

In the midst of life we are in debt.

The more a man doesn't know the less he doubts.

Many a wise-looking man is unable to deliver the goods.

A pretty woman's smile often wrinkles a man's purse.

The experience a man buys is always delivered a little too late.

When a sailor falls overboard he feels as if he were all in.

Go to a tailor for a wedding suit and to a lawyer for a divorce suit.

Some men get out of practice because they spend all their time preaching.

A woman never asks a man if he loves her unless she is sure of the answer.

Did you ever meet a successful man who told you what he was going to do next?

Almost every day the average man wonders why he did such a foolish thing.

This is undoubtedly a dirty-looking old world to the man who is too lazy to clean his spectacles.

Rev. Billy Sunday says hell is full of fudge-eating mollycoddlers. What a sticky place it must be.

If you would have a peaceful home, all you have to do is to pay the freight and let your wife run it.

Once in a great while a woman actually believes that her husband knows as much as he thinks he knows.

Elmer Glyn thinks Mark Twain is our greatest man. Mark gallantly refrains from saying what he thinks of Elmer.

A bitter contest over the will of William B. Leeds is predicted. Fifteen million dollars ought to keep the lawyers going a long time.

A Michigan farmer has cured a snake bite with coal oil. We hope he is properly grateful to Mr. Rockefeller for the fact that he could buy the necessary oil.

A Paterson (N. J.) woman who predicted that she would die on June 14 is still alive and in good health. Her husband is said to have become one of Paterson's worst pessimists.

"Why shouldn't Prof. Bell succeed in making monkeys talk intelligently?" asks the Atlanta Constitution. Don't know, unless it is because that is more than he or any one else can do with a good many men.

A magazine has offered President Roosevelt \$1 a word for his literary efforts, but no farmer has tried to hire him to work in the hayfield for \$1.75 a day. There are times when even a President's versatility is not appreciated.

It is probable that in 1912 an entire day will be set apart for the cheering, and in 1916 it may be necessary for each generation to devote a week at least to the purpose of beating all previous records. We are a great people and we do some wonderful things.

Contracts for furnishing single and double teams to the city of Boston were recently awarded to a woman. Her bids, tendered in open competition with men, were by far the lowest submitted, and she demonstrated her ability to fulfill the obligations. The award was popular, for the uniformity of the figures submitted by the men gave color to the charge that an agreement had been made among them to maintain a certain price. The woman made her own figures independently, and won.

It is the title that appeals to certain women. To be called a princess or a countess, or even a baroness, they will cast their all into a foreign venture. The prince may be a miserable rake, the count not half so high as a Kentucky colonel and the baron of absolutely no importance, and yet the glamour catches the title-seeking female and she turns over her money to a person who could not make \$10 a week in honest work if his life depended upon it. But why bother? There will always be such women, and there will always be such men so long as there is money to be won in the game of international marriage.

The conference of Governors to consider the preservation of the national resources has already brought forth fruit. The Governors suggested that the President appoint a national conservation committee to advise him and to co-operate with similar bodies in the States. Acting on this suggestion, Mr. Roosevelt has reappointed his commission on inland waterways, with some new members to fill vacancies. He has also constituted commissions on forests, on lands and on minerals, and an executive committee to harmonize the work of all four bodies. Now we may expect to see the growth of the sentiment that the mineral lands, forests and waters of the country are national wealth. In the conservation of which the whole nation has an interest, whether they belong to private citizens or not. It is that sort of sentiment which will be a guarantee against want and barrenness in the distant future.

