

A musician complains of his wife's cats. Fiddle strings!

A Mexican oil syndicate is forming. Surely there will be no attempt to water that stock.

Harry Thaw's nephew is a missionary in Syria. He might have tried it first on the family.

Hereupon the deceased wives' sisters in England may legally and properly assume a waiting attitude.

That Kansas man who is reported to be turning to chalk probably saw no other way of making his mark in that State.

There has been another advance in the price of radium. Fortunately it is possible to operate the kitchen without radium.

George Gould recently snubbed Count Boni in London. We have not learned the particulars, but it is probable that Boni had struck him for a quarrel.

"When the devil dances, decent people should be in bed," says the Baltimore American. If he is in the vicinity, some people would prefer to get under the bed.

Richmond Pearson Hobson and Julia Marlowe were born on the same day. It will be indicative of Hobson if, knowing this, he willingly permits people to find out how old he is.

A London tailor says that green frock coats will be fashionable for morning wear next season. After that it will be more difficult to tell whether a man is fashionable or merely crazy.

Charles Blondin, who once crossed Niagara Falls on a tight wire, is said to be living in Connecticut, "doing odd jobs." It is a safe bet that none of them is as odd as that Niagara "stunt."

A granddaughter of Mrs. William Astor is going to marry the divorced husband of an opera singer. Some men have such luck. They go through life without ever being compelled to work at all.

The seismographs keep recording big earthquakes that cannot be located. However, as long as the earthquakes continue to happen where they can't be found there is not likely to be any serious public protest.

In thirty-two centuries, asserts a Chicago university professor, man will revert to cannibalism. After that it ought to be easier to decide what should be done with trust magnates who try the people's patience.

Queen Alexandra has set the fashion of carrying a muff in summer by going about London with what is described as "a dainty trifle made of flowers, feathers and chiffon or tulle" to match her toque or ruffles. The Queen does not use it to keep her hands warm, but as a portable pocket for her purse and handkerchief.

"It is impossible," says the Philadelphia Record, "not to admire the temper of John D. Rockefeller." Mr. Rockefeller's physician has given him twenty-five years more of life, his golf is better than it has ever been in the past, he has ceased to be troubled by dyspepsia and, according to his own statement, he has had little or nothing to do with the Standard Oil trust for years. Why shouldn't he be in a good temper?

Prof. Harry A. Garfield, recently elected president of Williams College, is a son of James A. Garfield, who was an alumnus of Williams. The retiring president, Dr. Henry Hopkins, is a son of the most famous president of Williams, of whom General Garfield said that a log with Mark Hopkins at one end and a student at the other was a university. The two distinguished sons of distinguished fathers in one institution furnish valuable evidence on the question of inherited ability.

The Minneapolis Messenger tries to interrupt the work of reform by injecting the old notion that reformers should first reform themselves. Gov. Riddle says that just now it is very popular to criticize the railroads and the trusts. Probably they have brought this upon themselves and possibly they are not getting any more than is coming to them. But it may be well, while calling attention to the bean in the others' eyes, to search for the mote that is in your own. As for instance: Have you ever returned for taxation all your property and at its true value? Do you use a seine for fishing? Do you shoot game out of season? Are there weeds on your street front more than a foot high? Do you use an abandoned well as a cesspool? Do you run your automobile faster than the legal speed? Do you bury dead animals, or throw them in the river? Do you pay the preacher what you promised him, or do you expect your salvation free? Do you leave your horse untied on the public street? Do you pasture your chickens on your neighbors' gardens? Do you use profane language on the public street? When your neighbor is out of grain, do you charge him five cents a bushel more for it at your own door than you can get for it after hauling it to town? Do you put the large potatoes on top? Are you as careful of rented property as if it were your own? Did you ever in your whole life return a borrowed book? Or an umbrella? Do you listen with avidity to the mean gossip about your neighbor?

Probably few people think of pencils in connection with the subject of forestry, but there is a very close connection between the two. Every year there are manufactured in this country some 215,000,000 pencils, and that means a consumption of 7,500,000 cubic feet of wood. It happens also that the pencil

CORRECT WAY TO SWIM ON DRY LAND.



