

For each bachelor who sighs because he is alone, fully a dozen married men sigh because they are not.

Instead of trying to mend their ways some men could save a lot of time by hustling for a new supply.

We have no reason to believe that the Lord loves a cheerful giver who advertises his charity broadcast.

Is not a man with a gun and a disposition to use it a more real and effective "mortician" than an undertaker?

If mosquitoes have any reasoning power, they ought to feel grateful to the woman who invented the peck-a-boo shirt waist.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's \$25 fine for scorching seems to have been paid out of his own pocket, contrary to the expectations of the oil consumers.

Philadelphia clergymen have started a controversy over the question whether a hen "sits" or "sets." They might compromise by using an incubator.

Thomas A. Edison says that electricity is more of a mystery to him now than ever. It seems to be a case where mystery and mastery go hand in hand.

Aunt Carrie Nation continues to get herself arrested for disturbing the calm peacefulness of some saloon. If the woman had a bit of originality she would try some new stunt.

To "Inquirer:" There is no evidence to show that Senator Philander Knox was named in honor of the late Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B. Don't bother us with trivial questions like that.

"Criminals," says the St. Paul Dispatch, "are having too much rope in this country." There is a rapidly spreading belief that criminals are not getting enough rope in this country.

A Shamokin (Pa.) miner who complained that some men were trying to force \$1,000,000 of tainted money on him was declared insane without the formality of impaneling a jury. Nothing like saving time in a case of that kind.

A Pittsburg man killed himself to avoid the necessity of paying a doctor's bill. The doctor may have the satisfaction of being able to make it appear that he might have effected a cure if he had been given the right kind of a chance.

Henry G. Davis is telling his friends that he has no intention for running for the vice presidency next year. He wishes, however, to have it distinctly understood that he is not going to keep out of the race on account of his age. We can assure him that nobody would have guessed that as the cause of his refusal to run.

In its early years the nineteenth century, as if zealous to make a name for itself, was very active in bringing great men and great deeds into the world. Among the many centenaries which we will be celebrating every month or two, we should not forget—indeed, we have forgotten for three months—the abolition of the slave trade in England in March, 1807. This was one of the great acts of the Green-ville ministry. The other was an act of spiritual liberation, the effort to establish religious equality by allowing Roman Catholic officers to serve in the British army.

To some the most restful kind of relaxation is to turn from one form of mental or physical activity to another, bringing into play a new set of faculties or muscles. The man who has spent his working day over law books or ledgers will take up with delight the classics or some branch of natural history or will enter upon the study of languages or literature. There is no doubt that the highest form of recreation is found in such ways, because while they furnish rest and refreshment they at the same time widen one's intellectual range and promote growth in new directions.

It has been declared by a lecturer to the Mothers' Club of New York City that the official eagle of this country, as shown in authorized designs, is female. The proof offered is the white tufts of feathers on head and breast, and the fact that the female eagle is larger and stronger than the male. Nevertheless, most persons think of the metaphorical bird as a male. Ornithologists say that the conventional design does not indicate the sex, and the law is plain. In the description of the seal accepted by the Continental Congress, June 20, 1782, the pronoun "his" is used three times with reference to the bird.

The old saying that what is one man's meat is another man's poison is particularly applicable to mankind's idea of pleasure, and one has but to listen to the plans of vacation seekers to realize how numerous and how diversified are the primitive paths of dalliance. Travel is one man's bliss and another man's horror; a porch and an easy chair is the quintessence of comfort to one pleasure seeker and the scene of dreariness to another. A summer hotel and unlimited white flannel make up the ideal of luxury that vacationists aspire to, while his friend seeks regions where hotels and white flannels are alike unknown. A fishing rod is the symbol of earthly delight to one man and the rod of chastisement to another, while a golf stick may be an enchantment's wand or the scepter of the evil one. Women, too, differ widely in their standard of summer joys. "My idea of a summer vacation," said one woman, "is to go where I shall never feel the touch of gloves, veils or

bat plus" while her friend declared that to her an ideal summer meant an unlimited supply of these articles. It is well, as has been tritely observed, that "people don't all think alike," else the hotel porches could not be made large enough, and there would not be enough white flannel and golf sticks to go around.

