



The magnificent library of Congress at the National Capital, which is one of the finest structures in the world and which was planned to be big enough to last for ninety-eight years, is already too small for its needs. According to William M. Curtis, in his special correspondence in the Chicago Record-Herald, it has been found necessary to enlarge the structure, and Congress

is being asked for an appropriation of \$1,000,000 for this purpose. If this sum is granted and the necessary additions built, the Library of Congress will be the largest structure of its kind in the world. The building is 473 feet long and 340 feet deep, and cost \$6,000,000. It has a beautiful situation adjacent to the Capitol. It is estimated that the suggested appropriation will provide additional accommodation for 5,000,000 volumes.

A MAN IN THE MAKING.

The story of Skagglies—as it is told by a writer in the Associated Sunday Magazine—is very simple, but it goes straight to that spot in the heart that is always waiting to respond to the brave and sweet things of life. Skagglies was not his name. Some one gave him that title the third day after he took the job. It was finally curtailed to "Skag." When he first came to the office he fitted like a mouse's tail in a well; but he had an old look—the look of a burden beyond his years. He was wan and pale, and his nose was red every time he came in from the weather. His shoes and stockings were vented beyond endurance to anybody except a boy.

But Skag was a faithful worker—at first. Bright and early he swept the office and dusted the desks—that is, used the duster—and by eight o'clock he was over in his corner, his hair plastered back and his face washed, save for the high-water mark about his neck. But by degrees Skag's enthusiasm over his new position languished. The clerks complained of unemptied wastebaskets and dusty desks. It was also noticed that Skag's clothes were daily growing more shabby, his hair longer, his shoes more run over, and it was evident that his mind was not on his work.

A reprimand from the "boss" had the desired effect. He became more punctual, took more interest in his work, seemed cheery, and sometimes whistled a little. But Skag's work was spasmodic. It was not long before he was as bad as ever. His work lagged, he was slow about getting round mornings, and his interest—outwardly, at least—was of the wooden Indian variety. The crowning and final test of endurance on the part of the office force came when he went to sleep in his chair.

"Skag, come here!" It was the boss. Skag shuffled into the manager's private office, and sat on the edge of a chair, nervous andidgety. The boss did not speak for a minute—his way of impressing a culprit. "Skag, this thing has gone far enough! You are not paying attention to your work. Look at the dust on my desk—it's frightful. This is Monday. I'll give you just one week. Saturday winds up unless you come out of that trance. That's all."

Skag sniffed and shuffled back to his chair, where he tugged at the seam on his trousers and gazed vacantly out of the window. The next morning the office fairly glistened, and all through the week his work improved. The stenographer even discarded her work sleeves, her desk was so clean.

But no one noticed that Skag's face was growing thinner and his eyelids more drooping. Saturday night, after five o'clock, Skag stayed and cleaned up the office. He would be that much ahead when Monday came.

Monday morning the office was as clean as a Dutch kitchen, but there was no Skag. Noon arrived, and still no Skag, at which the boss waxed wrathful. "Jones, go up to the kid's house and see what the trouble is. Tell him if he can't get here by two o'clock, he needn't come at all."

When Jones returned he went into the manager's private office and closed the door. Later he came out with a long sheet of paper in his hand. The boss had headed the list with twenty-five dollars.

"What brought it on?" asked the stenographer. "Exposure, and not enough to keep body and soul together. The kid's been sitting up nights with her for a month. Funeral's Wednesday."

Skag is still working. He wears a new suit, and the high-water mark around his neck has disappeared. And they do not call him Skagglies now. They call him by his right name.

Practicing by Ear. When Grover Cleveland was practicing law in Buffalo one of his friends was a lazy young lawyer who was forever pestering him with questions about legal points that he could just as well have looked up for himself. Even Cleveland's patience had an end. One day as his friend entered he remarked: "There are my books. Help yourself to them. You can look up your own cases."

