

Operation on Castro seems to have been successful. He was amputated from Venezuela.

Teddy is going to include among his African trophies a kahau; is it a quadruped or a nut?

Aeroplane are almost as cheap as automobiles—\$5,000—and turn turtle at 2 s. m. with equal facility.

Mr. Thaw has once more received a judicial hint that it is not possible to be crazy and sane at the same time.

The American fleet passed along the shores of Arabia without making a sound. Had its gun arable shoes on, possibly.

We can be thankful to automobiles for one thing; they have made our muffs unsafe and put them out of fashion.

Taxed bachelors would probably economize by sending to more candy and flowers, so somebody had better have a care.

If epans are going to pull beards of European rulers, whiskers get another blow—not exactly the kind that blows through.

Mr. Edison again announces a cheap and compact storage battery. What is needed next is a simple electric rat and ranch trap.

As if the perils of pedestrianism were not sufficient already, an eastern genius has invented an automobile for the blind.

A New York man has married a blind girl. It will not be necessary for him to explain how he spent that 15 cents on his way home.

A St. Louis man was compelled to go twenty-five years before he could get the lady to say yes. It is a hard job to struggle as long as that and get an old maid after all.

One of the preachers says he doesn't believe there ever was such a person as Salome. We are sure there never was such a Salome as has been seen on the stage in various places.

A gas well with a flow of 5,000,000 cubic feet per diem has been developed at Medicine Hat. Somebody might make a hit by setting fire to it; and thus warming things up in that vicinity.

Frank A. Vanderlip's theory is that success depends on "work and stomach." Mr. Vanderlip can do two days' work in one, and he has a stomach that can stand any dish except shrimp salad.

A Pennsylvania banker who robbed depositors of more than \$2,000,000 has been sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. Our dispatch does not say whether he is to be assigned to the bookkeeping department or is to look after the feeding of the warden's wife's canary.

Whatever opinionated critics may have to say as to the decadence of the drama and the degeneracy of the popular taste, the theater-goer in this country appreciates and will patronize plays which have some message for the reason and the intellect as well as for the senses. He will support with his attendance and wholesome productions of exotic and erotic features. The appeal of a play like "The Old Homestead" is elemental; it touches lost chords and forgotten springs of memory, not merely in the unapologetic country dweller, but in the "worldly wise man."

A parish priest in Ireland recently informed the department of agriculture at Washington that twelve farmers in his neighborhood having contributed a dollar apiece, he bought twelve good books on agriculture and horticulture, and thus established a small loan library which has done excellent service. Secretary Wilson now plans to develop a similar idea. He invites both county clergymen and physicians to take the initiative and volunteers to advise what books shall be purchased, and to supply such libraries with department publications. Under these conditions a small amount of money will go a long way and the farmers who invest it may feel sure that they, too, are progressing.

The use of common water ways has always proven a prolific cause of international wrangling. The joint navigation of such waters, the joint control of water power, the regulation of fishing rights and the determination of the use of water in navigable streams having their rise in one jurisdiction and their outflow in another have led to interminable disputes. Later inventions, especially the use of water power for the development of electrical energy, have only served to increase the possibilities of dissension. There has been a continuous unsettled water ways debate between the United States and Great Britain from the time of the colonies. It is therefore of most happy augury for the future that a treaty has been successfully negotiated by Secretary Root and Ambassador Bryce providing for amicable adjustment by a joint high commission of all future water way and boundary difficulties.

Bills to tax bachelors have for some time been a regular feature of the legislative year. Originally such bills were treated as bits of airy comedy designed to relieve the high seriousness of the sessions. They were put on the list of "crank" bills and added temporarily to the gaiety of the nation. To-day bachelor tax proposals are taken a little more seriously, though no one expects them to be enacted into law—as yet. What the

third phase may be is another story. It may be recalled that Kaiser Wilhelm himself not many months ago, in lightly discussing the heavy deficits in the imperial finances and the necessity of additional taxes, intimated that bachelors might be subjected to a fine or duty not only as a means of increasing the revenues but as a preventive of undue cultivation of single blessedness—or single misery. Truly, the statesman of the fatherland, when the time for action came, displayed weakness and left the bachelors severely alone. But the august royal sanction of the idea has tended to make it respectable if not immediately practical, and doubtless henceforth the crop of bachelor tax bills will be richer and finer. Already the dispatches tell of a great many people believe there is unlimited nonsense in the chatter about the lack of opportunity in America for the poor boy. The thing for the poor boy to do, and the thing for everybody to do is to follow the path of duty with as much industry and intelligence, as much cheerfulness and confidence as can be commanded. It is a truism that anybody in America who is willing to work can make a living. It is also a truism that character is better than riches. Not everybody can be a millionaire; not everybody can be rich, for not everybody has the practical foresight or the willingness to make sacrifices of present enjoyment for future financial benefit, usually essential to the acquisition of large means. But riches are more of a burden than a blessing to many who possess them. The man who wins sufficient of the world's wealth to pay his way and retains the respect of his fellow men makes a success of life. The opportunity to do this is open to all who have the will to do it and who do not lose their health. Why should the white continue that there is no chance for the young man?

