

A pencil is often hard pushed to tell the truth.

Man grumbles most where he is treated best—at home.

Styles sometimes make a handsome woman look otherwise.

A man who makes a political speech isn't necessarily expected to tell the truth.

Often a benediction is but an ex-bachelor who was overtaken by misfortune and a widow.

There is at least one thing that may be said in favor of football. Nobody has to play it.

Any man can take a day off, but when it comes to putting it back—well that is different.

Grover Cleveland's word to the American historian doubtless would be: "Tell the Truth."

It must be awfully hard on the fussy old bachelor who has to live in the same house with a clever child.

A married man says the comforts of home would be more enjoyable if they didn't include the discomfort of paying for them.

The horror story from Laporte, Ind., will make little old New York and other great centers of crime take a back seat for a while at least.

An injunction has been issued in Brooklyn to restrain the goats from eating cherry trees. Yet some people want the injunction abolished.

Worcester, Mass., is to have a church where people will be asked to pay as they enter. It is announced, however, that there will be no extra charges for visiting concessions inside.

Baseball is being introduced into Germany. When the umpire makes an unpopular decision, the staid Germans will wonder why they ever considered a debate in the Reichstag exciting.

"Really great men," says the Salt Lake Tribune, "are those who feel their own smallness." But mighty few men have any use for friends who make them feel small, nevertheless and notwithstanding.

One of the magazines publishes an article in which it is declared that every married woman should have an income of at least \$5,000 a year. A large majority of the married men will agree to the proposition.

Chauncey M. Depew has recently been telling some of the reporters how to grow old easily. Chauncey ought to be an authority on this subject. We don't know of anybody who has had a chance to take it easier than he.

The passion for traveling, whether alone or with the family or in the company of flag-waving citizens from the Panhandle and Great Lakes, has done the American people a world of good. The intelligent observation of foreign life has a leveling effect that is good for the observer himself, and for the world in general. It dulls conceit and sharpens sympathy. The Japanese have taken a leaf out of the American book in this respect, and in the last few years have begun to travel fast and far. Americans spend millions of dollars in Europe; but it is hardly open to a question that the extravagance which some people deprecate is not more than offset by the inestimably beneficial impressions received by the thousands who keep their eyes and ears rather than their purses open, and who bring these impressions back to improve the stay-at-homes.

In an editorial upon farming methods the Electrical Review says that the advances made in transporting and manufacturing since the adaptation of electricity to motors should be repeated on the farm. Says the Review: "It will be strange if before long the spirit of advance does not infuse a new life into farming methods. May we not expect that our newer power agencies will extend their influence to the work of the farm, relieving it of much of the drudgery that still exists and making the work as attractive and pleasant as any other pursuit? When this comes about we may expect to see farming take on a new life and flourish again in places where it has long languished. Deserted farms may then be reclaimed and a profitable field of work offered to many who now crowd into the manufacturing towns in search of a surer means of livelihood." An instance is cited where a small waterfall on an abandoned mill site was harnessed and made to do the work of two horses and light the buildings on two farms. The total cost of installation was about equal to the value of two good horses, and the cost of running the plant is practically nothing. It requires but little expert knowledge to handle electricity, mysterious as this agent is. Many of the successful electricians of to-day knew nothing of the subject a few years ago. The knowledge of machinery required for a farm plant is possessed by the average farmer already. Given the power, which is simple and cheap if drawn from a stream, the application of it to the machine can be made by an amateur, and this being the case the farm should not be the last and least to profit by this wonderful agent. Capitalists are reaching out for the great waterfall energy of the country with a view to setting it to turning wheels. An idea that is good for them in a large way may be good for the agriculturist in a small way.

