

A London bishop has advised men to give their wives. Their own wives, said you.

If trial marriages are a success among the Eskimos, it's more than can be said in Astorblilla.

Miss Helen Gould says that she "is not clever enough" to talk to the newspapers. Too clever, we should say.

The New York couple who have been married sixty-three years without a single quarrel do not know what fun it is to kiss and make up.

"I have all the money I want," declares Oscar Hammerstein. Oscar has always been rather proud of his reputation for eccentricity.

There is an old one something like this: "Put a fool on a horse and he will go full gallop." How easy it would be to substitute automobile for horse.

A lady Spiritualist asserts that the Star of Russia consults mediums every day. If this is true he must be patronizing an inferior class of mediums.

The Delaware man who whistled while the doctors amputated his fingers may turn the joke on the savages by making them whistler for their pay.

While scientists are worrying over earthquakes that cannot be located, the rest of humanity is thankful that no long casualty list makes its appearance.

If they've really found a way to remove birth marks by the X-ray we do not see how the Old Earl can possibly recognize his long-lost child in the fourth act.

The woman who accuses her mother of having alienated her husband's affections has placed the mother-in-law joke in a new light and given it a new lease on life.

Some professor claims to have proved that Solomon did not write the Songs of Solomon. It isn't likely that anybody will ever think it worth while to claim that Hall Caine didn't write his works.

A woman advertised for a husband and used a fictitious name. Her son, using a fictitious name, answered, and they met by appointment. It was perhaps to emphasize their silliness that they let the story get out.

The divorce is absolute, but Count Ben's creditors' claims have been settled. That should relieve him of some annoyance, and yet a man of his sensitive nature must shrink at the thought of wasting money on creditors.

A Pennsylvania man is fitting himself for college at the age of 57 years. We are sure that Henry G. Davis of West Virginia will extend his best wishes to the young fellow and hope that an honorable and a useful career may lie before him.

The report of the abdication of the Emperor of China appears to have been premature. In fact, the people who started it are keeping as far away as possible from the emperor's quarters and fervently hoping that there may be no immediate necessity for them to look her in the face and say it.

Parents who are dissatisfied with the present status of athletics in the public schools—and there are many of them—will follow with interest the course of the Boston school committee, which is considering the advisability of introducing the West Point drill. It is a matter of common knowledge that the drill at West Point accomplishes the main object of all athletic exercise—it gives its pupils a sound body and an erect, vigorous carriage that lasts them through life. Is there any school in America where football, baseball or all the sports together do this for the whole student body?

"A lot of men," said Gov. Hughes, of New York, in a speech the other day, "are overcapitalized worse than the corporations, and cannot earn interest on what they imagine are their intrinsic merits." This is so striking a way of putting an old truth that it bears discussing. Everybody knows men whose stock is so heavily watered with conceit that they cannot avoid bankruptcy. They do not pay dividends on the capacity they brag about. They say they are capable of great things, but when it comes to the point they are incapable of even small ones.

The late Dr. Dowley was an example of another kind of human corporation. He had a great deal of ability, and if he had confined himself to dealing on the basis of what there was, he would have been a success. But he overcapitalized himself, and the time came when he could not earn interest on his capabilities as he estimated them. Then failure was sure, and he died poor, broken and alone. One of the secrets of success in this world is knowledge of one's self. The man who is aware of his own limitations, and keeps within them, is always safe, no matter how narrow they may be. The failures are none of those men who overcapitalized themselves. It is as bad to undercapitalized one's self, of course, as to go to the other extreme. The man who is diligent, who underestimates his own ability and strength, will not go far. But at least that sort of man does not notice the crash that follows the fall of the overcapitalized person. Learn to estimate yourself correctly—that is the lesson a man must master who seeks success. Overcapitalization is as dangerous to an individual as it is to a corporation.