President Angell, of the University of Michigan, referred the other day to the better and more practical instruction that the colleges were giving today to their students in political science. The interest of the students in governmental and administrative questions is certainly deeper and more enlightened than ever, and certain recent developments in these lines of study are as significant as they are gratifying. According to some editorial observations in the Outlook, in most colleges civic or good government clubs have been formed for the purpose of promoting scientific and practical study of national, state and municipal problems and keeping them informed of current tendencies, struggles, reform movements and experimental remedies. As our contemporary well says: "Interest among students can be most quickly evoked, not through books, but, first, by lectures and papers from those in first-hand touch with municipal interests, and, second, by requiring the students to begin some actual connection with municipal affairs." The college civic clubs owe their existence to this feeling and to the need of contact with reality. A further step was taken when some twenty of these clubs banded together into an Intercollegiate Civic League, whose function it is to procure papers for the clubs, stimulate discussion, carry on an active correspondence, start clubs where they do not as yet exist, and bring them all into affiliation with itself. A number of papers by well-known writers and workers have been secured by the league and printed in the college papers. They have dealt with such questions as municipal franchises, graft and how to fight it, machines and popular rule, etc. Among the contributors have been Dr. Lyman Abbott, Jacob Riis, William Kent, of Chicago, Dr. Lindsay, of the Federal Child Labor Committee, and the solicitor for the Department of State, Mr. Scott. Such activities and methods are the result of the improved instruction that is now given in the colleges on problems of politics and government, and they will in turn react on such instruction and tend to improve it still further.

Help an Old Lady Accross the Street



She was a sweet old lady, but afraid of the confusion of the busy street. As she hesitated, the boy came up. He took off his cap and smiled.

"Let me help you?" he said. With the feeble old arm in his, he led her safely over. It cost him only a minute and a little thought.

It was a tribute that youth owes to age. It was thoughtfulness, and, of course, politeness, because politeness is nothing but consideration and thoughtfulness of other people.

It was sympathy. The feeling that made the boy want to be of some service to the old lady was the same feeling that makes every one of us who has a heart and is not ashamed of it want to help everybody who is down or in trouble or unable to help themselves.

And it was chivalry toward woman-kind. We all possess that—some of it. It is such a tremendous pity, isn't it, that we are growing so selfish that we haven't always time to be courteous? There are still places in big, busy America where men take off their hats in public elevators when women are present. Foolish? Perhaps. But the spirit that prompts it isn't foolish. It is only a survival of that world-old feeling that every man owes all respect to every woman.

When the boy helped the old lady he not only assisted her and himself did a kind act, but he furnished a lesson to a whole world full of people.—Cincinnati Post.

Sentenced to Take Baths. Judge Fiedler in a Cleveland police court has sentenced a man to a bath and a half of cleanliness. John Arcl, arrested for neglecting his four small children, hasn't taken a bath in ten years. Humane Officer Poole told the judge.

"I have arrested him on almost every minor charge," said the officer, "and have tried for ten years to make him keep clean." "I washed for ten years, eh?" commented the court. "I'll fix him so he won't be dirty for a long time. I shall send you to the workhouse with instructions to the superintendent to keep you there eighteen months and put you to light labor and have you scrubbed twice a day during your incarceration."

You can praise one man to another without offense, providing the one who is praised is dead.

RISKY DEATH AND LIKE IT



If, in the pursuit of your life's vocation, you had seen five men drop from your side at a dizzy height to a terrible death far below, would you continue in that vocation? If you did persist in it, would you have sufficient confidence in yourself to retain your "nerve" under all circumstances for thirty-five years? That has been a brief part of the many exciting experiences in the life of H. F. ("Risky") Evans, one of the most daring of the few famous "steeple-jacks" who risk death and like it. "Risky" Evans is now 49 years old. He has a wife and a son and daughter grown almost to manhood and womanhood. He has a profitable business which he can pursue without the risks to be run by steeple climbing. But risks have been the essence of his life since he was a boy. He has climbed steeples and buildings all over America and has done some climbing in England as well. No better fun for "Risky" than to be clinging in a boatswain's chair, by slings or by his bare hands and feet, high in the air, with the blue sky beckoning to him, with absolute confidence in himself and his ability to hang on to the merest projection.