Even Better. Love Should Be Reciprocal and Abound in Mutual Service. For thirty days she had taken care of her husband—a big, delightful boy—a genius, popular, gay, fascinating abroad—nervous, exacting, fascinating at home. She looked after his bed and board, nursed his indignations, cheered his periodical depressions, welcomed his friends, hated his critics and mothered him as a childless wife can mother her husband.

When half a lifetime had passed in these varied occupations, she developed a severe and painful disease of the heart. Her husband was amazed, perturbed, distracted. "Doctor," he cried to the old family physician and friend, "I don't understand what Mary has done to bring on this terrible trouble!" "Don't you?" replied the doctor. "I do."

Everybody else knew. The husband was honestly ignorant, and was as innocent of having been a party to her sacrifice as an ignorant, mature man ever can be.

The story is as common as life. Now it is the husband and now the wife who is the shield, guide, comfort, protection for the other. Sometimes the task comes to itself without a break. Again death steps in and thrusts aside the hands which have always been able to do their calming and saving work before. Or the flesh succumbs while the spirit is still strong. Whatever happens, there is only one thing more beautiful in the world than this self-forgetting love which spends lavishly for love's sake; and that is the reciprocal love which receives and gives, spends and saves, exacts and abounds at the same time, and which never has to utter in a dark hour the vain regret, "I don't understand! I didn't understand!"—Youth's Companion.

Aristocratic Nuns. The Duke of Norfolk has two sisters who are nuns. Lady Minna Howard belongs to the Carmelite order and Lady Etheldreda is a Sister of Charity.

Lady Edith Fleiding, sister of Lord Denbigh, is another Sister of Charity, and spends her days at a convent in Klu-Kiang, which is in China, as its name indicates. Lady Christina Randall, daughter of Lord Newburgh, is a nun in a French convent, and Lady Leopoldina Keppel is a nun of the Sacred Heart, in spite of the fact that she is sister of a Protestant peer, Lord Albemarle. Miss Mary and Miss Edith Clifford, sisters of Lord Clifford, of Chudleigh, are both nuns, as are Miss Cloely Arundell, sister to Lord Arundell, and Miss Leonine Dormer, sister to Lord Dormer. Lord French, who lives in Johannesburg, has two sisters who are nuns; three Misses Petre, sisters of Lord Petre, are nuns; Lord Herries has no fewer than four sisters who are nuns in convents; and, as for Lord Trillemston, an Irish peer and 18th baron, history seems uncertain as to whether four or five of his sisters are nuns, as several of these ladies have not been raised to the rank of baron's daughters.

Sop and Towels. The American Indian is rapidly being coming tamed. A few years ago soap and towels were practically unknown to him. But when Francis E. Leupp took charge of the Indian bureau he began introducing soap, a few hundred pounds the first year, increasing as time went by until the Indians of the country now use more than half a million pounds a year. Then came towels, a few at a time, until now, when towels are ordered for the use of the Indians by the mile where they were formerly bought by the yard. Now Commissioner Leupp is trying to make short hair fashionable among the red men. He is establishing barber shops on the reservations, and at the agencies. Once the Indian consents to sacrifice his long locks—well, he will no longer be an Indian.

If you want to see something real cozy, watch a widow who has consigned to take notice again, talk to a widower. "It's a great job," said the policeman. "I wish you'd get it patented. I had the job of arresting every guy who infringed on it. I'd start in by

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

NIGHT-RIDING MUST BE SUPPRESSED.

TENNESSEE jails are at present are populated with men arrested on charges of white-capping and kluksluxing. Besides the murder by night-riders a few weeks ago of a lawyer who had bought a lake and proposed to enforce fishing privileges which were his by reason of the purchase, there have been numerous minor outrages. One of these was the whipping of a farmer who sold his crop of peanuts at what other peanut growers considered too low a price. It is well that the civil authorities in Tennessee are making what looks like a strenuous effort in good faith to visit punishment upon bullying violators of the law. If the attempt of the civil authorities fails, the State militia should be freely used to prevent riotous outrages hereafter.