During the last quarter of a century there has been the greatest activity in archaeological research, which received

an extraordinary impetus from Dr. Schliemann's discoveries. Nor has the interest aroused been confined to experts. Though the people generally have paid little attention to methods and details, they have been glad to learn of the results and have applauded the scholarship and the industry that have brought them about. They have recognized, too, that in addition to scholarship and industry money was necessary for unraveling the mysteries of buried cities, but the suggestion that furnishing the money provides a most attractive career for rich young men was reserved for Prof. George N. Ott, of Columbia University. He grows eloquent over the thought. What, he asks, have the gayeties of society, "what has fishing or hunting, golfing or automobileing, to offer comparable to the keen excitement of watching and directing a hundred workers as they lay bare an ancient city which human eyes have not seen in two millenniums?" As for the opportunities to make important discoveries, he shows that they still abound. There are chances upon chance in Southern Europe, and Asia is a specially inviting field. Americans can work there on the same terms as Europeans. As they will not be at a disadvantage, as they might be in Europe, with the competition of the natives; they will have oriental strange-ness to lure them on and the spice of adventure. Many an ancient Asiatic city is awaiting the golden touch that will unlock the door of hidden wonders, and "would mean that American wealth might give the means and American scholarship reap the glory." As we read of the enormous waste of time and money by young men of wealth, or become cognizant of it in other ways, it seems as if such an appeal should have some effect. There is an opportunity to promote a highly valuable work for all mankind, to lead a useful life, to awaken a new interest in life, to share in the scholar's glory. The rich young men should think it over.

Spanish Beans Furnishes Excellent Food for Horses.

United States Consul Ridgely of Barcelona reports that on the occasion of a recent important agricultural and botanical convention in that Spanish city, Senor Bartolome Bonet, a cultivator and agricultural student, referred to the algarroba tree as the "tree of the future." Mr. Ridgely says: "He based his statement upon the value of its fruit—locust beans—as a fattening and strengthening food for horses. Upon investigating the matter, I found that the algarroba or carob tree grows all along the Spanish coast of the Mediterranean and in the islands of Majorca and Ibiza. The beans are used as fodder for horses. The best quality is obtained in the neighborhood of Vinaroz, and large quantities are grown in the Terceira district. The tree grows best in dry, rocky soil. About the eighth or ninth year it begins to bear fruit, and will produce about 50 kilos (110 pounds) the first year. A good tree in full beauty will, on an average, produce 550 to 600 pounds annually, and the beans are sold at 20 to 22 reales (90 to 95 cents) per quintal (89½ pounds). "The life of the carob tree is about 50 years. The only thing it has to fear is the frost, which almost invariably kills the tree. The wood of the carob tree is valueless as lumber and is sold for fuel. The beans, when used as food for horses, are strengthening, fattening and healthful. In feeding, the beans are broken into halves or quarters and mixed with bran. In a report concerning the growth and treatment of the algarroba tree, Senor Bonet says: "They should be grown in pots having the lower extremity wider than the upper, and the lower part well perforated. They must not be transplanted until the end of February or the beginning of March. The best manner of grafting is by budding, which should be performed when the bark separates itself easily from the tree, the branch not being cut until the following year. As to pruning, this must not be done too vigorously, but frequently."—New York Commercial.

Not a "Light" Drink.

An Easterner, riding on a mail stage in northern Colorado, was entertained by a dialogue which was sustained upon one side by the driver and upon the other by an elderly passenger, evidently a native of the region. "I understand your temperance," began the driver.

"Yes, I'm pretty strong against liquor," returned the other. "I've been set against it now for thirty-five years."

"Searched it will ruin your health?" "Yes, but that isn't the main thing."

"Perhaps it don't agree with you?" ventured the driver.

"Well, it really don't agree with anybody. But that ain't it either. The thing that sets me against it is a horrible idea."

