

Isn't it about time for another change in the style of our 2-cent postage stamps?

One trouble with a universal language is that so many men could not stay at home long enough to learn it.

A Boston woman is suing for divorce because her husband threw a pie in her face. It must not have hit the right spot.

The people of France are drifting around to the point where they are in favor of more babies—for other people.

Tradition seems to have sustained a hard jolt through the fact that it was not the German empress who talked too much.

How the Czar of Russia must despise the Emperor of Germany for permitting a legislative body to lay down rules of conduct for him!

A Kansas man who married a school-teacher complains that his wife always assumes a dictatorial attitude whenever she hears the school bell ringing.

Now who would ever have suspected that such a kindly disposed old soul as Uncle Edward of England would have taken the trouble to pester anybody?

We can see no reason why anybody should seek to kill the Kaiser by wrecking the royal train, or in any other way. He is a good and obedient monarch.

A fellow doesn't always know where to place his sympathy. A Massachusetts man with fifty children was arrested for non-support of recently arrived twins.

John D. Rockefeller's testimonials to his non-coercive methods in acquiring rival companies as the "kind I have always used; I have used no other," will sound familiar to the readers of soap advertisements.

Prince von Buelow refers to Germany as a parvenu among the nations. There are many people who will find it difficult to understand how Germany can feel hurt owing to the fact that she is blamed for being young.

Sometimes a man proves that he is great through his ability to recognize greatness in others. It is in this way that Boswell won his fame. The city of Litchfield, England, the birthplace of Johnson, has lately erected a statue of Boswell near that of Johnson himself. Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is still regarded as the greatest biography in history.

China can never go back into the dark. It has been brought too far into contact with the world of ideas and action now to revert to the ancient type. It may be several generations before western ideas are firmly planted in the Chinese soil, but, nevertheless, there has been a great work of preparation there to insure an eventual rooting of civilization as the West conceives the term.

Cooking schools are an old story, and special courses in domestic science have been in operation for some years in more than one city. Probably the first institution, already established for general culture, to undertake household economics for women is King's College, London. The university housewife will receive her degree for three years' work in all that a mistress of a home needs to know, from laboratory practice in scrubbing to the theory of home decoration and the law of landlord and tenant.

When George Grey Barnard's statues were exhibited recently in the Boston Art Museum, one piece, "The Hower," was set up outdoors on a plot of green. This is said to be the first case of a temporary exhibit of statuary in a public square, and it establishes a suggestive precedent. Will not more people see a work of art if it is placed on a thoroughfare than in a museum, and may not the time come when exhibits of statues will pass from one public park to another throughout the country?

What can be done with intensive farming and irrigation is shown in a circular recently issued by the Commercial Club of North Yakima, Wash. One farmer received ten thousand dollars for the apples from his fifteen-acre orchard. Apples sell for a dollar and a quarter a box, and the yield runs from five hundred to two thousand boxes an acre. The man who raised the ten-thousand-dollar apple crop sold the yield from fifteen cherry trees for two hundred and forty dollars. Another received forty-five hundred dollars for the peaches which he raised on three and a half acres; a third sold his nine-acre pear crop for the same amount, and still another got eleven hundred and fifty-five dollars from three acres of potatoes. The Yakima valley is peculiarly adapted to fruit-raising, but there is no reason why farmers elsewhere may not increase the yield of their land by adopting some of the methods successfully used there.

They have a "banker's row" at Joliet prison, and it has been Chicago's fortune to furnish most of its inmates. Stensland is there. Van Vliet is now there. In Van Vliet's case the machinery of the law had no obstacles. No high-priced lawyers fought to save the culprit from punishment on flimsy technicalities. The guilty man's conscience saved the state the time and expense of a long trial. These tragedies in the business world, read their own lesson. A career of crime can only be prolonged to a certain limit. It is fortunate when the crash comes before innocent victims have widespread hardship and misery inflicted on them. But the crash will come sooner or later.

