



The evolution of the steamship is a gauge to the progress of the whole civilized world in this last period of tremendous material activity. The modern ship is a closely compacted municipality, with every convenience of the most progressive American city. The steward, when he is arranging his menu for the day, takes down his telephone and calls up a dozen different sections of the great supply department, for all the world like the housewife who makes use of the phone to order from the butcher, the grocer and the caterer. The passenger who does not care to dress and leave her stateroom lies comfortably in her berth and calls up the friend at the other end of the vessel for a quiet morning chat. The ship would be behind the times indeed that could not advertise "telephones in all staterooms." Another strictly novel comfort is the electric fan, which effectually banishes that stuffy sea atmosphere that formerly was so disagreeable when the water was tranquil.

The busy man who wants to work on the way over, and does not care to take his secretary with him, can have the services of an expert stenographer and the inexperienced traveler need not make out her itinerary before leaving home. All she has to do is to apply to the bureau of information for advice. Here she can obtain trustworthy statistics of distances, hotel accommodations and cost of travel and lodging; in fact, anything she wants to know, which is certainly more satisfactory than the old way of taking Tom, Dick and Harry's imperfect recollection and confused impression of things they saw and experienced several years ago. For the benefit of the same inexperienced person, the modern steamer provides another great convenience, the traveler's check. This is issued in denominations from

\$10 to \$100, in the currency of the country to be visited. The woman who knows nothing of Italian money gets a few small checks translated for her into terms of the foreign coin, and a letter of identification which will enable her to cash the checks at a certain bank, where she will receive various other courtesies, as the ward of the steamship company. Verily, travel has been made easy for the American who "simply must see Europe."

It has not only been made easy. It has been made safe! The old, disagreeable rolling is practically done away with, since the builders have taken to providing the vessels with bilge keels, attached amidships to the hull. The hull itself is a double construction with from 100 to 200 water-tight compartments, all of which can be closed instantly by the officer on the bridge, so that if one of them should spring a leak the water could not be communicated to the others. There is now no danger that the first-class, or even the steerage passenger, might be called upon to do duty at the pumps. The modern ship is practically unsinkable.

#### SOUND DOCTRINE.

The signs is bad when folks commence Findin' fault with Providence. And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake at ev'ry prancin' step they take.

No man is great till he can see How less than little he would be Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare He hung his sign out everywhere.

My doctrine is to lay aside Contentions and be satisfied. Jest do your best and praise or blame That follows that, counts jest the same.

I've allus noticed great success Is mixed with trouble, more or less; And it's the man who does the best That gets more kicks than all the rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

#### At the Extremes

Mrs. Rosemere sat surveying the little room unseeing, because it was dim and she had come in from the outside glare. She surveyed it silently, because she was stout and, being unused to climbing four flights of stairs, was out of breath.

Her old irritation at Maggie's leaving her comfortable ten years' position as cook in the Rosemere household to marry rose in full force again as she recalled the room that was almost luxurious with its running water and enameled iron bed and pretty rug which that misguided individual had abandoned when she left the Rosemere home for matrimony and a man who had enlivened her subsequent life by chronically being without work.

Maggie certainly had not improved her condition by linking fortunes with Tom Varney. She lay now, worn and ill, on the dismal little black walnut bed jammed up in the corner of the small room. The faded, soiled-looking wallpaper had once been blue and once upon a time the window panes had not been cracked.

"Where's Tom?" inquired Mrs. Rosemere, severely, her breath having been regained.

Maggie turned her face toward the wall. "Looking for work, I guess," she said. "He—he ain't been home for three days!"

Mrs. Rosemere sniffed and choked and Maggie turned on her. "Oh," she said weakly, yet violently, "I know what you think—but it ain't so, Mrs. Rosemere! He does try! He's just unfortunate! There ain't a better man alive!"

Mrs. Rosemere surveyed her former cook helplessly, a wonder growing in her small, commonplace eyes. It was entirely beyond human comprehension why in the face of her poverty and discomfort Maggie should so gallantly cling to and defend her husband. She certainly had always displayed abundant common sense when she ruled the Rosemere kitchen and had sharply resented being imposed upon, but in the two years since her marriage she had developed a queer whimsy. Chief among them, in Mrs. Rosemere's eyes, was her continued fondness for her husband, who certainly did not amount to much. She actually seemed in love with the man!

"I hate to see you situated like this, Maggie," her visitor burst forth, get-

ting up and restlessly raising the shades and wandering about. "John is bringing up some things—just a few little things that may be of use to you—most of them are cooked and ready to eat. How on earth did you find such a ridiculous dresser anyhow, Maggie?"

