

There hasn't yet been a whisper of serious damage to the lemon crop.

The pen is at least more dangerous than the sword where ministers are concerned.

With Abe Ruef and Abe Hummel both in the penitentiary, things will look better from one end of this country to the other.

Editor William T. Stead isn't talking about the men of this country in a way to ever get himself affectionately called Uncle Bill.

A failure of the tobacco crop in Cuba has caused a few thoughtless persons to predict a shortage in the supply of genuine imported Havana cigars.

The Philadelphia woman who blamed the marriage license clerk for all her marital troubles evidently wanted liberty and not license.

Rev. Anna Shaw believes that if women could vote universal peace would be hastened. Probably she thinks the women would vote for a change of human nature.

It is said that the man who whistles a great deal rarely swears. There is enough swearing in his immediate vicinity, however, to more than make up his shortage.

But Americans who enlist in their country's service are not the only ones who desert. From four British warships anchored at Jamestown there have been 100 desertions.

"People get funny ideas when they go to America," says George Bernard Shaw. So they do—in fact, the ideas sometimes seem to be downright idiotic. George Bernard Shaw got a number of that kind.

In Sweden the woman's club is known as the damklubb. In certain masculine company it is known as that in this country—even among native born Americans. Simply an adaptation of the Swedish, no doubt.

M. E. Ingalls, former president of the Big Four, says there are too many millionaires in this country. Every man who is struggling along on a small salary believes that there ought to be at least one more millionaire in this country to make it an ideal spot.

Commander Peary dedicates his book on Arctic exploration to his wife, "who has been my constant aid and inspiration, and has borne the brunt of it all." While the hero is on the field of battle, or afar on the path of danger, the heroine at home is patiently bearing day after day of suspense and anxiety.

America is pietistic in everything. Our circulation is congested. In other words, our transportation facilities are far below our needs. Meantime locomotive works and car factories are running twenty-four hours a day. And all this notwithstanding some of our great transcontinental lines do not possess sufficient sidetracks to hold their present equipment of cars. We are now as much in need of double tracking our transcontinental lines of railroad as we were originally in need of these lines. The combined railroads could not transport an army with necessary supplies to the Pacific coast in six months. Our salvation lies in the fact that no such army will be needed. At least let us so hope and pray.

The United States Supreme Court divides six to three on the question whether men employed on dredges engaged in government work are sailors or ordinary workmen. Six judges say they are sailors and three that they are not—the two Massachusetts members of the court dividing and writing the opposing opinions. It's a queer question to divide so august a tribunal and seems to betray a disposition therein to divide where there is any possible excuse for doing so. The average man who has ever seen a dredge and knows of the work it performs will be inclined to side with Justice Moody and the minority in the conclusion that men employed thereon are no more sailors than men working a steam shovel on the bank of an inland canal.

If capital punishment is to be retained as the penalty for deliberate murder it should be extended to cover the crime of train-wrecking even in cases where life is not lost. The train-wrecker is a murderer in purpose and intent even when he kills nobody. Being a deliberate, unprovoked and cold-blooded murderer, he ought to be hanged if other murderers are hanged. Some states already inflict the death penalty upon train-wreckers. The others ought to do so. Some extenuation may be urged for even a deliberate murder when the crime is prompted by the passions of hatred and revenge. These are powerful incentives and men are prone to yield to them. But the murderous work of the train-wrecker is actuated by no such sentiment. He coldly plans the murder of people whom he has never seen and against whom he holds no grudge. He is willing to kill in order that he may rob and plunder. If anyone deserves hanging he does. It will be necessary, too, to begin the hanging pretty soon unless railroad travel is to become hazardous to the point of imminent risk. The murderous microcosm who wreck trains are extending their operations over the whole country. Nothing short of a close view of the gallowes and noose will serve to deter them.