Like others of his class, Van Vliet's first wrong step led him to take others. His "endless chain" of irregularities was not endless, after all. In his case the losers are fortunately not small bank depositors. But a man of his type is as demoralizing to the business world as the robber of bank savings or the swindler of widows and orphans. It is a high tribute to the general integrity of the financial world that moral lapses, as in Van Vliet's case, evoke no maddening sympathy. Swift and stern justice is the only safe deterrent for others with a tendency toward dalliance with temptation. A felon's cell must be made a grim reality for crimes of this nature. The higher the former estate, and the greater the fall, the more certainly is the adage that "The wages of sin is death" proved true.

At the rate scientists are discovering the germ causes of various diseases in pretty much every kind of food of human consumption it is likely to become a serious question how a man may eat at all and maintain a healthy body. The vegetarians have done their best to depict the terrors of a meat diet, and now the vegetarians are confronted by a Buffalo physician who has it all worked out that vegetables cause cancer. Cancer, off and on, has been laid to tomatoes, oysters and lager beer. Now this physician, in a paper read to the Buffalo Academy of Medicine, lays it to cabbage, celery, onions, lettuce and the like. His contention is that the common garden worm is the source of the parasite which produces cancer. The worm crawls over the vegetable, infecting the plant. Even boiling, it is declared, will not kill the parasite. Beset on every hand by some terror, it seems to be a problem in this poor, old, germ-infected world whether to starve to death or take one of the parasite or bacilli routes. There certainly is reason in nature, if we must accept all the theories and "discoveries" for the new school of psychological dietitians which holds that the cravings of appetite and the inner man may be satisfied in the main without any tangible, physical form of food. Once the psychological theory is established on a practical basis, however, watch out for somebody to discover the germs of measles, diphtheria, appendicitis and a lot more ailments in the psychic waves that operate to appease hunger.

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Hooping Cough.

A great many popular errors have gathered round this little disorder. To begin, the name may be written "whooping" or "hooping" at choice. It is based on the peculiar noise made by the sufferer when drawing in his breath after each paroxysm of coughing. The "hooping" is not always present. Infants under 12 months seldom make this noise. The essentials are violent fits of coughing, carried out until the sufferer appears almost choking, and alternating with periods of complete freedom. In an ordinary cold in the throat, in bronchitis, and in consumption the cough is sometimes quite short, but in hooping cough it is never short.

Hooping cough is always infectious, and, while it is perfectly true that the germs become less virulent in the open air, they never cease to be infectious even when a patient is treated altogether by the open-air cure. Undoubtedly fresh air does the sufferer good, but keen winds and damp do harm. Hence one should send a child out only on clear, calm and otherwise pleasant days. It is better for a child to be up than in bed. Hooping cough may attack persons of any age, although most frequent in childhood.

There is a belief that hooping cough can occur only once in life. This is an error. Not any infectious disease confers absolute immunity from further attacks. Some persons make light of this disorder, thinking that it never turns out fatally, but it does. It may start bronchitis or rupture a blood vessel. A child suffering from this disorder should be put into a sunny room, as high in the house and as isolated from the rooms of the other children as may be possible. The best temperature is 60 degrees Fahrenheit, day and night. Milk diet is best.

Causes of Baldness. In some cases it is because mental strain robs the scalp of the nervous influence necessary for nutrition; in others, because the scalp is poisoned by the things rubbed in, by decomposing secretions on its surface, and by keeping in the perspiration that should be allowed to evaporate. This last takes place when hats, false hair—however called—and other things prevent free ventilation. The electric light is injurious to some scalps, causing a rapid fall of hair. The poisons in the system that bring about gout and rheumatism will cause loss of hair. All these cases are marked at the first by slight thinning over the entire scalp, most marked as a rule on the temples and the crown.

Apart from internal tones and other medicines intended to benefit the general health, all such cases can be cured when taken early, by the use of common cleanliness, free ventilation, hair foods and stimulants. But there is quite another class in which the falling is not general. It is limited to one or more spots. These become quite bald, and they enlarge. Sometimes they increase in number and merge into one another. In bad cases every hair on the body may fall out. This is patchy baldness, and will not yield to the measures outlined. It demands the persevering use of some powerful "germicide," like carbolic acid in solution. The stronger the solution is, short of causing a sore spot, the better will be the result.

SKIBBO'S LOVABLE HOSTESS.

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie Supervises Every Detail of Her Home. One of the happiest women and most ideal wives in the world is Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, if one may believe the friends in this country and in Scotland who pay homage to her many lovable qualities. She is essentially a womanly woman, but for all that she follows a regimen as rigid as any soldier's in her home life at Skibo, as in New York and Pittsburg.

