

No man ever had a cold that a thousand other men couldn't cure in thirty minutes.

The present czar of Russia has poached the ripe old age—for a czar—of 40 years.

Wizard Burbank might render a valuable service by developing a sensationless Gould family.

Why is it that "strange tongue prophecies" never foretell anything that is grand and glorious?

As the years roll by everybody will be anxious to hear how that girl who married the first man she met is getting along.

Those old timers who accumulated big fortunes couldn't afford to bother with divorce courts. It was much more convenient to live happily.

If Prince Helle de Sagan says many more unpleasant things about the newspapers they will retaliate by omitting all mention of him in their columns.

London, it appears, does not understand George Ade's "College Widow," but then there are a good many Americans who cannot solve the mystery of the "rah-rah boy."

Andrew Carnegie says the United States has the worst monetary system in the world. Yet some men have accumulated quite satisfactory wads of money under that system.

The latest news from Breathitt County, Ky., is to the effect that the undertakers still get an occasional job or two with the assistance of men with a grudge against each other.

If an American countess will go boating on the Laborer River near Oremezco, Fuzeta and Forencys she must expect to have the boat tip over or some other disaster happen.

A Baltimore doctor who operated on a man for appendicitis discovered that the victim's appendix had previously been removed. We are assured that the operation was entirely successful.

"Why be downcast?" asks the Indianapolis News. "At least you don't have any tire troubles with your lawn mower." Oh, don't we? Perhaps you don't know how the machine tires us every few days.

Young Vanderbilt, in his character of "whip," drives a coach and collects fares from his passengers. He is merely reverting to first principles. His illustrious ancestor, the commodore, made many a dime in his early days as a ferryman.

It is inherently misleading to say that our general business prosperity "came with the prosperity of the railroads"—as if the railroads had created their own prosperity first and had then invited the country at large to share in it, or had set a pace in prosperity-making that the general business of the United States was quick to catch up with and follow.

One of the largest cantilever bridges in the world will be opened to the public in the early autumn, when the bridge connecting Manhattan Island with Long Island, by way of Blackwell's Island, is completed. The bridge will be in three spans, the longest of which is nearly twelve hundred feet. The spans of the Fifth of North cantilever bridge are each seventeen hundred feet long. The new bridge carries two floors. On the lower one there will be four tracks for surface cars and a driveway for carriages. There will be four tracks for elevated cars on the upper floor, besides two foot paths. This is the third bridge across the East River between Manhattan and Long Island, but it will not be the last. Work is progressing rapidly on a fourth one, between the old Brooklyn Bridge and the new Williamsburg Bridge.

We start out in life with a definite amount of possible energy. We can spend it as we please; but even with the best intentions many people use up a large part of their capital in worry, anxiety or by fretting over nonessentials—trifles which have nothing whatever to do with their success. Many people go through life without ever getting full possession of themselves. They do not seem able to grasp their possibilities; they never develop the faculty of flinging their lives out with force and effectiveness along the line of their bent. They can use some of their faculties to advantage, and can do some things fairly well, but never come to a full knowledge of their possible strength. If we could only learn to control our thought-force and to spend it where it is needed, instead of allowing it to ooze out or leak away in dribbles on unimportant matters, what marvels we might accomplish! Some people spend half the power they generate in vain worry, hickering, splitting hairs over irrelevancies. Much of our possible success-energy is wasted through fear, which in all its phases is the greatest curse to the human race—fear of failure, fear of imaginary conditions and happenings that never come about, dread of criticism and forebodings about the future. Countless promising lives have been wrecked by this gloomy phantom, fear. Could we all put away all of these illusions and trifles, and devote all of our energy to the essential things that lie ever close at hand, the progress of humanity would be amazing.