"A horrible idea! What is it?" "Well, thirty-five years ago I was sitting in a hotel in Denver with a friend of mine, and I says, 'Let's order a bottle of something,' and he says, 'No, sir, I'm saving my money to buy government land at a dollar and a quarter an acre. I'm going to buy to-morrow, and you'd better let me take the money you would have spent for the liquor and buy a couple of acres along with mine.' I says, 'All right.' So we didn't drink, and he bought me two acres.

"Well, sir, to-day those two acres are right in the middle of a flourishing town; and if I'd taken that drink I'd have swallowed a city block, a grocery store, an apothecary's, four lawyers' offices, and it's hard to say what else. That's the idea. Ain't it horrible?"

"In Old K. C."

"You say she's as changeable as an April day?" "Worse than that. She's as changeable as a September day."—Kansas City Times.

Are You Gae?

"Papa, what is a philosopher?" "A philosopher, son, is a man with sense enough not to worry over the misfortunes of others."—Houston Post.

### THE NEW BABY

"Well, how d'ye feel about it, anyway?" asked the man with the hoarse, grinning. The man with the hoarse pulled off his lime-whitened hat for the greater convenience of scratching his head. "Blame me if I know," he answered. "Feel kinder swelled up?" "Not by a gallon jug full," replied the man with the hoarse. "There's times when I have had the biggest an' got the notion I amounted to a considerable, but this ain't one of 'em. Swelled up! Say, are you goin' to feel swelled up when they get this here buildin' finished an' folks stop on the street to look at it an' say what a stylish, elegant buildin' it is? You may have had suthin' to do with it, but that wouldn't cut no figger. You ain't got no say how it's to be decorated inside nor suthin' of that kind, have you?" "Sure I haven't," replied the man with the hoarse. "Nor I don't want to."

### PRETENDER DECLARES HIMSELF SULTAN.



FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF MULAI HAIFI.

Mulai Haifi, who has declared himself Sultan of Morocco in place of his brother, the present ruler, is one of Morocco's most remarkable men. There is every possibility that he will drive out the old Sultan because the best fighters of the desert are gathering around him in large numbers.

Stories have been told of burros, tanks and various extraneous substances found in contribution boxes, but it is seldom that a church member strikes a blow so severe as was that delivered by Amos Budd, of Potterville, on one occasion.

When, after a slight but evidently hesitation, he dropped the slip, carefully folded, into the box, Deacon Lane, who was passing it, could hardly refrain from an exclamation of joy.

The Lord will bless you, Brother Budd, he said, when the sermon was over, hurrying down the aisle to overlook the prosperous grocer.

"I hope so," returned Mr. Budd, dryly, "but I'm afraid you calulate on that being a check that I dropped in the box. It wasn't. 'Twas a receipted bill for kerosene the church owed me last year, and it had been overlooked. Of course it's just the same as money, though, when you come to that."

### THE OLD RED CRADLE.

"Twas just a little old red cradle that used to stand against the wall, 'Twas worn and marked and badly battered. Though once the nest of a baby small; It had no bows or knots of ribbons, And little, too, of carved or art, But once it held a precious baby That won a place in every heart. His eyes were bright and blue and pretty, His dimples, too, a wee, wee speck, A little hair, but soft as velvet, With pretty ears and fair white neck; And he could kiss, O! like a fairy, Their never was so sweet a mouth, He really was an angel being, Sweeter than zephyrs from the South. But, now the old red cradle's empty, The hand that rocked will rock no more, Its place is now a dusty garret, With useless things and such like stores; So, fare-thee-well! you old red cradle, No one will care as days go by, And, yet, the cutest babe of babies, Years gone within you used to lie!"—Horace Eaton Walker.

### COUSIN SYLVIA

"I wish I had a brother," sighed my Cousin Sylvia. "I wish you had," said I. "A cousin, of course, is all very well, but he isn't a brother." "That's a truth clearly expressed. But, seriously, do you think a brother could have been more bothered with a sister than I have been with you? Excuse the crude way of putting it." "I won't excuse anything. I never asked you to bother about me."