"Got it second hand," explained the sick woman. "It does look funny after what I had at your house—but it was cheap. It was so old the dealer was glad to get a couple of dollars for it. It's good of you, Mrs. Rosemere, to trouble to come here and bring things like you do!"

Mrs. Rosemere did not answer. She stood with both hands in their delicate gloves pressed on the edge of the dresser, leaning forward, looking at the carved grapes around the mirror. Something at the back of her head was alive with excitement, which as yet meant nothing to her comprehension.

The light struck full on one of the building grapes and over and over again she read the twined initials still showing out into its surface, "G. and S."

Then it was as if a curtain had been jerked away from that day thirty years back when George had so daintily married the piece of furniture with his knife, his other arm about her as they stood laughing like a pair of ill-behaved children. For it was their dress-



er and they could back it if they chose. Mrs. Rosemere was gazing upon the identical piece of furniture that had adorned her bedroom when she had married George Rosemere—all those decades ago!

She had done her own work then and a dollar was not one solitary dollar, but one hundred cents to be spread out over a multitude of necessities. But they had been happy. A queer little warm thrill swept over her at the memory, bringing a flush to her face, making her heart thump for a moment as it had when she had climbed those frightful stairs.

The dresser had been a grand acquisition then—funny, dingy, ugly, warped thing that it was to-day. She thought of the one which ministered to her needs at the present, a wonderful piece of mahogany with inlays and hand carvings and crystal glass—and the rest of the house matching it in costliness.

Suddenly her whole nose-burdened, hampered, rushing existence, with its many engagements, and George always

hurrying, abstracted, bowed beneath the yoke of wealth and its stern demands on his time, arose and smote her as she recalled sharply those early days when there had been nothing in life for either of them but each other. The picture hung before her eyes as a mirage to a man in a desert.

Mrs. Rosemere jerked her head around toward Maggie in a desperate attempt to regain her mental balance. She saw a strange lighting up of the sick woman's face as she raised her head and listened to footsteps coming up the stairs.

"It's Tom!" Maggie said joyously. She waited eagerly, happily.

For a space, a very brief space, still harassed by that mental picture at which she had been looking, Mrs. Rosemere bitterly envied her former cook.

Then as she went down the four flights to the French touring car waiting to whirl her back to bondage and the inlaid mahogany Mrs. Rosemere had one of the rare flashes of real thought that existence afforded her.

"I suppose," she said, "that nobody in the world can explain to her everything—at the same time! It's—it's kind of hard!"—Chicago Daily News.

**Another Glass.**

The seventeenth century puritan preachers talked for two hours or more not "by the clock," but by the hour glass. At least one of them turned the glass to humorous account. He found himself no further than the middle of the sermon when the sands had run out. "Drunkenness" was his subject, and, reversing the hourglass, "Let's have another glass," said he. Sir Roger L'Estrange tells of a parish clerk who sat patiently until the preacher was three-quarters through his second glass and the majority of his hearers had quietly left the church. Rising at a convenient pause, he asked the minister to close the church door when he had done, "and push the key under it, as he and the few that remained were about to retire."

**Tax Titles.**

It is proposed in France, where ingenuity in devising new sources of revenue has been raised to a fine art, to impose a tax on titles of nobility.

In a nation which has taxed windows and doors the proposal will not seem extraordinary. The odd thing is that the republic, which has declared such titles fictitious, should now recognize them as a means of national income. A point of interest for the outer world is that only genuine titles will be taxed. Their legitimacy will thus be guaranteed by government stamp, and fathers of illegresses contemplating an investment may pay down the purchase money with the same assurance of validity that safeguard real estate transactions.

**Forgot He Was a Convict.**

A life convict in the Andamans had served some long period when an order recently came for his release. All the time he had been in the band, and had evidently so far forgot that he was a prisoner that on his release he put in a claim for a pension on account of his long and faithful service as a government servant.—Madras Mail.

**Packing for Vacation.**

Mrs. A.—The worst is deciding what to take.

Mrs. B.—That's easy; I take all my dresses and leave my husband!—Transatlantic Tale

"Do you think people should be punished for gambling at the races?" "A lot of them are by 'having their money taken away from them."—Washington Star.

She—He tells me all his secrets. He—Well, you don't object to that, do you? She—Oh, I don't know. I think I'd rather find them out!—London Opinion.