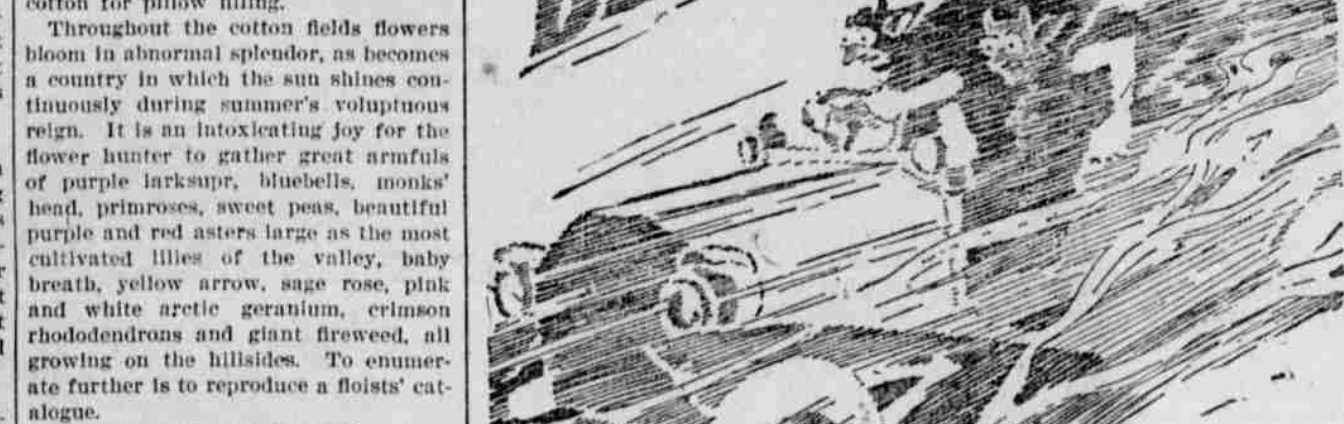
SWIMMING WITHOUT WATER: AN INVENTION FOR PRACTICING THE STROKE.
 "Mother, may I go out to swim?"
 "Yes, my darling daughter. Hang your clothes on a hickory limb; but don't go near the water."
 One naturally concludes that the daughter will learn very little of the art of swimming if she obeys the command of her mother, for water always has been regarded as indispensable to swimming. It is not so any more. A contrivance has been invented which does away with the necessity of Mary Ann going into the water when she wants to swim, and it even renders it unnecessary for her to hang her clothes on a hickory limb. She can go swimming with her clothes on. In brief, it is an apparatus to teach in schools and at home the movements of swimming. From a stout wooden frame hangs a series of slings, one broad one for the body and two narrow ones for the ankles. From bands the pupils swing, and makes the leg and arm motions of swimming. The leg slings are balanced on weights and pulleys so as to allow of a compensating motion. The invention is German, and is meeting with great popularity in gymnasiums and physical culture schools.

AUTOS DEADLY AS WAR.

Figures Prove that Automobile Is "Red Peril of Civilization."
 The automobile, with its terrific and daily increasing list of permanently injured, dying and dead, abundantly proves itself the Red Peril of Civilization. Wherever it goes upon the highway, when guided by the hand of a speed-crazed devotee, the motor car leaves in its wake a trail of destruction, desolation and death.
 The long list of accidents this year show that the execution wrought by the motor car is more deadly by far than that of the Spanish guns at San Juan Hill.
 Since Jan. 1, 1907, at least 114 persons have been killed and 382 injured in the United States by automobiles—a total of 476. After the battle of San Juan Hill Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt's report showed that of the 490

A WOODLAND DANGER.

However, the Poison Ivy Is Not Utterly Without Merit.
 There are few persons in the eastern part of America who are not familiar with the common poison ivy—its sinister three-fingered leaves creeping alongside the harmless five-fingered woodbine or Virginia creeper. Some persons are immune and may pick the leaves at will, but others are so susceptible that the wind will carry the poisonous vapor and bring discomfort without contact with the plant itself.



RAILROAD WRECKERS.