There are many servants at Skibo and in the Fifth Avenue mansion, but every detail of the home comes under the direct supervision of the mistress. She has hours as rigidly kept as a fashionable practitioner's when she receives the butler, "the house mother," a sweet Highland way of talking of the prosaic office of housekeeper, and other heads of domestic departments, the grooms and the gardeners and the stewards.

Mrs. Carnegie is fond of outdoor life and intensely interested in all that means better health for rich and poor. But she has never gone in for athletics nor anything which might be called fads. She is devoted to music and, like her husband, she prefers organ music to any other variety. It has been observed that recently a large portion of Mr. Carnegie's benefactions are taking the shape of fine pipe organs for poor churches. Mrs. Carnegie was his inspiration. She frequently dwells on the divine property of music in soothing sorrow and uplifting the soul, and she has often remarked that she pities a congregation which is suffering from a wheezy organ from the bottom of her heart. Whenever she hears of an afflicted organ, she takes the matter in hand. She investigates in a quiet, systematic way the resources of the congregation, and when she finds that a good musical instrument entails

THE MODERN FRESH-AIR PAVILION AND WHAT IT ACCOMPLISHES.

It may be said that to-day the curative treatment of tuberculosis finds its self itself departed from the principles of Hippocrates, who 400 years before Christ advised patients to "go into the hills and drink goats' milk." Modern methods with tuberculosis are still largely advisory and are regulated by the four essentials: Air, food, rest, control, says the American Review of Reviews. And, although this regimen is filled out by certain measures tending to alleviate and aid, without these four essentials the physician of to-day is able to do little. The international congress on tuberculosis, which meets at Washington this fall, will have nothing beyond to offer. The single specific for tuberculosis is yet to be found.

Of course, "new cures" are evolved constantly. We have had the "vegetable-juice" cure, the "stufing" treatment and various "inhalations." But one and all prove, upon real trial, to be either worthless or else of only superficial value. However, it must not be conjectured that the curative treatment of tuberculosis has not advanced. The principles are as ever, but they are being more thoroughly applied and their effectiveness furthered. An unremitting study is being made for a better understanding and appreciation of the fresh air and proper food, the rest, the careful supervision.

Fresh air maintains its position as first among the requirements in the treatment of tuberculosis. That the fresh air may be unimpeded and absolutely incapable of contamination the outdoor pavilion is assuming the per-



DAMROSCH SAYS MUSIC TAKES THOUGHTS AWAY FROM THE PRICE OF BACON AND EGGS.

LITTLE THINGS.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing. With your hand on the door to go. But it takes the venom out of the sting Of a thoughtless word of a cruel fling That you made an hour ago. A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare After the toll of the day; And it smooths the furrows plowed by And the lines on the forehead you once called fair In the years that have flown away. 'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind; I love you, my dear," each night; But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find. For Love is tender and Love is blind— As we climb life's rugged height. We starve each other for love's caress; We take, but we do not give; It seems so easy some soul to bless, But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less. Till 'tis bitter and hard to live. —Andrew Lang.

TELLING FORTUNES.

The girl broke the silence that had fallen upon the two persons in the rather formal room known as the "parlor." "I want so much to read your palm," she said. "I've been studying palmistry for nearly a week and I know just lots. Of course I'm not like a professional, but, anyhow, I think it's fun. You won't mind, will you?"

The young man, who seemed rather anxious than otherwise to submit his fate to her judgment, yielded his palm. "My, what a nice big hand!" she cried admiringly. "It's better to have big hands than little—or is it little that big? Anyhow, you have a splendid line of life. It looks as though you might live to be 90. Aren't you glad?"

"That depends," the young man said. "Is yours a long one?"

"You'll be very successful in the law," she went on. "And even make money in it."

"Look here!" broke in the young man. "You're reading from what you know. I've been a lawyer for a long while."

"Yes, but look at this line!" she cried triumphantly. "That means the law."

"That isn't a line. That's where I cut myself on the sardine can last month at the picnic," he said. "I nearly had blood poisoning and nobody paid any attention to it. Wasn't there a lovely moon, though?"