The lazy lawyer stared at him in amazement. "See here, Grover Cleveland," he said indignantly, "I want you to understand that you and your old books can go to thunder. You know very well that I don't read law. I practice entirely by ear."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Right Kind of a Girl. Weddery—Can the girl you are engaged to swim? Singleton—I don't know. But why do you ask? Weddery—Because if she can you ought to be happy. A girl who can swim can keep her mouth shut.—Buffalo Commercial.

A Nonentity. "Beg pardon, but are you a waiter?" "No." "Private detective?" "No." "Not a guest?" "No." "What are you, then?" "Oh, I'm only the man who is giving the party."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Every woman has an idea it should be a pleasure for a man to work for money for her to spend.

Editorials Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE CO-RESPONDENT SHOULD HAVE REDRESS.

UT of the growing divorce evil, of which so much has been said, comes another wrong quite as great, if not greater, than the first. This is the free and easy manner in which seekers for legal separation give the names of persons as co-respondents in their actions. Recently two prominent actresses were mentioned in this way. For two days their pictures and history were published in daily papers; their every follie and eccentricity was paraded before the public. Yet for years previous they had been before the people and no breath of scandal had ever besmirched their names.

When the cases were tried it was discovered they were wholly innocent of the charges contained in the petitions, and that the entire affair rested merely on the suspicions of two women.

But the co-respondents emerged from the mess with reputations blackened forever, and with no adequate remedy at hand. When a person's name is dragged into the courts in such a way and is handled about on scandal-mongering tongues, the party, if guiltless, can probably go into court and prove his or her innocence. But such a course is expensive and only brings additional notoriety. The usual procedure is to suffer in silence, hoping that the damage may be as small as possible.

The frequency with which such affairs occur, the prominence of the people who have been compelled to suffer, proves only too well that an easy way has been found to secure divorce by charging infidelity and mentioning some one as co-respondent who will choose the cloak of silence rather than the publicity of going into divorce courts to fight the matter.

Along with the statutes which are needed for the curtailment of the number of divorces something should be done to give recourse to those who are wrongfully named by a suspicious wife or husband or named merely as a means to secure a desired end.—Chicago American.

THE SCHOOL AGE.

HE man or woman in middle life who has not paid much attention to the modern theories of education is constantly struck by the fact of the comparative backwardness in many ways of the children of the present day as compared with children forty or fifty years ago. One constantly hears the remark, "Why, I could read as well as I do now long before I was the age of that child;" and the present writer can well remember more than one family in which it was one of the traditions, cherished through the generations, that the boys should start their Greek by the fifth year.

The persons who deplore this changed condition of things are apt to blame the kindergarten system for it, while those who hail it as a change for the better prophesy that it will grow rather than lessen.

It is, on the whole, and within reasonable limits, undoubtedly for the better, and is a direct result of the increased interest in hygiene generally, and above all in the psychology of childhood as affecting physical welfare.

The unusual child, the child with the phenomenal brain,

backed by the fine physique, will forge ahead in spite of everything, and there need be no fear for him, as there might well have been in the old days of ruthless forcing. People nowadays are skeptical of the infant prodigies, and it is well that they should be.

In the case of the average child of fair heredity and intelligence, it is vastly in his favor that he should be recognized for the small animal he is meant to be. Young children are not fitted to spend long hours of confinement in schoolrooms. Their brains are not yet ready for much application, either in quantity or quality. Their little growing bodies need the open air and the incessant muscular activity that characterizes all natural children.

As a matter of economics, it has been proved again and again that the child who has been judiciously held back in early life will be found easily to catch up with the child who has been forced forward, while he has a tremendous advantage in stored-up health and vigor.

This is not a plea for a starvation diet for any active brain or inquiring mind; education for children so equipped is in the very atmosphere, and will not be escaped. It is rather a protest against a school life begun too early, against confinement in schoolrooms for long seasons, against any system of education that asks little children of five or six years to sit still, or to pay attention, or to understand for more than a few minutes at a time.—Youth's Companion.

PRESSING NEED OF PUBLIC ECONOMY.

