



A STEAM ROLLER AND MOTORS FOR THE AMEER.

The Indian tour of the Ameer of Afghanistan in 1907 has evidently impressed on him the advantages of good roads, and it would appear that he is now about to have such good roads and motor cars would greatly facilitate the extensive provinces of his kingdom. Recently some ten elephants were sent to Chaman to convey a steam roller, a motor car, a stone-crushing machine, and a motor boat to Cabul. The motor boat is probably for pleasure trips on the Cabul River, while the car will enable the Ameer to visit the outlying days as it has hitherto taken months.

FAIR WOMANHOOD.

So gentle and so bounteous doth appear My lady, when she maketh a salute, That every tongue, trembling, becometh mute; The eyes to look upon her doth not dare. Though conscious that her praise pervades the air, In beauty clothed, she moveth modestly, As if she were a being from on high. Come down to earth to show a marvel So grateful seems the vision from above. The heart drinks sweetness from the entranced eye Which would mock Fancy if it were not proved; And from her lips it seems as there were moved A delicate spirit, breathing full of love, Which ever biddeth the rapt soul to sigh.—Dante.



"Mind! Phillipstein told me you could tell me how to win her. Please do it." "Sure you can," said Mindil. "You can do anything. I said it to Pincus—I said it to you or to anybody. Go ahead, Herr Einstein, and tell Pincus Leben how to win the girl. He ought to be married long ago." A smile crossed the great detective's face. "I have had something to do with most kind of cases, but never before was I called upon to advise in a love affair. I'll do my best, and I seldom fail. Herr Pincus Cohen, attention!" "Za befehl!" said Pincus, saluting. He was a member of the Rosenstien Miners and Sappers' corps, attached to the state national guard. "Did you ever do anything like a hero? That's what wins women," said Ignatz. "Once I stopped a horse that was trotting down the road without anyone in the wagon, and it looked as though it would run over Miss Sarah Minzer. She saw me do it, awer did not think much about it. That's the nearest I ever come to doing anything brave. I can't brag about it, though, Miss Goldwasser would likely laugh at me." "Can you swim?" asked Mr. Einstein. "It is one thing I can do fairly well," said Pincus. "Take her out walking along the East river some day, get a man to fall in for you, and then jump in and rescue him; it looks brave and probably will win the young lady." "Good idea!" exclaimed Mr. Phillipstein. "I'll be the man to fall in. I been the best swimmer in Brownsville. Won a medal at College Point at the Eisenstein Club outing last summer." "That man is ill!" exclaimed Miss Goldwasser. "Look at him; I think he is going to fall into the river. Run up and catch him before he gets in." Mr. Cohen would like to have done so very much, as the wish to be a hero that day had entirely departed from him. Before, however, he had fairly started for Mr. Phillipstein, who now was only a few yards ahead, the latter had given a groaning cry and fallen with a splash into the river. Mr. Cohen echoed the groan. He just remembered that he had not prepared for jumping into the water and was wearing his costly Sunday suit with his gold watch, and that a goodly roll of bills was in his pocket, which surely would be spoiled by the water. He began to take off his coat with no enthusiasm. Miss Goldwasser screamed: "Help him! Get him out!" Mr. Cohen reluctantly approached the edge. Mr. Phillipstein had come to the surface and was treading water and floating along with the tide. He had on an old suit, and instead of a coat wore a tight-fitting sweater. "Save me," he said, and waved encouragingly to Pincus. With despair in his heart Mr. Cohen threw down his coat, handed his roll