All classes of thinkers, realizing that education is the nation's first problem, have contributed to the discussion of the school question. The physician

has made his plea for the child's health, the clergyman has put in his word for religious instruction, the employer has asked for schools to send him graduates trained in the rudiments of business. All this interest in education stimulates teachers and keeps the schools abundantly equipped and progressive. But under all the varied questions, the fundamental purpose of education is sometimes buried from sight. Prof. Friedrich Paulsen, a German teacher and philosopher, recently summoned his countrymen to remember the old moral roots of education. His article, translated in the Educational Review, bids us hold fast to the principles that education means training in obedience, application and the subjection of the young will to the older disciplined will. This philosopher and teacher of ethics knows that the civilized human being is he who can drive a controlled mind to a definite goal, and that schools and parental discipline and churches have as their object the making of civilized men and women out of raw material. So that when a devotee of "child-psychology" advocates the study of the child-bent and adaptation of educational methods to the young individual soul, the old-fashioned teacher agrees, provided the teacher and not the child is to do the adapting. When the preacher of health and nature shows the beautiful development of free childhood running wild in the open fields, the old-fashioned teacher admits the poetry of the idea, but insists that the child will never enjoy freedom until he has learned methodically to do as he is told, indoors and out. And when the pedagogical expert devises a course in manual training, French, music and nature-study, the same old-fashioned teacher accepts the combination, provided the pupil be required to do his work thoroughly in each subject, whether he likes it or not.

THE ART OF GARGLING.

Not the Same Thing as the Process Usually Followed.

The proper method of gargling is thus described by a writer in the Medical Record: "The patient (at first under the guidance of a physician) should sit well back in a chair, take a swallow of water in the mouth and bend the head as far back as possible. "Now he must protrude the tongue from the mouth (the tip of the tongue may be grasped with a handkerchief), and in this posture with protruding tongue he must try to swallow the water. The physician should control the patient's vain efforts, for it is impossible to swallow under such circumstances.

"The patient has the sensation as if he actually had swallowed the water. Now he must start to gargle, to exhale air slowly. One can see plainly the bubbling of the fluid in the wide open pharynx.

"After gargling thus for a while the patient is ordered to close the mouth and quickly throw head and body forward. Thereby all the fluid is forced through the choanae and nostrils, washing the throat and nose from behind and expelling all the accumulations that had been present with great force.

"This should be repeated several times, as the first trial is not always successful and satisfactory. It is an act that must be learned.

"When properly executed the sensation, as the patient will assure you, is that of great relief not had by any other method. It will be wise for the practitioner to try the method first on himself. Even small children who are at all clever learn the method readily, and rather enjoy it."

GIGANTIC OFFICE BUILDINGS. STEEL CONSTRUCTION'S CLIMAX.

With the announcement from New York that the Equitable Life Assurance Society intends to erect the tallest building in the world arises the question how far architects and builders will go before reaching the limit of their efforts to pierce the clouds. A few years ago the Masonic Temple in Chicago and the World building in New York were looked upon as miracles. They are commonplace to-day. The projected Equitable Life building is to be sixty-two stories high and its top will be 900 feet above the sidewalk. The flagstaff crowning the tip of the pole 1,050 feet, or about one-fifth of a mile. The Eiffel tower in Paris is seventy-five feet lower, being 984 feet above the ground.

Table with 2 columns: Building Name, Height in Feet. Includes Equitable building (proposed) at 900 feet, Metropolitan building at 835 feet, Singer building at 612 feet, Washington Monument at 555 feet, Pyramid of Cheops at 451 feet, St. Peter's, Rome at 438 feet, St. Paul's, London at 394 feet.

Pan in Space.

I dreamed last night that I was present at a committee meeting of the sun, earth, moon and stars.

"I'm no coward," said the earth. "No, but you have two great fears," said the sun hotly.

"And those are?" "The heavens," "The heavens?" "You've forgotten the atmosphere," put in the moon. And the comet, who had no business to be there, wagged his tail with joy.

Explained.

The Aged Angler—Oh, ay; the last fish I caught were a proper big 'un, and no mistake.