MARKED FISH IN THE SEA

Thousands Caught, Numbered and Put Back in British Channel. Catching fish, measuring and marking them and then returning them to the sea with the chance of retaking them later is part of the work carried on by the Marine Biological Association of Great Britain.

By means of a steam trawler the fish are caught in the usual way. Each haul is carefully recorded, the fish are counted and measured and all details of locality, time, number, species, sex and size are put down, together with accurate observations on the water, the depth and bottom of the sea, the kinds and quantity of food available, etc. These data are subsequently tabulated and charted.

The method of marking the fish is interesting and has been attended with valuable results. The fish chiefly used during the few years the experiment has been in progress have been plaice, because the proposals which have been made to interfere with the catching of them were based on inadequate knowledge.

The fish are marked on the dorsal surface with a very thin convex metal disk bearing a number. This is attached to a fine silver wire which is passed through the thinner part of the fish near the fin and secured on the upper side by a small bone button. The fish do not appear to suffer inconvenience and their growth is not interfered with in any way.

The thoroughness with which the North Sea is swept by the nets of the fishing fleets is demonstrated, says Discovery, by the fact that out of 5,009 marked plaice of all sizes 992 were recaptured within a year. This represents 19.7 per cent, or nearly one-fifth; but for the medium-sized fish the figures are far higher, ranging from 28.1 to 39 per cent for the whole of the North Sea and to 43 per cent in the more northern portions.

The men of the regular fishing fleet co-operate by forwarding to the laboratory of the association at Lowestoft all the marked fish they catch. At the laboratory reference to the records easily establishes how much the fish has gained in size and weight since the previous catching. Moreover, the distance between the spot where it was released and the place where it was again caught gives an idea as to its movements.

Not Paid. "Hands up!" said the footpad. "And if I refuse?" queried the belated pedestrian. "Well, in that case," resumed the footpad, "I can only say that you don't know the rules of the game. I decline to negotiate with one so grossly ignorant. Good night, sir."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Emerald Isle. Ireland is called the Emerald Isle because of the richness of its verdure, the term being first used by Dr. William Drennan, the author of "Glendaloch" and other poems, published in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

It's a brave man who will marry a twin.

equipped with lightning rods, and as the electricity played about him, accompanied by crashing thunder, sounding louder because of his elevated position, "Risky" thought that his last hour had surely come. To add to the danger the sudden downpour of rain had made the ropes holding his chair so stiff that he scarcely could undo them in order to let himself down. Finally he succeeded in getting his rope loose and swung clear of his dangerous position.

An uncomfortable accident occurred while Evans was working on the steeple of Trinity Church in New York. "Frenchy," the man who was afterward killed, was with him. They had rigged up a chair to which were attached ropes by means of which they could let themselves out of their perches onto the roof of the steeple and thus climb down to the gable, through which they came out of the belfry. One end of the rope was kept knotted, to hold it in the chair. After "Frenchy" had gone down one evening after work he undid the knot and the rope slipped through, leaving "Risky" marooned at the top of the steeple, with no way of getting down other than jumping.

He was compelled to remain on the steeple all night, and when an effort was made to rescue him early in the morning a new trouble was encountered. He had no rope nor string to let down that a line sufficiently strong to bear a rope could be raised. Finally he cut off the sleeves of his jacket and tore them in strips. These he tied together and let the improvised rope down to the gable, where his would-be rescuer was waiting for him.

A strong wind was blowing, and the fragile rope hung in the wind far out from the steeple. Finally "Risky" tied a bunch of keys and a penknife to the end of the string and succeeded in getting it where it could be reached. The rest was easy, and he was soon tucked safely in bed.

Thousands Caught, Numbered and Put Back in British Channel. Catching fish, measuring and marking them and then returning them to the sea with the chance of retaking them later is part of the work carried on by the Marine Biological Association of Great Britain.

By means of a steam trawler the fish are caught in the usual way. Each haul is carefully recorded, the fish are counted and measured and all details of locality, time, number, species, sex and size are put down, together with accurate observations on the water, the depth and bottom of the sea, the kinds and quantity of food available, etc. These data are subsequently tabulated and charted.

The method of marking the fish is interesting and has been attended with valuable results. The fish chiefly used during the few years the experiment has been in progress have been plaice, because the proposals which have been made to interfere with the catching of them were based on inadequate knowledge.