Leading physicians have declared at international congresses on consumption that really effective warfare on the great white plague involves compulsory notification and registration laws or ordinances. Much can be done, not a little has been done in the last two or three years, by education and "normal

consumption," but, after all, contend these experts, the world must come to the use of the same degree of compulsion in its fight on tuberculosis that has been found necessary in the handling of other dreaded infectious and communicable diseases. In other words, the health authorities and the medical profession must have the courage of their opinion and work for the adoption of drastic measures of prevention. It is significant that the New York Legislature has passed a bill—which Governor Hughes has signed—embodying at least the principle of compulsion. The new act marks a step forward. It provides that every physician in the State shall report to the local authorities the name, age, occupation, place of employment and address of every person known by him to have consumption. The report must be made within twenty-four hours, and the record is to be kept secret. In case of the vacation of any premises by a person suffering from consumption, or of the death of such a patient, the physician in charge or the owner or occupant of the premises must notify the health board of the fact, and the premises are not to be occupied again until they have been disinfected and cleansed. In case the orders of the health board are disobeyed that body may post a placard on the premises containing the following notice: "Tuberculosis is a communicable disease. These apartments have been occupied by a consumptive and may be infected. They must not be occupied until the order of the health officer directing their disinfection or renovation has been complied with. This notice must not be removed under the penalty of the law except by the health officer or others duly authorized." There are other provisions in the act for the prevention of infection through careless habits, notification of the recovery of persons, etc. A certain amount of discretion is lodged in the health officers, but none in those whose duty it is made to report cases of tuberculosis in any stage. Considerable difficulty is apprehended in the enforcement of the act, and there are those who fear that some sufferers will hesitate to consult a physician and be "reported" lest the secrecy of the records be violated in some way. Experience should throw light on such questions as these. Meantime an educational campaign will doubtless be necessary to remove opposition to the compulsory notification feature among the more ignorant elements of the population.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

Advertising, says Lily Herald Frost in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is the lance with which the modern crusader, known as the business agent, invades the world of commerce. And an extraordinarily effective weapon it is, as the breakfast food people and the patent medicine houses well know. The man who doesn't advertise is soon a derelict, as idle and useless as a painted ship upon a painted ocean. When the advertiser ceases his labor it is then that the receiver gets busy. It is when advertising dominates literature that one feels like protesting. The commercial spirit rules the reading world and thrusts its volumes upon it with a wealth of encomiums and a persistency that usually win.

By such judicious exploitation books are sold by the thousands. Their names are seen everywhere, in shop windows, on billboards, placarded along with brands of cigars or some superior make of whisky. And they are accorded such high sounding phrases of merit, of cleverness, of dramatic possibilities, that, backed by the author's name and the illustrator's art, they present such visions of delight that ever curious mortals must buy them just to satisfy their curiosity.

The Sorrowful Tree. There is a tree in Persia to which the name "the sorrowful tree" is given, perhaps because it blossoms only in the evening. When the first star appears in the heavens the first bud of the sorrowful tree opens, and as the shades of night advance and the stars thicken and the buds continue gradually opening until the whole tree looks like an immense white flower. On the approach of dawn, when the brilliancy of the stars gradually fades in the light of day, the sorrowful tree closes its flowers, and ere the sun is fully risen not a single blossom is visible. A sheet of flower dust as white as snow covers the ground around the foot of the tree, which seems blighted and withered during the day, while, however, it is actively preparing for the next nocturnal festival. The fragrance of the blossoms is like that of the evening primrose.

If the tree is cut down close to the roots a new plant shoots up and attains maturity in an incredibly short time. In the vicinity of this singular tree there usually grows another which is almost an exact counterpart of the sorrowful tree, but less beautiful, and, strange to say, it blossoms only in the daytime.

Not Natural. To the studio of an artist who had just finished a portrait of a distinguished resident of a neighboring city a friend of the sitter came to look at the newly painted canvas. The visitor was unacquainted and not particularly well acquainted with studios. He wanted to see how good a likeness had been made of his friend. He kept walking nearer and nearer to the painting and finally put out his finger as if to touch it.

The artist was getting nervous at the approach of the finger to the paint and he asked the visitor not to touch the portrait, as it was not dry. The near-sighted man put down his hand and walked to the door, turning only to say: "If it isn't dry it isn't my friend." And he walked out.

Even the wise barber isn't always able to put you next.

Sermons of the Week

The Same Method. The method by which a man wins his wife is the method by which he ought to keep her.—Rev. W. W. Bustard, Baptist, Boston.

