

Some farmers are smaller potatoes than they raise.

When money begins to talk people sit up and take notice.

With the numerous courts in session these are trying times.

The multiplication table doesn't satisfy a small boy's hunger.

Jealousy is the trading stamp given with each case of true love.

Many a man receives cool treatment because of his shady reputation.

Mankind is divided into happy people, unhappy people, and the Gould family.

To choose friends for their appearance is no worse than to judge books by the cover.

By writing the story of his life and sufferings himself, Mr. Rockefeller cleverly forestalls Murat Halstead.

Dr. Koch's cure for the "sleeping sickness" was good medicine to "try on" the boy whose job is the early chores.

These "mysterious" murders which are startling Paris would be easy to understand if they were not done in French.

The Japanese government denies that it is in sore need of money. This may make it easier for Japanese tax-dodgers to sleep well.

"The nation," says John G. Woolley, "is awake." Yes. It is even sitting up and noticing things, as old man Castro has found out.

Houston, Texas, has a woman who declares that she would not marry the best man living. Perhaps he ought to be congratulated.

King Alfonso may as well give up the hope that he and Queen Victoria will ever be permitted to move into a fashionable flat.

According to Mark Twain, "a mine is a hole in the ground owned by a liar." Mark also has evidence that other business enterprises are owned by the same party.

Human nature is a funny thing, and after Anna Gould has had her second bitter lesson with fake "noblemen," there will be plenty of her country people sorry for her.

It is mortifying to learn that Aunt Carrie Nation was fined \$25 and costs a day or two ago for scolding. Things have come to a pretty pass if Aunt Carrie can't express herself in her customary voice and manner without being punished for it.

Many of the colleges and universities are in no-license towns. Leland Stanford is the largest non-sectarian institution to enforce prohibition within the university domain. Intoxicants are forbidden in boarding houses and fraternal buildings. Similar restriction has long obtained at several colleges which are under the control of influence of the churches.

The feeling of China for this country is unusually friendly, and it is for statesmen to maintain and promote the sentiment. How far the ancient East can ever be an extension of the course of empire that for ages has taken its way westward is a problem that time alone can settle. But America and Asia can be friends and commercially intimate without trenching too far on race and social traditions, habits, tastes and tendencies.

The statue of Gen. Francis E. Spinner, made under the direction of an association of women employees of the government, is to be erected opposite the Spinner home in Hecklinger, New York. General Spinner was treasurer of the United States from 1861 to 1875, and when the clerks of the Treasury Department resigned, during the Civil War, to enlist in the army, he recommended that their places be filled by women. He carried his point against considerable opposition, and thus opened the door to self-support for many women. He was notable also as the inventor of a peculiar signature which appeared on all the national paper currency, and was the butt of the newspaper humorists for years. But he will be remembered longest as the man who called on the women to take the places left vacant by the men who went to the front to fight.

Baron von Sternburg, German ambassador to the United States, in an address at the University of Illinois, once showed that all the great leaders of nations, such as Frederick the Great and Kang-Hi, the greatest Chinese emperor, have taught the same principles of citizenship. He drew an interesting parallel between the teachings of Kang-Hi in the "Holy Edicts" and the public utterances of President Roosevelt. It is a truth familiar to all students of comparative literature that under similar conditions men of moral power have much the same ideas. Devout scholars have always delighted in the fact that the noblest sentiments of Greek philosophy are not unlike those of the Bible. That a modern man should preach what was preached by the ancients only bears out Lowell's opinion that the best things obligingly got themselves said several thousand years ago.

There cannot be a near woman in fact, but imagination draws the picture of one for us now and then when a scientific or philosopher undertakes to tell woman what will happen if she keeps doing things said to have been unknown to her grandmother. A woman is always a woman, although

she may not choose to hew to the line fixed by ancient custom. All men are men, even though some of them may be called mollycoddles. Women are taking away men's jobs, and it is said by observers that they are going to keep doing so and enlarge their holdings in that line. The president of Bryn Mawr college for women says that women "are steadily taking possession and driving men before them," and, furthermore, they "will be compelled by economic causes beyond their control to stay in them after marriage." Our grandmothers in their red checked days milked the cows, and no one would have dared to hint that a milkmaid was unwomanly because of her skill. They husked corn, too, and when the good man was away fed the stock. American women have always taken up man's work from time to time and put it aside when the need was over. If for economic reasons they are better at typewriting, telephoning, telegraphing and bookkeeping than men, they are none the less true women when they do this work.