THE fact that the government's outgo has expanded nearly 100 per cent in the twelve years in which its population has increased less than 25 per cent is a startling revelation of the speed with which the public burden is growing. And in the past twelve months, while the government's outgo increased heavily, its income shrank. The \$1,800,000,000 appropriations made in the recent session of Congress were more than \$100,000,000 greater than were touched in any session at the height of the Spanish-Philippine war.

It is time to call a halt on this rapid increase in outlay, especially as the revenues are decreasing. With the business which is now under way the government's income will soon advance, but the necessity for checking everything that looks like extravagance is imperative.—Leslie's Weekly.

IRON ORE INEXHAUSTIBLE.

THE worthless material of to-day may be the ore of to-morrow. There is no scientific definition of an ore; an ore is simply material which by present methods can be utilized with profit. Methods may change from year to year, while iron ore supplies are a question of centuries. New discoveries likewise increase the known supplies. Despite the heavy annual drain, it is probable that in every year the known workable supplies of iron ore in the United States have increased, while the supply of iron in actual use has increased rapidly as well. Of all our national resources, our iron ores are the one which can be drawn upon with greatest impunity, because the iron remains.

—Iron Trade Review.

THE FUTURE.

A border-land of hopes and dreams And mists as fathomless as night; A world of suns, whose radiant beams Overwhelm the present light.

A rosy dawn that never wanes, For with to-morrow comes to-day, Whose morrow still a morrow makes, Unsearchable for aye!

A name that is for e'er a name To those who seek to win and wear; A bright and beauteous oriflame Of all that is most fair.

A golden hope that shall not fail To lift us from the common dust; For, seeing not behind the veil, We still look up and trust.

So we may trust—for all the past Was once a future, lightly trod— And trusting, reach the goal at last— Our Heaven and our God! —Saturday Evening Post.

A Question of Diplomacy

When Mrs. Hardiman received her sister's letter telling her all about Kathleen's unfortunate affair, her match-making instincts were up in arms. Of course, as Constance had said, Kathleen was a mere child in years, only 17. But girls of 17 sometimes developed very grown-up feelings! She did not answer her sister's letter at once; to her thinking, hasty judgment was one of the cardinal sins. And she waited to think matters over thoroughly before committing herself. However, at the end of the week her first impression remained unvaried, and she sat down and penned the following:

"Pine Grove, Fla., May 17. "My Dear Constance: I have been turning things over in my mind since the receipt of your letter, and while the outlook does seem a bit discouraging, I am sure it cannot be altogether hopeless.

"Why not let me have Kathleen for a couple of months? The country is simply magnificent this time of the year, and although, naturally, it will be rather lonely compared to gay New Orleans, still the contrast may do wonders toward bringing the dear girl out of herself. I don't believe anyone could brood in a garden spot like this. "By the way, an old friend of mine is coming down from Chicago to spend the summer with me. Her son, a splendid young fellow of 25, is to meet her here for a week's visit. They are extremely exclusive people, and although not at all wealthy, will doubtless shortly inherit a considerable fortune from the boy's god-father. I think it is. He is a cranky old fellow (80-odd), who refuses to settle a penny on his protegee until he marries and settles down.

"Now, don't think for an instant that I am planning a catch for our little girl—nothing of the sort. But, from experience, it seems to me that the best antidote in the world for a lovesick maiden is to get her away from old associations and interest her in new ones—if only temporarily. "Mind you, not a word of this to Kathleen.

"Let me hear from you. As ever, "PAT."

Three days later Mrs. Hardiman held her sister's reply in her hand. Kathleen would be delighted to come. It was the very thing, of all others. Six or eight weeks among the Florida pines would certainly be the salvation of her. The girl seemed to be on the verge of melancholia. Had she realized the depths of her feelings, her mother wrote, she would have thought twice before taking the step she did. But now that the break was over, it was lucky for all concerned. And the only thing left to do was to put disappointment behind and a brave face to the front. Kathleen would realize some day that she was acting for her best interests and happiness.