The failure of Harry Thaw to obtain his release from custody is a highly desirable outcome of the lunacy proceedings instituted in his behalf. There is no doubt the effect upon a public opinion already sufficiently

critical as to the efficiency and rectitude of our laws would have been of the worst if Thaw had proceeded so promptly from the dock to absolute freedom. Only one interpretation would have been put upon this sequence by the average American—namely: that evasion of law is the secure privilege of the rich. The rough reasoning of the public at large would have brushed aside the possibility of recovery and would have struck straight at the fact that the Thaw millions expenditure from the Thaw millions "experts" and shrewd counsel had first saved Thaw from the consequences of his act by establishing one hypothesis and then saved him from the consequences following upon this hypothesis by repudiating it. Insane delusion sometimes is cured. But the judge who committed Thaw to Matteawan gave it as his opinion, based upon the opinion of authorities in alienism, that Thaw's type of aberration was incurable. This declaration would have given to the popular opinion a final certainty that Thaw had evaded the law. Happily the public has escaped this disturbing conclusion and the administration of justice has been saved from another blow in the popular estimation. It is devoutly to be hoped that, not only for the safety of those upon whom a recurrence of Thaw's mania might be wreaked but for the welfare of the public at large, the courts of New York will not take chances with his case. When Thaw is proved sane and permanently cured beyond a reasonable doubt, let him be allowed to go free. But not till that proof is given.

"SUMMER COMFORT"



This is the very latest for the 1908 summer girl. She must wear a collar that cuts the neck and shuts off her hearing, skirts that have enough material in them to make a gas bag for Roy Knabenshue's airship, and a hat, big as a washtub, that requires a course in juggling to keep it balanced straight.

Life Saving and Law.

The Rumanians are as curious in some things as the Chinese. A girl who fell into the river and was swept down by the current finally seized a bush on the bank and drew herself to shore. The owner of the land on which the bush grew immediately claimed a reward of 4 shillings because his bush was there and had saved her. How father refused to pay, and there was a lawsuit. What the law has to decide is whether drowning people can make use of bushes on the bank without paying for the same, or whether the assistance of the said bush is worth a certain sum of money.

In China if a person falls into the water no one must help him out, but at the same time a spectator can be imprisoned for not advising the victim to stay on dry land.

Dough.

Dough is made out of wheat, real estate, oil, literature and magazine articles. But dough made of wheat is no stickier than any other. Dough is the prior fact to bread, motor-cars, steam yachts and collections of old books. It is the staff of high life. It embitters matrimony and purveys the lovely scandals we read about. It gets girls sent off to college and fitted to be something more spectacular than mere wives and mothers. It curses them that go in for it, but not unto the third and fourth generations. We are too good spenders for that. It is from dough that the dowdy, the dull and the dotty derive distinction otherwise denied.—Puck.

In the Spring, Etc.

"Perhaps it's oversensitiveness on my part," remarked the old bachelor, "but from this time on until autumn sets in again in earnest I am going to be continually embarrassed by public love-making. Last Sunday afternoon I went for my usual stroll in the park, and I suffered any number of minor shocks from coming on couples spooning on the benches along the paths. Later on I had to ride down town in the subway, and I saw two more couples talking into each other's faces as if there wasn't a human being within a mile of them. Of course they didn't mind me. But I hate to be put in the attitude of an intruder on love's young dream."

So Thoughtful.

Neil—Yes, the count is attentive to her. She admired some roses she saw in a florist's window they were passing yesterday, so he had some sent up to her—

A Good Man.

"Your dead husband was a good man," declared the sympathetic Mrs. Casey to the bereaved widow.

"He was!" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, dashing the tears from her eyes. "No two policemen could handle him."—Judge.

FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

The bee can outfly the pigeon. The mole will starve to death in a day.

Fishhooks have been made more precisely the same design for 2,000 years. The oldest Roman Catholic college in the United States is Georgetown College, Georgetown, D. C.

Insheesh, which in its effect is much the same as opium, is prepared from the gum taken from hemp.