"The women at that table paid eighteen-pence each for their lunches," said the proprietor of a London restaurant to a Journalist in search of material. "Of the two men at the next table, one paid ninepence for lunch and the other paid sevenpence." Then the

caterer added the astonishing statement that business women eat more and heartier food than business men do. His opinion is that men are losing the power to enjoy their meals. From this, one might infer that the American quick lunch, recently introduced in London, found numerous Englishmen prepared to bridge the interval between breakfast and dinner with something like a piece of pie and a glass of milk. It is not so easy to believe that the young business woman is turning from the traditional chocolate éclair to kidney pudding or beef-steak pie. Yet both statements may be true, and if they are, things might be worse. So far as Americans are concerned, probably in the past the average business man ate too much in the middle of the day. When his daughter went into business she took the wrong way to strike a balance, by eating too little. Sensible men have almost reached the ideal, a light and wholesome lunch. The women have had less time to experiment. But they are equally sure to learn that one cannot do a good afternoon's work on a stomach either empty or overloaded. Milk and cereals, soups and sandwiches are not yet appreciated at their full value as luncheon possibilities, but it is to be counted in favor of the quick lunch that it has caused them to be preferred to heavier, less wholesome and more expensive dishes. If such light lunches cease to be "quick," and are taken in more leisurely fashion, men and women of business are not likely to lack the "power to enjoy their meals," the substantial meals they take before and after work, for they will have sound digestions to match healthy appetites.

STILL IN CONTROL.

"You'd think from what some folks say that cap'n of industry was a modern discovery, 'long of 'lectricity an' sun-spots," began Eli Bacon, with mild irony. "But tain't so. They've always been at their usual will, be they're what I take 'em to be—nothing more nor less than them that always land on their feet.

"There was Cy Greene. When I was a boy he lived in my town, at the mouth of the Kennebec River. He was a fisherman by trade, and one morning he was watching the Winnemacook pull out from the wharf for Bath, a-riding idly on his oars.

"It was very early, and as soon as the steamer started the wharf was deserted. The Winnemacook started off all right; then she began to back an' back, an' finally crash she come into Cy's dory.

"His boat was stove to pieces, and Cy was thrown into the water. But he didn't stay there. He got a-hold of the Winnemacook's rudder an' hauled himself up astride on't. He yelled an' hollered a while, but nobody heard him, an' he concluded to settle down to business.

"When the boat pulled into Bath, which is some fifteen miles, there, set Cy on the rudder, easy's of Tilly.

"What under th' canopy are you doing there?" sung out a man on the wharf.

"Steering the Winnemacook to Bath," says Cy.

Why Miss Muriel Cried. Miss Muriel Millon was sitting alone, with a very disconsolate air; Her fluffy blue tea gown was fastened awry.

"Come out for a spin in the automobile, the motor boat waits at the pier. Or let's take a drive in the sunny park Or a canter on horseback, my dear."

A TROUBLESHOOTER ROOSTER. Holds Up Car Lines, Delays U. S. Mail and Crosses over it. It was nothing more than a common garden variety of rooster, yet its escape from a coop on one of the wagons of the Adams Express Company caused enough excitement to tie up the United States mail for fifteen minutes and delay several hundred business men getting to their offices, says Philadelphia North American.

Just as one of the express wagons was driving out of the station at 18th and Market streets about 8 o'clock the rooster wriggled through the slats of the coop, and made a dash for an east bound trolley car crossing 18th street.

The motorman brought the car to a stop with a jerk, which threw the passengers out of the seats, and then left the platform to see if the rooster was killed. The rooster wasn't. It crowsed twice, and in a jiffy was perched on the axle of the front truck.

"Get the look for the rooster," suggested one of the crowd.

"You get funny and I'll punch you in the mouth," said the expressman, who was purple in the face, as he wriggled under the car after the bird.

"No, you won't kill it," an agent for the Woman's Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals called back as the driver tried to dislodge the rooster with the hook.

When it seemed as though the rooster was going to delay traffic indefinitely some one remarked that if the car was run to the bar on the return trip the rooster could be taken off the axle from the pit in the barn from which men fix the trucks of the car.

That suggestion was acted upon, in spite of the expressman's protest, and as travel was resumed fifteen minutes later, the car started off with the rooster still clinging to the axle bearing.

IN A NEW CLASS. Mrs. Baker, a well-to-do lady in one of the suburbs of a large Eastern city, was fortunate in having an excellent servant.

Books as Carriers of Disease. The Paris Academy of Medicine recently discussed the role of books as carriers of disease. It was reported that it had been experimentally determined that certain dried organisms retained vitality on the leaves of books, those of children two days, diphtheria twenty-eight days, typhoid fifty days, and those of tuberculosis at least three months.