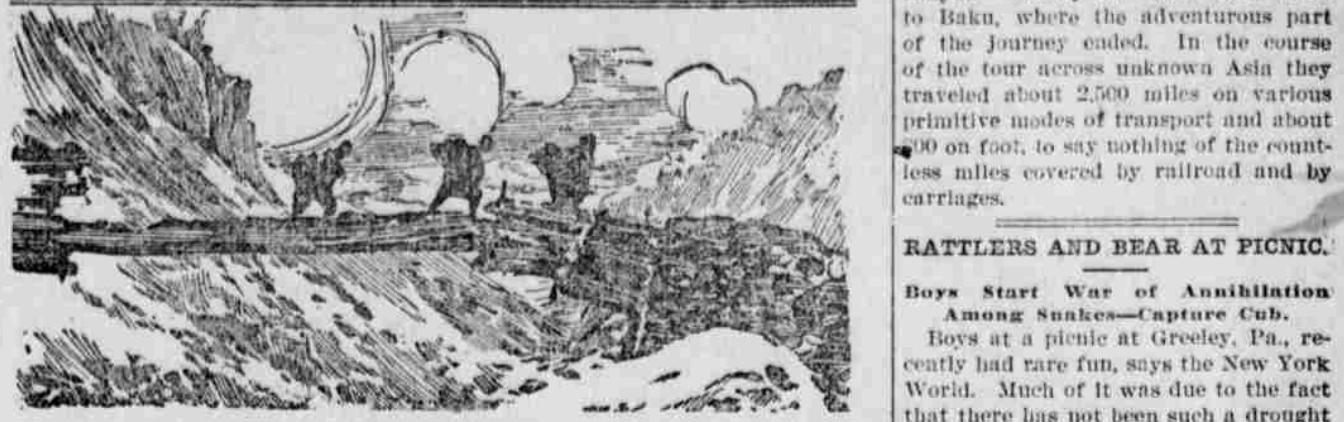
More Strenuous Workers than Fire Fighters in Big Cities.
 The career of the wrecker on a big railroad is like that of a fireman in the fire department of a big city, only more strenuous. Like the fireman, the wrecker is on duty every second day and night, and, like the fireman, the wrecker braves blizzards and sleet storms, often facing hardships and cruel suffering and even death for the saving of life and property. But whereas even in emergency the fireman never covers an area greater than the most populous section of a city—the line traversed by the wrecker covers a hundred or more miles—and whereas the fireman is in touch with at least such comforts as he may snatch while on his feet, not infrequently the wrecker is landed in the heart of a wilderness miles and miles from the nearest town, and the pangs of hunger are added to privation.
 Sometimes when a big wreck has happened and cars and engines are piled high on crushed and mangled bodies the wrecker is rushed through darkness and snowdrift to work from twenty-four to forty-eight hours without even a chance to take his cap off, and just as his "job" is nearly completed along comes another alarm that sends him sixty or seventy miles in an opposite direction, where box cars and coal cars have heaped themselves thirty feet high, paralyzing the road and costing thousands of dollars' worth of loss in time and pre-arranged almost every hour.
 Despite these hardships, the danger, the excitement and the hustle of the work endear it to the men.—Appleton's.

THE OLD CALSKIN SHOE LACE.

The modern boot lace is anything but a luxury. It is nearly always just too long or a little too short, and, although made flat, it soon becomes curled with a little wear. In the old days laces were made of catfish, and nearly every farmer was an expert. He would cut a disk of leather three or four inches in diameter, slice the point of a sharp knife blade in a board, place the thumb nail the thickness of a match from it and quickly draw the string through the opening, the perimeter being reduced the thickness of a match at every measure of the circumference. Then the square string was rolled between the sole of the shoe and the floor till perfectly round, after which it was greased with tallow. Such a lace would last for months. Round laces are now made of fiber, but their shine soon wears off, giving them a much more appearance.
 "Dog on that fool woman," said a man to-day, "I can't do anything with her." There never was a man who could do anything with a fool woman.

A RECORD JOURNEY THROUGH ASIAN WILDS.

English Journalist Crosses the "Roof of the World" and Penetrates the Most Obscure and Inhospitable Region on the Globe.