The fish are marked on the dorsal surface with a very thin convex metal disk bearing a number. This is attached to a fine silver wire which is passed through the thinner part of the fish near the fin and secured on the upper side by a small bone button. The fish do not appear to suffer inconvenience and their growth is not interfered with in any way.

The thoroughness with which the North Sea is swept by the nets of the fishing fleets is demonstrated, says Discovery, by the fact that out of 5,009 marked plaice of all sizes 992 were recaptured within a year. This represents 19.7 per cent, or nearly one-fifth; but for the medium-sized fish the figures are far higher, ranging from 28.1 to 39 per cent for the whole of the North Sea and to 43 per cent in the more northern portions.

The men of the regular fishing fleet co-operate by forwarding to the laboratory of the association at Lowestoft all the marked fish they catch. At the laboratory reference to the records easily establishes how much the fish has gained in size and weight since the previous catching. Moreover, the distance between the spot where it was released and the place where it was again caught gives an idea as to its movements.

Not Paid. "Hands up!" said the footpad. "And if I refuse?" queried the belated pedestrian. "Well, in that case," resumed the footpad, "I can only say that you don't know the rules of the game. I decline to negotiate with one so grossly ignorant. Good night, sir."—Philadelphia Ledger.

GETTING THERE.

Dunno how the world will go— Whether right or wrong; But ain't it just enough to know It's goin' right along? An' be the weather dark or fair, Forevermore it's getting there!

The summer's roses fade away, An' sad seems plain an' hill; But even the bluest winter day Dreams of the roses still. An' sunny day or tempest drear, The world's forever getting there! —Atlanta Constitution.

I BRING MARY ALONG

When Peter Svendsen, dealer in general merchandise, in the little Danish town of Roskilde, entered his office in the morning his clerk handed him a cablegram from New York.

Now in Svendsen's business cablegrams were few and far between, so he nervously turned the yellow envelope several times between his fingers and read the address twice before he opened the message. But when he did and saw the few words it contained, his kind old face beamed with joy so that the clerk immediately felt sure that now was his chance to ask for a raise, which he promptly did with gratifying result.

The cablegram read: "Am coming with Christmas boat, bringing Mary along! George." So swiftly had old Svendsen never run up the stairs to his apartments above the store and nearly losing his slippers he rushed through all the rooms, shouting, "George is coming with the Christmas boat."

Mrs. Svendsen, who was putting up the lunch for her 11-year-old boy, Peter, came running in from the kitchen. Peter forgot all about 9 o'clock and school and stood staring at his father with open mouth. Peeping through the kitchen door stood Ane, the girl of all work, whose joy was almost as great as the members of the family.

Old Peter Svendsen danced around the dining room, like a Sioux Indian on the warpath, swinging the cablegram above his head, until he at last, exhausted, fell down in the armchair in the moment when a young girl, blushing like a rose, came running and snatched the message from his hand.

Her eyes filled with tears of joy, and her heart beat like a trip hammer as she took up the refrain: "George is coming with the Christmas boat." But suddenly her expression changed and her voice almost failed her as she said: "He is bringing Mary along."

"Yes, he is bringing Mary," Svendsen repeated. He was still overjoyed. "But who is Mary?" Mrs. Svendsen asked, looking from her husband to her niece, the little Miss Alma, who was still staring at the cablegram.

"Well, I am sure I don't know," Svendsen said. "Perhaps his wife, perhaps his sweetheart, perhaps some negro girl he has bought in New York. One can't tell, but we shall find out soon enough when he is here."

"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Svendsen, but it seems rather strange; he has never written of her before." "Of course he hasn't," old Svendsen replied, "don't you see he wants to surprise us."

Every morning and evening they looked in the papers for news of the boat and in the morning the day before Christmas it was reported passing Elnore.

In the evening as the church bells chimed and every one in the little town was hurrying to the cathedral, hymn book in hand, George Svendsen arrived in his native town, which he had not seen for four years.

"I call that to be on time," cried old Svendsen, as he clasped his big, strong, handsome boy in his arms. "I suppose you are a real Yankee now, but I hope you have not forgotten how to speak Danish."

"You bet your life, father, I talk Danish as well as ever." And he did talk Danish, and had to talk Danish to every one he met on the way from the station to his old home.