of bills to Miss Goldwasser and carefully entered the water. To make it realistic Mr. Phillipstein clutched him with what he imagined was the grip of a drowning man and whispered: "I'll sink again and pull you down with me. You are doing fine, only show a little more energy. You act like you was afraid." Whereupon Mr. Phillipstein sank into the water and dragged the frenzied Pincus, who was a fair swimmer, but hated the water, along with him. When they arose Mr. Cohen gave a loud cry. Miss Goldwasser was running along the bank with a long stick in her hand which she had picked up and which she was trying to reach out to the struggling man. "Just to make it seem more like the real thing," said Mr. Phillipstein, who was playing his part with much enjoyment and zeal, "I'll let go of you, go out a few feet and sink again. Then you got to dive for me, grab me by the hair and pull me ashore. I like to bet you win her sure." And he again cried for help, and pushed out and sank, gasping and yelling for help. Mr. Cohen had gone as far as he could or dared. He was more than ten feet from shore, weighed down by his clothing, almost exhausted and afraid to venture out any farther. He turned and struck out for the land, disregarding Miss Goldwasser's cries to help the sinking man back of him. Mr. Cohen found he could make no headway toward shore. Then suddenly his courage left him and a little hysterical panic came upon him. "Get me out!" he cried. "I'm losing myself. I can't keep up any longer." Mr. Phillipstein took two strong strokes and reached the side of the scared Pincus. Supporting him with one hand he swam to land with the other. He dragged Pincus out on the bank and laid him down. The latter was fully conscious, and shame and fury because of his weakness and cowardice possessed him. "Hero!" said Miss Goldwasser, in a rapture. "Sure, he is a brave man," said Mr. Phillipstein, as he helped Mr. Cohen to his feet. "Did you see how he jumped in for me?" "He's a hero!" Miss Goldwasser's tone was full of scorn. "Why, he even thought of his money. He saved that hand he tried to get you out." "No, brave man," continued Miss Goldwasser, addressing the astonished Phillipstein. "You are the hero. You saved him. You are the most daring man I ever saw. I admire a man like you." "Say, said Pincus Cohen. "Where should I come in?" "You tried to do something," said Miss Goldwasser. "But you were not equal to it. You had to be saved by the man you were going to help." Miss Goldwasser looked a little mystified. "How was it," she asked of Mindil, "that you were so weak that you fell in and then strong enough to not only get out yourself, but bring Mr. Cohen out with you?" "A little faintness came over me," said Mindil glibly, as he gazed with admiration at Miss Goldwasser; "and when I fell in the cold water revived me. O! o! I'm glad I was able to help this man." The two men soon dried their clothing and returned to Miss Goldwasser. She greeted Mr. Phillipstein with enthusiasm and during the car ride on the street car back to Brownsville she frequently referred to him as a hero and learned something about his position in society, which was excellent. Going to her relatives, Miss Goldwasser made further inquiries about Mr. Phillipstein and found that he was popular and prosperous, highly regarded as a fine, smart man by all Brownsville. Miss Goldwasser invited Mr. Phillipstein to call on her, and he promptly did so. A month later the despondent Mr. Pincus Cohen read the announcement that Miss Rose Goldwasser and Mr. Mindil Phillipstein were engaged.—New York Telegraph.

AT THE 'LADIES' WINDOW.' Harmless Romance and Dire Tragedy Brought to Light. In most of the larger postoffices of the country is a small window bearing the inscription, 'Ladies' Window General Delivery,' where day after day thousands of letters are turned over to the fair applicants with no questions asked unless the official in charge has his doubts as to whether the one seeking a letter has the right to it. Then the only question generally asked is the name of the town or place from where it was expected. To the initiated, this window gives forth a different story almost with everyone who stops there. Here may be seen a couple of school girls, laughing and joking, expecting a letter from some young fellow to whom the home address could not be given. Their little secret may be a harmless one, but they are venturing upon dangerous ground. A woman whose face and clothing tell the bitter struggles she is making gets a letter from home, the letter which was sent through the general delivery because she did not want the folks at home to know where she could be found. Another woman, well dressed, the expensive furs and jewelry stamping her as the wife of some prosperous man, walks past the window and back again, until she is sure there is no one around to see her receive the letter written in a bold masculine hand. She is rich enough to rent a hundred private boxes, if necessary, but experience has taught her that private boxes have failed more than once, while few mistakes are made at this window of the general delivery. Next comes a woman with hard-set features, her eyes narrowed almost to slits, staring up everyone in that corner. Anything the least bit suspicious to her and she leaves to return some time later. The letter cannot be handed out too quickly. Her story is easily read. Someone dear to her is in trouble. The police are watching her home, the postal officials have been instructed to intercept any mail directed to her, and so she has learned that any other name will do, and that the general delivery window is the last channel through which she can be kept informed of the troubles of one's movements. So they come and go. The young woman who has slogged, the young girl with a harmless flirtation, the mother who has made the fatal mistake, the daughter to whom the gayer side of life appealed, the maid or the matron, each with her own reason for not having her mail sent to her home address. Some read the letters in a secluded corner of that large building where their contents bring forth peals of laughter, or sudden, sharp cries of pain. Others read them as they walk along the street, finally to place them in some secure hiding place, or tear them up in the most minute pieces, throwing them away at long intervals so that no one could ever recover the telltale fragments. MOTHER'S BODY IN HOG YARD Mrs. Lizzie Hies, 57 years old, living near Omaha, Ill., was found dead in a lot near her home. Hogs had mutilated the body. She had prepared dinner for one of her sons, saying she would leave it on the table for him while she went to see a neighbor. The boy came from work, ate his dinner and waited awhile for his mother to return. Going out in the lot, he discovered the hogs about his mother's body. It is hard to determine whether some men are cowards, or only cautious. We all agree we should do certain things, but so many of us won't.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE DANGERS OF MT. BLANC.

