

Mr. Rockefeller attributes his cure to the use of about \$5,000,000 worth of gold.

It has always been Mr. Rockefeller's policy to save enough money to pay a stiff fine.

It may cost \$25,000 to raise some boys but that kind never become great ball players.

On good authority we are assured that "lunch" is the verb and "lunch-son" the noun. A little luncheon like this is always instructive.

Concerning the "deceased wife's sister" bill, it is to be observed that few, if any, of the deceased wives have made the slightest objection to it.

Mr. Rockefeller's physician predicts that "the richest man" will live to be at least 94 years old. Having an optimistic doctor is certainly a great joy.

Hetty Green says she has no use for the society girls of to-day. The society girls can get even by sending their regrets if Hetty ever invites them to pour at anything.

The largest monument in the world is being erected to the memory of Victor Emmanuel II. in Rome. If Ramon III. were still living he could be depended upon to beat it.

An American tourist reports that he was robbed of \$100,000 in Europe. Inasmuch as he was not in the vicinity of Monte Carlo at the time the case is regarded as mysterious.

A Pittsburg woman has indignantly refused to pay a large sum of money for the "honor" of being presented at the Spanish court. In addition to her twenty-eight good men Pittsburg seems to have a sensible woman or two.

The report that the Emperor of Korea drew \$400,000 from the Imperial Bank and placed it in his personal pocket just before he abdicated would indicate that he has heard something about the methods of American bank cashiers.

A Harvard professor who has been figuring on the matter says it costs about \$25,000 to rear a middle-class boy in this country. Any father who is buying shoes for a lively youngster will take the professor's word for it without foolish questioning.

Friends of the Filipinos have expressed disappointment because, for their first election there was not a large registration of qualified voters. It is pertinent to recall that one of the weaknesses in this country, which has had a long experience in the use of the ballot, is the failure of educated citizens to serve themselves and their country by going to the polls.

Congress is to be called upon to transform the United States into the semblance of the garden of Mistress Mary, the "quietest contrary" young lady who raised "columbines" all in a row. The Columbine Association is perfecting plans to petition the national legislature to make the columbine the national flower. One of its members, a professor of botany, maintains that no flower would be more appropriate, as the name comes from the Latin word meaning "a dove, a world's emblem of peace—a name given to this flower because one common form of it resembles a group of doves." Moreover, there is not much difference between Columbi- and columbine.

The president of the Pittsburg peace conference has returned to this country after an unsuccessful mission which was undertaken to persuade German manufacturers of military toys to shut down what he considered their war-inciting business. "The manufacturers," he said, advised him "that their work was clearly a commercial proposition. The Germans make toys for our market because it is the best in which to sell." Several arguments can be massed together to prove the good faith of the merchants. And, first, there is the indubitable fact that the military toy holds away about as long as the Noah's ark and other delights of early youth. Wooden soldiers and tin soldiers and all their horrid accoutrements soon become a joke or call forth sentimental tears like the rest of baby's battered playthings. If their makers, instead of being among the most innocent and industrious of humankind like poor old Calumet Plumber, really desired to drive men to bloodshed, such funny little tin vestes as they produce would defeat the fell purpose. It is evident also that the German manufacturers, whether they be wealthy employers or humble employes, would hardly strive to arouse the warlike spirit of this country. For that would be leading aid to a possible enemy and the little tin soldier would become the symbol of treason. Honest thrift supplies a much better theory for the military output. Finally, experience is against the idea either of sinister intent or baleful influence. Every male member of a peace conference must have played with military toys in his time and reformed without recognizing the danger through which he had passed. And if he reflects now he will realize that the real danger was in the paint, which is bad for the digestion, or the sharp edges that may put out eyes or the base metal that is particularly heavy when it lodges in the stomach. The toys are not a war alarm, but perhaps, like the trusts, they need regulation.

Can You Beat This One. Charlie Smith took doubting friends to the river to show them he had trained trout, says the New York World correspondent at Winsted, Conn. "Here, Pete?" called Charlie. A trout began jumping up and down. "Jump through this!" commanded Charlie, as he put both hands together in a ring fashion. "Pete" took a flying start and went through the hoop. Smith then called the roil, and trout (piscine) and bass responded to such names as "Jack," "Mike" and "Mary." Smith says he won their gratitude by feeding them regularly every day.