Time was when Africa was called the Dark Continent, partly because so little was known of its vast interior, and the maps furnished by the cartographers took so much for granted, when they did not absolutely misrepresent the country. But the Dark Continent is now fairly well explored, and parts of its interior are well charted as many places nearer home. But Asia, even now, centuries after Marco Polo traversed it, seems to contain much that is now, because it is so little known. That part of the continent which lies along the Himalaya and on its crest, has been so little traveled by moderns that until the British entered Tibet by force recently the country practically was an unsealed book to the outside world.

An adventurous Englishman, David Fraser, who represented the London Times in Manchuria during the Russo-Japanese war, has just finished one of the most remarkable journeys ever undertaken in Asia, and has brought back some most alluring photographs and an entertaining tale of his experiences.

Even in the remote East, where civilization still is of the most primitive pattern, it is not impossible to take a journey without having any thrilling tale of danger to tell. The people in the interior of Asia are as a rule pacific, and the traveler who does not make himself offensive to the natives generally arrives at his journey's end without serious difficulty. To imagine there are no natural dangers is, of course, erroneous. There are: first, to climb some of the highest mountains in the Himalaya range is itself an experience fraught with excitement, and, at times, of positive danger. Mr. Fraser, indeed, nearly lost his life in attempting to return by way of India, through a pass blocked with snow. The regions in which he traveled are generally held to be the wildest and most inhospitable in the Eurasian Continent, but the traveler, who had as companion a British officer, succeeded in making his remarkable trip without any serious mishap.

After the close of the war Mr. Fraser decided to make a survey of the interior of Asia. In the little known regions of Chinese Turkestan, Tibet, China, India, Russian Turkestan and Persia. Of these, perhaps, Chinese Turkestan is the least known to the outer world, although Persia, beyond the chief cities, is almost an unknown quantity to the average person, even if the latter affects to be experienced. Tibet has been entered by several travelers during the last decade, notably by Sven Hedin. The Tibetan war, if the conflict may be so dignified, brought that hidden country to the front, and many of its peculiarities have become familiar, although Mr. Fraser found there was still something to learn there. Russian Turkestan has been visited, along the line of the Russian railway advance, and, consequently, is not altogether an unknown country.

In the course of his wanderings through this high region, where for months at a time the traveler was at an altitude of a mile or more, Mr. Fraser crossed the Himalaya three times, and also made journeys across the Karakorum, Kuen Len, and the Alai, the names of some of which are unfamiliar to most readers. He used some of the most remarkable modes of conveyance. Through Chinese Turkestan he had to rely on camels; in Tibet the homely but entirely efficient yak was used, and in parts of his tour he made use of a donkey caravan. In addition to these means of transportation he also covered 800 miles on foot.

Some of the ground covered by Mr. Fraser has been traversed by one or two other travelers during the last few years, but the part of Tibet in which he wandered may be said to have been never trod by Europeans. He was most impressed by the hill country of Sikkim, a small State north of India, which nestles at the foot of the Himalayas like a pass through the great mountains. On one side lies Nepal and on the other is Khotan. Beyond lies the weird and mysterious country of Tibet.

One of the World's Marvels.
 The Sikkim country, he relates, "is probably one of the most marvelous regions in the world, presenting, as it does, in close proximity the rich luxuriance of tropical vegetation and the wintry solitudes of everlasting snow. Marching along the slopes of one of its exquisite valleys at a height of 3,500 feet above sea level we came to one point where we were able to look over a precipice that sank straight down for 2,500 feet to the bed of the Teesta River itself, here no more than 1,500 feet above the sea."
 "On the opposite side of the valley was a deep rift in the tree-clad hills, and looking up this gorge the eye surveyed a mountain ridge that rose in quick succession, until it finally rested on the top of Kinchinjunga, 28,150 feet, the third highest mountain in the world.