Tillman Ford, of Salem, Ore., provided in his will that gold watches to cost \$125 each should be given to thirty-nine infirm friends.

In 1731 Benjamin Franklin founded the Library Company of Philadelphia, which he called "the mother of all North American subscription libraries."

The regatta at Henley are held in July. Henley is in Oxfordshire, about thirty-five miles from London. As long ago as 1829 the Oxford-Cambridge race was rowed there and in 1839 the first regatta.

The treatment by vegetables is the latest dietetic fad. It is affirmed that vegetables have a considerable influence upon the physical and moral well-being of those who eat them and that they will cure many maladies.

The fact is not generally known that some of the most imposing snow mountains in the world lie within the limits of the United States. I refer to the great peaks of Alaska, is over 20,000 feet high, while Mt. St. Elias is over 18,000.

There are three black fox farms near Atherton, Prince Edward Island, where these animals are raised for their skins. The skins are sold in London at prices ranging from \$500 to \$1,500 each, according to quality.

One of the seven fine oak oaks in Saley forest, Buckinghamshire, has been burned to the ground. It is surmised that visitors to the forest made a picnic fire in the hollow trunk, and the result was the complete destruction of the tree, which is said to be eight hundred years old. Saley is the second great royal forest and has belonged to the crown since the conquest.—London Daily Mail.

Pierre Loti, who has ransacked most parts of the globe in search of impressions, and whose sketches of Eastern life are among the most delightful things in modern literature, has lately visited Egypt and found disillusionment in the land of the Pharaohs. He tried hard to project himself into the tranquil immemorial past, but the noises of the present kept breaking in upon his meditation.

A remarkable custom which has been uninterrupted in force for three hundred years has just been observed at Ideford, a secluded parish of five miles from Chudleigh. It is that of picking up alms from the donor's tomb in the churchyard. The rector and churchwarden stand at one end of the tomb upon the flat top of which they place coins. The recipients of the charity come up one by one to the other end of the tomb and pick up the money.—London Standard.

Denmark has nearly 200,000 farms and farm gardens of ten acres or less, and about 100,000 farms of between ten and fifteen acres. There are less than 1,000 farms in the entire kingdom of 500 acres or over, the aggregate of these last named being less than a million acres. There are 1,083 co-operative dairies, with 158,170 members, and a co-operative egg exporting society with 500 local centers. The business transacted by these co-operative concerns is enormous.—Indiana Farmer.

Boston has taken a whack at the automobilists, following New York's example in excluding from its parks motor cars equipped with tire chains or metal covered tires. The Metropolitan Park Commission of Boston has decided that the anti-skid devices on the heavy cars tear up the parkways faster than an army of men can repair them, and has decreed that from now on any chauffeur operating a machine with spiked, chained or studded wheels shall be mulcted to the tune of \$20.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, in his recently published book of "Recollections," tells a story of Lord Gullamore, famous in legal history as Chief Justice O'Grady. In a case before him the leading counsel for the defense of the prisoner argued that there was no case before the jury. Lord Gullamore was about to pronounce judgment when the junior counsel asked leave to address a few words to the court. The judge replied, "I will hear you by and by, Mr. —." The young man said, "But my lord, it is on this point that I wish to address your lordship." Lord Gullamore rejoined, "I will hear you by and by, Mr. —." Meanwhile, for fear of accident, I will direct the jury to acquit your client."

The women of Concord, N. H., are struggling to have the word "male" omitted from the new city charter that Mayor Charles R. Corning has recently appointed a committee to draft. It is asserted that the present charter of Concord is one of the most antiquated in America. It is a copy of Boston's original charter and among its provisions are minute directions to the chief of police assigning him all sorts of particular duties. Witches are warned to refrain from their sinful practices and tradesmen against selling rum to Indians. The women now say that to prohibit them from voting at this advanced state of the world is just as antiquated and as irrational as the provisions relating to witches.

Where the Trouble Lies.