Patricia Hardiman could not press a smile. She recalled Constance's own headstrong youth; her runaway marriage to a dashing young officer of the Confederacy in defiance of family and convention. And Kathleen was many times her mother's child. She meant to do all in her power to win the girl away from her attachment. If in truth it was as unfortunate as Constance had written. But she had her own doubts about the success of her plan. She was

a great believer in matrimony, but she wanted, above everything else, to see the right ones mated. And she wanted to be the one to bring it about, too."

It was an afternoon of June, pale and sweet with orange blossoms. Rows upon rows of the waxen-leaved trees made a garden grove down below the rose lawn.

Mrs. Hardiman came out of the terrace, flourishing a slip of yellow paper in her hand. Old Mrs. Ogden, seated on a twisted oak chair, looked up with a questioning smile.

"My niece will be here on the 6:20 train," the other announced, sinking down opposite, "and that horrid old Billy is laid up again with his everlasting 'rheumatism.' Do you think Claude will be here in time to—"

Mrs. Hardiman stole a narrow glance into the strong, brown face, with its keen, expressive eyes, and firm but smiling mouth. Surely Claude Ogden was a man worth noting. She felt instinctively that not many women would resist a type like this. The light of inspiration kindled swiftly in her brain. "My niece is arriving on that 6:20 train, Mr. Ogden. Do you think you could manage the boys this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I think I can manage them fairly well." There had been nothing discovered in the nature of horseflesh that Claude Ogden could not handle. "How lovely! Then I am much relieved. I was just rehearsing my misfortunes to your mother when you turned up, and I was getting desperate."

He pulled out his watch. "I've just an hour to make it," he said; "I suppose I'd better be getting out of this toggery." He turned and moved away, the two women watching him with admiring eyes, but vastly different thoughts. He was tall, square, good to look upon—indeed, from the crown of his crisp black hair to the soles of his russet boots.

The train was, as usual, late. But the extra half hour gave Claude Ogden a little more time in which to regain his equilibrium. It had been such a long time since he had found himself in just this sort of situation that the prospect of playing the chevalrous to a strange young lady cheered him. He fell to pondering while the minutes sped by.

The passengers stepped out on the platform. There were two or three drummers, an old lady in black, and finally—

Surely there was something oddly familiar about the cut of the brown tail-made gown, the gracefully draped veil that cascaded about her dainty shoulders, the military carriage of the slender young figure. "Claude!" "Kathleen!" "But I thought you were on board the Silver Star, en route to Australia!" she exclaimed, when she found breath to speak.

"That was all bosh, Kathleen. I never had any notion of putting the ocean between us. After the way we were broken up I thought I'd just hang around until you were of age."

"To-day," she interrupted, softly. "I knew if you cared as I did—do, the brief separation couldn't make any change in your feelings. Is your mother still relentless?" "Poor mamma! She firmly believes that I know my own mind better than I do myself."

"And suppose I were to tell you that I was about to become very wealthy?" "It would make no difference what ever in my—"

"That means—" He bent down to it suddenly. "Yes." She met his eyes, flushing crimson. "Somewhat to the girl's surprise, he deliberately turned the horses' heads and drove back the other way. "Claude! You're going wrong." "No, I am not. Providence had a great big hand in dumping us down here together like this. And we haven't any right to fly in the face of Providence, you know. I was told that long ago, when I was a mere kid."

"What is this funny little place?" "It's the county courthouse. Hold the reins a second. I've got to get out." Bewildered, unresisting, Kathleen took the reins he thrust into her hands, and sat waiting. Soon he returned, slipping a bit of folded paper into his pocket as he climbed into the trap. "I think Mr. Holcombe lives in that little green house over there," he said, pointing with his whip as the horses trotted off. "But when are we going home? Aunt Pat will be—"

"Just as soon as the preacher gets through with us. Don't you think Pine Grove will be an ideal spot to spend our honeymoon in?" "Don't you?" he reiterated, bending down. Their eyes met. Kathleen thought, perhaps, it would.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

For two centuries there has been little let or hindrance to the slaughter of animal life in Southern Africa. But now game laws exist, and with their enforcement it is expected that the supply of game can be kept up and that some of the old hunting grounds may be restocked.

