night, the wealthy native, as well as the worker of low degree, may be seen carrying the cage containing his favorite singing bird to the native garden or other tree-embowered spot and his tending in contemplative ecstasy to the joyous greeting which his caged friend pours forth to the coming glory of the day.

As soon as the golden beams become oppressive he retires to his domicile whether to labor or sleep 'tis hard to tell. In any case, he is wise, for has he not caught the beauty of the grandest part of a summer's day, the majesty of dawn? Again, when sunset's glow has fallen dead in the West, the Chinaman pours forth to his diversion. To stand for hours with waving fan on the curb of our city's thoroughfare watching the procession of vehicular and pedestrian traffic brings him apparently the delight which a Londoner can obtain from a lord mayor's show daily repeated, while a volunteer parade brings him forth in numbers proportionate to the metropolis' myriads called out by a royal pageant.

Thus in dignified, contemplative manner does the Chinaman display his idiosyncrasy of pleasure-taking. Again the native of younger blood, imbued with a tinge of foreign taste, rushes madly through the streets on the whirling wheel or drives, luxuriously reclining in his smartly appointed carriage, behind the fastest trotting pony steered by a reckless native Jehu which his means are able to procure.

The visitor to the various public resorts of the Chinese in the settlement will invariably gain an interesting insight into the Chinaman and his pleasure-taking, and one striking feature cannot pass unnoticed. Whether coffee merchant, office-boy or mandarin in public, the Chinaman at play is invariably respectable. One hears much of the native immaturity, but discern when in the public eye, and absolutely moral behavior characterizes even the biggest rake among the Chinaman of our settlements. Immaturity is a vice which is usually kept within doors, and are all other reprehensible practices.

Quarreling is almost an unknown thing in public resorts. Never does one witness anything approaching the colledge student of Europe on the rampage or "Arry and Arrist on a hook" holiday tear. The Chinaman takes his pleasure as he takes his business, with a calm, calculating philosophy, which constitutes one of his greatest variations from the habit of mind of the various European.—Surrender Times.

How to Avoid a Fall.
The skeletons of two full-grown Indians have been unearthed by Professor William H. Hoag, of the Minnesota State University at the summer house on Big Island, Lake Minnetonka, says the Minneapolis Tribune.

Professor Hoag was digging in the high bank on which the house is situated at the west or upper end of the island for a set of new steps for the wharf below. About two feet from the top of the bluff and a short distance under the dirt bones were discovered, and when all had been collected two perfectly preserved skeletons were laid side by side on the grass. Several round stones, supposedly Indian money or implements, were also found.

The skulls of the Indians were especially well preserved, and it was by these that their identity as Indians was made possible. The high cheek bones show this beyond a doubt. How long they have lain in their graves overlooking the lake cannot be ascertained, the dryness of the sand at the height above the water at which the bodies were found being given as a reason for their perfect preservation.

Similar relics of the former lake dwellers have been found at different points around the lake and also on Big Island, but the new discovery is one of the largest single finds that has been made. That part of the island directly faces the setting sun, and it is believed that it was for that reason a favorite burying ground of the tribes that once peopled the shores of the lake.

D DON'T EXACTLY KNOW.
It is generally supposed that the average Chicagoan knows something about music. He certainly has had enough of it thrown in his way. This being the greatest musical center on the American continent, most people have been acquainted at least with the names of the great composers. But there are still some who get things a little mixed.

Standing in front of the new Thomas orchestra building on Michigan avenue one day last week were three well-dressed men. One of them was reading the names chiseled in the stone facade of the building.
"Bach," he read, "Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, Schubert."
Here he paused for a second, and then, turning to his two companions, asked:

"Is that the same Schubert that's mixed up in the theatrical business?"
"I guess it is," said one of the other men.
"Now," said the third man, "I've heard my wife speak about the fellow whose name's cut up there. I think he's one of those long-haired German obnoxious players."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Which is the worst for a boy to steal an apple from an orchard, or for a man to take one from in front of a grocery store?