No more than thirty miles separated the Teesta from the top of its lofty neighbor, and in the clear air it was almost impossible to believe the distance was so great.
 The panorama spread before the traveler at this point did not fail to make a conquest of Mr. Fraser. "It looked," he said, "as if the very foot of Kinchinjunga was set in a tiny thread of silver that gleamed far below us, and that his mighty ranks rose sheer until they ended in the twin white peaks, 23,650 feet above. The dark hillsides and rushing waterfall, of serrated ridges and gloomy gorges, of blue glacier and lofty snow fields afforded by this scene is surely one of the wonders of the world."
 Peak Five Miles High.
 Heights of mountains in the Himalaya region, where they are the greatest in the world, are difficult to comprehend by those who have never been so fortunate as to climb, or attempt to climb, these immense elevations. But a fair idea of the height of Kinchinjunga may be had by the simple statement that, could the mountain be laid on its side, and its base placed at Delaware avenue, its summit would be found to be at 60th street, or within a few hundred feet of five miles.
 The traveler found another marvelous country in the regions stretching north from Sikkim, where official India spends the summers, 1,000 miles west of Sikkim. "From the summit of India," he says, "the foothills of the great backbone of mountain lie tumbled in inextricable confusion and scored at intervals by the sources of the famous rivers that give its name to the Punjab. The first encountered is the Sutlej, rising in the distant mountains of Tibet and racing in the dark gorges until it debouches in the plains 200 miles below the point where we crossed. Over the Jaolevi Pass, 10,200 feet, we cross into the lovely valley of Kulu, which lies about 4,000 feet above the sea. Then over the Rotang Pass, 13,500 feet, into Lahoul, a country bare and desolate beyond belief, and at no point lower than 10,000 feet. Crossing the Shingpo Pass, 16,000 feet, we are in the most rugged of all Himalayan countries, Zaskar, where we cross four passes of over 16,000 feet above sea level before descending into the valley of the Indus and reaching the ancient and curious town of Leh, 11,500 feet."
 Travel Through Cloudland.
 Here it seems that the voyager has hardly made a beginning, for immediately north of Leh lies the Khairwah Pass, 17,800 feet, quickly followed by a drop to 10,000 feet, and then another rise to the Saser Pass, 18,000 feet.
 "Between these two," says Mr. Fraser, "we engage a large caravan of ponies to carry the baggage, for in fourteen days' travel there will be no habitations, no food for man or beast, nor even fuel by the way. Everything must be carried except water, of which, alas, there is too much in this summer season, when the hot sun daily attacks the eternal snows that flank the route. From the top of the Saser we drop into the valley of the Siyok River, 15,100 feet, where great glaciers poke their snouts across the valleys and choke up the passes. Through a long, deep gorge we slowly and laboriously climb to the Dupsang plain, a great stretch of smooth gravel beds, 17,000 feet above the sea, and over which we take a day to travel.
 "Beyond Dupsang we rise to the lofty Karakorum Pass, 18,550 feet, and in three days later cross the Sogut Pass, 17,800 feet, after which we drop down to 11,000 feet, and once more encounter human beings and some vegetation."
 From Camels to Yaks.
 Arrived at Kurzag, the travelers were on Chinese territory, and the ponies were exchanged for camels, for horse transport is useless in the bed of the rushing Karakaah River, which had to be forded many times during the four days they followed its course. The Sanju Pass, 16,000 feet, had to be surmounted, and this necessitated a change of the baggage from camels to yaks, for only the latter patient beast can climb its steep and dangerous ascents.
 Chinese Turkestan, says the traveler, is a desert indeed, but his route lay through a succession of the most delightful and refreshing oases, where "milk, cream and honey, vegetables and the finest fruit in the world, are obtainable almost for the asking."
 At a height of only 4,000 feet, according to Mr. Fraser, travel is easy and pleasant compared with the toll and hardship of the mountainous regions passed. The travelers rested at Kashgar, and then plunged into the mountains once more, crossing the Alai range by the Tokak Pass, 12,500 feet, and then finding themselves in Russian territory. There were still 200 miles of caravan traveling before the travelers reached the Transcaspien railroad at Adrijan, whence they were sped to Askaniya, a town on the Persian border.
 Meshed, the famous city of pilgrimages, was reached after crossing moun-

tain passes of the comparatively low level of 7,000 feet.
 Caught in a Blizzard.
 While crossing a Persian pass at an elevation of 10,000 feet the explorers were caught in a blizzard, but they escaped without even a frostbite, and continued to the tomb of Omar at Nalshapur. Finally the route took them to Baku, where the adventurous part of the journey ended. In the course of the tour across unknown Asia they traveled about 2,500 miles on various primitive modes of transport and about 300 on foot, to say nothing of the countless miles covered by railroad and by carriages.