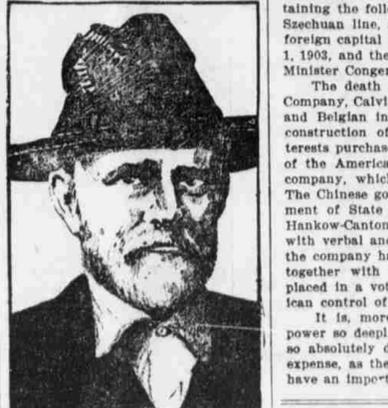
There are avalanches of different kinds, but when the term "avalanche" is used it is generally supposed to apply to falls of great bodies of snow or ice. One of the first occasions of this kind which attracted attention took place in 1820, upon Mont Blanc, and it is commonly called the Hamel accident. Dr. Hamel, a Russian, set out on Aug. 18 to go up Mont Blanc, accompanied by two Englishmen and eight guides. They had ascended to a height of more than 14,000 feet, with five guides in front, who were cutting or making steps, when all at once the snow above them gave way and the entire party was carried down a thousand feet or more over the slopes which they had toiled. Snow again broke away above, and more or less covered the whole party. Some of them struggled out, but three of the leading guides were hurried into a crevasse and buried under an immense mass of snow. Ten years afterward, when conducting another tourist up Mont Blanc by the same route, one of the surviving guides pointed to the crevasse and said to his employer, "They are there." "It was a melancholy reflection," remarked the tourist, "and all of the guides seemed to feel deeply the loss of their ill-fated comrades, who will in all probability remain imbedded there till the day of judgment." He was wrong. At that time (1830) the bodies were no doubt a considerable distance from the spot where the accident occurred, for the dismembered remains of the three unfortunates commenced to reappear at the lower end of the Glacier des Bossons in 1851, more than four miles away, in a direct line, from the place where they perished, and must have traveled down on an average at the rate of 500 feet per annum.—The Strand.

EVOLUTION OF THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

The embryonic man of the world, albeit rudimentary, is nevertheless a real organism. He acts as a living whole. The cities, as Spencer viewed them, are big organic centers in his body. The arteries of trade are his circulatory system. As he develops, his sundry parts become co-ordinated. They hang together better. They knit together more intimately. They act more nearly as one. Instead of multitudes of little beings he begins to be as one being. Of this, as our society man grows, we have many tokens. Syndicates, trusts, monopolies are only one phase of the unifying life. Many little businesses formerly competed with each other, as different entities, each of which must struggle for a separate existence. Now they merge into one gigantic throbbing life. Housekeeping is done after a collective method as never before. Every laundry and every bakery and every carpet, curtain, and dress cleaner's establishment is a bigger business made up of a number of lesser enterprises carried on, each separately, for an individual household. And the ready to wear clothing maker is a colossal example of the identical thing. He has annihilated many of the differences separating the country folk from the city. Ditto the magazines and newspapers. Ditto the public school system, which in the first instance supplanted isolated private schools or the far more isolated and far more private home nursery. As man in any or all of his parts evolves there inevitably are changes. Growth implies change. And when

GETS RICH ON BEANS.

Sixty years ago Edward Borchard, one year old, went to California with his parents in a prairie schooner. He returned east recently in a Pullman car to visit relatives. Edward Borchard's parents were "forty-niners." Their home was in Iowa. Stricken with the gold fever they packed their belongings in a "schooner" and "set sail" for the land of their dreams. Edward Borchard has made a fortune raising lima beans and sugar beets. His bean market is in the East. He numbers his acres by the thousand. He is the proprietor of six ranches and employs as many as fifty horses on a ranch. Also, Borchard possesses seven sons. They are growing up, and as they grow to manhood they relieve their father of his burdens. When a young Borchard reaches his majority his father gives



CASPAR BORCHARD.

him a number of acres, a number of horses, hands him some capital, teaches him the rules of ranching and tells him to go forth and grow his fortune. Borchard raises about one hundred and fifty tons of lima beans every year. That's some beans. In California they don't raise them on sticks, but let them trail on the ground. A Long Shot. "Didn't I say you couldn't play ball until after 2 o'clock? Tell me!" "Why—er—Marm—yes'm! But—er—didn't you see you last night how down in Washington all the government clocks are goin' to be set two hours ahead durin' the summer?"—Puck. The Explosion. "Mah goodness," yelled Auntie Chloe. "Dat 'slosion nearly scairt me to def." "An' mah goodness," piped up Uncle Rastus, "if done nearly scairt me to deafness."—St. Louis Star. Occasionally a deaf person expresses a sound opinion.