The fishermen's spring road is rough. The world's inclined to doubt him. But if the fish was big enough He'd tell the truth about him!—Atlanta Constitution.

Deeply Affecting.

"And when," said Mrs. Nuvoreesh, "those French pheasants came by singing the Mayonnaise. It was too deeply touching for words."—Success Magazine.

COSTLY SORT OF MATTRESS.

Kind Used on a Plate Glass Wagon—Ways of Handling Plates. Probably about as costly a sort of mattress as any is one that is made not to sleep on but to spread on the long, broad table or platform of the wagons built for carrying plate glass.

These mattresses, which are made of carled hair, are very thin, scarcely thicker than a comfortable, and must be made with the greatest care to insure perfect uniformity of thickness. A lump anywhere would be likely to break the plate of glass resting upon it, and there would be still greater danger if the weight of two plates of glass was rested on the lump at once.

A mattress for a plate-glass wagon costs according to size from \$60 to \$75. In use the corners of small plates carried on it cut into the ticking covering, and sooner or later it has to be made over. Simply to make over such a mattress costs from \$20 to \$25.

On the table topped and mattress covered glass wagons the biggest plates are carried with confidence and safety. The table is built to remain absolutely rigid, and the thin but uniform mattress protects the plate from jar.

Before plate-glass store fronts had come into common use, when the handling of a big plate was counted as a good deal more of a job than it is now they used to carry a great pane of glass in a sort of frame, which was put on the wagon with the glass in it. At its destination this frame or support was worked carefully across the sidewalk to the store front, where the glass was dislodged from it to be set; and altogether the setting of a great plate of glass was then quite an undertaking.

Now, with the setting of such plates a common daily occurrence, and with men skilled in the handling of them, they simply carry a big plate out, lay it on their mattress-covered, table-topped wagon and carry it to where it is to go, and there slide it off, to rest it for a moment on blocks on the sidewalk, and then they pick it up and carry it to the window front.

Then they run under the lower edge of the glass lifting straps, by which men standing inside the window as well as men standing outside can lift on it when the glass is put into place in the window frame. There again it is raised on blocks until the straps are taken out and the glass secured in place; all this being done with great care, but still with comparative ease and quickness, and with certainty, and in these times great panes of glass are thus moved and set on all but the windiest days.—New York Sun.

A TRAIL OF BLESSINGS.

Gaston Payette was born to oratory, but fate made him a plasterer. The work of his hands was acceptable; but unless he was entirely without an audience he was certain to waste at least half his time delivering lectures, punctuated by spatters of moist plaster dropped from the forgotten trowel in his hands.

"Bah!" he spluttered on one occasion, striking his favorite attitude and recklessly flourishing his trowel. Some persons see him de taine talk lak dis: "Me, eet I hon dis lot, me, I 'ould plant som' shroob som' tree, som' vine! but, of course, dere es no use for plant som' tings hon dis estate because we honly rent hem!"

"Bah! Bah-h-h-h! Dat es to 'ink honly of hemself!" But w'y for, I'll an hank you, ma frien, mos' sou'nd' he hall de taine lak dose hog, dose peeg, dose pork, w'at desent honly herself?

"Now, kindly tole me som'ting, madame. Who es plant dose happle, dose peach, dose gr-r-rape, dose feeg, dose 'fruity-nut w'erchoff you es heat dose fruit? Who es plant dose bush w'erchoff you es smell dose flower? Who es plant dose beeg green tree w'at mak for you dose shade, dose lumbrice for beed som' house, dose woods for burn hon top dose-kitchen stove? W'er you es now, madame, eet w'er'hoed' es say, long taine ago, 'W'at es de use! Me, I'll be deend bunny. Me, eet es impossible that I shall go to leevie enough long to heat dose grape, dose plum, dose pineap, dose rosberro; to smell dose flower, to seeet hon top dose shade.' But w'it'out hem, madame, w'er you es to-day, I hank?"

