

In Russia you are entirely free to vote just as the government desires.

Any man can tell a lie, but it takes a born diplomat to induce people to believe it.

The London Lancet says the Christmas pudding is not indigestible. Not unless you eat it.

Besides, the army can take care of Pault Bigelow if he goes snooping around the isthmus again.

What the Northwest needs is an invention that will enable snow to be used for heating purposes.

Evidently the people of England regard the old plan for a tunnel under the English Channel as a terrible bore.

Count Zeppelin has spent all his fortune trying to sail through the clouds. All his palaces are now castles in the air.

A man named Gong has recently been married. When his wife strikes him for money, the whole town is likely to hear it.

Spain's lemon crop has been ruined; but we have never had to worry much about the lemons Spain tried to hand us, anyhow.

As to the Jamaica earthquake, it is feared that the worst is yet to come. Alfred Austin is said to have written a poem about it.

A French scientist has discovered that insects have no minds. What's the matter with the insects? Do they smoke cigarettes?

Prominent among those who will not be present at the next distribution of Carnegie medals for bravery will be found the captain of the Larchmont.

Mr. Harriman says "a successful man has no chance these days." Truly, there does not seem to be much of the element of chance in the little game Mr. Harriman plays.

Although there is a possibility of our getting into communication with Mars, it is not likely that we will ever be able to borrow an occasional hod of coal from there during a fuel famine.

Health departments throughout the country are warning everybody to look out for the influenza germ, although not one in a thousand of us would recognize the little pest if we were to see it.

The Mississippi Supreme Court has ruled that a boy has an inalienable right to climb a tree. But there is also the father's inalienable right to thrash him for tearing his clothes while doing it.

Goldwin Smith wants to know why, if the theory of evolution is correct, no more monkeys are developing into men. Perhaps it is because so many of the sons of men are evolving the other way.

We have read of a man who the other day fell down stairs and broke his neck while trying to kiss a woman. It would simply be a waste of space to point out the moral to this sad accident.

The tailors in convention assembled have decided that the styles for the coming season must be different in every respect from those that have prevailed during the past year. The tailors know how to promote their business.

Says Mrs. Carrie Catt: "A wife must train her husband and keep him trained just as one trains a young mule." Far be it from our intentions to say anything that would seem like a contradiction of Mrs. Catt, but we would like to ask the average wife knows about training a mule?

In real or supposed imitation of college youths, still more youthful students in high schools and preparatory schools have adopted strange head-gears. Instead of the modest boyish cap and the neat soft or stiff felt hat for "dress up," some fantastic boys have topped themselves with slouch-hats, variously distorted in the shape of the brims and even decorated with markings and devices. The principal of one high school has asked his boys to cast off the crazy head-coverings. The matter of decency and simplicity of dress is really important. The boy who deliberately wears something that draws attention to himself may be pardoned by any one with humor enough to understand boyish folly. Nevertheless, the habit of obtrusive dress is a good one to cultivate early.

Huddersfield, England, has lately been the scene of a curious and interesting experiment made by the Mayor. In Longwood, a poor district of the town, the rate of mortality among young children had been 122 in the thousand. The new Mayor, Mr. Broadbent, a brother of Sir William Broadbent, the king's physician, decided when he took office to do what he could to reduce this high death rate. The plan he adopted was the offer of a guinea to parents in certain specified districts for every child born during his term of office and living at the end of a year. In spite of the fact that serious epidemics of whooping-cough and measles prevailed during the year of the tests, and that the summer of 1906 was one of the deadliest on record, 107 mothers received the bonus. The mortality was 44 in the thousand, as compared with the previous 122. There is something very attractive in a form of infant insurance which pays, not upon proof of death, but upon evidence of continued existence.