The Inquiring Angler—Indeed? Why didn't you have it stuffed?

The Aged Angler—Well, you see, I weren't more nor a lad at the time.—The Sketch.

The Circumstances.

"That rich fellow let me hold her hand last night."

"Don't tell me such yarns!" "Fact! At the bridge table, while she answered a phone call.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

TOGO NEAR TO SUICIDE.

Rather than Obey Emperor Against His Judgment, He Would Die.

It seems that there was a decided difference of opinion among the military and naval authorities at Tokio as to the intentions of Admiral Rojestvensky, who came out from Cronstadt with the great fleet of Russian ships. Most of them believed that he had instructions to attack the southern coast of Japan and divert attention from the struggle in Manchuria and the siege of Port Arthur. They were convinced that he would attack Kobe and Yokohama and other ports and try to reach Tokio. If he failed there they expected him to sail up the eastern coast and attack Hakodate. At any rate, they were absolutely certain that he would not run the risk of almost certain destruction by entering the China sea or try to pass through the straits between Japan and Korea, where Togo lay in concealment waiting to pounce upon him.

This conviction was so positive that the council of war at Tokio, which was composed of cabinet ministers, veteran generals and admirals, and that notable group known as "the older statesmen," ordered Togo to come out of his lair and patrol the southern coast, so as to be near by when the attack came. Togo remonstrated. He was convinced that Rojestvensky had come from the west to vindicate the Russian navy and not to invade a fortified coast. His arguments were earnest, but they had no weight with the Tokio authorities, and he was again ordered to come down to defend the coast. To their amazement he refused to obey, and they finally appealed to the Emperor, who, at their solicitation, repeated the order.

It is a tradition in Japan that no man ever disobeyed an order of the Emperor, who is descended from the gods, who is himself divine, and the highest object of reverence. Hence, when Togo received instructions from his majesty to abandon the strategic anchorage he had chosen and cruise down along the southern coast, to await the mysterious fleet of the enemy, he called his captains together and laid the facts before them. He told them that the information he had received from his scouts and spies, as well as his own judgment, convinced him that the Russian fleet was intending to attack him in the Straits of Korea, and he had decided to await it there, notwithstanding the orders of the Mikado. He fully appreciated the significance and realized the penalty of such unheard-of disobedience, but he believed that his majesty had acted upon mistaken information, and he was willing to accept the responsibility of disobeying his orders, because the honor, and perhaps the fate, of Japan was at stake. He did not ask any of his captains to share the awful responsibility with him.



ADMIRAL TOGO.

Those who declined to do so would be relieved of their commands by men who were willing to make the sacrifice. To those who would stay by him in defiance of the Emperor he would be accordingly grateful. He gave them twenty-four hours to think the matter over and consult among themselves.

The captains were so overcome with amazement at the audacity and the enormity of the offense proposed by their commander that they made no reply. Many of them left the flagship suspecting that he had lost his reason. Even to suggest or to think of doubting the wisdom or of disobeying the sacred voice of the Emperor was the highest treason, and here was Togo deliberately determined to defy it. As may be imagined, nothing else was discussed or even entered the thoughts of the captains that day, but they were careful that the cause of their anxiety should not become known to their superordinates. They had no conference, for none was necessary. The mind of every man was made up from the moment that Togo mentioned his purpose. Not one of them hesitated for an instant as to the course he should pursue, and when they met in the admiral's cabin on the flagship the next morning there was no controversy, no explanations, no difference of opinion.

As Togo called them one after another he found himself unsupported, and when he asked their opinion they told him that they did not believe he could find a single officer upon any of his ships who would stand with him against the orders of the Emperor. They laid their swords upon his table and resigned their commands.