"Certainly, I shan't. But I demand to know at once what you meant by 'the things I have done.'"

"I was thinking," I said slowly and with some hesitation, "of—of—well, your numerous affairs, Sylvia."

"More, I'm afraid, than they are to you."

"Indeed!" "Look here, Sylvia. Try to realize that I've some natural regard for you. If I didn't, I certainly should not attempt to interfere. But people will talk, and if you don't hear them I do."

"People!" she cried, contemptuously. "Yes; good Christian people, discern your affairs on the way home from church; and even people who are not good Christians find your delings a pleasant theme of conversation."

"Well, it seems to be their chief occupation, at present. Really, Sylvia, if a quarter of what these gossiping idiots say were true, I'd—I'd—"

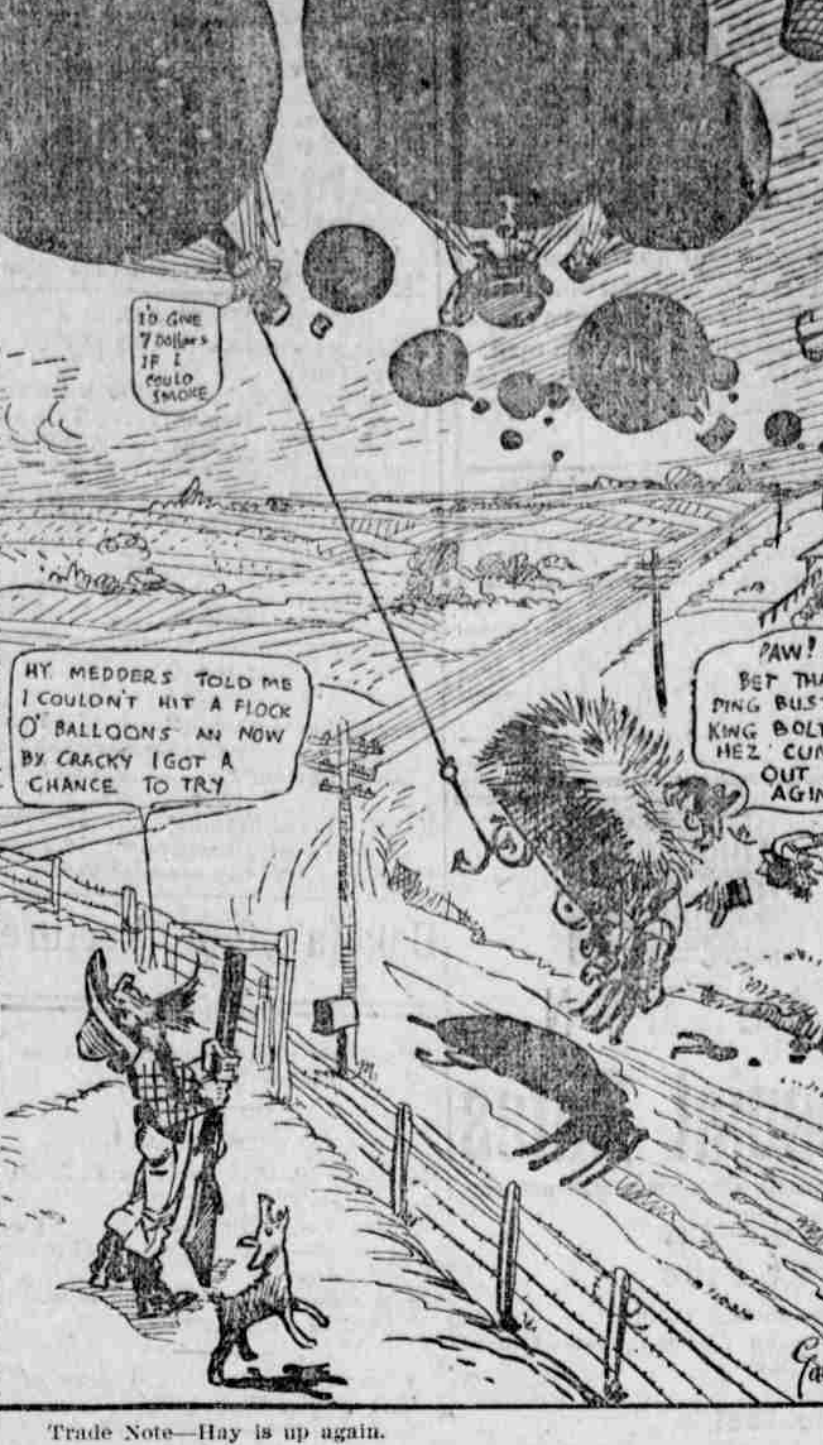
"Renounce your relationship, I suppose." "At any rate I'd have no pride in it. But you see, Sylvia, I know that nearly all men, and most women, too, are not to be trusted when they talk about their neighbors. Still you can't deny—"