Shall the patient be told what ails him and what drugs have been pre-

scribed for him or shall the physician maintain a dark and mysterious silence except as to the amount of his fee? This is the question which was proposed by no less a personage than the President of the American Medical Association the other day. He did not answer his own interrogatory, but his observations indicated that he favored a policy of greater candor upon the part of the physician. There is obviously something to be said on both sides of the question. It is true that the patient wants to know what is wrong with him and at first sight it may look as if the physician ought to satisfy the desire for information. But there are good and substantial reasons why the doctor does not do so. For one thing, the chances are that he does not himself know what ails the sufferer. For another thing, it might do the patient more harm than good to be told of his disease. The first-named reason involves no reflection upon the skill and learning of the doctor. The physician never lived who could unfailingly diagnose offhand and from one observation. Fever, for instance, marks the onset of a dozen different diseases and until distinctive symptoms develop the medical man cannot tell which one of the dozen diseases is in progress. Under such circumstances the obvious course is to maintain a dignified reticence until he actually knows what is wrong. To guess and guess wrong would be disastrous. When we come to consider the matter of informing the patient concerning the drugs that have been prescribed for him the considerations favor a negative conclusion. There is a psychic as well as a material force in a medicine whose constituents are unknown to the patient. All doctors know it. The bread pill and other "placebos" prove it. Tell a man that he is taking calomel, for instance, and he is likely to protest that calomel always disagrees with him and never did him any good. Give him calomel accompanied by the assurance that here is a most potent drug whose name he need not know and his sense of the marvelous is excited. He is likely to put faith in the drug for the very reason that he does not know what it is. That is half the battle. Our modern physicians may not acknowledge it, but they practice faith cure more and more every day. The power of suggestion helps the calomel when the patient does not know what he is taking. All things considered, therefore, the weight of evidence is in favor of the policy of mysterious silence on the part of the doctor. It not only aids the patient but it helps the doctor, for the less he says the less he will have to explain if things go wrong.

HUNTING A PANTHER.

Hunting big game in India should be preceded by some training of the eye to see things where they are. The author of "Thirty Years of Shikar" tells how he received this training rather late in his career. Shikar is the East-Indian word for sport, and sport in that part of the world begins with panthers and ends with tigers. When I reached the ground the panther was still there, and a keen-eyed native pointed it out to me. "Hitherward is its head," said the man, "hitherward its tail. Doesn't the sabib see it? There, there!" and he pointed to a spot about three yards off. But I didn't see the panther—either its head or tail or anything that was its. I saw only a mass of light and shade under a dense overgrowth of greenery, dead leaves and grass, that were yellowish where the pencils of light broke in upon the gloom, and, otherwise, they were mysterious shadows that told nothing of my unaccustomed eye. All that I looked upon in that green-wood tangle was equally panther. I could pick out no particular patch as being any more pantherish than the rest. Of head or tail I made out nothing where all was equally one of other—and still that native of keenest vision brought me to see the panther's head and tail and right forefoot, and many other details of its anatomy. Then there came a roar out of the thicket, and a rush which was like the volcanic upheaval of the ground at my feet, and, as it seemed, several tons of upheaved matter hit me on the chest, and I was bowled over on to the broad of my back a yard or two from where I had stood. That upheaval was the panther. The brute had not had the patience to wait until I saw him, or the modesty to take himself off peacefully in some other direction. He had resented my staring his way, even though I saw him not, and so had emerged from his lair like an animal rocket, and had knocked me down in his flight. As he failed to claw me, I came off, scatheless; but not so my attendant, who foolishly embraced the panther with a view to arresting his flight. He got himself rather badly mauled, and did not come out of the hospital for some weeks. That was my disastrous commencement with panthers. When Chloroform Was New. Here is a curious little story about Sir James Simpson, the man who introduced the use of chloroform into surgery, and a peril which he escaped, as recorded by Lyon Playfair. Simpson when busy with his researches in the subject of anaesthetics called one day on Playfair and asked if he had anything new likely to produce anaesthesia. Playfair had just prepared a liquid which seemed worthy of trial. Simpson, who knew no fear, prepared instantly to test it on himself. This Playfair refused to allow until it had first been tried on rabbits. Two were procured and placed under the effects of the anaesthetic. Next day Simpson proposed to try it on himself. "We might as well see how the rabbits have fared," said Playfair. They found both the animals dead. As we understand it, "sanitary" couches are those where bedbugs have no place to hide. Rapid growth of the finger nails is a sign of good health.