contemplated or already decided upon. There is the Panama Canal, which, it is said, will need the services of 40,000 men. The weekly desertions from this army will always be large, and there will thus be constant need of fresh recruits. Moreover, many of the deserters return to their old world fields and farms and are not available in the labor market. In New York a conduit that is to tap the Catskills and give the metropolis a new water supply is to be built at an estimated cost of \$100,000,000. A large canal to cost over \$100,000,000, is also to be constructed, and these two projects will create a heavy demand for unskilled and skilled labor. In Canada, in Manchuria, in Siberia, in Africa, railroads are planned or in course of construction. The supply of Chinese and Japanese coolie labor is practically inexhaustible, but some governments will not employ such labor. The Transvaal, for example, has decided to repatriate the Chinese laborers, and they must be replaced in the interest of the mines and of the welfare of the colony as a whole. In the United States, we know, railroad experts declare that railroad construction, extension and improvement have failed to keep pace with the agricultural, industrial and commercial progress of the country. Thousands of miles of new tracks must be constructed in the immediate future, and this will demand armies of workmen. The hearing of these facts on the immigration problem is manifest. It is also plain that the new enterprises call for tremendous amounts of capital as well as for multitudes of laborers. There will be bond issues galore, and unusually good opportunities for investors and for those who have accumulated little "piles" during the prosperous year the world has enjoyed. Financiers say that the demand for capital has outrun the supply of it by the saving public, but the figures of the banks and the readiness with which tempting securities are absorbed indicate that after a natural period of readjustment capital will be forthcoming for all safe and sound undertakings, public and private.



British battleships are being provided with searchlights by the light of which a newspaper can be read at a distance of eighteen miles. They have 48-inch projectors.

The village of Sohrusan, in Bohemia, which was found to be built on a valuable coal bed, has been bought for \$500,000 by a speculator and razed to the ground. The inhabitants, who number more than 1,000, are rebuilding their houses a mile away.

With the final closure of the Colorado river, the great Salton sink, which is inundated as the result of a poorly constructed headgate of an irrigation canal and rapidly converted into an inland sea, will gradually dry up. Inasmuch as there are practically no outlets for this vast body of water, the sink must naturally evaporate to dryness. According to one opinion the Salton Sea will dry up in about eight years.

The growing importance of the metal tantalum, owing to its employment in the preparation of filaments for incandescent lamps, gives interest to the recent discoveries of minerals containing tantalum in Western Australia. As long ago as 1894 tantalum was found at Humberg, combined with niobium and antimony. Later it was discovered near the same place in combination with iron. Quite recently a combination of 70 per cent tantalum and 30 per cent manganese has been found at Wodgina. It occurs in blocks weighing as much as 30 pounds.

The German War Department has taken much pains to select a color for uniforms to be used in active service which will prove as inconspicuous as possible in the field. As a means of concealing operations in battle, in these days of long-range guns, an "invisible" uniform for infantry ranks with smokeless powder. The German experiments have demonstrated that the color which comes nearest to making soldiers invisible in an ordinary landscape is gray-green. Simple gray, on the contrary, makes a very conspicuous uniform amid the same surroundings. Additional tests are to be made to determine the best color for winter wear, and especially amid snow-covered landscapes.

The delicate measurements demanded by modern scientific processes and machines have led to the invention of many instruments of precision that surprise the uninitiated by their exactness, which are often based on explicable simple principles. Among these is a little apparatus recently put upon the market in France for determining the thickness, or, one might say, lack of thickness, of extremely thin plates, wires and threads. The inventor likens its action to that of a lever in which a ray of light takes the place of the beam. Essentially the apparatus consists of two carefully ground plates in contact with one another, the upper one being attached to a movable arm. When an object is placed between the edges of the plates the upper plate is displaced a little in level, and the effect of this displacement is magnified by a reflected ray of light which falls upon a graduated scale. Thus the most delicate measurements of thickness are easily and quickly made.

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THE MOROCCAN CRISIS.

Preaching a "Holy War" and Death to Christians. The situation in Morocco appears to be growing worse instead of better. Since the French bombardment of Casablanca the French troops holding that city have been hard pressed by the Moors, who have repeatedly charged the camp of the invaders and whose fanatical courage has been a revelation. Resentment against the Joint French and Spanish occupancy has spread far into the interior and fanatical marabouts, or priests, are preaching a holy war against all Christians. Should the "green flag" of the prophet be unfurled, as seems not unlikely, the world may witness horrors transcending the incidents of the Sepoy mutiny in India. All through the Mohammedan world there is unrest. It is in India, where 53,000,000 Moslems a year ago demanded a larger share in the administration of the government and where the Hindoos are openly preaching revolt against British rule. It is in Egypt, where, notwithstanding the undoubted benefits of English occupation



PREACHING A HOLY WAR IN MOROCCO.

and administration, a strong movement, headed by men of means and culture, has sprung up, having for its object the overthrow of English rule. It is all through Central Africa, where the followers of the prophet are found, and more particularly in Morocco, where, as already said, fanatical priests are trying to rouse the populace by preaching a "holy war" and death to all unbelievers.