Professor Ross gives the most startling picture of the near woman when he dips into the future and sees what industrial occupations will do for women. He says "there will be a reversion to the type of masculine women, squat, flat chested, broad backed, low browed creatures, working in the fields and factories side by side with men." We shall be compelled to admit that such "creatures" would be "near women," according to our modern ideals. On the other hand, President Elliott says, "The higher education ought to fit women for the single occupation of bearing and educating children, and it is the most intellectual occupation in the world." So the true woman has a chance to remain herself in spite of the education which makes her man's dangerous competitor. Perhaps the industrial woman of Professor Ross and of the president of Bryn Mawr will emulate the educated woman in the matter of attention sometimes to the bearing and educating of children. In that case the jewel of womanhood need not depart from women who work, and the talked of "reversion to the type of masculine women" is only a bog.

A Good Old World. When the sun comes out, An' the clouds go away, An' the little children Come out to play, An' the grass looks green, An' the cat sits curled On the gate post, ain't it A good old world?

When the mocking bird Sings a luring tune, An' the air is liker The first o' June Than midwinter air, Ain't your griefs all furled, An', honest, ain't it A good old world?

When sorrow comes, An' your head droops low, An' you're come to know All a chap can know Of grief, an' your hopes Are in darkness buried, An' a friend comes, ain't it A good old world?

It's a good old world— It's a good world, yes! For the hope an' love, An' the tenderness That comes when a chap By rough fate is buried In a hopeless heap It's a good old world!

For the little babies That laugh and run, For the cat a-nappin' Out in the sun, On the high gatepost In a soft heap curled, For the single bird, It's a good old world!

He Forestalled Fate. Josiah Quincy, assistant secretary of state under Cleveland, was famed for the energy he showed in getting jobs for his constituents.

One day a laborer in the employ of the Department of the Interior was drowned while bathing in the Potomac. A congressman who happened to be near when the body was taken from the water, hearing that the dead man worked for the government, rushed off to the Department of the Interior to secure the job for one of his followers.

When he reached the department, however, Ioke Smith, who was Secretary of the Interior, told him that the position had already been filled. "Filled!" cried the congressman. "Why, the man hasn't been dead half an hour." "I know that," replied Smith; "but Josiah Quincy heard the man was going in bathing, so he put in an application for the job by telephone."—Saturday Evening Post.

His Old Commodore. "When Commodore Vanderbilt was alive," says a New York Central official, "the board of directors of the New York Central used to find their work all cut out for them when they met. All they had to do was to ratify his plans and adjourn. Yet they had their uses. Occasionally a man would come to him with some scheme which he did not care to refuse outright. "My directors are a difficult body of men to handle," he would say. "I'll submit it to 'em, but I warn you that they are hard to manage." "The matter would be submitted to the board when it assembled and promptly rejected. "There," the commodore would say when his visitor came to learn the result. "I did the best I could, but I told you in advance that my directors were an obstinate lot."

No Share in the Fun. "What are you crying for, my little boy?" "Hoo-hoo! I've fell downstairs!" "Don't take on so. He'll get better soon." "Mister saw him fall all the way. I never saw nuffin'!"—Answers.



Disappearing Chairs. The nuisance and labor involved in removing the chairs from a hall after a performance, so that the floor can be used for dancing, has created a demand for a method whereby the chairs can be quickly removed.



One of the methods suggested is an automatic disappearing chair, which is shown in the illustration. The chairs are arranged in rows and supported on uprights, which extend below the level of the floor. Beneath the chair is an opening, covered by a sliding door. Each row of chairs is connected to a lever, which is exposed at the extreme sides of the hall. By turning the lever the chairs are made to fold up and automatically disappear. What was formerly the back of the chair becomes the floor. Obviously, all the parts are made to fit exactly into place.