"TO-DAY IT'S QUINCES."

The Present Duty is the Thing to Attend to Now. Mrs. Ashley sniffed as she entered. "Quinces?" she asked. "You mustn't let me interrupt if you're preserving; I can just as well come another time—Oh, very well, then. My, my, how good they do smell! There's no preserve anywhere's near as rich and traly to my mind; and then they always make me think of Mary Glyn. Mary Glyn's quinces are a sort of byword in our family when there's trouble. "You see, I was the one to break it to her when that wretched cousin of the Glynns muddled up his own affairs and theirs and the firm's, and then botched. It seemed likely they'd lose everything; and I'd about as lief have walked up to a cannon as in to Mary's door to tell her. "After all the other troubles she'd had—there'd been a perfect sledge of sickness for one thing—it did seem the last straw. Just as things had seemed to be getting comfortable at last, too. "I found her putting up quinces, and I told her, plain and straight. I'm not one to have patience with feeble sisters, but I don't know's I'd have blamed Mary, considering all things, if she had fainted, or had hysterics, or any other sort of breakdown. I was prepared. "But she was as quiet as a mouse—just sat still a while, with the long spoon in her hand, and the clock ticking, and the kitchen all sweet and hot and quincy. Then she got up all of a sudden, and says she: "Well, anyway, I must finish these quinces." "Dear soul! I told her not to bother. I'd see to 'em; she had enough else to attend to; but: "No," she would have it. "You've your work on hand and I've mine. Tomorrow there'll be plenty I'll have to attend to, but to-day it's quinces." "Of course it was only 'the duty next at hand'—one thing at a time—just what we're always being told. But it's one thing to be told and another thing to see. Many's the time when I've needed to fight off worry and keep to work I've remembered that sweet, hot kitchen and Mary's queer little brave smile, and I've told myself, 'Never mind, to-morrow; to-day it's quinces.'—Youth's Companion.

MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

Her Chief Interest in Life Centers in Her Home and Church. Rarely does the name of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., appear in the papers. The wife of the Standard Oil king is essentially a home lover and her chief interest centers there and in the church, where she is an unobtrus-



MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

sive but earnest worker. She has devoted her life to aiding her husband and in educating her children and to her efforts in this latter particular is due the great interest which her son, John D., Jr., takes in church affairs. He is the leader of the Bible class at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York. She and her son are interested in a number of quiet charities. The Rockefellers entertain more than is generally supposed, but their entertainments are quiet and dignified, given for their own intimate friends and never for a lot of mere acquaintances, for whom the family cares nothing.

A Queer Error.

The late Ambrose L. Thomas, the noted advertising expert of Chicago, once told a story about two doctors in an address on advertising.

"To illustrate my point," he said, apropos of an advertising error, "I'll tell you about my friend Bones. Bones was taken down very bad, and, his family physician being out of town, a specialist was called in.

"But the family physician unexpectedly returned, and he and the specialist entered Bones' chamber together. They found the man in a high fever and partially unconscious. Each put his hand under the bed clothes to feel Bones' pulse, and each accidentally got hold of the other's hand.

"He has typhoid," said the first physician.

"Nothing of the kind," said the other. "He's only drunk."

The Drama in Iceland.

The drama flourishes in Iceland. The one theater is in the town of Reikjavik, of which the population is approximately 3,000. This theater receives a subsidy of about \$900 from the city and as much from the Icelandic Parliament. From October to April there are performances three times a week. An uncommon success is a run of seven nights. The dramas given are those of Ibsen, and other Danish writers of high repute. The salaries of the actors average about \$2 apiece for each performance. Their most esteemed actor is Christian Thormgrinson.