"Ma modaire, he es no beed lak dat. Mais non, madame. Monsieur, ma fadaire, she es lose hees job 'rree, two hunder taine. Ma poor modaire he es move, move, move, hall de taine move herself hon top som' new place, till he es hardly know w'ere to look for hees honn maison. But w'er'over he es gone, eet he es stop dere honly leele w'ile, she es plant som' tings."

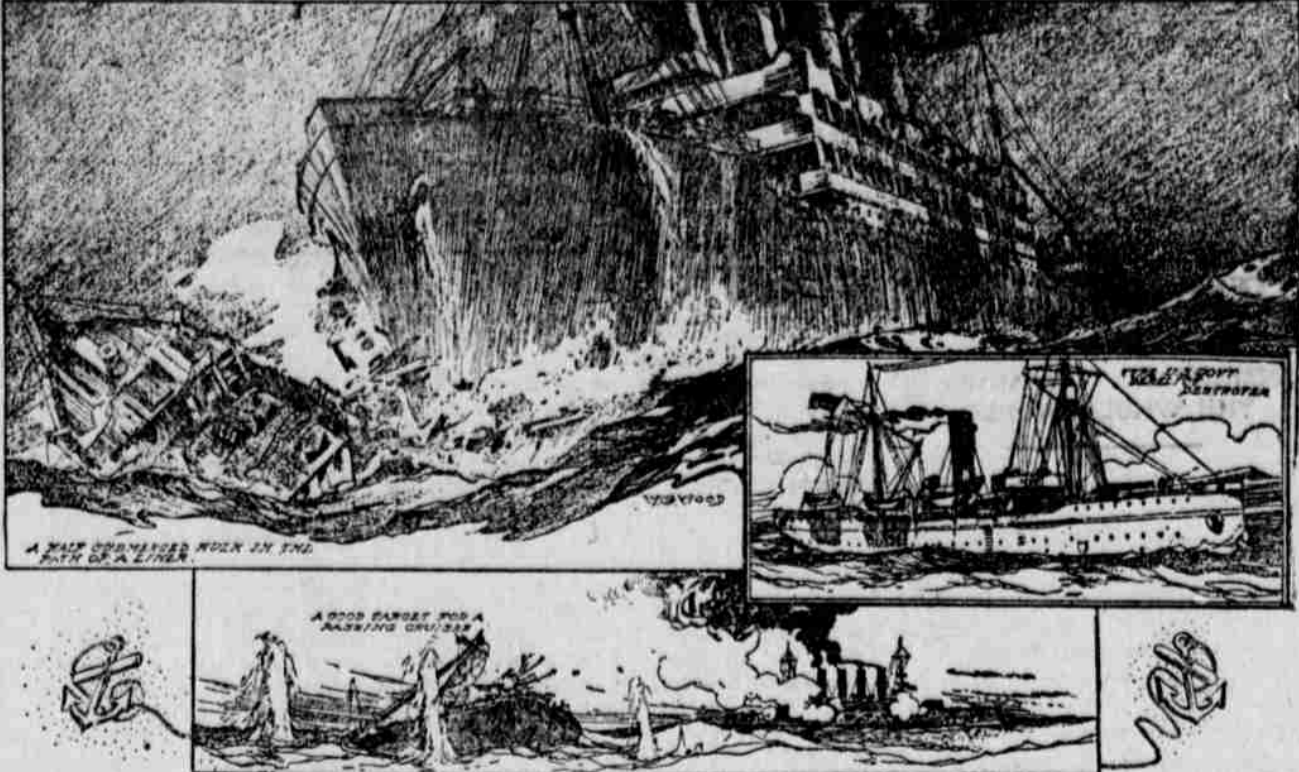
"She es deend for 'tirty year, ma modaire; but madame, hall hovaire hon top of Meechigan, hon top of Canada, too; haiso hon France, maybe, es som' rose, som' tree, som' bush, plant by ma good modaire. She es leave bifore her one beeg trail of sweet flower, or maybe som' sour plum or crab-app."