Improved Oil Can. In an oil can recently patented a Virginia inventor has departed considerably from the form commonly used.



As shown in the illustration, the flow of oil from the spout is controlled by a small push-button on the side of the can and not by compressing the bottom. Connected to this push-button is a rod, which is curved to extend up into the spout, reaching almost to the tip. When the can is inverted this rod drops, forcing the cap firmly against the inner sides of the spout and effectually closing the opening. The oil is thus prevented from dripping out. By pushing the push button with the thumb the rod is drawn away from the mouth of the opening, allowing the oil to flow freely. In this way the flow of the oil can be readily controlled and does not flow spasmodically, as with the ordinary oil can. This improved device should prove to be especially useful to engineers and machinists.

Helps the Carpenters. Carpenters should take off their hats to the Indiana man who invented the machine herein described, for it will save them much crawling about on their hands and knees.



At first glance it looks like a lawn mower, but closer inspection shows that it is built for a different purpose. The weight of the machine is supported on a thick roller, and ahead of the roller there projects a frame work that is made to hold two kinds of blades, such as a plane would have. One of the blades is straight and the other is V-shaped, and they are set in at the same inclination as the blades of a plane are set. The operator, instead of crawling stiffly about with a little hand plane, pushes the device about a room with the same majestic air that he would propel a perambulator, elevating or lowering the point to whatever height above the floor he wants it. If he desires to make a deep cut and is running with the grain of the wood, he can lift the point down hard, while if lighter

work is needed he can merely skim over the surface.

Novel Soap-bubbler. For the amusement of the children a New York man has designed an entirely new and up-to-date method of making soap bubbles.



The old-time clay pipe is relegated to the past in favor of a compressible rubber bulb. The latter is provided at one end with an air inlet, and at the other end with an air outlet, which terminates in a nozzle. For making soap bubbles the necessary solution of soap and water is mixed and the nozzle dipped into the solution. The device is then withdrawn out of the water and the bulb gently compressed and relaxed, this operation being repeated any desired number of times. The compression forces air into the attachment and the bubble is gradually formed. When fully developed it is detached in the same manner as bubbles are detached from the ordinary tube or pipe usually employed for making bubbles. The soap solution is made in the usual manner, the bubbles being quickly and easily formed by means of the hand only, and the necessity of blowing through a pipe or stem is avoided.

Telephone Pencil-Holder. With the universal adoption of the telephone it was soon noticed that a suitable padholder on which to write memoranda was needed.



This was quickly provided, but unthinkingly, no provision was made for the pencil that should accompany the pad. This much-needed attachment is shown here, the invention of a Philadelphia man. It consists of a wire having a circular portion adapted to encircle the transmitter of the telephone. The wire also serves as a holder for the telephone number. The pencilholder is in the form of a double coil, which extends over the top of the phone, where it can be very conveniently reached when needed. An operator having a phone equipped with the pencilholder and pad should have no excuse for forgetting to write the message or other instructions.

Water Elevates Itself. The device shown in this cut embodies a new invention by which it is proposed to make a moving stream of water elevate itself to a point where the fluid can be made use of either for irrigation purposes or for power generation.



The apparatus, as will be seen, consists of a float on which an endless chain, supplied with buckets at regular intervals, is mounted. The wheel around which this chain revolves at the lower end also takes the form of a paddle-wheel, the paddles being acted on by the motion of the water. As the wheel is turned the water is taken up in the buckets and raised to a point where it is deposited in a trough and carried away to some point where it may be availed of, as indicated.

Book News and Reviews

A short but comprehensive history of the Jews is in preparation by Dr. N. Epstein. It will deal with vicissitudes of the Jewish people from the time of the destruction of the first temple to the present day, and it will have a large number of maps, plans and tables.

"The One—and I" is the engaging title of a new story by Elizabeth Freemantle to be published next season. It is a story of the Canadian Northwest, written in sprightly diary style. One of the readers, who has followed the story in manuscript, says there is a smile upon almost every page.