Bald Facts.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—You will remember that I did not begin to lose my hair until after I was married? Mrs. Crimmonbeak—Well, your brother, who is a bachelor, has less hair than you have.

"That's right. It only shows that he ought to have married, so he'd had some excuse for losing his hair."—Yonkers Statesman.

It's a poor lawyer who can't construe a law in more ways than one.

MYTHICAL PRIZE OF A MILLION

Old Yarn About a Fortune Offered for a Non-refillable Bottle. The conversation among a number of druggists and chemists the other day turned on the non-refillable bottle. "In some ways," said one of the talkers, "no one knows how the myth started—there certainly was no foundation for it—inventors all over the land have got it into their heads that there is some where, offered by some mysterious somebody, \$1,000,000 for the genius who will devise a bottle that, once emptied cannot again be filled. "Every now and then you pick up a newspaper and read that somebody has invented a non-refillable bottle, and his fingers are almost touching that \$1,000,000. In recent years innumerable geniuses have wasted no end of time—and time, we are told, is money—in pursuit of this ignis fatuus. They are as keen in their chase as the old astrologers were after the philosopher's stone which was to transmute dull base metals to glittering gold, or the later investigators who unavailingly sought for a machine with perpetual motion. "Every now and then there have been such cases in Indiana. Some backward druggist would get in touch with a correspondent and the public would be informed that the discovery had been made, and that John Jones would get a million or more. "Now, I have been keeping 'tab' for some time on the non-refillable bottle business. For five weeks, week after week, I have scanned the pages of a New York publication devoted to patents and trade marks. In all that time I do not believe a week has passed that I have not found one or more patents issued to inventors of these bottles."—Indianapolis News.

MEMORIES OF THE FARM.



Yes, they still "go to mill" away back yonder, the grain in a bag and the boy on a razor-back horse. Odd, but down on the farm there is always one horse with a ridge-pole back and stumbling hoofs, and the heaves and a fine assortment of ringbones and spavins. And they keep the animal for "the boys" to ride. Think of that, you folks who are not satisfied with a six-cylinder 60-horsepower auto, and then ask, "Why do the boys leave the farm?"—Bushnell, in Cincinnati Post.

SALESMAN TRIPLES THE SALE.

How a Man Sold Goods and Pleased His Customers. "Dropping into a shoe store the other day," began the observer, "I saw a salesman do something that aroused my admiration. As I sat down to get fitted I noticed a man close by with what seemed to be a dozen pairs of shoes scattered around him. He had been inspecting and trying them on, and although he had been satisfactorily fitted several times he was unable to make a choice. 'I can't decide which pair to take,' he said to the salesman who was attending him.

"The salesman picked up a pair of Bluchers, a pair of button shoes and a pair of another style, placed them in front of the customer and said: 'All of these shoes fit you, and fit you well. My advice is that you take all three pairs.'

"But I came in to get only one pair," protested the customer. "That is no reason for not taking all of them," responded the seller. "By taking these three pairs you will save money, you will be able to alternate and make them last longer, and you will at all times have the satisfaction that comes from having comfortable shoes on your feet."

"Well," said the convinced customer, "I never did such a thing before in my life, but I'll take your advice and do it now. Wrap them up."

"A few moments later the man who came in for one pair of shoes walked out of the store with three pairs. That's what aroused my admiration and opened my eyes to the fact that there are salesmen and salesmen."—Pittsburg Telegraph.

A Disgusted Musician.

Conductor Gericke, known as the "human metronome," had been giving a Wagner program. After the concert one of the trombone players was heard to say to a fellow musician, "Well, I am going to quit." "Are you daffy?" said his friend. "What's the matter?" "Well, it's just this: In that 'Tristan and Isolde' number I momentarily forgot the technics of my instrument, got enthusiastic, filled my lungs for that magnificent passage for the brass, when up goes that fatal left hand, so I had to swallow my enthusiasm—and wind too. If I don't quit I am either going to burst or die of tuberculosis."