RATTLESNAND BEAR AT PICNIC.
 Boys Start War of Annihilation Among Snakes—Capture Cub.
 Boys at a picnic at Greeley, Pa., recently had rare fun, says the New York World. Much of it was due to the fact that there has not been such a drought in Pike County for fifteen years. The Delaware looks like a lost river, the beds of the smaller streams are dry.
 The picnic was held at Rattlesnake creek, in which so little water remains that it does not hide the boulders on its bed. Every boy had a putty blower, made from a straight piece of alder, from which the pith had been punched, leaving a cylinder big enough for a bird shot.
 Soon the boys discovered a colony of rattlesnakes preparing to cross the creek toward them. Every Pike County boy who is not a nature faker knows that a rattlesnake hates to wet its rattles. The boys hid in the bushes and waited. Twelve rattlesnakes were in the approaching bunch. The biggest started ahead to reconnoiter, the others waited on the bank.
 The scout snake made his tortuous way from boulder to boulder, and finally his rattles, dry, reached the picnic grounds. He rattled a wireless "all right" to the eleven, which crossed in Indian file. The boys turned their putty blowers on the snakes and fired fast and accurate broadsides.
 Maddened by the hail of shot the snakes every one on another, and soon every one lay dead, killed by the venom of each other. The twelve snakes' combined length was sixty-five feet.
 But this was not all the fun. At luncheon the tempting odor of honey on the sandwiches attracted a very small cub bear from his home in a neighboring wood to the picnic ground. The boys fed it on bread and honey and took home a real but docile teddy bear.

Napoleon Trained His Omen.
 Napoleon always had an unlimited trust in his presentiments. When the news came to him that one of the Nile river boats, the name of which was L'Halle, had been wrecked and the crew put to death he gave up all hope of ever completing his conquest of Italy by annexation. Napoleon believed that the stars exercised an occult influence over human destinies. When General Happs, at one time his aide-de-camp, returned from the siege of Bastia he found the emperor gazing with concentrated attention at the heavens. "Look there!" shouted the emperor. "It is my star! The fiery red one, almost as large as the moon! It is before you now, and, ah, how brilliant! It has never abandoned me for a single instant. I see it on all great occasions. It commands me to go forward; it is my sign of good fortune, and where it leads I will follow."
 A Cheerful Hint.
 Among the presents lately showered upon a Maryland bride was one that was the gift of an elderly lady of the neighborhood with whom both bride and groom were prime favorites.
 Some years ago, according to the Woman's Home Companion, the dear old soul accumulated a supply of cardboard mottoes, which she worked and had framed, and on which she never failed to draw with the greatest freedom as occasion arose.
 In cheerful reds and blues, suspended by a cord of the same colors over the table on which the other presents were grouped, hung the motto:
 "Fight on; fight over."
 One of the Farmers' Troubles.
 "To illustrate the damage done by the hail some weeks ago," said a prominent Cedar Township farmer the other day, "there were two wheat fields about a quarter of a mile apart in my neighborhood. Before the hail the prospects were about even, but one threshed out seven bushels per acre and the other seventeen—showing that the hail cut the crop ten bushels per acre in the field over which it passed.—Columbia Statesman.

She Knew Her.
 "Your friend, Miss Passy, has become quite chummy with Miss Newcombe. I don't suppose there's much difference in their ages."
 "I can't answer for Miss Newcombe, but there isn't any difference in Miss Passy's age. She has been 21 for the past ten years, to my knowledge."—Philadelphia Press.
 On Guard.
 "Yes, I sleep in the garage now and the chauffeur sleeps in the house."
 "What's that for?"
 "The chauffeur is troubled with insomnia and the midnight rideo he took in my car in order to pass away the time were altogether too extensive."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
 Extras.
 "That summer resort proprietor is a sharp one, isn't he?"
 "I should say so. I fell off the dock and he charged me for an extra bath."—Cleveland Leader.
 When a man does a creditable thing, people say he didn't do it; but he is often accused of doing discreditable things he wouldn't do.
 How a woman with a mean husband regrets that she didn't, as a girl, show greater appreciation of her father.