Queer Names.

"We Chinese," said the law student "give our children queer names. Our girls, for instance, are not called Ma bell, Jenny or Matilda, but Clandy Moon, Celestial Happiness, Spring Peach or Casket of Perfumes."

"Our boys got less delicious names. Boys are made for work and wisdom rather than for dandling and pleasure, and their names show this, as Practical Industry, Ancestral Knowledge, Complete Virtue, Ancestral Piety, Discreet Valor."

RIDDING SEAS OF DERELICTS THAT MENACE OCEAN LINERS.



Over a year ago the Treasury Department invited bids for the construction of a craft specially equipped for the destruction of the many derelicts which are a continued menace to vessels on the high seas.

This derelict destroyer, which has been named the Seneca, has a wireless equipment, which enables her to receive and give information as to the location of derelicts. In addition, the vessel is provided with an ammunition room, stored with high explosives, for sinking and blowing to pieces floating hulks and wreckage. As in warships, provision is made for flooding the magazines in case of any emergency. The destroyer is furnished with an equipment designed to assist her in salvage and life-saving work, for which her size and the 1,700-horsepower engines will render her highly efficient.

It would seem to require some vessel, specially equipped as this one is, to clear the seas of the wrecks which now incubate them. In recent years it has been the custom for a rescuing ship, after taking off the crew of a storm-beaten vessel, to set fire to the wreck. But a derelict is rarely, if ever, destroyed by this means, and for the good reason that when a wooden sailing vessel, which is the type of craft that the majority of derelicts are made of, reaches a condition when its crew finds it imperative to abandon it, the hull, as a rule, has become waterlogged, and therefore efforts to destroy it by fire are almost always unsuccessful. Such fires as are kindled do little else except to burn away the upper works, thereby leaving the wreck still more livable.

Through its hydrographic office, the Navy Department contributes much to the safety of all who travel upon

the seas. It publishes charts, sailing directions and other aids to navigation; it is constantly searching out the dangers of the ocean and putting its results into convenient form. It is truly the "track walker" of the great deep. A recent issue of its monthly chart shows five derelicts now washing about the North Atlantic. And, with the perversity of inanimate things, they seem ever to be where they are least wanted and where their presence is most potential of harm. Partially submerged, scarcely detectable by day, and almost if not wholly invisible by night, their very existence is unsuspected, and the question of plunging into them at night or in thick weather is one of mere chance. The sudden and sullen things make no signal, give no warning.

The danger that lies in them has been frequently exemplified. Many disasters are known to have been due to collision with these half-hidden dangers, and it is believed that many in that melancholy roll of "missing" have staggered away from such impact to plunge under with bows crushed in and water roaring into hold and fire rooms.

Most derelicts are the wrecks of lumber-laden sailing vessels, "floating on their cargoes," as the Lloyds phrase it. But not long ago a steamship was added to the list, and drifted about the North Atlantic as a menace to shipping for nearly four months. This was the Dunmore, wrecked on the coast of Europe. No action was taken for its destruction until the British government, moved by numerous complaints, sent out a squadron of warships to search for and destroy the wreck. The search proved unavailing, the vessel probably having foundered before the quest was begun.

THE ORIGIN OF FLOWERS.

There were no roses till the first child died. No violets, no balmy breath heartsease, No heliotrope, nor buds so dear to bees. The honey-hearted woodbine, no gold-eyed ling, And white lark daisy-flower, nor stretch-ing wild, Clover and sow-wallop-guns, like rival seas, Meeting and parting, as the young spring breeze Runs giddy races paying seek and hide; For all flowers died when Eve fell Paradise.

Glockner's Scheme

"Pretty as a little red wagon, ain't she?" said the storekeeper, admiringly, as he stood in the doorway and watched the poppy-trimmed straw hat going down the street. "She's a stirrin' up a right smart 'o' trouble, too, they tell me."