Renewed Trouble.

The head of the goat household came home with lagging steps and a drooping beard.

"What's the trouble, William?" cried Mrs. G.

"Trouble enough," was the mournful answer. "There's another crusade against the billboards."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When a man becomes noted for meanness, it is pretty apt to be recalled that as a boy he drowned a kitten, or cut off a cat's tail in pure wantonness.

A lucky man always points with pride to his good judgment.

Passing of the Louisiana State Lottery



History of the Scheme which took More Money from the People than the Mississippi Bubble and which Uncle Sam has just suppressed

THE BLIND BOY AND THE WHEEL

The Honduras National Lottery Company, better known under its original name of the Louisiana State Lottery, has been forced out of business by the Federal government. Twenty of the officers and employees of the concern are under indictment. The death knell of this biggest lottery company in the world has been sounded. Bigger than the "Mississippi bubble," potent in State and national affairs, known in every civilized land, the Honduras company has made probably not less than \$25,000,000 for its owners during its existence of more than thirty years. With its operations have been associated some of the great men of Civil War times, and throughout its life the names of some of the proudest of the New Orleans creole families have been linked with it without effort or concealment. In the place of its birth, New Orleans, the lottery company was an institution. As a law-breaker its place in the nation has been unique and its history of absorbing interest.

The forerunner of the old Louisiana State Lottery was that known as the Alabama lottery. This concern has been lost to the memory of the present generation, although it did an enormous business, especially in the South. In the days following the Civil War the charter of the Louisiana company gave it a monopoly not only of the lottery business but of the "policy" business in New Orleans. This policy privilege was of enormous value, but in the end proved the undoing of the lottery company.

In formulating his original plan, the shrewd Dr. Dauphin had considered well the fact that the lottery company must depend for its ultimate success on a belief on the part of the public that the drawings of the company were, in fact, pure chance, and that all prizes would be paid without quibble to the holders of "lucky numbers." He knew that the concern could prosper only as the public had confidence in it. Dr. Dauphin hit on the plan of placing the drawings under the supervision of men whose very names would be a guarantee to the public that the lottery was as honestly conducted as was possible.

It was in this way that Generals Beauregard and Early were brought into the scheme. The former lived in New Orleans and the latter in Virginia. Both were men of much popularity, especially in the South, where they were popular idols. Their distinguished services for the Confederacy in the Civil War placed them in positions in the public mind but little below that which had been occupied by General Robert E. Lee. Financially both of these distinguished soldiers were in straitened circumstances. The Louisiana Lottery Company offered each one of them \$30,000 a year to act as commissioner for the company and to supervise the drawings. This was as far as the connection of either with the company went. Not more than two days' work each month was required of them, and for these two days they each received \$2,500.

In the early days of the lottery the public monthly drawings were held in the various New Orleans theaters, but later the company erected a building for administrative purposes in St. Charles street, and in this building a hall for the drawings was provided. Generals Beauregard and Early were in complete charge of the drawings. The plan of the drawing was this: On 100,000 slips of paper an inch wide and six inches long were printed that many numbers. The numbers were in large type. Each of these 100,000 slips was rolled tightly with the number on the inside, and the roll was inserted in a case consisting of a section of small rubber hose about an inch long. These 100,000 tubes were then dumped in a hollow wheel about five feet in diameter and two feet thick.

The wheel was made of two glass discs joined at the periphery with a thin wooden band as wide as the wheel. In this band was arranged a slide which could be opened and a hand inserted into the hollow wheel. On the stage near this "number wheel" stood a similarly constructed wheel one-third the size. In all the scheme called for the giving of 3,434 prizes at each drawing; and the smaller, or "prize wheel," contained that many of the small rubber tubes minus the number of "terminal" and "approximation" prizes. In each of these tubes was a slip of paper containing figures representing each prize.