Holy wars are preached by pilgrim priests who have visited the shrine of the prophet at Mecca. These men pass through the country, with Korans in their hands, and everywhere preach the "holy war" and death to the unbelieving Nazarinies. Just now Morocco is overrun by them. What the result, mediate or immediate, may be the future only can reveal, but observers of Oriental matters believe that the world will soon see a Mohammedan outbreak which will put to the test the forces of European civilization.

IDEAL LIFE IN A "DUGOUT."

One Who Has Tried Roughing It Tells of Some of Its Joys.

Lawrence Tom Kersey, a New Providence (Hardin County) boy, has had some experiences in "roughing it" and homesteading in "No Man's Land," says the Des Moines Register and Leader. Mr. Kersey is a college graduate, a prince of good fellows, a writer of much ability and an art and musical connoisseur. A number of months ago Mr. Kersey states that he had "a desire to be the owner of some real estate, and an opportunity to become such an owner by the investment of nothing but time—tenus particularly appealing to me," so he fled a claim and for six months led not the idea of a covering over his head at night bother him. Then suddenly an inspiration struck Mr. Kersey to build a sodhouse. Mr. Kersey, in his own language, gives a pretty comprehensive idea as to how he arranged that "dugout." Building a house on a claim, even though it be of sod and seemingly the work of a lifetime, does not relieve the homesteader of the obligations in return for the fulfillment of which he is to become the owner of 160 acres of land. He must "establish a residence." To do this he should have in his house at least a stove, a dishpan, a bed and the courage to call that "home." A few years "on the road" makes the last-named requisite easy under any condition, and a few dollars secures the other essentials, so I was able to fulfill the law to the letter and mix a good bit of the spirit of it.

"To me the 'Reclaiming of the Desert,' 'The Subduing of the Forest' and the 'Conquering of the Prairie' are magical phrases. I had just imprisoned ninety-six square feet of untamed nature and I was making that prison home. The effect was magical. From the protestations outside I was not sure but that the small portion I had just captured would soon be retaken by its sympathizers. But the windows turned the insects. The heavy sod walls securely bound my buffalo grass floor from that vast floor outside that crowded from the plains of Colorado and Texas up to my very door. The substantial, sod-covered car roof deftly and safely supported the ocean of darkness that seemed to threaten the very existence of my simple abode and the spark of light it contained. The wall

of the lone coyote thrilled me, but I divided it by twenty and was unafraid. I wrote a letter home—to my former home—extinguishing the attraction for bugs and went to bed." The Iowa man states that notwithstanding the fact that "No Man's Land" was not within the jurisdiction of any court and that even its location had not been ascertained by law, he never witnessed on those plains the beauties of a sunset or enjoyed the dim solitude of a moonlight night, unbroken by tree or building or hill, or sound, save that, perhaps, of the bark of some distant Nestor's dog or the wall of a lone coyote, without being impressed with Nansen's poetic description of the far north and its adaptability to this beautiful land—"The peace of a thousand years rests there."

Wilted Away the Laundry. When a perfectly strange woman came for the soiled clothes three weeks ago the mistress of the house came to the conclusion that her own laundress had simply employed a new messenger, and made no comment on the cir-

MOTHER'S SONG.

Mother sang it years ago On the little farm, While a tired and sleepy boy Rested on her arm. While a squeaky rocking chair Creaked and groaned below, With the rhythm of the song Sung so soft and low. "Swanee River"—still it rings In these ears of mine, "Swanee River"—unto me Nothing was so fine, Still I hear the creaking chair, Still the shadows creep, Even now the little song, Makes me think of sleep. Boyhood sorrows were forgot There on mother's breast, "Swanee River"—far away, Brought me peaceful rest. Many songs I've heard since then, None has half the charm, Mother sang it years ago, Mother—on the farm. —Denver Post.