OLD MELODIES. Her thin white fingers wandered among the yellowing keys. Now with a weary slowness, now with the old-time ease; The tunes were quaint and tender, like ancient tales of old, For they were songs of bygone years, and she was growing old.

The children looked about her; they loved to hear her play; For all was new and sweet to them, and every song was gay; They were her heart's companions, for they could understand; The dear old music spoke to them beneath her trembling hand.

But we, no longer children, between her day and theirs, Had danced to other measures, and thrilled to newer airs; We heard with smiles indelible, but we were slow to praise The simple tunes that brought to her the joy of distant days.

They brought the scent of spring-time, the tap of dancing feet, The dream that blossomed in her heart when youth and love were sweet; Each entrance had its story, each plaintive soft refrain Awoke the echoes of memory, the call of bliss or pain.

So with her thin white fingers she touched the yellowing keys, And pleased the listening children with old-time melodies;— And we, who smiled to hear them, remember now with tears The tones that will not sound again through all the silent years.

Precious Moments. Serena was proud of her brother. He was so clever with his hands, and he was bright, mentally, too. Back somewhere among the forefathers these hundred men and women gathered around the car, while the driver was poking a stick at the rooster to dislodge it.

"It's a man killed," a leather-lunged youngster shouted along Market street, and this brought two policemen to the scene.

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And you'll let me run it, won't you, Hal? Serena asked.

But the boy only laughed. The next morning after her simple home duties were finished the girl started on a five-mile walk along the highway that led to the town. She was going to pay a brief visit to her Aunt Clara. She was a fine walker and the distance didn't bother her.

There was but one man in the car, and his appearance at once held her wandering attention. He was a stout man with grizzled gray hair. His hat had fallen off, a strange bluish pallor covered his face, he seemed to have sunk down into his automobile seat.

She looked after the usual preliminaries as Serena took her seat, but it was not until he tried four times that he started the car. Serena laughed at his failures, but he didn't mind.

Hal was twenty-two and the working partner in the old gunshop down by the creek. The owner was Joe Hibbard, but he was crippled with rheumatism and slung close to his big rocking chair in his comfortable sitting room.

Hal was looking at the machine with his brows knitted.

"It's Slim Ashbrook's," he told her. "Broke down in front of the shop early this morning. Slim asked me if I thought I could fix it. I told him I thought perhaps I could. It depended some on what was the matter with it, Slim was in a hurry to get over to Brookdale and Tom Austin happened to come along with his trotting mare and Slim went with him. He said he'd be over after the car in the morn'ing."

"I've fixed it. There was a rod that bent and interfered with the steering gear. It didn't bother me any."

"What's that, Hal?"

"It's a book that tells you all about automobiles and automobile parts. I want to see how the two go together—the book and the car. It's the first time I've had a chance to put my hands on anything in this line."

It was a beautiful day, the road was fine, the air was clear and cool. She had covered at least half the distance when she heard an automobile horn down the roadway behind her.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked. Then she noticed the man was exhaling his breath in queer little gasps.

"I know of no one near here," she said. She looked again at the sick man and drew her breath sharply. "I think I can run it myself."

Her firm young hands gripped the wheel, her keen eyes stared straight ahead. She must not lose her nerve. A life might depend on her courage.

"I could run this thing if I had to," knowledge himself from the teaching.

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had told him she went to town instead of going to her aunt's, and that a neighbor had given her a seat in his wagon for the journey home. But she said nothing about automobile rides.

"You'll remember that I made you a promise on that wild ride," Serena shook her head. "I'm not sure that I do," she answered. "My attention was pretty well taken up by something else."

"You made us some trouble by running away," said the tall doctor. "We were afraid we wouldn't find you."

"Certainly I do. But it would simplify matters a little if you would be a trifle more definite as to the compact in question. Was it next Saturday's concert, or the absolutely necessary new furs, or—"

"I'm silent a moment, his hand shading his eyes. Then he spoke slowly.

"It's—it's about my friends. You remember in that talk we had after mother died you made me promise to bring my new friends I made here, so that you could meet them? You've been dear, daddy. I'm the most envied girl in school because of the good times you give me. It has been lovely till Hilda Duzell—the other day. You haven't said a word, but I've felt it—and she's so generous, and has been so lovely to me—I hurt, father."

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