Such equipped, the commissioners were ready to begin the drawing. For

spectacular effect two boys from the local asylum for the blind were chosen to draw the tubes from the wheels. A robust negro turned the cranks, mixing the rubber tubes in the wheels thoroughly. Then one of the blind boys drew a tube from the big wheel. A man selected by the commissioners for the purpose extracted the rolled slip from the tube, held it up before the audience and announced the number. At the same time the other blind boy drew a tube from the "prize wheel" and the announcer called out the sum called for by this slip. This prize, then, was drawn by the number drawn from the other wheel at the same time. The drawing required hours and usually was largely attended.

So thoroughly were advertised the features provided for the insuring of an honest drawing that the public soon became convinced that there was no chance for jugglery, and so long as the company existed the buyers of tickets purchased in the utmost confidence that if they did not win it was not because of unfair drawings. During the late '80s the feeling against the policy part of the scheme had grown strong in New Orleans. Policy gambling had run riot for years. It had taken such a hold on the servant and poorer classes that they could not be trusted with either their own or other people's money. A maid sent to the store for supplies stopped on the way to play policy with the money given her by her mistress. The city was demoralized. It was at this time, under the Howard administration, that the lottery got into politics. The "lottery" and "anti-lottery" parties sprang into being. The leader of the latter was United States District Attorney Parlange, a Christian gentleman to whom the evils of policy appealed most strongly.

Death Blow to the Lottery.

The issue was whether the charter of the company was to be renewed by the State of Louisiana. The scandals of this fight—the charges of bribery and other mud-throwing—are still fresh in the minds of many. It was at this time that the company came into malodorous throughout the nation. When the smoke cleared away it was found that the "anti-lottery" party had won.

The finish of this fight compelled the Louisiana company to find a new base of operation. Experienced lottery men declare that Mexico would have been the logical location, for there lottery was looked upon as legitimate, and the government accepted from the lottery companies a tax on gross receipts. But Honduras, instead of Mexico, was chosen. This was fifteen years ago, since which time the concern has been known as the Honduras National Lottery.

Its legal residence abroad, however, did not change the fact that most of its sales were in the United States. The enactment of the Federal law prohibiting the transmission of lottery matter through the mails was a severe blow to the business, but not as serious as was supposed at the time, as the express companies promptly began the work of carrying the contraband matter. As the government fight grew fiercer even the express companies de-

clined to handle the tickets and lists, and the company was forced to distribute them by messenger.

The profits of the Louisiana lottery, crowd during the years of its existence can be approximated from known figures. For instance, the largest month's business ever done by the company was the last month before the removal to Honduras, when \$2,400,000 was taken in by the lottery. It is probable that the profits from the lottery have not been less than \$25,000,000, all told! The plan of operation called for the distribution each month of 55 per cent of all money taken in for prizes. Agents' commissions averaged 20 per cent, administrative and miscellaneous expenses averaged 5 per cent, which left 20 per cent of net profit. The gross income of the company figured on this basis must, then, have been at least \$125,000,000 during its life.

Before the government began its fight on the Louisiana company a winning ticket was known to be as good as a certified check and express companies and many banks cashed them. It is not only likely, but almost certain, that had the Louisiana company not debauched the State with policy it would have secured a twenty-five-year extension of its charter. But the policy game forced it into a fight in which it was compelled to buy Congressmen and government officials. The secret pay roll of this company would be a most interesting and sensational document.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Equal to the Emergency.

"So you break our engagement, Gwendolen!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "Then in your presence let me end the life which you have begotten."

Drawing forth a vial marked "poison," he put it to his lips, and drained it to the last drop. As he sank back unconscious, did the beautiful girl fling herself upon his breast in an agony of remorse and burst forth into frenzied sobs? Scarcely!