"It's nachel she should," observed Marvin Parsons, his gaze also following the retreating hat. "There'd orter be a law compellin' any gal that's got more'n her fair share 'o' good looks to settle down on some one feller for better or for worse by the time she gets to her eighteenth birthday."

"That mout work, an' then again it moutn't," said Washington Hancock. "In some respec's it's right an' fair, an' in others it'd 'ud work hardship."

"How's that?" asked Solomon Baker. "Who was it broke old Bigley's 2-year-old for him?" asked Hancock. "Dave Harper, wasn't it?" said Parsons.

"Dave it was," said Hancock, with a grin. "Who was it loaned Bigley his wagon an' worked half a day fittin' a good new reach to it, an' never charged the old man a cent for the use of it for over a year?"

"I guess that was Jim Sellers," said the storekeeper. "Who's Bigley's hired man?" Hancock inquired.

"He ain't got none," answered Parsons. "I don't call to mind that he's had one for four or five years. Why?" "Yes, why?" repeated Hancock. "That's what I'm asking you fellers. If you don't know I c'n tell you. It's bein' he don't need no hired man's long's he's got Malviny. An' he don't need to lack for anythin' Jim Sellers has got for the same reason an' Dave Harper will break all the colts for him that he c'n raise."

"Oh, shucks!" said the storekeeper. "There was old man Glockner," said Hancock. "He had a gal, that was just such another as Malviny's dark complexion, but they was both alike in one way. All the boys was plumb crazy over Joanna Glockner an' all the gals jest nachelly despised her. She was the plumpest, peachiest, sassiest little gal I ever laid my two eyes on. I reckon the Lord Almighty never turned out a prettier job in the woman line before or since. If he did there was a lot of young fellers that got the wrong idee about it. They was swarmin' 'round the Glockner place thicker'n flies, and it went on that-a-way for night to four years. "Flin'ly Caleb Wells got Joanna off by herself one day an' says he, 'I ain't comin' round here no more.'"

A BEDROOM IN A TREE.

Sleeping outdoors in a rudely constructed house erected among branches of a high walnut tree in the heart of Flatbush, N. Y., is the novel method a young man has taken of "getting near to nature." The "tree house," as the people in the neighborhood call it, is located on the lawn surrounding the home. A wooden stairway winds around the tree's trunk leading to the single chamber above, allowing an easy ascent to be made. The entire structure is made of wood.

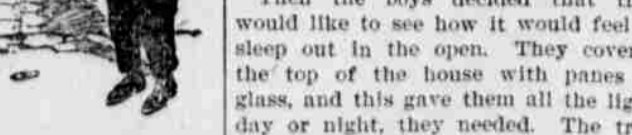
At first the intention was simply to build a "crow's nest," where the "tree sleeper" and his companions could seclude themselves on rainy afternoons and days when it was too hot for active exercise. The "crow's nest" did not prove to be large enough, so the boys added a large platform, which forms what they call their piazza. This piazza is roomy enough for an ordinary sized dining room table and comfortably accommodates six or eight diners.

Then the boys decided that they would like to see how it would feel to sleep out in the open. They covered the top of the house with panes of glass, and this gave them all the light, day or night, they needed. The trial worked so well that they declared that thereafter they would, while the weather was warm, sleep in the tree.

A Generous Request. Porter Emerson Browne came into the office yesterday. He had been out in the country for a week and was very cheerful. Just as he was leaving he said: "Did you hear about that man who died the other day and left all he had to the orphanage?"

"No," some one answered. "How much did he leave?" "Twelve children," Mr. Browne left, too.—Everybody's Magazine.

One poor little fly in the bedroom in the morning will do more effectual work than a dozen alarm clocks, costs less, and never gets out of repair.



THE BEDROOM IN THE TREE.