Booker T. Washington's new book, to be published in the autumn, is to be called "The Story of the Negro." The history of his race from its original dwelling place in Africa to its present position among the white people the author follows and finds a record of triumphant achievement and progress.

It begins to look as if Vermont might be fostering a school of authors that in time would become a formidable rival to the Indiana school. Henry Holt & Co. have issued in the last seven months three books: "Gunbird" (a Norwegian episode, by Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, of Arlington, Vt.); "A Turpentine Lady" (a story of Vermont in revolutionary days), by Miss Sarah N. Clegburn, of Manchester, Vt.; and "Over Against Green Peak" (a book of reminiscences of country life), by Miss Zephine Humphrey, of Dorset, Vt.

Henry James' phraseology, if it is not in itself stimulating, acts like a furious spur to clever pens. The latest piece is a less majestic on the part of a critic is a characterization of "Julia Bride," which, although it has been published in Harper's Magazine, does not yet appear in book form. "This," writes the pen, angrily, "is the debut of the serial conundrum."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE IDEAL LABOR UNION.

By Chancellor Day of Syracuse University. There might be a union of great help to its membership and to business. I believe in labor organizations as I believe in corporations.

Let it be for the purpose of securing to the employer the greatest proficiency, insisting upon only skilled mechanics for mechanics' pay. Let it consider the interests of the business and how to serve them. Let it compel its wage, not by excluding those who choose to work for less or to work when the union men will not work, but by furnishing the highest type of man and workman, so that business men will say: "If you want the most skilled and reliable mechanic or laborer, you must get them from the union. They will have no one in the union but a first-class man."

TRAINING THE FACULTIES FOR SUCCESS.

By John A. Howland. Concentration of mind in harmonious relation with bodily activity is the greatest active force in civilization. There are human activities which are effective without concentration in the mind, but somewhere in the harnessing of this force some broad scheme has been evolved without which this aimless force in the individual would be wasted.

Concentration of the faculties not only is a safeguard against errors, but it is an assurance that when a move has been considered and determined upon the move will have all effectiveness and accomplish the maximum in results. There is no work in life where this attentiveness does not render assurance to the worker and to every one interested in that work. This concentration is a visible evidence of dependableness in the man. It is

evidence of the quality of brain which the worker possesses. It reflects the faculties which education and experience have developed harmoniously. Without this power of concentration every one of these faculties must prove a poor, broken reed instead of a lever that might move a world.

ENJOY BEAUTY WITHOUT ANALYZING IT.

By G. Santayana. To feel beauty is a better thing than to understand how we come to feel it. To have imagination and taste, to love the best, to be carried by the contemplation of nature to a vivid faith in the ideal, all this is more, a great deal more, than any science can hope to be. When a man tells you that beauty is the manifestation of God to the senses you wish you might understand him. Yet reflection might have shown you that the word of the Master was but the vague expression of His highly complex emotions.

In the contemplation of beauty our faculties of perception have the same perfection; it is, indeed, from the experience of beauty and happiness, from the occasional harmony between our nature and our environment that we draw our conception of the Divine life. There is, then, a real propriety in calling beauty a manifestation of God to the senses, since, in the region of sense, the perception of beauty exemplifies that adequacy and perfection which in general we objectify in an ideal of God.

PEOPLE, NOT THE BOSSES, RULE.

By Gov. Hughes of New York. You may say all you please of the cunning of political maneuvering and of the resources of chicanery. All schemes will prove as child's play if the people set out to deal with a real issue of popular government and the supremacy of the constitution of this State over race track gamblers. It is well that there should be organization to advance party principles. It is well that it should be effective; vigorous and skillful leadership is required. But it is the duty of an elected officer to serve the people and not any particular man, and no party leader has a right to assume the role of dictator, or so to violate the manhood of elected officials as to parade them before the people as subject to his domination.