Hastily quitting the room, she returned presently, her lovely face tragically composed. Kneeling beside the young man, she forced between his lips the following: (1) One cup of turpentine; (2) one pint of milk; (3) a cup of warm soap-suds; (4) a small bottle of aromatic ammonia; (5) a cup of black coffee; (6) a glass of mustard water; (7) a gill of vinegar; (8) juice of a lemon; (9) the beaten whites of six eggs; (10) one cup of flour and water.

"Algeron," she observed, coldly, as he began to revive, "it is evident you did not know that I am a graduate of a correspondence course in first aid to the injured. My one regret is that, since it was impossible for me to ascertain whether the poison you took was an acid or an alkali, I was compelled to administer all the antidotes of which we had learned."—Woman's Home Companion.

A Lost Opportunity.

Towne—I had the worst luck with that old umbrella of mine last evening at the concert. I put it in the stand with the others—

Brown—And when you went to get it it was gone, eh?

Towne—No, hang it! It was the only one left. I didn't get a shot at the others.—Philadelphia Press.

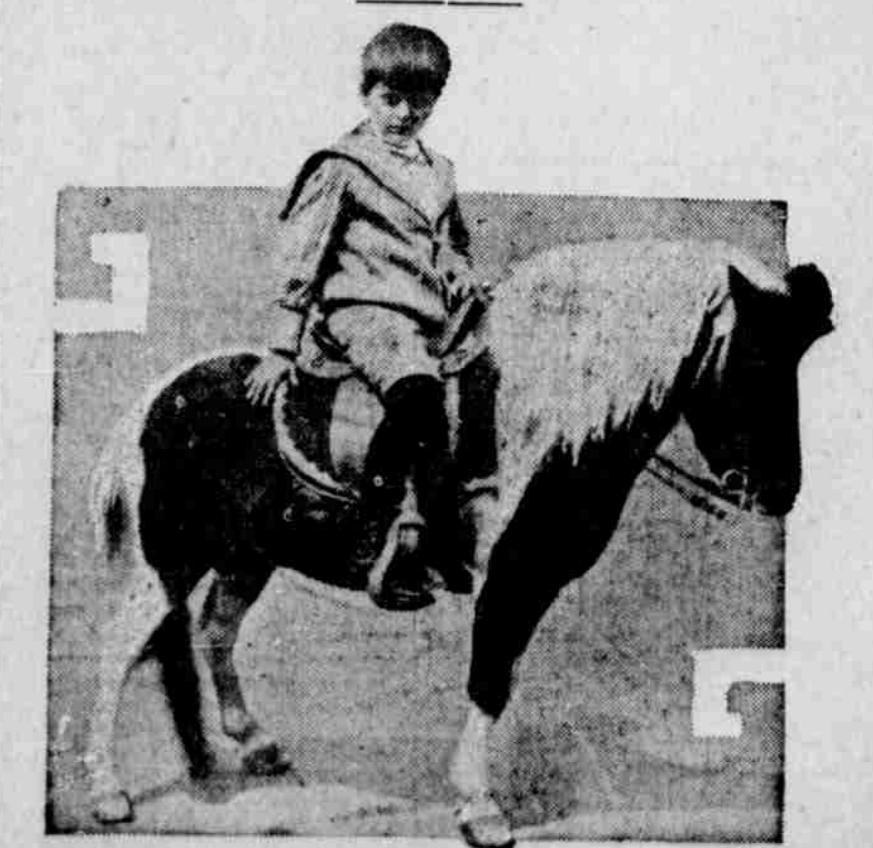
The Traveling Need.

The Social Philosopher was reviewing the situation.

"We don't want overbold railroad employes," he said, "but we do need wreckless schedules."—Baltimore American.

Unpleasant truths always please a lot of people whom they do not concern.

ARCHIE ROOSEVELT.



Archie Roosevelt, the President's son, who for a time was dangerously ill with diphtheria, is here pictured mounted on the white and black pony which now belongs to his smaller brother, Quentin.