"Looks as if you were going to have lots of trouble," she murmured. "Here's a line of influence that's awfully strong, but I don't see any divorce or anything."

"I don't see any wife yet," he said, gloomily. "How's anybody to get a divorce if he hasn't even got a wife?"

"Oh, but you're going to get married," she assured him. "But, of course, a palmist can't tell what she's like."

"If you can't nobody can." "Please don't interrupt. You have a sorrow hand and that means disappointment, but you have a perfectly lovely fate line, and that means you're never going to be disappointed. You'll never be a social success."

MUSIC AS A DIVORCE CURE.

"Looks as if those that ought to be large are small and those that ought to be small are large, but I'm not sure. You are going abroad." "Ask fate to make it the wedding trip," he said. "Go on." "One journey ends in a disappointment and on one you are going to be ill." "I'm always seasick. Go on." "You've always been strong, but your nails seem to indicate heart trouble and nervousness." "That's right," he confessed. "One causes the other, but neither is incurable if given proper care." "You've had lots of flirtations." "There you know you're wrong." "Well," she hesitated, "I'm not sure whether they're flirtations or only worries, but, anyhow, there they are." "A flirtation is a worry." "How do you know?" she asked. "Here's a thing that looks like a feather duster. I wonder what that means?" "A clean sweep," he said. "The world is mine." "Well, maybe," she went on. "Jupiter, Mercury and the sun are all nice and big." "I seem to possess all the planets. I suppose you think I want the earth?" "You can make speeches and you are going to die a long way from your birthplace." "And all alone? Is there no one who will throw out the life line to me?" "Don't be foolish, for this is serious. I wish I could remember whether or

not it is a good thing to have sticking out lines on the line of head." "Give me the benefit of the doubt. Now, tell me more about the heart."

"I never go back," she said definitely. "Really?" he asked, drawing away his hand. "What are you going to do with it—chuck it?"

"Please give me your hand again." "No, I'd rather have yours," he said. "I know I could read you a first-rate fortune. Let's see it."

Reluctantly she held her palm out and he took it in his own.

"These wiggly lines under your middle finger show you are going to marry a lawyer," he said. "And your fate line says there's no use your squirming for I'm going to keep this hand, no matter what you do. May I?"

"I—I don't seem able to help it," she faltered. "I can't get it away."

"And don't worry!" "Not—not awfully much."

"Come on, let's go out on the porch," he said softly. "I can tell fortunes better out there."—Chicago News.

"GIVE ME YOUR HAND AGAIN."

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A SLEEPER, BUT NO SLEEP.

Observations of a Man Who Went to Bed in a Railroad Station. "You can take the midnight train, you know," they told him, "and as they make up the berths early you can go to sleep while the train is in the yard and probably you'll be at home by the time you wake up."

That seemed a fine plan, and the young man was very willing to get down to the train about 10 o'clock. Half an hour later he turned in, says the New York Sun.

Just as he snuggled down into the bed clothing a train rolled into the station on the track next to the one on which the sleeper stood. The bell on the engine changed monotonously, filling every corner of the overarching roof of the station with clamor. The long, rolling din of the bell, suddenly ceasing, gave way to a hissing of steam from the locomotive as the engineer performed goodness knows what necessary operation with the boiler.

The would-be sleeper turned over restlessly. The hissing steam was not a bit less insistent than the clanging of the bell had been and he was heartily glad when it stopped.

Over on a track two or three removed from his train another locomotive appeared to be waking up. Some miserable local train was making ready to leave. The puff, puff, puff of the early strides of the locomotive was followed by a louder crashing noise.

Once more the man who was trying to get to sleep turned over. He hauled up the blind and looked out. The local was pulling out, but he could see a light that showed another train coming in.

For the hour and half that the train had to stay in the station he sat up with his eyes glued to the window and watch in hand, just counting how many seconds of noiseless time he got. Finally when they did rattle and roll out of the station a theatrical company on board the sleeper made so much noise that he didn't have a chance to get to sleep until nearly 1 o'clock.

As he is one of the unfortunates who never can get to sleep on a sleeper when it is moving you may imagine how grateful he felt to the railroad for opening up the berths early in a yard jammed with all sorts of noisy traffic.