The Maid—Do you believe it's unlucky to get married on a Friday? The Abominable Bachelor—Certainly. Why should Friday be an exception?—Black and White.

Tom—And when you proposed she gave you a sweet answer? Dick—She did, indeed. Tom—Ah, she said "Yes"? Dick—No, she said "Fudge."—Chicago Daily News.

Molly—When you spoke to father, did you tell him you had \$500 in the bank? George—Yes. Molly—And what did he say? George—He borrowed it.—Sketchy Bits.

The Judge—Was your chauffeur guilty in this accident? The Prisoner—No, your honor, the victim was run over in entire compliance with the ordinance.—Green Bag.

"I can not live but a week longer without you!" "Really, duke? Now how can you fix on a specific length of time?" "Ze husband fix on it, miss; not I."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Pardon me," the photographer said, "but I think your smile is unnecessarily broad. It will show all your teeth." "Those teeth cost me \$80," growled the sitter. "I want 'em to show."—Chicago Tribune.

"You Americans don't appreciate art," said the man from abroad. "We don't, eh?" rejoined the earnest patriot. "Why, we pay some opera singers more than we do baseball players!"—Washington Star.

Mrs. Baker—My husband costs me a good deal of money. Mrs. Barker—Yes, and he isn't very good to you, either. Mrs. Baker—I know it, but I got a dandy lot of wedding presents with him.—New York Times.

"Well," said Kwother, "you know, 'faint heart ne'er won fair lady.'" "Nonsense!" replied Miss Bright; "if the lady's heart isn't faint and she's willing to help him a little he can win every time."—Philadelphia Press.

Biggs—Do you believe that the use of tobacco impairs the memory? Digs—Not necessarily. I haven't been able to forget that cigar you gave me two weeks ago—but perhaps there was no tobacco in it.—Chicago Daily News.

Phyllis—What an awkward waltzer Charles Litewate is. Wonder he wouldn't take a few lessons. Maud—Why, he has. He told me that he took a regular correspondence-school course in dancing last winter.—Sunday Magazine.

Jingle (to short, stout party)—Just had such a good time with that lady over there. Awfully funny, don't you know. But now she just even look at me. Short Party (just arrived)—How funny! She's my wife.—The Tatler.

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between a dialogue and a monologue? Tommy's Pop—When two women talk, my son, it's a dialogue, when a woman carries on a conversation with her husband, it's a monologue.—Philadelphia Record.

"I haven't heard of you going out to Subbul's to dinner lately." "No," he says I can't do that any more." "Why, I thought you were his closest friend. What's the matter?" "He tells me their cook doesn't like me."—Philadelphia Press.

"Nelle," called down the strict parent, giving his daughter's nightly caller the usual warning to get out, as the clock struck 11. "I'm coming down there now." "You needn't mind, father," was the unexpected reply. "Mr. Wells has wound up the clock and put out the cat."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Who," she asked, "is that scrawny, bow-legged, ridiculous looking person talking to Miss Rockingham?" "That is Count Briscapuetzel!" "Oh! What an aristocratic, noble bearing he seems to have, now that he has shifted his position so that the light strikes him properly."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Well, sir," said the old gentleman indignantly, "what are you doing round here again? I thought that delicate hat I gave you with my best just as you left the front door last night would give you to understand that I don't like you—wouldn't have you—coming here." "It did," said the young man who was "after" the daughter, as a look of mingled pain and admiration came over his face; "but I thought I would come and ask you—" "Ask me what?" "If you wouldn't like to join our football club."—Stray Stories.

The Judge—Is yu' name Immanuel Baxter? Immanuel—Yassah. The Judge—Well, you are charged by Officer Tucker with stealing a side of bacon at Walter's store last night. Immanuel—Ah, wants her file a sild. The Judge—What for? Immanuel—Ah, don't know, seh; Mistah Re-ginald James—he's a cold lawyer—he done for me for say dat. The Judge—Oh, I see. But why didn't you steal a ham? They're better than sides. Immanuel—They wasn't no hams down dah. The Judge—Thirty days.—Cleveland Leader.

**Fewer Students Go to Germany.**

The number of American students at the German universities is lower than it has been for years. At the University of Berlin the figures are the smallest on record. Only sixty-eight men and twenty-seven women from America are enrolled, as compared with a total of more than 200 three years ago, and more than 400 ten years ago. A similar state of affairs is said to exist in all the other German institutions.