Should the arm of the State be not strong enough, the situation would call for help from the federal government. Night-riding, white-capping, kluksluxing—all terrorism and attempts at terrorism—must be put down if it takes the whole power of the standing army to do it. The United States must be a country of law and order.—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

MARRYING ON \$6 A WEEK.

ACCORDING to Justice Foster, women who marry men earning only \$6 a week should do so with a clear understanding that they must continue to work for a living, and he announces that, whatever other judges may do, he will never compel a husband with such an income to contribute any part of the separate support of a wife who chooses to leave him because of discontent with the home his earnings make possible. This rather startling announcement is sure to revive the old controversy as to the amount of money that makes possible a happy, or even an endurable, wedded life, and doubtless many will criticize Justice Foster for laying down a principle that takes so little account of sentiment and the accepted platitudes about love as the sufficient foundation of matrimonial bliss. And yet his decision has its merits, and many of them.

All efforts to fix a definite sum, whether of capital or of income, which will justify a young man and woman in getting married are waste of time. The outcome of the venture depends almost entirely upon their own peculiarities of character and capacity, and, while some would get along if they began on nothing at all, no amount would be large enough for others. The one case, like the other, however, is highly exceptional, and for the common run of humanity there is an income point below which matrimony is folly little, if any, less than criminal. And \$6 a week, in this city at least, is not for two people a living wage in any true sense of the term. Probably they could escape starvation on it, but they would constantly be on the very verge of that uncon-

fortable condition; they would fall steadily in the social and economic scale, and any trivial accident that diminished or cut off the wage would inevitably drive them into pauperism or crime.

If ruin came from no other source, the first child probably, and the second certainly, would bring it. The notion that two people, if only they be married, can live as cheaply as either alone is an absurd delusion. Two can live as cheaply as many a one does, but only when the one has been spending a large part of his or her income for other things than necessities, and is willing, under the new arrangement, to go without them. Twenty dollars is much nearer than six to the permissible minimum, and, at that, people who have never had to maintain a family on as little as the larger sum wonder how it can possibly be done. It simply can't be accomplished on \$6, if life is to be worthy of the name, and its ordinary decencies are requisite for happiness, as they ought to be.—New York Times.

ECONOMIC WASTE IN RELIGION.

NOT alone is religion in the commission of the economic crime of waste, but it everywhere furnishes one of the most conspicuous examples of the tendency. It would be needless to philosophize over the causes which have produced the infinite subdivisions among theologians or over the present-day movement which is leading men to consider—more than in the past—their points of agreement rather than their antagonism of belief and practice, yet the building or altar against altar goes on apace, and the endeavor which might be concentrated toward the betterment of mankind is frittered away and lost. Not one intelligent man doubts the stupendous force—creative, corrective and remedial—which could be exerted by the church people of the land if they could once be united and their efforts concentrated upon the execution of good works and the prevention of evil, and there are few who do not appreciate the difficulties and the obstacles which have to be overcome before such unity and concentration can be made possible.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

LIBERTY BELL NO HOB.

THE bell is a heritage of the nation, but Philadelphia is its responsible keeper. Here, in Independence Hall, is the one resting place that it should ever know. Take it away from its surroundings and it loses much of the sentiment that attaches to it. To send it on junketing expeditions is to cheapen it. If the policy of exhibiting it as a traveling showman would exhibit a wild animal from Africa is continued, the time will certainly come when, in some railroad crash, it will be scattered in fragments. It has had one or two pretty narrow escapes already. If anything should happen to it Philadelphia would never be forgiven.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SLOW TO IMPROVE.

England Does Not Readily Take to the "Hello" System. In some particulars England is far behind the main procession that is keeping up with the latest advance in the progress of modern civilization. It does not take readily to modern improvements and its dislike of telephones is beginning to annoy even the government. Parliament made up its mind several years ago to acquire the "hello" system for the state's benefit as fast as the expiration of private franchises made it possible to do so. Of course there was a disposition to popularize the use of telephones as much as possible in order to make the government-authorized business profitable from the start.

But the private corporations refused to show any enthusiasm. Inasmuch as they were going to lose their franchises pretty soon anyway, they argued, what was the use in drumming up customers? To get around the difficulty the government started a system of its own, making it a branch of the postal service. It was figured that this system would serve as a nucleus for the private lines as they reverted to the state, and that in the meanwhile the postoffice could make people acquainted with the telephone's convenience in office, shop and home.

To make it a really popular feature of modern life the postmaster general put the rate down to \$25 yearly for party lines. This was considered pretty cheap and a rush of business was expected. But there wasn't any. All government offices were supplied with instruments and a few upper civil servants put them in their houses. Nobody else seemed to care for them.