With tears rolling down his weather-beaten cheeks, Togo asked them to reconsider their decision. He argued with them for an hour, giving the reasons why he believed the Russian fleet was coming up the Straits of Korea, and every captain heartily indorsed his judgment, but the Emperor had spoken and they must obey him, right or wrong. There was no alternative. Togo asked them what they would do in his place, if the responsibility was upon them. They answered with one voice:

"Obey the Emperor." He dismissed them sadly, again affirming his determination to meet and fight the Russians in the straits even if he had to meet them alone, and

asked them to return for a final conference the following morning.

They met again, as before, even more determined than at the previous conference, and, finding himself without a single supporter or sympathizer, Togo announced his intention to solve his dilemma by taking his own life. His judgment as a sailor, his conscience as a patriot, would not permit him to abandon the spot which he had chosen for an attack upon the Russians, and his reverence for his sovereign would not permit him to disobey his majesty's orders, although he was confident they were wrong. Therefore he would relieve the situation by suicide, and the next in command must assume the responsibility of carrying out the Emperor's orders.

The admiral's farewell to his command was interrupted by an orderly, who brought the news that Rojestvensky's ships had been sighted, and in a short hour every captain was at his post and the line of battle had been formed. The result is well known.

After the war was over and the admiral returned to Tokio to receive the honors he had so richly earned, he asked a private audience of his sovereign and frankly related the story of his disloyalty that I have so tamely told. None but the two men know what was said at that interview, but it was satisfactory to both.—William E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Training the Appetite. The question is often asked, "Should children be compelled to eat food that they dislike?" The question is rather a puzzling one, and there may be as many views upon it as there are upon most educational queries. A few decades ago the question was rarely raised. The saying was handed on from generation to generation that "children should be made to eat what was set before them," and that was all there was to it.

The writer still recalls the loathing distaste with which, some three times a week all through his extreme youth, he watched the bringing out of a certain hateful dumpling and gravy dish at the school midday dinner. It was the aversion of his youth, and it would never have been "downed" had it not been for the fact that he feared his master more than he did his quails. But out of evil may come forth good, and honesty compels him to confess that the result of this ever-renewed battle between his tastes and his dumpling is that, with the exception of parsnips, he can now eat everything eatable with resignation, if not enjoyment.

One would have to turn to a nursery governed by an exaggerated form of mushy concession to obtain the companion picture to this one, but undoubtedly many such nurseries are to be found. Here one may discover as many likes and dislikes as there are people to form them. Mary cannot bear nutmeg, and a special dish must be prepared for her on chop day. Jack detests soup, and Bobby—an uncanny twentieth-century Bobby—will not touch jam. It is impossible to help a certain longing for some of the good old-fashioned practice in a case like this; and where the kind of food discriminated against is a really necessary one in the dietary—as milk, for example—the child should be made, in the old-fashioned phrase, to "learn to like it."

Children who have fads in the matter of food should never be allowed to touch food between meals, but should always go to the table hungry. Their likes and dislikes should never be discussed before them. With plenty of water to drink between meals, a good, healthy hunger to carry to the table, and simple nursery dishes appetizingly served, most children will eat without question the food set before them.—Youth's Companion.

OAK AND PINE.

The Value and Usefulness of These Classes of Woods.

Though generally assumed that oak is the wood capable of being put to the greatest variety of uses, it is known, as a matter of fact, that the pine is really the most used, on account of its great abundance. Nevertheless, the timber of the oak combines in itself the essential elements of strength and durability, hardness and elasticity in a degree which no other tree can boast, unrivaled as a material of shipbuilding, also superior in architecture, cabinetmaking, carving, mill work, cooperage and innumerable other purposes, while the bark is of great value as furnishing tan and yielding a bitter extract in continual demand for medicinal purposes.

But of uses for the pine details would be well nigh endless. The timber is invaluable in houses and ship carpentry; common turpentine is extracted from it in vast quantities, and immense supplies of tar, pitch, resin and lampblack. In the manufacture of matches, and above all, paper pulp, thousands and tens of thousands of acres of pine forests are cut down every year, and, briefly, the timber of this tree, constituting as it does the chief material of English and American builders, may be said to be more used than all other kinds of wood put together.