#### CHARACTER OF LABOR HAS IMPROVED.

**A** PECULIAR and unexpected, though easily comprehensible, result of the "hard times" and "business depression" is reported in the shape of a marked advance in the efficiency of the men who are still employed. Now that jobs are comparatively hard to get, the man who has one does his best, or at least his much better, to convince his employer that he is worth keeping, and his output of labor and amount of production have both notably increased over what they were in the days when discharge was something not at all to be feared and "soldiering" was as safe as it was pleasant—pleasant to all except the man who paid the wages, that is.

Roughly stated by one observer, the member of a big contracting firm, sixty new men now do as much as 100 did formerly, with a corresponding reduction in the cost of the work done. This, in many cases, has changed what had seemed to be a losing contract into a profitable one, and has made possible the continuance of operations that otherwise would have had to stop.

Looking deeper into the matter, one gets some new light on the petty reasons so often given in the past as justification of the worker who did not exert himself to his fullest capacity. This, it was said, was for altruistic reasons—in order that there might be work enough to go round and none should be left without employment. Apparently an even stronger argument along these lines could now be made, but if the facts are as stated, the inclination to make it has departed and in its place has come what, according to old-fashioned people, is the old-fashioned habit of finding the highest self-interest in consideration of the employer's interest.—New York Times.

#### THE IDLE RICH.

**J**ULIUS CHAMBERS, in the Brooklyn Eagle, tells of a young man of his acquaintance who has reached the age of 30, who has an income from his father of \$100,000 a year, who owns five automobiles, has a standing order with his tailor for three suits of clothes a month, changes his dress three times a day, spends \$10,000 on flowers, and when he took a notion some time ago to make a trip to Spain did not know in what part of the world that country is located, and only knew it was somewhere across the ocean.

The young man said life was a great bore to him, that he has nothing to do, that he never did anything, and Mr. Chambers avers that the young man is intellectually poverty stricken.

Perhaps he might have made a good business man had he been compelled to work. In a professional career he might have climbed to the top of the ladder had there been an incentive to apply himself. Had he been without money he might have become a captain of industry.

#### ELECTRICITY IN KHYBER PASS.

**Plan Under Way to Utilize Water Power of Afghanistan.**

There is a plan for utilizing the tremendous force which lies beyond the Khyber Pass in the wasted waters of Afghanistan, says Charles M. Pepper in Scribner's. It is proposed to supply electricity for lighting the forts and military cantonments scattered over a large territory and also for the stations and yards along the railway lines. The enterprise contemplates the construction of trolley lines spreading out through the dense populations of north-east India and an electric railway from Peshawar up the Khyber Pass to the British outpost station there. While I write this article this project is receiving favorable consideration from the British government. In some form within the next few years it will be adopted.

Apogee of the Himalayas and the progress of electricity a query is raised regarding Tibet. Is the roof of the world less susceptible to this progress than Kashmir, which may be called the eaves?

The answer may be given that the conditions are not the same, for Kashmir is habitable by a large number of people, in altitudes ranging from 2,500 to 10,000 feet, while Tibet at 14,000 to 20,000 feet could not sustain a large population. Yet should the ultimate outcome of the British political mission to Lhasa with its military accompaniment be the prospecting of the Himalayas for gold, and discoveries of that precious metal be made, the water power would be utilized as in the Kolar gold fields of Mysore.

The influence of the electrical element in one of its primary forms already is seen. During the British invasion the "Himmam" was with the advance guard of the troops, and communication with the rear was kept up by telephone and telegraph apparatus. To-day remote recesses of the Chumbi valley in Tibet are in communication with the world's centers—London, New York, Hongkong—for the messages are transmitted to Darjeeling, the Indian gateway to Calcutta or Bombay and then cabled to their destination.

#### ENGLAND'S NEGLECTED QUEEN.

**Element of Pathos Sheds Somber Light on Her Declining Years.**

An element of pathos sheds a somber light on the declining years of England's queen. Neglected by the king, whom even her youthful beauty failed to hold in unflinching allegiance, she dwells among the splendors of royalty, but with an aching and desolate heart. The effect of her unhappy life is daily becoming more apparent in an irritability that inspires dismay within the palace and causes comment outside.

The king goes traveling on the continent several times a year—and nearly always without the queen. He is always the center of a brilliant group he most strongly as ever. The queen enters little into his thoughts; less into his life. In London the queen lives her pitiful, embittered life. Discontented, growing deaf and more irritable every day, she has ended her career as the youngest old lady of Europe.

With the aid of cosmetics and a wig King Edward's 63-year-old consort has

an inventor—any one of a thousand things in which he would have benefited the world.