Investigation proved that the average Londoner regarded the mail as quite speedy enough for the delivery of his messages. If he happened to be in a tremendous hurry he went to the nearest public telephone and didn't complain a bit if the trip was 8 or 10 blocks long. Only peers and millionaires think of putting telephones in their houses. About 1 retail store in 20 has one. The smaller hotels consider them unnecessary. Most big offices have them, but it isn't an invariable rule, and no one deems it inconvenient or old-fashioned or stinky to be without.

Some people say the government's trouble with almost all the commercial enterprises it undertakes is attributable to the laziness of the rank and file of English civil servants.

Allying His Fears.

The New Convict—Say, old man, I'm likely to go stomping around my bond all at hours of the night. I'm a sleep walker. It worries me terribly, too. Guard—It needn't in this hotel, but there isn't the slightest danger of your walking out of a window.

Nothing to Fear.

Motorist's Friend—O, I say! Goodness gracious, we'll be smashed up in a minute! Motorist—All right, my dear fellow, don't excite yourself. The firm I bought this motor from have agreed to keep it in repair for a year.

When a man tells his side of the "story," you can't believe all he says. He at least exaggerates in his own favor.

AN ALCOHOL SCHOOL.

It Teaches Farmers How to Make the Denatured Article.

The government has now opened its alcohol school in the city of Washington for the instruction of the people of the United States in proper methods of making and using the denatured product. For this purpose a model still has been erected close by the Department of Agriculture which is big enough to work up twenty-five bushels of corn a day, converting that quantity of grain into seventy-five gallons of 95 per cent alcohol—that is to say, 95 per cent pure. The plant represents the smallest output that can be conducted profitably on a commercial basis.

The farmers cannot very well see it for themselves, so arrangements have been made by which they may learn about it. Agricultural experts from the experiment stations in every one of the States are to go to Washington, says Suburban Life, examine the alcohol, making outfit, see how it works and listen to a course of lectures explaining its management. It will be their business when they go home to teach the farmers how to put up and how to operate plants of this character.

Inasmuch as such a plant could not be erected for less than \$2,500, it is obvious that the ordinary farmer would not be able to afford to construct one of that kind. But—and here is the point—any group of farmers representing a small neighborhood might easily do so.

Then they would bring their cornstalks and other refuse to the mill and receive in return alcohol. It is a simple method which farmers have long been accustomed to adopt where flour and other necessities were concerned. The farmers are eager to find a cheap source of energy. Nowadays multitudes of them use gasoline for such purposes as grinding feed, cutting fodder and running the corn sheller, circular saw, horse clipper and grindstone.

A farm in these times is more or less of a factory. But gasoline is expensive. Alcohol is comparatively cheap, and when manufactured from the farmer's own vegetable refuse it would cost next to nothing.

In France there are 27,000 farmstead distillers who make alcohol for industrial purposes from molasses and sugar beets. It is high time that this idea was turned to profitable account in the United States. Rotten apples, frost-bitten potatoes, stale watermelons, cornstalks and cobs and every other kind of vegetable refuse are available for the purpose.

Wit of the Youngsters

Little Joe—Say, papa, is it true that history repeats itself? Papa—So they say, my boy. Little Joe—Well, mine don't when I try to learn it. "Grandpa," asked 6-year-old Mildred, "do the good die young?" "There is a report to that effect," said the old gentleman. "Then, grandpa," continued Mildred, "if that's true, you must be awfully bad."

"Harold," said his mother, "you were very restless in church this morning. Why couldn't you keep still, like your father?" "I don't know, mamma," replied the observant youngster, "unless it was 'cause I wasn't sleepy."

Small Fleslie was a great chatterbox. One day her mother said: "Flossie, you talk too much. You don't hear me jabbering all day long." "No, mamma," rejoined the little miss, "but you've lived an awful long time and have had time to get most of the talk out of you."

Walter, aged 7, is a wise son who knows not only his own father, but his mother as well. "Now, Walter," said the teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in one hour and your mother could also do it in one hour, how long would it take both of them to do it?" "Three hours," answered Walter, "counting the time they would waste in arguing about how it should be done."

It was a veteran soldiery that reaped the plantations and the homesteads of the South, writes Thomas Nelson Page in "The Old Dominion," and whatsoof the forces thrown against them during the period of reconstruction. In addition to personal pride, self-reliance and physical courage, they possessed also race pride, which is inestimable in a great popular struggle.

However beaten and broken they were, the people came out of the war with their spirit unquenched and a belief that they were unconquerable. A story used to be told of an old Confederate soldier who was trudging home, after the war, broken and ragged, and worn. He was asked what he would do if the Yankees got after him when he reached home. "Oh, they ain't goin' to trouble me," he said. "If they do, I'll just whip 'em again."