Lady Eustace's Defeat

Lady Eustace looked ruefully at the letter she had just read, and dire perplexity was written on every line of her expressive countenance. Her state of mind was not calm. Only a fortnight ago she had come to Harrogate for her annual cure, leaving her family at home. She often admitted that the best part of her cure was the peace of mind she enjoyed away from Ireland—"that land of rows and ravages." Her husband, Sir John Eustace, was wedded to his property as much as to his wife, and was apt to get irascible when land bills and such topics were touched on. Both her girls were off her hands—the oldest well married, and the younger deep in philanthropy and industries. Her only son Arthur was all that the fondest mother could wish. He had passed brilliantly into the army, from which he seemed to be able to obtain unlimited leave. (Belona is a goddess who gives her votaries a fair amount of scope for getting into mischief.) Lady Eustace had been very busy since her arrival in Yorkshire planning a succession of gay house parties for the late summer and autumn, to which the most irrefragable of parents would bring their well-dowered and equally well-beloved daughters—any one of whom would be willing to



HER STATE OF MIND WAS NOT CALM.

be daughter-in-law to such a charming person as Lady Eustace. She had settled everything so nicely as to what every one was to do while she was away. And now Arthur had spilt it all!

Instead of dutifully going to stay in Galway with old Uncle George, and fishing there, he had quietly stayed on at Castle Eustace, where he and Lucy—aided and abetted by Sir John—were entertaining their friends in her absence. Could anything be more provoking?

It added to her vexation that actually a garden party had taken place. It was quite enough to destroy the effect of the Harrogate cure. It would not have mattered so much if the Darrells had been left out, but they were there—staying, too. Pretty, penniless, ill-educated and underbred—belonging to the most impossible of county neighbors. Lucy knew so well her mother's views on that family; and yet she had these Darrells staying, and they seemed to be highly appreciated by both Sir John and his son.

Another glance at the disturbing letter tells her of a croquet tournament—with prizes—announced for the following week, and Sir John hopes "to prevail on the Darrells to remain for it."

This decides her. She will return, and stop, if possible, Arthur ruining his life and destroying her happiness. A brief telegram was despatched, to the effect that her doctor was satisfied that a shorter cure would suffice this year, and they might expect her home next day.

It fell rather like a bomb on the inhabitants of Castle Eustace. The morning of the tournament broke clear and fine—an ideal summer's day—and as Alice Darrell donned her best white frock and her crispest ribbons she felt that this day surely would bring a declaration from Arthur. Lady Eustace could not be everywhere, and there would be so many guests. At breakfast all was excitement. A royal personage was in command at the neighboring camp, and a whole bevy of Royal Highnesses were to be present. The A. D. C. had just sent an orderly accepting for those distinguished ones. This was a masterly move on the part of Lady Eustace. With Royalty about, the host and his son must dance attendance all day. The young Princesses were keen on conquest; their mother was equally devoted to gardens and gardening. So the Eustace family would be fully occupied.

MAKING THE NILE DO ITS DUTY.



THE CO-OPERATION OF ANTIQUE CAMEL AND MODERN ENGINE.

Most people in considering the irrigation of Egypt think only of the Assuan dam, but other works are proceeding, notably the barrage at Esneh, which is to assist the inadequately irrigated province of Keneh. Esneh, which is a town of 3,564 people, is 48 1/2 miles from Cairo. Thomas III. founded a temple here, but the building which now stands in the middle of the town bears the names of some of the Roman emperors, as Vespasian and Decius. The barrage will cost £1,000,000 and is being constructed by the firm of Aird. For the present it will assist flood irrigation by artificially raising the water-level in the river, thus enabling the basin lands to the north of it to obtain water sufficient for their needs even in a year of bad flood. It has been so designed that it can be raised. This picture shows the work on the east bank and the piers in course of construction. The two long trenches are channels to convey the water pumped from the river. It is very interesting to note how the ancient side of Egypt is utilized in creating new conditions. Thus the camel is seen helping the contractor side by side with the donkey, engine and crane, which belong essentially to the modern world.

than thing. Every one, except Lady Eustace, pronounced themselves exhausted, and Sir John was very cross. Loyal to the core, he hated fuss, red cloth and company manners, and of all of these he had a surfeit.

Arthur, deep down in his heart, felt he was being outwitted, and confided to his sister that his mother was playing a game two could play at. He hated the deep intellectual turn always given to the conversation at meals, and Lady Eustace's rather supercilious surprise that the Darrell family knew nothing of Maeterlinck, nor were able to distinguish between the three brothers Benson. Botany, too, was a sealed book to them, and they were not sure if they knew a dandelion from a hawk-weed.

"No," Arthur said to himself; "even ignorant of these important facts, Alice Darrell was the sweetest girl he knew." But opportunity to tell her that and other facts was evidently hard to find. At last Lady Eustace was breathing more freely. After much pretty foaling, the Darrells' visit was nearing its end, and there was no engagement. By tomorrow Miss Darrell and her sister would be in their own untidy, ramshackle home, not to re-enter Castle Eustace till there was a Mrs. Arthur there, too. The hero himself had not been very amenable, and had rather resented his mother's return, "to spoil the fun," as he undutifully expressed it.