The average young man thinks he is greatly handicapped because he is without means. He builds air castles as to what he would do did he have thousands to do it with. The chances are he is a better man and a better citizen, better to his family, better to the world, because he has no big income. He uses his hands and his brains, he does things, and is of use to mankind, while the idle rich man, as shown in the example cited by Mr. Chambers, is a drone in the world's vast hive, finding life a bore, adding nothing, spending money only for self-gratification and doing nothing for the benefit of humanity.

Two strong arms and the will to use them and the brain to intelligently guide are better capital for the young man than a heritage of mere dollars and cents.—Toledo Blade.

#### THINGS HAVE CHANGED.

**T**HIRTY years ago one of the old-fashioned steel-wire spring wagons was a luxury. In a funeral procession a mile long you would see perhaps two or three of them. Everybody rode in farm wagons. Twenty years ago a top buggy was a rich man's good fortune, and but few of them were seen.

To-day a top buggy with a rubber tire is as common as a Democrat in Texas. Anybody and everybody has them. A farm wagon in a funeral procession would be a novelty. The upper tens ride in automobiles, and they are fast getting to be common. A newspaper printed yesterday is stale. If a letter is twenty-four hours traveling a thousand miles there is a kick coming. Ten dollars don't last as long as 10 cents did with our grandfathers. We spend more for socks and suspenders than grandfather did for his Sunday clothes, and still we wonder what is the matter with the world that it does not grind out as many rich blessings as it did a century ago.—Bethany Clipper.

#### HOPE FOR THE INDIAN.

**T**HAT the red men in these advanced times are developing pride of race must be regarded as a hopeful sign of a prosperous future for a people who were seemingly brought nearly to extinguishment by the vices and oppression carried to them by the advancing tide of civilization. As seen

on some of the reservations, the remnants of formerly powerful tribes appear a sorry lot of listless incompetents, but if sought in the right places many educated and capable Indians can be found who are prosperous as well as self-respecting, notably the civilized tribes in the new State of Oklahoma. It seems a far cry from the naked brave brandishing a tomahawk to the native red American in broadcloth treading the halls of Congress, but already the latter fact is accomplished.—Buffalo Courier.

the necessary contact for conversation. The queen, with one of the instruments in her dress and her hand on the table wire, can hear anybody talking who also has an instrument and connects with the wire.

Queen Alexandra's real home is not in England, but in Norway, where her other daughter, Maud, is queen. Whenever she can Alexandra goes to Christiania and joins the dowager empress at a small house the two jointly own at Bygdø, just outside Christiania, beautifully situated on the Christiania fiord.

There the royal sisters forget their troubles, and lead the life of two girls on a summer holiday. They go for long walks, unaccompanied; they play billiards; they study their art collections and paint. Alexandra, particularly, is a very fair artist, and her water color work ranks high among amateurs. Alexandra likes to photograph, and at Bygdø she has a huge collection of her press-the-button work.

Alexandra is very popular among the English. Due not only to her constant visits to charitable works, but to the keen sympathy felt for her because of her domestic unhappiness. England knows the trials Alexandra has had to suffer, and overlooks the irritable temper the queen has developed in consequence.

#### GRAVITATION.

**The Mystery of This Wonderful Force in Nature.**

When plants are grown in receptacles fastened to the rim of a rapidly revolving wheel, the shoots and leaves grow toward the center and the roots away from the center of revolution. This is remarkable as showing the influence of centrifugal motion upon growth.

But the earth, any point in whose surface at the equator passes through fifteen miles in one minute, has a centrifugal motion so swift and so great that it is almost inconceivable. Why, then, reasoning on the basis of this wheel experiment, do not trees and plants grow in the directions they are urged by this centrifugal force—namely, with leaves and boughs toward the earth's center and roots pointing to the sky?

The answer is because there is a force called gravitation which overpowers the enormous centrifugal force and practically reverses it. Whether this overmastering force which we call gravitation is electrical or what it is no one has yet been able to discover. There can be no doubt that it is the greatest force we know of.

To unveil the mystery of it would be to become masters of a power whose possibilities dazzle the human mind. It would simplify the problem of building, water and air navigation, projectiles and many other branches of mechanics. It would revolutionize present methods.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

#### Not Palatable.

"This is a new shaving soap I'm using," said the barber. "How do you like it?"

"Applied externally," spluttered the victim, as the brush slipped into his mouth.—The Catholic Standard and Times.

When a man is lying on his deathbed, his friends never comfort him by telling him that he was the best dancer in town.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA OF ENGLAND.