Manhood. In the most advanced civilization each must stand or fall according to his real manhood.—Rev. John F. Goucher, Methodist, Baltimore.

No Sin. The man who argues that there is no sin either willfully lies or else he does not know his own heart.—Rev. Dr. Broughton, Congregationalist, Atlanta.

View of Life. Life is not to be looked at as hideous. Look at life as God sees it. With smiles and hard work, life has great possibilities.—Rev. A. T. Horn, Methodist, Chicago.

Success. Success in Christian work does not always depend upon superior mental attainments, but upon the powers of adaptation.—Rev. George Adams, Methodist, Brooklyn.

A Cloak for Sin. Be watchful of those who urge the sanction of public opinion as a cloak for conduct which you know to be wrongful.—Rev. J. Lewis Parks, Episcopalian, New York City.

Successful Work. The man who works with God is sure of success because his work is permanent, and he builds feeling sure his plans will go through.—Rev. Thomas Knox, Presbyterian, Aurora.

Gospel of Joy. The gospel of Jesus was ushered in to give men and women happiness and joy without going to the world, the flesh and the devil for it.—Rev. F. W. Cox, Presbyterian, Providence.

Gambling. The Scriptures teach us that the child buried in the slum is God's child, that the drunkard loafing in a pothouse may return to His Father's house, and the most debauched gambler was once an innocent child.—Rev. Dr. Cadman, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

Teach by Example. If you want your children to follow Christ, follow Him yourself; if you want them to go to church, come with them; if you want them in the Sunday school, do not send them, but bring them hand in hand.—Rev. Marion D. Shutter, Presbyterian, Minneapolis.

Pain. Pain is a great savior. Its warnings keep from death, teach us how to prolong life. It is foolish to think we shall ever conquer, overcome or learn to live without pain. It is right to avoid it, for that is the day of life.—Rev. David Utter, Unitarian, Denver.

Small Acts Merit Reward. The slightest and most trivial and most insignificant action performed in a state of grace and done from the love of God with a pure intention is worthy of a degree of merit which will one day be transformed into a degree of glory.—Rev. J. S. M. Lynch, Roman Catholic, Utica, N. Y.

Hiddeals. Many a general who has ridden into battle with all the appearance of a hero has not been brave enough to stand up before his army and make the sign of the cross. Ridicule is a more powerful enemy than shot and powder.—Archbishop Farley, Roman Catholic, New York City.

The New and the Old. No man will get far unless he is fearless to fight for the new when he is sure that the new is true; but neither will he get far unless also he be reverent toward the old, unless he receives with gratitude the truth which the old brings; the man who would multiply his newly-discovered and useless fruit must not ignore the tree upon which he would graft it.—Rev. C. W. Collier, Congregationalist, Bangor.

Friendship. It often happens that a man's wealth spoils his possibilities of deep and diversified friendships. For it is among workers and never among idlers that true friendships are formed. Men who dawdle about their clubs can never know the choice and enduring friendships which rise among men who labor and sacrifice together for a common cause. Friendships are for fighters and not for loafers.—Rev. Dr. Feun, Episcopalian, Boston.

Fellowship of God. Raphael in dying could not give his student his skill, his spirit and his wisdom. But Christ, who died and rose again, breathes His spirit into His disciples and accompanies them forevermore. Those who do not possess the life of Christ within them may exist, but they do not live. Life is that which is added to existence by the direct vision of God and by direct fellowship with Him.—Rev. Charles L. White, Baptist, Waterville, Me.

"Old Glory" stands for a great history; and not only does it stand for traditions and actual historical events, but as a banner the flag is older than almost any of the flags of modern nations. It also stands for glory, both of the past and of the present, and also of the future. Duty it also symbolizes, and as a banner of freedom it upholds liberty for all alike, religious as well as political.—Rev. Duane N. Griffin, Methodist, Hartford.

A Pony's Indifference. Little Dick—Mamma, I think I'd be a better boy if I had a pony like Tom Hunter's.

Mother—Better in what way, my boy?

Little Dick—I think I'd be more charitable.

Mother (surprised)—More charitable?