"That will do, Billy," she interrupted quietly. "I don't know why I'm not angry with you."

"Neither do I, Sylvia," I admitted candidly. Then I burst out: "But I wish to goodness you'd marry one of them."

"I expected a heavy snub, but Sylvia merely smiled and said: 'I wish I could.' 'Don't you like any of them?' I asked. 'Oh, yes,' she returned, calmly. 'I like them all—in a way.' 'Bless me! And do they all like you—in a way?' Sylvia nearly blushed. 'You must understand, Billy, that I don't allow any nonsense,' she said, with some haste. 'I see. You treat them all seriously? Oh, Sylvia, you're worse than I thought.' 'I treat them all like friends,' she returned in tones of dignity. 'I suppose you think I'm a flirt.' 'I think you're a puzzle, anyhow,' I replied. 'But how many of them are content to be treated like friends?' Probably my cousin was engaged in a calculation, for she neither looked at me nor answered my question.

### AN INCIDENT OF THE RECENT AERIAL RACE.



Trade Note—Hay is up again.

### FARMERS RAISING FENCE POSTS.

Raising fence posts for profit is an industry that Western farmers are finding remunerative and pleasant, says the Philadelphia North American. The demand for lumber has been getting greater each year and the farmers have found fence posts increasing much faster in price than anything that they have to sell. Therefore, some of them have taken to raising crops of posts and railroad ties.

Locust and catalpa are the favorites. Sixteen hundred trees planted six feet apart can be put on an acre, if they are to be cut when the proper size for posts. The ground is opened up with a lister, deepened with a plow and, after the trees are inserted, a furrow made with a common plow will cover up the roots and start the trees to growing.

Catalpa is a rapid grower. It is adapted to more purposes than any common species of wood. Its light weight when it comes to shipping it, the freight charges, for the same reason, are about a third of those for locust or orange orange. Being close-grained, it holds a staple with the tenacity of a bulldog and it will withstand decay longer than any other known wood.

Another virtue of the catalpa is that it cannot be killed by being cut down. On good soil posts can be raised in six years. The wood may be cut down as often as is desired, and yet the stump will grow again, giving a good post a quicker time than was originally raised. Fence men say that catalpa has been known to grow six inches on a bright sunny day.

Hedge fences are quite numerous in the West, the orange orange being the favorite upon the farms. Originally the settlers objected to them on the ground that they sapped up too much of the vital elements of the adjacent soil, but experience has proved that this is a fallacy, and not only will an osake hedge furnish the best of fence, but it will produce a large crop of trees suitable for posts. As soon as a tree gets four inches in diameter, it is cut out and turned into posts that sell at \$20 to \$25 a hundred. There is a ready market for both the posts and ties, and it is not far to seek. The railroads all want ties, and are willing to buy in large quantities, while there are enough unthinking or unknowing farmers to furnish buyers for all of the fence posts that can be grown.

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