There should be a word between pessimist and optimist. Things were not ordered for the best, and they were not ordered for the worst, but they were ordered, and no amount of hope or despondency can alter them a particle.

We hate to have a stranger come up to us, and say: "Guess who I am?"

A stitch in time may save a big surgeon's fee later.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN'S FAMILY AND HOME.



The Wife, Children and Farm Residence of the Democratic Candidate for President.

With the one exception of Theodore Roosevelt, there is no man in the United States whose face and personality are familiar to more people than are those of William J. Bryan. The marvelous whirlwind campaigns which he conducted after receiving on two occasions the Democratic nomination for the presidency, together with his many lecturing tours and his writings, have made him known throughout the length and breadth of the republic. A poor man and but little known outside his own State, he sprang twelve years ago into the limelight of publicity when he made his famous free silver speech in the Democratic national convention—a speech which made him the presidential nominee of his party. Since that time he has proved himself a marvel of tirelessness on stump and lecture platform. He has visited

almost every nook and corner of the United States; he has made an extended tour of the world; he has conducted a newspaper, run a farm, lectured and written. And all the time he has retained his hold upon the admiration and confidence of hundreds of thousands of persons.

For these reasons, aside from any interest felt in themselves personally, the members of his family are of more than ordinary interest to the public. In the above engraving we present in the upper row Mrs. Bryan, who was Miss Mary Elizabeth Baird until she married the coming statesman at Perry, Ill., in 1884, W. J. Bryan, Jr., and Miss Grace Bryan. In the lower row are shown Mr. Bryan's elder daughter, Mrs. W. H. Leavitt, wife of a Paris artist of some merit, and the handsome farm residence of the Bryans, near Lincoln, Neb.

LOVE'S THREADS OF GOLD.

In the night she told a story. In the night and all night through, While the zoon was in her glory, And the branches drooped with dew.

'Twas my life she told, and round it Rose the years as from a deep; In the world's great heart she found it, Cradled like a child asleep.

In the night I saw her weaving By the misty moonbeam cold, All the web her shuttle cleaving With a sacred thread of gold.

Ah! she wept me tears of sorrow, Lulling years so mystic sweet; Then she wove my last to-morrow, And her web lay at my feet.

Of my life she made the story; I must weep—so soon 'twas told! But your name did lend it glory, And your love its thread of gold! —Jean Ingelow.

His Social Experiment.

"Well, that spoils the evening for me," observed Strong, gloomily fingering a note which said that the grip would prevent a certain young lady from attending the opera that night. "Sorry Gladys is sick—no, no, no, no, no, no! These eleventh hour excuses get me getting too frequent. I won't stand for it. I wonder if Elizabeth Miller will go," he mused, continuing his dressing. "No, I'll stay at home to-night. What right has a girl to make a fellow miserable, anyhow? I—come in."

"And here's your merrin', Mr. Howard," said the young woman who entered. She addressed him according to a custom in his family before the death of his parents had given him into an apartment house, where he had found a position for the faithful servant. "Thank you, Mary," said Strong, without pausing in his wrestling bout with a collar button. "Mary, I have a couple of extra tickets for the theater to-night. Can't you get Pat to take you?"

"It's always Pat you're teazin' me about, Mr. Howard, and there ain't a Pat—not for me. I ain't pretty enough, and then I'm 35. Sure, it's many a year since I've seen a theater. All our money goes to the doctor. I'd have to go alone."

"No, Mary, you must not be neglected in that fashion," he said, turning abruptly from the mirror. "Let me be Pat to-night."

"Oh, Mr. Howard, I couldn't—it wouldn't do, sir. Oh, Mr. Howard, it's jokin' you are, after all," she exclaimed, as a smile spread over his face.