Little Dick—Yes. Because then I wouldn't feel so glad when Tom's pony runs away with him.

There takes place many a slip after the cup has been to the lip.

Old Favorites

Tired of Play. "Tired of play! Tired of play!" What hast thou done this livelong day? The birds are silent, and so is the bee; The sun is creeping up steeply and true; The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves, And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves. Twilight gathers and day is done— How hast thou spent it, restless one?

"Playing?" but what hast thou done beside To tell thy mother at eventide? What promise of morn is left unbroken? What kind words to thy playmates spoken? Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven? How with thy faults has duty striven? What hast thou learned by field and hill, By greenwood path, and by singing rill?

There will come an eve to a longer day That will find thee tired—but not of play! And thou wilt learn, as thou loatest now, With drooping limbs and aching brow, And wish that the shadows would faster creep, And long to go to thy quiet sleep. Well were it then, if thine aching brow Were as free from sin and shame as now! Well for thee, if thy lip could tell A tale like this, of a day spent well.

If thine open hand hath relieved distress, If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness, If thou hast forgiven the sore offense, And humbled thy heart with penitence; If nature's voices have spoken to thee With her holy meanings eloquently; If every creature hath won thy love, From the creeping worm to the brooding dove;

If never a sad, low-spoken word Hath pleased with thy human heart unheeded; Then, when the night steals on, as now, It will bring relief to thine aching brow, And with joy and peace at the thought of rest. Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast. —N. T. Willis.

COUGHS AND THE NOSE.

Many Stubborn Cases Due to Trouble in Nasal Fossae. There are people who have a stubborn cough which lasts for months and years and which they more rational treatment is unable to cure. This was the case with a woman, of whom M. Lermozey, of Paris, recently reported his observations to the Societe Medicale des Hopitaux, and who coughed for eleven years without anyone being able to cause this infirmity to disappear, until one day, after an examination of her nose, the abolition of polypoid growths, a cough with a nasal origin, therefore exists which may be more frequent than one is led to believe. It is, M. Lermozey says, generally termed a perovous cough. This term is at the same time an error in diagnosis and leads to an insufficient treatment.

The nasal cough occurs when two morbid conditions are realized simultaneously; these are an exaggerated sensibility of the mucous membrane of the nose and a local cause of irritation. This local excitant may be either hay fever or a polypus in the nose.

Nasal coughs have certain characteristics which may serve to render them recognizable. They are dry, convulsive, progressive, irresistible.

What often deceives as to the cause of these fits of coughing is a banal subjective illusion. The sufferer from a nasal cough feels that it is caused by a pricking sensation in the larynx, and, on the contrary, notices no tickling in the nose.

A systematic examination of the nasal fossae of all people who cough, is, therefore, necessary. Sometimes a large lesion is found in them, floating polypoid which irritates the mucous membrane; sometimes the latter seems normal, but at certain points cough-producing zones are found which are revealed by two complimentary signs: production of the cough by the irritation of the said zones, suppression of the cough by the coagulation of the zones.

The diagnosis of the nasal origin of a cough considerably attenuates its prognosis. This cough when not recognized continues almost indefinitely; when recognized it gives way almost always to a rational local treatment, and sometimes disappears with astonishing rapidity.

Thanks are due to M. Lermozey for calling attention to the role, scarcely suspected until now, by which the mucous membrane of the nose plays in the persistence of certain coughs; and in case of need recourse will be had to the therapeutical means which this knowledge indicates.—Paris Edition of New York Herald.

His Humble Uses. She was versed in Greek and Latin, She was versed in German, too; She was versed in all the classics, And the poets old and new. She had studied art and music, And in culture she was trained; But I note her weary husband Had to button up her waist.

She could talk of bygone heroes, She could tell offhand their names; She could tell when Rome was founded, And the date it fell in flames. She could tell of styles and fashions At a mile-a-minute rate; But she had to ask her husband If her hat was pinned on straight.

—Detroit Free Press.

Luck. "I suppose you wouldn't part with this dear old farm house for anything," said the enthusiastic girl.