Meeting the Question

Viola met the postman at the front door. He gave her two letters; one was addressed in Diana Colvert's absurdly angular hand, and was bulky, with a fortnight's accumulated effusion; the other bore her name in the familiar calligraphy of Eustace Vandivier, who had proposed to her quarterly for half a dozen years. She went out and sat down on the veranda steps and broke the seal of the first one with eager fingers; Diana's letters were interesting, if rather voluminous. She consumed the first eight pages avidly, then suddenly the sheets fell from her hands and fluttered to the ground. The roses, the hollyhocks, the snapdragons, the violets and jessamine, nodding and drooping in the sun-warmed air, melted swiftly into a hideous rainbow of impossible color, the mutual chirping of the birds grew harsh and mocking, the blue of the sky turned black. At last she stooped and gathered the letter into her trembling hands and went on with her reading.

There were his exact words, quoted from Billy's letter: "I am seriously considering making a change in my residence. I hope soon to marry the dearest girl in the world and bring her with me to Cloverdale. But, of course, it will rest with her whether I shall accept the call or not—that is a woman's prerogative, isn't it? However, let us see you in Brookwood whenever it suits your convenience to come, etc."

Viola folded up the closely written sheets and returned them to the envelope. Then she opened young Vandivier's letter with mechanical fingers and glanced wearily at his twenty-fifth declaration of love, accompanied by an impassioned plea to marry him and sail for Europe in June, whichever he was going to complete his course at Heidelberg. Go ahead—away from it all—show him that she had not given her love unasked, and that \* \* \* She hung back her head with a quick accession of pride, and excitement a smile to her lips, a glow to her eyes. She would do it; yes, she would accept Eustace Vandivier and go with him to the ends of the earth if he need be—anywhere away from this.

She went to her room and sat down at her desk, but something seemed to dull her brain and numb her hands; she could not write a syllable. In despair she took her portfolio under her arm and returned to the veranda; the shade of the orchard beyond enticing her and she ran down the steps and past the flower beds to the gate on the other side. Entering, she sought her favorite retreat in the fork of a guar-

ed old apple tree. A lazy breeze was blowing, stirring the leaves about her with a vague, musical rustle, and cooling the hot blood in her cheeks. She took up her pen and selected a sheet of note paper. A twig cracked sharply, and she sat up alert. The paper slipped from her fingers.

"Did I startle you?" inquired a deep voice under the apple tree. "Not the least," said she, disposing herself with studied primness against the knotted limb at her back. The minister vaulted the lower limb easily and picked out a comfortable seat opposite, tossing his hat on a network of branches.

Viola regarded him first with coldness, then with assumed indifference, finally with a friendly smile that was the hardest thing she had ever accomplished in her twenty-one years. But he must never, never guess—unless he had already done so. And if he had she must set to work to prove to him that he was altogether wrong!

"Viola," he began in his straightforward way, "I've come to you with a confession. I hope you are not going to—disapprove?"

For a second the girl said nothing. He looked rather young for his age, she thought. He must be at least 38, but his black hair was full of waves, his eyes bright and clear, his face ruddy with health. "I'm considering a somewhat important step," he went on musingly, his glance sweeping the sky, the ground, and settling at last upon her slightly flushed face, "and I want your—your advice."

"Mine?" she queried, a tiny furrow wrinkling the bridge of her nose. She crossed her hands at the back of her head and stared past him at the rows of apple trees in the distance. The minister regarded her solemnly for a moment, opening his lips twice to speak, then closing them again uncertainly. A shadow drifted across his good-looking face. "Perhaps," he suggested with a downward inflection, "the affair does not interest you."

Viola could not suppress a smile at the lugubrious countenance before her, and, steadying her breath, she gazed straight into the minister's eyes. But only for a flash. Something in them that she could not altogether make out caused her to turn her head with a swift heartbeat. "Of course, it interests me," she said with a rush of enthusiasm, recollecting her role, "I thought you were sure of that—always."

He straightened himself then, and with a gesture of determination broke precipitately into the subject. "It's about some one I love," he said, speaking rapidly, "someone, I want to be my wife."

All Viola colored furiously; the leaves all about her quivered gently. But she

There is no excuse for profanity, of course, and a good many men use it freely without attempting to find an excuse for