A Substitute. Irish wit is as excellent as it is proverbial. A writer in the Mariner's Advocate tells the story of a ship doctor on an English liner who notified the death steward, a Hibernian, that a man had died in stateroom 45. The usual instructions to bury the body were given. Some hours later the doctor peeped into the room and found that the body was still there.

He called the matter to the attention of the Irishman, who replied: "I thought you said room 46. I went in there and seen wan of thim in a bunk. Are ye dead?" says I. "No," says he, "but I'm pretty near dead." So I was getting ready to bury him."

A Lesson of Defeat. Oh, the way won't be so gloomy when you've learned to say good-by—to take your leave of bagged hopes with a clear, undamned eye!

To stand beside the grave of dreams where sorrow laid your heart, Determined, though the heavens fall, to make another start! —Birmingham Age-Herald.

Inconsistency. "Pa, what is the meaning of inconsistency?" asked Freddy.

"Inconsistency, my son," exclaimed pa, "means a man who grows all day, and then goes home and kicks the dog for barking at night."

Said She. She picked herself from the debris, and said to her friends: "Look at me!" And her friend merely said, "As she twisted her hand, and looked at her dress: 'Hully gee!'" —Houston Post.



too heavy a demand, she induces Mr. Carnegie in the matter of supplying the deficiency at least in part.

ON THE LOOKOUT.

Frauds Among Those Who Inhabit the Region of Torandoes. In the region where tornadoes are common, which is a pretty large territory, nearly every family has one member who has a highly developed fear of storms, says a western newspaper writer. When warm weather and the cyclone put in their appearance the scary one begins the preparation of a safe retreat, probably in the cellar under the house; or if he happens to be a 33d grade member of the Amalgamated Order of Frauds he has a cave lined with re-enforced concrete constructed somewhere in the back yard.

In his cave or cellar retreat the coward puts a bed, and if he has it bad he is apt to lay in a stock of provisions and a barrel of water. During the day the other members of the family have a good deal of fun chaffing the coward; but he gets even at night by disturbing their sleep.

Among other peculiarities of the cyclone coward is an optical illusion which possesses him about the time the bass begin to bite. From then until harvest time every cloud he sees assumes a funnel shape and he is sure we are going to have a twister. And he never misses a cloud. When he sees one he gets up, gathers up his clothes and the insurance papers and proceeds to try to herd the family to safety.

If the coward happens to be the man of the house he sometimes succeeds in dragging the sleeping wife and children to the cellar while he looks out the door until a gentle summer shower begins to fall. But if the coward is the wife she never has much success with the old man beyond getting him angry, and because of her duty to the children, she takes them to the 'raid hole, abandoning the husband to his fate—and sleep.

Quite the Contrary. The Sympathetic Friend.—It must be very hard to lose money at the races. Smith (a plunger)—Hard! Hang it, old chap, it's the easiest thing in the world!—London Opinion.

A man is only deceiving himself when he thinks he is deceiving his wife.

About once in 2,000,000 times the cy-

fect type. The tent is losing ground, not even the most radical styles can be fully ventilated at all hours of all seasons with the precision of the modern constructed pavilion. The tent is hotter than the pavilion, colder than the pavilion and damper than the pavilion. The pavilion is also being accorded precedence over the cottage plan.

Hard to Believe. More than half the surface of the globe is hidden beneath water two miles deep; 7,000,000 square miles lie at a depth of 18,000 feet or more. Many places have been found five miles and more in depth. The greatest depth yet sounded is 31,200 feet, near the Island of Guam.

Mr. Everest, the world's highest mountain, were plucked from its seat and dropped into this spot the waves would still roll 2,000 feet above its crest.

Into this terrible abyss the waters press down with a force of more than 10,000 pounds to the square inch. The staunchest ship ever built would be crumpled under this awful pressure like an egg shell under a steam roller.

A pine beam 15 feet long, which held open the mouth of a trawl used in making a cast at a depth of more than 18,000 feet, was crushed flat, as if it had been passed between rollers.

The body of the man who should attempt to venture to such depths would be compressed until the flesh was forced into the interstices of the bones and his trunk was no larger than a rolling-pin. Still, the body would reach the bottom, for anything that will sink in a tub of water will sink to the uttermost depths of the ocean.

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