The pretty piquant face of the younger Miss Darrell had looked anxious, even sad, on this last day—signs that were as balm to her hostess' anxious mind. And now, when every one had gone to bed, and Arthur was to start early for Galway, his mother, who had seen the good-byes safely said in the drawing-room, had retired to rest and to sleep. At her window, looking out on the moonlit river, sat the poor little girl whose hopes had been so high. Tomorrow her visit must end, and yet, Arthur, though she felt he meant much, had said nothing. She really liked him, and would be so glad to marry him. Never in her life had she had so much of his mother's company; been the object of so much solicitude. Now it was all over. She hated going back to the untidy home, the scrambling meals, and narrow means; and "mother," too, had had hopes of her marrying well. The opening of a window above, and the appearance of a top-boob dangling by a string outside, alarmed her for a moment, when a well-known voice said: "Try and reach it! There is something inside for you!"

To seize the tows was the work of a moment, but to reach the treasure was more difficult. At last the boot was deftly landed. But, alas, the tows slipped, falling with a crash enough to awaken the dead, or worse still, the unsympathetic living, on the terrace below.

When all was quiet, and the note, which said everything his heart could desire, was answered, there still remained the task of getting the tows back to her room. Arthur's mother did not desert him, and sure of his Alice, he crept quietly down and secured them, leaving them in the hall to astonish the house-maid. It was too great a risk to pass his mother's room; for she had a horrid yelping cur who never could distinguish between friend and foe.

And early walk planned (Galway sent to the winds), and silence descended on the big gray house once again. The appearance at breakfast of the young people together was the first announcement Lady Eustace had of

the foiling of her plans. Sir John, however, had been in his son's confidence, and had given his consent. After all, money was not everything, and heresses, he knew, could be "kittle cattle" to drive, and the young people were much in love.

Months passed before the secret of how the proposal was made leaked out; and now Lady Eustace thinks, with King Lear—better the serpent's tooth than the thankless child.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Where Rubies Are Found.

In Mogok they see everything in a ruby light, men, women and children. Every visitor must want to buy, they think. However hungry or thirsty the traveler may be on arrival, the first thing he hears spoken of is rubies. All Mogok seems to be fishing with bamboo holsters, says W. G. Fitzgerald in the Technical World. And they are fishing—for rubies, in the precious "hyon," that rivals in richness the famous "blue ground" of Kimberley. But no industry is more uncertain than winning fine rubies in Burma. One tunnel was supposed by the local engineers to contain \$15,000,000 worth, yet it seemed to fizzle out suddenly. The monopoly abandoned it, after spending much time and money, and then came along a few gentle, almond-eyed Shans and made an immense fortune out of the derelict mine. A very few fine rubies enormously outvalue a great quantity of rough pale stones. But when all is said ruby mining is slow and disappointing work and rarely averages more than \$15,900 for each acre treated. It is shrewdly suspected by the white men in Mogok that the richest mines of all are at this moment growing scratch crops of poor grain belonging to fanatical natives, who literally place "above rubies," as the Bible has it, "the land and manners of their forefathers."

A Way Out.

"The girl said, albeit regretfully, that she could not marry him, that she was wedded to her art. "No other reason?" he asked. "None." "Well," he responded, "I've said I'd dare anything for you, and I'm willing to run the risk of being any." After reflection she was, too.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Strategy.

Katherine, aged five, was too noisy at the table. Her father reproved her, and said she was not to speak again at that meal unless she wanted something. Katharine became thoughtful, and a few moments later addressed her father: "Papa, you said I could ask for something if I wanted it?" "Yes, Katharine, what is it?" "I want to talk."

Her Favorite.

Margaret and her little playmate Elizabeth chanced to be overheard as they were walking home from school. "What's your very favorite color?" Elizabeth was asking. Margaret looked thoughtfully for a moment, and then said, enthusiastically: "Haid!"

Enforcing the Rules.

"A spark fell on her dress and it began to smoke; in another minute it would have been on fire." "Oh, what happened?" "No smoking is allowed in that part of the car she was in, so the conductor put her out."—Baltimore American.

She Knew.

Mr. Jolt—He says he can't see through my jokes; I wonder why? Mrs. Jolt—Because they're your jokes, I suppose.—Yonkers Statesman. A man is apt to be suspicious if his wife isn't jealous of him.