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

The Failure of the Cossack.

ONE of the minor surprises of the war in the East has been the failure of the Cossacks to justify their reputation as a fighting force. The Japanese horses are inferior, and it was expected that the hardy little rovers of the steppes would do great execution. Instead, their failure has caused disappointment. Few of the Cossack regiments have distinguished themselves, and the experts begin to call them "antiquated."

The trouble is not necessarily the inferiority of irregular troops to regulars—though that "moral" will be drawn by the wisecracks in shoulder-straps. The Cossack furnishes his own horse and equipment—but so did the Boer in South Africa, and he put up a wonderful fight until he was confronted by "colonial" troops also of the irregular stripe. But the Boer was effective because he was not a cavalryman in the familiar sense—a dashing, slashing fellow with a sword, riding down his adversaries—but a mounted infantryman who used his horse for transport and who could shoot. And the "colonial" was effective because he was a good scout.

In the latter respect the Japanese horse have shone in the field. Their information has been admirably accurate and they have left no loose ends for the Cossacks to gobble up. Indeed, the Japanese strategists seem willing to let the other side have the best cavalry if they can have the best artillery. And the cavalryman of the old type has not a win spurs in modern war.—New York World.

Big and Little Men in Time of War.

THE war in the East is a war between big and little men. And the little men are reaping the advantage.

The usual explanation is an error that has come down to us from early times when men fought on horse and fought with battle axes. In the present war the little men of Japan are outwitting the big soldiers of the East.

To-day he is the best soldier who can most quickly get to the critical spot and by using a repeating rifle—and a good, why, they are using gas here.

What the soldier of the twentieth century needs most is brains, and activity as well as courage, qualities in which little men are the equal of their big brothers. The English learned the lesson during the Boer war. As the British progressed the British army regulations were changed to permit the enlistment of men of smaller stature than formerly. Some of the best soldiers in South Africa were short men, light of weight, alert and extremely hardy.

A very large proportion of the Japanese soldiers and sailors are under five feet, four inches, yet they are credited with the best fighting spirit, struggling Port Arthur and smashing Russia's warships on the sea.

For their purpose the big man in uniform may be all right, but when troubles begin, it is the little man better in his big gun that does the most effective work.—Chicago Journal.

What Is Success?

THIS is one of the great questions of the age and naturally has received many answers. It is a simple, however, to carefully define the term, and it becomes a difficult task. But most people do not understand the term when they see it in the dictionary in a life. Most people point to the man who has acquired a great wealth or who has come to a position of large influence in the community as being an eminently successful man. But there are other standards than this. Here is an illustration: The manager of a large corporation in Pittsburgh was called to the management of a still larger. To him was given the privilege of selecting the personnel of his staff in his new position.

HYENAS DRIVE OFF LIONS.

Instances Related in Which They Protect Men in the Jungles.

A traveler recently returned from Africa has a good word to say for the generally despised hyena, whose courage, he declares, is much greater than is supposed generally.

"Hyenas," said the traveler, "do not hesitate, when hunting in packs, to attack lions, even though the lions are in considerable numbers, and in such encounters the hyenas often get the best of it. The lion is a good deal of a bluffer. He looks so fierce and roars so loudly that he gets a greater reputation for courage than is rightfully his."

Dr. Donaldson Smith, a well-known African explorer, in his account of his journey to Lake Rudolph, tells stories of lion-hunting which corroborate the traveler's reports of the relative merits of the hyena and the lion. On one occasion, when camped in the midst of a lion-infested country, Dr. Smith and his followers built a zereba, which is a little enclosure of brush of such material as comes to hand.

They made ready to spend the night watchfully, for they knew that lions were all about them.