Lions are still plentiful over large areas, and even in the mining districts of Rhodesia. Elephants are becoming scarce, being particularly extinct south of the Zambesi, except on the east coast and in a few parts of Rhodesia. They are now strictly protected, to save them from extinction.

The rhinoceros is rare, except in the Portuguese country south of the Zambesi. The hippopotamus is to be found only in Orange river, the streams of Zululand, and in the Portuguese rivers. One of the remarkable natives is King Khama. The headquarters of his tribe is Serowe, a town of 20,000. Here and in all his dominions he has abolished European liquors, and their introduction or use is followed by severe punishment. He has suppressed witchcraft, and so encouraged education that most of his people can read.

The Mashonaland plateau is beginning to fill up with European farmers. With its perfect climate and fertile land, it grows every kind of crops of the temperate zone, and the farmers are already looking forward to raising enough to supply the whole of Rhodesia. Thus throughout the "Dark Continent" in whatever direction there are evidences of a rapidly-growing civilization. —Indianapolis News.

Rents in City of Mexico.

"The prices that are asked for rental of houses in the City of Mexico are something appalling to Americans," said George F. Lessing, of St. Louis. "I expected to remain there the better part of the year and thought I'd get a house and seal for my family. With this idea I went forth in search of a domicile, but was staggered at the cost. For the commonest kind of a two-story dwelling the agents wanted from \$150 to \$200 a month, and from that up to \$2,400 a month for those of more pretentious architecture."

"It is true that these figures are in Mexican money, which is just half the value of our own currency, but even with this allowance the rents are far in excess of those charged in the cities of the United States. In many other respects living in Mexico is very reasonable." —Baltimore American.

A Nonentity.

"Beg pardon, but are you a waiter?" "No." "Private detective?" "No." "Not a guest?" "No." "What are you, then?" "Oh, I'm only the man who is giving the party." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Fulfillment.

They said he'd make his mark 'mongst men, It was a prophecy profound, He bought himself a fountain pen And when he shook it now and then Made marks on every one around! —Washington Star.

A Man is Never so Sure He is Being Imposed Upon as When His Wife Gets Sick.

We would hate to be a bridegroom and have to wipe on new towels.



PLAYING THE CHEVALROUS.

DIFFICULT TRANSPORTATION.

Mohamad Expedition Trying to Man and Beast. Every English expedition to the frontier in India is attended with difficulties in transportation. The mountain streams must be forded and though they are shallow, ranging from one and a half to three feet deep, there are times when the mules are scarcely able to keep their feet and at the same time draw the heavy loads they are compelled to haul. In the midst of these fordings, always attended with much disorder, trouble can be looked for, if there is going to be any in that vicin-

her foot there is bad weather behind her. When the cattle are driven to pasture, if the bull goes first, it will rain. If a dog eats grass in the morning, or if he digs a hole in the ground, it is a sign of bad weather. Pigs are believed to be able to "see the wind." If they run about and squeal without apparent cause, it is a sign of cold and stormy weather.

Money carried for three days in a man's shoe may safely be wagered; it is sure to win. The locust tree is especially liable to a stroke of lightning. Some say Judas hung himself on that tree; others

vated as vegetables, others for the sake of their leaves, which yield a strong fiber that can be woven into fabrics. Hence the saying that the agave supplies the people with drink, food and clothing. The men have little ambition to excel in handicraft. Farriery and carpentry are about the only trades they care to take up. In the cities they work as porters, carriers or peddlers in a small way.