When he came in and found his own room just as he had left it—the old iron bed, the ship on the wardrobe, and grandma's portrait on the wall—he came near crying with joy, his few fellow-though he was.

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN.



JULIET V. STRAUSS.

I think my friend may take courage to follow his nose a little longer in this vale of tears, if the open taunt and bold jeer is all he has to deal with. If he were a woman and obliged to cope with woman's treacherous warfare he might be obliged to know that venom lies hidden in the most honeyed speech, and that the very friend who called his nose a "perfect love" to his face was quite likely to refer to the self-same member as an unmitigated proboles to the very next friend she met.

It is a sad fact that insincerity is woman's prerogative, poor thing; we are forced to it, however, and most of it is due to our husbands, after all. Did you ever see a man who, when the least little bit of "double-facedness" was required, would not sneak away and leave his wife to get through with it as best she might? A man invariably sells his wife for every little bit of sincerity that crops out in her, no doubt because he wants the pleasure of insulting the neighbors himself and wishes her to be ready to throw herself into the breach with some little bit of acting or lying that will atone for his own indulgence in that rude truth, which we all profess to like, but which we avoid as much as possible.

After viewing the matter impartially, I believe that man's inhumanity to man is a milder type than either woman's inhumanity to woman or woman's inhumanity to man.

one heard, "Oh, thank you, George! Isn't that lovely! Oh, it's too much! How could you carry all that along? Is there more yet?" "Oh, but that is funny," Peter exclaimed. He had got a man in an automobile that ran around the floor.

"The best of all comes later. I must get that from the depot myself." And before they knew it he was out of the door. The members of the family stared at one another. Alma looked sad and worried.

"There he is gone before one has had a chance to talk a word with him," old Svendsen mumbled; "but that is the way those Yankees are. Always on the go." "Do you think he went for Mary?" asked young Peter.

"Sure, my lad, I can't tell." And then there was a long pause until the bell rang. Alma went down to open the door. It was one of the well-known letters from America, which old Svendsen always paid a crown for to the letter carrier.

"Well, now my boy is here himself," Svendsen shouted down the stair, "but the crown is here for you all the same." Alma, who was the quickest to read, had opened the letter and was studying it, her eyes beaming and her cheeks blushing. Suddenly she cried, "Now George is coming with Mary!" And she laughed and danced around old Svendsen, who did not understand what caused her sudden happiness.

Just then George came in, and Alma's arms were around his neck before he had closed the door. He put a box on the table and began to unwind the blanket in which it was wrapped.

Peter, who was watching him closely, cried: "Why, papa, George has brought a real live monkey along." "Why, didn't you know that?" George asked in surprise. "I just read it in your letter," Alma replied, blushing violently.

"But whom did you think Mary was?" Alma turned away her face and old Svendsen said with a smile: "Somebody thought she was your wife." "No; a wife I expect to take back with me from here—if she will have me."

What more George said is of little importance, but he and Alma are to be married next month.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Wrestling for Exercise. Wrestling, the "microcosmos of gymnastics," is a fine form of bodily exercise for those who enjoy hard muscular work after the tedious business hours of the day and may be practiced—adapting it to circumstances—by the man of a ripe age as well as by the boy of ten or twelve, especially the form known in this country as catch-as-catch-can (which is about identical to one form of Swiss wrestling). I exchanged the Greco-Roman (or German gymnastic) style for this one about twenty years ago, and I was then over forty years old, and still enjoy it much if my opponent is of my own weight or a little lighter and if it is deprived of its potential roughness by a gentlemanly spirit of the partners.—New York Medical Journal.

A Tale of Red Tape. Among the tales of red tape the following should hold a high place: M. Roger Cavallion, a young French gentleman rider, who had won his hundredth steeplechase, was driven for the inscription on his horse's name in the cavalry, explaining with due modesty that he was not unknown as a horseman. The military council of revision refused the request on the ground that as his period of service was only one year he would not have time to learn to ride.

QUEER ESKIMO CUSTOMS.