A Mistake Often Made.

Bishop Potter was a wonderfully effective preacher," said a Brooklyn clergyman. "His method was reserved and quiet. He always had himself well in hand.

"I once delivered a sermon before him. I was young and enthusiastic at the time, a disciple of the methods of Talmage. I let myself go in that sermon. My voice shook the church. My gestures shook the pulpit. "At luncheon, afterward, I am ashamed to say that I fished for compliments. I leaned over the bishop and asked him in a low voice to give me some advice on preaching. Dear knows what I expected him to reply—probably that I was beyond any advice from him. At any rate what he did reply was this: "My dear young friend, never mistake in the pulpit perspiration for inspiration."

When a man has a mean dog, he usually takes pride in it.

Old Favorites

Beautiful Snow. Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow, Filling the sky and the earth below; Over the housetops, over the streets, Over the heads of the people you meet; Dancing, flirting, swimming along, Beautiful snow, it can do nothing wrong, Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek, Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak, Beautiful snow, from the heavens above, Pure as an angel and flake as love.

How the snow, the beautiful snow, How the flakes gather and laugh as they go, Whirling along in its maddening fan; It plays in its glee with everyone, Chasing, laughing, hurrying by, It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye; And even the dogs with a bark and bound, Snap at the crystals that eddy around, The town is alive and its heart's in a glow To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along, Hailing each other with humor and song, How the gay sledges like meteors flash by, Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye, Ringing, swinging, dashing they go, Over the crest of the beautiful snow, Snow, so pure when it falls from the sky, To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by, To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet, Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell; Fell, like the snowflakes, from heaven to hell; Fell, to be trampled as the fish of the street; Fell, to be scooped, to be spit on and beat; Spelling, cursing, dressing to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy, Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead, Merciful God, have I fallen so low And yet I was once like this beautiful snow?

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow, With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow; Once I was loved for my innocent grace, Flattered and sought for the charm of my face, Father, mother, sisters, all, God and myself I have lost by my fall, The veriest wretch that goes shivering by, Will take a wide sweep lest I wander too high, For of all that is on or about me I know, There is nothing that's pure, but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go, How strange it would be when the night comes again If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain; Fainting, freezing, dying alone, Too weak for prayer, too weak for my moan, To be heard in the crash of the crazy town, Gone mad in its joy that the snow's coming down, To lie and to die in my terrible woe, With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow. —J. W. Watson.

Everybody Lucky. An old farmer of the County of Durham called at a roadside public house where he was well known. The landlady asked him to buy a ticket for a lottery they had on there. "Well," he said, "I hae naught in ma pocket, or I might."

"Oh, that's a' reet, John," she says; "take the ticket and pay for it any time." Some time later John called again and the landlady asked him if he knew who had won the lottery. "No," he said, "who won?" "Well, hardly durst tell you, but oor Sam won. Wasn't he lucky?" "Aye," said John, "he was lucky. And who was second, then?" "I durst hardly tell you. Who would you think now?" she said. "I couldn't say," said John. "Well, it was oor Sally. Wasn't she lucky?"

"Aye, she was lucky," said John, "and who was third?" he asked. "Well," she said, "you would never guess, and I might as well tell. I was third. Wasn't I lucky?" "You were," he said. "Did I ever pay you for that ticket, missus?" "No, John, you didn't," she said, frowning upon him. "Well," said John, "isn't I lucky?"

Simplicity.

Flushed and smiling, the girl graduate seated herself beside her father in the automobile and patted the pale, blue bow of ribbon on her essay. "Did you like my essay, father?" "Your commencement essay upon Life's Higher Calls," he said, "seemed to me to be too—too. But listen, here's an autograph letter of John Ruskin's that I bought this morning for \$17. Maybe, if you had read this letter before writing your essay it would have been better."

Then the father read the letter aloud, while the young girl listened with a scornful and sour air.

"I was obliged to write too young, when I knew only half truths, and was eager to set them forth by what I thought fine words. People used to call me a good writer then; now they say I can't write at all, because, for instance, if I think anybody's house is on fire I only say, 'sir, your house is on fire' where I formerly used to say, 'sir, the abode in which you probably passed the delightful days of youth is in a state of inflammation,' and everybody used to like the effect of the two p's in 'probably passed,' and the two d's in 'delightful days.'"

And Better Taste. Father—How do you like your new mamma, Elsie? Daughter—(turning up her nose)—H'm! Next time you better let me pick one out for you!