"No," answered Farmer Cornstossel, "I don't expect to."

"You regard it as a kind of mascot, don't you?"

"Well, the fellow that managed to sell it to my father was pretty lucky."

—Washington Star.

Now Complete. "He had an eye on the stage."

"Well?"

"So he went there and got the book."

—Baltimore American.



Three hundred years ago Samuel de Champlain, the French explorer, founded the settlement of Quebec. In commemoration of his twenty-first birthday the city of Quebec recently had the greatest celebration in its history, and one of the greatest ever held in the New World. The city gave itself up to festivities for ten days, and Canadians of both British and French ancestry joined in making the event one to be remembered. The celebration was attended by the Prince of Wales, by representatives from all the principal governments and by the greatest collection of warships, comprising English, French and American vessels that ever gathered in the St. Lawrence river. The United States was represented by Vice President Fairbanks and Rear Admiral W. S. Cowles, brother-in-law of the President.

Civil, religious, military and naval authorities participated in the various ceremonies and festivities. There were huge and costly pageants, fetes, military parades and naval reviews to charm both eye and ear. The celebration was attended by nearly all Canada, and thousands of expatriated Canadians gathered from the various foreign countries in which they have made their homes. The landing of Champlain on the shore of the St. Lawrence and his selection of the spot on which Quebec, the oldest French settlement in Canada, is built, were reproduced. A great historical pageant was given, illuminated floats representing different events in the history of Quebec. There were parades in which the various crack Canadian regiments took part. Premier Laurier and other noted speakers made addresses. There was a review of the English, French and United States vessels in the St. Lawrence river. Thanksgiving mass was held on the Plains of Abraham by the Catholics of the city, headed by the Canadian primate, and thanksgiving services were held in the Episcopal cathedral. There was a great shore parade and a scene enacted representing the landing of Wolfe's force, the ascent up the heights and the battle of the Plains of Abraham. Then farewells were exchanged and the British squadron took its departure. The next day the French vessels followed suit, and finally the New Hampshire heaved anchor and bade farewell to Quebec.

Evolution of the Street Car

Three hundred years ago an English coal miner laid some wooden beams in the muddy road leading from his colliery, for the wheels of his coal cart to run on; the other day a coal mine owner from the same country boarded an electric car in New York and made a tour of the subway. The boards in the muddy road were the ancestors of that street car, writes B. R. Wilson.



IN THE OLD DAYS THE PASSENGER WAS IN DANGER OF FALLING OFF.

The little expedient of the English miner, which made heavy hauling light, marked the beginning of the "tramway," the great-grandfather of the railway, the thing which made street cars possible. These wooden beams served their purpose very well until they began to wear out. Inventive genius was equal to the occasion; the wooden beams were plated with iron. Thin iron bands were fastened to the top of the beam to take the weight of the cart wheels. This was all right as far as the top was concerned, but the wooden beams rotted on the bottom; so they made them out of iron entirely and laid them on short pieces of wood which could be cheaply replaced when they rotted. To keep the wheels of the coal carts from running off the rails was the next problem, and they solved it by putting flanges on the outer sides of the rail. In 1789 William Jessop, the father of the street railway, took the flanges off the rails and put them on the cart wheels and the real evolution of the street car began.