From the many co-workers in the old position he selected some for his helpers in the new place. Among these was a man nearly 60 years of age, who for years, in fact, ever since the days of the Civil War, had occupied a very humble position with various houses. His rate of wages had never been over \$10 a week. His opportunities had ever been limited, but he had always done with faithfulness what had been given him to do. As the young manager for the new concern was making up his list of men for his staff the other day, needing a man for an humble, subordinate position, he sent for this old man to come and see him. The old man, fearful of losing his position, asked a third party to make the call. And to the third party the young manager said: "I want to have every man around me, from the highest to the lowest, a gentleman and one in whom I can put every confidence. I want that old man, for I know him to be above reproach in all things. The position that I can give him will pay but \$12 a week, but I want him, and I want him for life." That old man, with his limited opportunity, in a humble station in life, has proved his worth, has erected for himself a character that is beautiful to all who behold it. Who shall say that his is not the truest of success? Having done faithfully what he could, he has made friends who honor, love and respect him. What is success? It is doing with your might what your hands find to do. Doing the best you can in any department of life in which one may be placed.—Pittsburg Press.

"Catching Cold."

A COLD, which is more properly a fever produced by cold, is one of the most dangerous ailments that human nature has to grapple with. It comes somewhat mysteriously, it sometimes resists all sorts of treatment, and when it cannot be checked it is as apt to cause death as any other deadly whatever. It leads to so many other diseases that it does not get credit for all the damage it does, and still when the history of the illness of any man who dies is given it generally begins with a statement that on a certain day he took cold. One of its most common secrets of health and longevity is the secret of how not to catch cold.

Paradoxical as it may seem, a person may suffer a great deal from cold without catching cold. Indeed, as a class the people who suffer most from cold catch cold the least frequently speaking, the people who catch cold are not the people who live out of doors, but the people who live in comfortable houses—not the people who are poorly clad but the people who are comfortably clad. Soldiers, sailors, hunters, rail drivers and other people who live out of doors rarely have colds, coughs, rheumatism or consumption. The victims of these diseases are the people who wear lamb's wool and chest protectors and who sit all day by steam coils in windowless houses.

The philosophy of nature cold is like one cause of misery. If a man habitually leaves his front door unlocked it is only a matter of time when some thief will enter the house and loot it. In the same manner, if a person habitually leaves the pores of his skin open it will not be long before the cold will enter through them and set up irritation. This is something the outdoor worker never does and the house dweller is doing all the time.

It may be necessary to catching cold that one part of the body should be colder than the rest of it. If a cold wind blows through a small opening in a window or door in a person within the house who is entirely comfortable it will chill a portion of the body and he will catch cold, while if the window or door were thrown wide open and the wind allowed to rush in he might shiver or freeze, but he might not take cold. In like manner a person who is comfortable in bed on a cold night and whose shoulders or limbs get from under the covers and become chilled is good for an attack of rheumatism, though if he were to go out of doors and walk in the snow in his pajamas he might not take cold.—Chicago Chronicle.

In this fight the lions were driven off.

The natives told the explorer that it was no uncommon thing for the hyenas to attack the lions and that as a rule the hyenas got the better of the encounter.

Lions in the Lake Rudolph region of Somaliland, according to the reports of explorers, are accustomed to hunt in packs—probably for protection against the hyenas.

At one village in which Dr. Smith stopped he was told of a pack of six lions which hunted around that locality and frequently rushed the village and dragged natives from the huts. The natives regarded the fact of a pack of hyenas being in the neighborhood as an assurance of safety from the lions, because when the lions go man-hunting the hyenas go lion-hunting, and the man escapes.

Some people say that the lion's roar is most thrilling when the animal is in a menagerie, but most hunters of big game declare that this is not so. They say that there is nothing so magnificently awe-inspiring as the roar of a maddened lion—one, for instance, that has been hit by the hunter, but not killed.

AUTOMOBILES IN NEW USE.

The Sprinkling Car in Paris—A Repair Car in Washington.

The use of the automobile is rapidly widening, says the World's Work. In New York and in other large cities automobile omnibuses and trucks are already common. And here and there, at home and abroad, motor cars have been found to work successfully at quite new tasks.

In Paris a specially designed automobile-wagon frame has been made, on which a 1,250-gallon water tank is mounted, and the machine is used to sprinkle the streets. The supply