"No, Mary, I never was more serious in my life. I am going to give you, Mary McGinnis, the best time of your life. Put on your best bonnet and be ready by a quarter to 8. You live at—"

"On Third avenue, 2730, back, three flights up. But, Mr. Howard—"

"No excuses, Mary. Now good-bye, or we'll both be late."

Throughout dinner at the club that night Strong's face repeatedly relaxed at the oddity of the experiment. Its unconventionality did not worry him, for the wealth and social position of the Strong put him beyond the sting of criticism.

"Opera to-night, Strong?" drawled young Castlewood, whom he particularly disliked, dropping into a vacant seat.

"No; had planned to surprise Gladys Hastings with that new play—Mantel—for a change, but she's sick. However—"

"Well, you needn't waste any time asking Elizabeth Miller," laughed Castlewood, "for I'm going to take her myself."

"Oh, don't worry," replied Strong, nettled.

"No offense, old man; knew you were inclined in that direction, though between two fires at present. But, by the way," he added, aiming a parting thrust. "I hear that Count de Migny arrived here to-day, en route for San Francisco. Guess you've heard Gladys speak of him. Keep your eye on him. He's a clever chap."

"Smooth might better describe him. I know absolutely that he's bogus," replied Strong.

"Oh, have your way," drawled Castlewood, departing. Strong was between two fires, and knowing it, resented all the more these insinuations. Which disturbed him more, the thought of Castlewood's recent marked attention to Elizabeth or the arrival of the count? He could not determine.

At first Mary was ill at ease that night with Strong, the luxurious carriage, his evening dress and polished manners being strange to her, but his gentleness soon put her at ease. On the way he stopped at a florist's.

"These violets are for you, Mary, and the roses for another nice young lady who is ill," he explained.

"Thanks, Mr. Howard, and it's the lady with the beautiful eyes that is sick? Oh, I am so sorry," she exclaimed.

"Yes, she has beautiful eyes, Mary, but where did you see her?"

"At the tea you gave in your apartments last year. She thinks everything"

"And let me introduce the Duchess of Kilkenny—Miss Hastings and Count de Migny," said Strong gravely, though smiling inwardly. The count's French manners brought forth a low bow, while Gladys scarcely nodded.

"And wasn't that the girl?" asked the mystified Mary when they were in the carriage.

"Yes," Strong replied, but he was silent for a long time.

"She was so upish to me," Mary finally ventured, "while Miss Miller treated me as if I was a real lady."

"And you are, Mary; a thousand times the lady that some one thinks she is," he said seriously.

"But why did you call me duchess?" "That was a little joke on the bogus count," he replied, his face relaxing. "That will make both of them think a bit. But here we are at your home. And you say your father is too ill to work, and you support the family? Well, you are a noble girl, and I don't half appreciate the way you look after me and my apartments," he said, as he assisted her from the carriage and slipped a \$50 bill into her hand.

"Thanks, Mr. Howard," she said gratefully, thinking it was her monthly tip of \$5. "This will help father a lot. Mr. Howard, you've given me the best time I ever had. I—"

"Tut, tut, Mary. It's been a selfish pleasure with me, I fear. I took you as an experiment and a lucky one it's proven. You have helped me open my eyes to the true woman—the woman of my heart. I can never forget that. Good night."

An Uncanny Plant. On the shores of Lake Nicaragua is to be found an uncanny product of the vegetable kingdom known among the natives by the expressive name of "the devil's noose." Dunstan, the naturalist, discovered it while wandering on the shores of the lake. Attracted by cries of pain and terror from his dog he found the animal held by black, sticky hands, which had chafed the skin to the bleeding point. These hands were branches of a newly discovered carnivorous plant, which has been aptly named the "land octopus." The branches are flexible, black, polished, without leaves, and secrete a viscid fluid.

There are a lot of ways to get rich, but the advice of a fortune-teller is not on the list.

Nearly every man has his list of out-rages.