Like all Southern Indians, their complexion is of a ruddy chocolate brown, and they are not particularly good looking. Most of the women now have large hands and feet, probably the inheritance of generations of hard workers. And they are strong. In the warehouses of a wine merchant an Aztec porter was seen to take a cask of claret on his back and carry it quite a distance. The load certainly weighed not less than 400 pounds, and no white man would have thought of lifting it. The law requires the people in the cities to forsake the Indian breech-cloth and poncho and assume the regulation garb of the poor working class of Mexico—the wide, loose trousers of cotton cloth or manta, with jacket to match—but the breech-cloth is worn outside of the trousers and thereby replaces the civilized suspender.—Southern Workman.

SUCCESSFUL SIGNAL TEST.

During Fog Progress of the Kronprinzessin Cecille Was Unimpeded. Capt. Hagemann of the Kronprinzessin Cecille of the North German Lloyd line on his last homeward trip was able to demonstrate the usefulness of the submarine signal apparatus with which his vessel in common with other large transatlantic liners is equipped, says the New York Journal of Commerce.

The signaling system worked perfectly and enabled Capt. Hagemann to proceed with his vessel, although enveloped in a heavy fog. Following is the captain's report: "A heavy fog enveloped us between Duzegens and Terschelling Bank light ship in the North Sea, about 8:25 at night. It was 10:30 o'clock, judging by the fog signal, since we had left Dover. At 11:25 o'clock we received quite distinctly the sounds from the submarine bell from East Goodwin Lightship, about seven miles distant. We could get no perceptible sound through the starboard receiver. As we approached the lightship the sounds became plainer until they were quite distinct. At 12:17 o'clock the sounds were the plainest, and because of this we felt it was safe to assume the light vessel was directly opposite us.

"At 11:25 o'clock the bells of Haaks Lightship were heard about fifteen miles distant. The sound came faintly at first, through the starboard receiver. The sounds were plainly heard through the starboard receiver, but not through that on the port side. "By frequently changing course it was possible to determine the direction of the lightship to within one point of the compass. "The last sound of the submarine bell was heard at 1:30 o'clock." In his report Capt. Hagemann says that he regards the test as a severe one, and that he is greatly pleased with the result.



ENGLISH TRANSPORT CROSSING A RAPID STREAM.

ty. The tendency always is for the mules to turn and go down stream and when this happens they are usually lost. The accompanying illustration shows a sergeant of the Thirty-fifth mule train coming to the rescue of his mules, fording a stream on the road between Peshawar and Jamrud.

ODD PORTENTS AND SIGNS.

Superstitions that Have Long Been Prevalent Among Negroes. Among the colored people of the South every common event has its accompanying sign or superstition, according to the Baltimore Sun. Whether these all date back to the African savage ancestors of the race is doubtful, as very many of them are similar to those current among English, Scotch and Irish peasants. It is probable that in acquiring the English language the newly imported negroes imbibed the superstitions in vogue among the white people of the South at that time.

Signs of weather are many, as is natural, and some of them are very curious. If a cat sneezes or if she washes her head behind her ear it will rain. If she rubs against objects or is especially frisky it forbodes wind. In the winter, if a cow lows in the evening it will snow before morning. If a cow stops in walking and shakes

ers suppose the crown of thorns to have been made from it. It is terrible unlucky to burn for firewood a tree which has been struck by lightning. This is sure to bring misfortune upon the household. Shoes have many portents connected with them. If a heel is lost from the shoe it forbodes a death in the family "before the year is out." If new shoes are accidentally dropped before they are worn, you will "surely step into trouble with them on your feet."

New shoes must never be placed on a shelf higher than the owner's head, as it brings bad luck, and one shoe should never be polished without the other, for fear a bad accident or perhaps sudden death.

AZTEC TRAITS.

Not Only Great Soldiers, but Great Cultivators as Well. The Aztecs of old were not only great soldiers, but also diligent cultivators of the soil, and had acquired considerable proficiency in agriculture, although they had no horses, oxen or other animals of draught. To this day the men earn their living chiefly as day laborers in the fields now owned by the Mexicans. The staple product now, as of yore, is the maize, and next to it the maguey or agave, the sweet sap of which is the principal material for the famous Mexican pulque. Some species are culti-