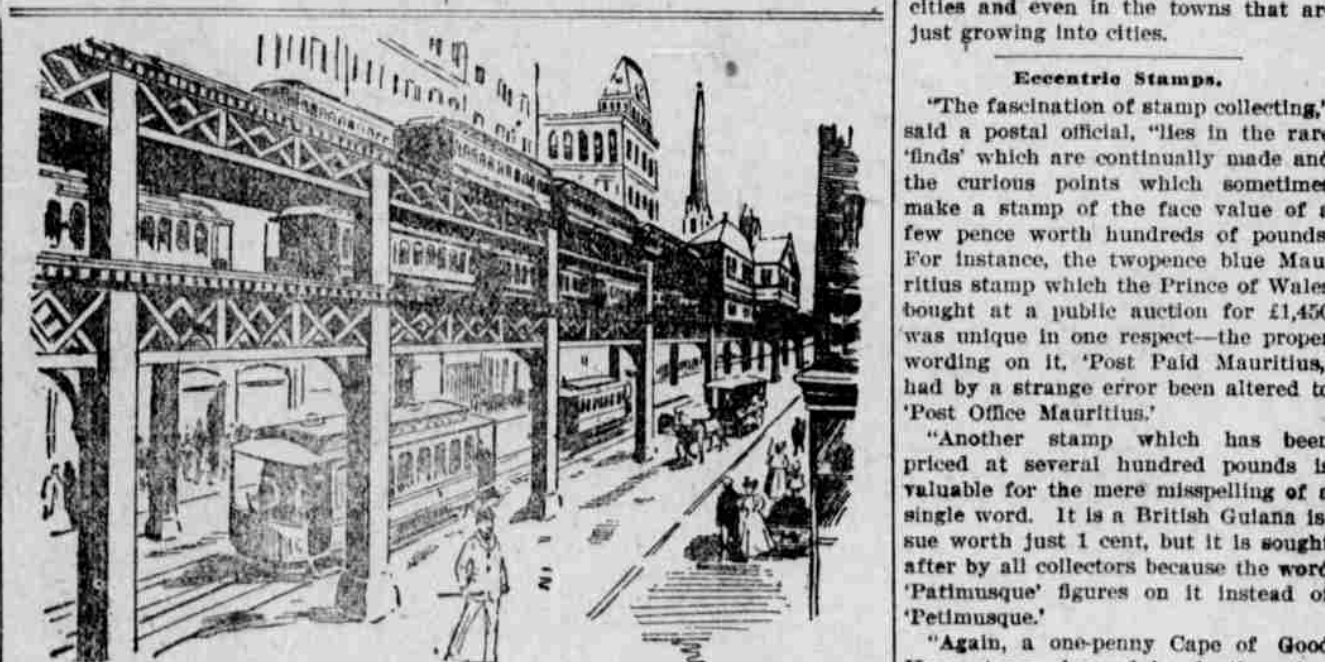
BUT NOW HE CAN HARDLY GET OFF WHEN HE WANTS TO.

The Omnibus Car. A clumsy omnibus car drawn by horses made trips over this railway, carrying passengers. The car was a big stage coach, or rather three stage coaches in one, for there were three compartments, each of which resembled a small stage coach, and it had

Sprague's electric railway, however, was about twenty years wide, and it was filled with numerous attempts to help the eager passengers to hurry. The first cable road was laid in San Francisco in 1873 by Andrew S. Hallidie, Henry Root, Asa E. Hoey and William Eppelsheimer. The originator of the idea, however, was E. S. Gardner, of Philadelphia, who suggested the plan some time prior to the actual building.

The cable served its useful purpose for eighteen years, when it was electrified by the motor car promoters; that

they never passed beyond the experimental stage. The real beginning of the American electric street railway system was the Union Passenger Railway of Richmond, Va., equipped by Lieut. Sprague and opened for service on the first day of February, 1888. It was a "trolley" line—"trolley" is the word in use now. City officials soon saw the danger of overhead wires in the crowded city, and their precautions led to the underground system, a system that is familiar to all, for examples good and bad are on constant exhibition in the streets of our cities and even in the towns that are just growing into cities.



PROPOSED NEW DOUBLE-DECKED "L" ROAD IN NEW YORK CITY.

the name "John Mason" painted above the center door.

is, electric conductor rails were strung in the cable conduit and the wire pulled out. The dynamo had been perfected and electricity was a commercial motive power; therefore, the electric street railway of 1888 was a success. Before that, attempts had been made to operate street cars by various kinds of magnetic engines. In 1835 Thomas Davenport, a blacksmith, built a railway in Springfield, Mass., over which he operated a car driven by an electric magnet motor, and twelve years later Prof. Moses Farmer brought out another electro-magnetic motor, but

People are never content for the same reason that a sheep never has feathers.

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A RELIC OF BYGONE DAYS IN CHICAGO.