Festival for the Dead Is Held Every Year Before Christmas. The natives of the Yukon River region hold a festival of the dead every year shortly before Christmas and a greater festival at intervals of several years, says the New York Tribune. At these seasons food, drink and clothes are provided for the returning ghosts in the clubhouse of the village, which is illuminated for the occasion with oil lamps. Every man or woman who wishes to honor a dead friend sets up a lamp on a stand in front of the place which the dead one used to occupy in the clubhouse. These lamps, filled with seal oil, are kept burning day and night, until the festival is over. They are believed to light the shades on their return to their old home and back again to the land of the dead. If any one fails to put up a lamp in the clubhouse and to keep it burning, the shade whom he or she desires to honor could not find its way to the place, and so would miss the feast.

When a ghost has been much disliked his ghost is sometimes purposely ignored, and that is deemed the severest punishment that could be inflicted upon him. After the songs of invitation to the dead have been sung the givers of the feast takes a small portion of food from every dish and casts it down as an offering to the shades; then each pours a little water on the floor so that it runs through the cracks. In this way they believe that the spiritual essence of all the food and water is conveyed to the souls. With songs and dances the feast comes to an end and the ghosts are dismissed to their own place. The dancers dance, not only in the clubhouse, but also at the graves, and on the ice if the dead met their deaths by drowning.

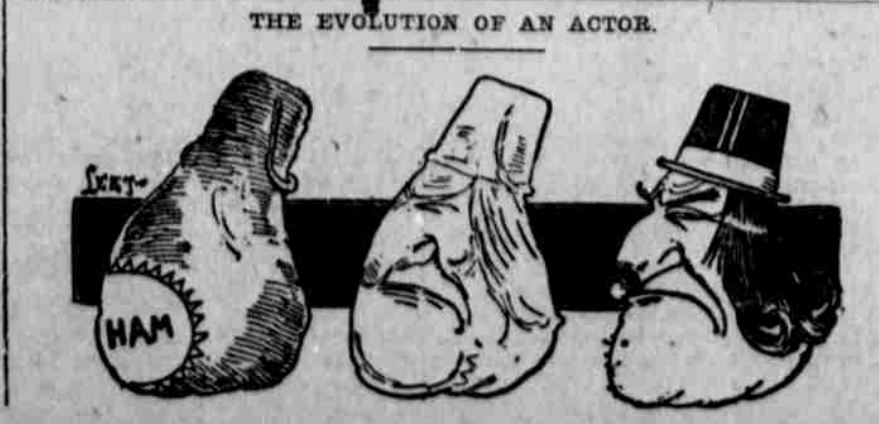
On the eve of the festival the nearest male relative goes to the grave and summons the ghost by planting there a small model of a seal spear or a wooden dish, according as the dead was a man or a woman. The totems of the dead are marked on these implements. The dead who have none to make offerings to them are believed to suffer great destitution. Hence, the Eskimo fear to die without leaving behind them some one who will sacrifice to their spirit, and childless people generally adopt children, lest their shades be forgotten at the festival.

WOMAN'S SENSE OF HONOR. Her Special Code for Conduct Toward Her Husband. A well-known American warden said to me: "I have been in prisons for men and in prisons for women. Discipline in the former is child's play compared with the latter. As soon as a man realizes there is no use in resisting he gives in. But the women, even when we put them in strait jackets, always manage to extricate at least one finger and to agitate that in a rebellious manner."

In the matter of conduct toward husbands and consideration due to the "better half" there is an especial code of honor, says the Pall Mall Magazine. It has the stability that sanction by women of all countries gives it, but it does not resemble any code that man would observe toward another man, nor which a woman would employ toward any human except her husband. This code includes the right to search pockets, consult notebooks, open letters, read those already opened. It includes the right to confound household and personal accounts, to use on self the money intended by the master of the house for paying bills. This system is not frequently admitted, no doubt, yet we remember one newly married woman, who announced as a little triumph, "When I buy for myself something I don't like I just sell it to the house!"

The peculiar indulgence which the conjugal state seems to call for as regards the weaker sex in matters of honor more or less delicate was thus strikingly summarized by a philanthropist accustomed to all sorts and conditions of people. Among the poor whom she visited there was a woman who in a fit of rage or jealousy had killed a man. In relating to me the case the philanthropist confided sadly, "Yes, she killed him, and he wasn't even her husband!"

Score. "So your husband lost his money on a race horse?" "No," answered young Mrs. Terkins. "He lost it on an animal he thought was a race horse."—Washington Star.



THE EVOLUTION OF AN ACTOR.