MUSIC THE MOST SOCIAL OF THE ARTS.

Music is "common and beautiful as light and air." There is no better exponent of this belief than M. Camille Bellaigue. In his opinion music is the most social and sociological of the arts. He remarks how it has always appealed the most strongly to apostles of the people who make social regeneration the object and hope of their lives. The people are not architects, or painters, sculptors. Music exists for the people, and the decadence of music means the triumph of materialism and the loss of social faith. When it is once understood that music is a fundamental part of ordinary life, and is not something added on to it, anyone who is described as musical will be, in nine cases out of ten, not a performer, but a listener. And the music teacher will be engaged not so much in showing children how to play as in giving simple expositions of musical form, with perhaps a few graphic and historical accounts of the composers and their times, and in pointing out the beauty of their works, and playing these in sections and as a whole many times over. A great future is before the musical profession if they will but minister to the millions. At once the most intellectual and the most emotional, the most universal and the most personal of the arts, music is, indeed, the most potent of all consolations for the troubles of workaday existence.

COURTESY KEEPS HOME LIFE HAPPY.

It scarcely is too much to say that, barring habitual drunkenness and jealousy, with or without reason, the lack of everyday courtesy between husbands and wives has wrecked the happiness of more marriages than any other cause whatsoever. It is common for people to extol the "freedom of the home," and within bounds such liberty undoubtedly is delightful. But when it is so overdone as to degenerate into license it becomes responsible for a considerable amount of domestic misery. Not long ago a woman lamented to the "home circle" of her favorite family magazine that her husband neglected his shaving in the most scandalous fashion when, as he expressed it, "there was nobody to see." He forgot that his wife was there to see. If any one else were to speak of her as a nobody he would be indignant; he reserves that privilege for himself. Married people are apt to make the mistake of acting as if when once the vows are made the prayer is said, the deed done for all is done, and henceforth there can be no question of their love for each other. On the contrary, it is not enough that a man shall love his wife, he should tell her so over and over. It is not enough that a woman shall love and honor her husband, she must set forth in her life the fact that she does so. Married love, to which the inspired apostle likens Christ's love for His church, should be like God's loving kindness, new every morning.

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

Wetted by Both Custom and Law, They Lead Narrow Lives. The vast majority of Spanish women still believe that it is degrading for a lady to take up any work for which she is paid. Therefore if they do not marry they either enter a convent or live with a member of the family, and they do not at all mind being dependent on the charity of friends or relatives. Though marriages are often arranged without the consent of the bride-elect, law or custom gives the Spanish woman the power of appealing to a magistrate if she wishes to escape from a union which is distasteful to her. The magistrate may take her from her father's home until she is of age, while if she determines to marry a man of whom her parents disapprove she may also place herself under the protection of the law, and she cannot be deprived of her share of the family estate. On reaching her majority she enjoys the same privileges as her brother with regard to property, and may inherit, will, buy and sell; but when she marries she reverts to the position of a minor, and her husband has entire control of all her possessions, which he can squander without rendering any account to her, though she cannot spend a penny of her own money without his consent. He may desert her and her children without incurring any punishment or much public condemnation. A Spanish lady confers on her husband the titles of nobility and any privilege connected therewith she may possess at the time of her marriage. Public opinion is still so strongly opposed to their education that it will be a long time before they are fitted to take their share in their country's work, and many women are so ignorant that they can hardly read their missals or write their names. This is especially the case in small country towns. At Madrid schools have been opened for their instruction, and the classes have been conducted by excellent professors, but comparatively few women have availed themselves of the privilege.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Power-hunger and pleasure-lust are master passions.—Rev. W. L. Phillips, Congregationalist, New Haven. Plea to Conscience. The church's position is a plea to the conscience.—Rev. W. H. Allen, Baptist, Narragansett Pier, R. I. Power. The church has sometimes been ennobled of station and power.—Rev. W. H. Foulkes, Presbyterian, Portland, Ore. Be Up and Doing. Search for your place before you get into God's waste heap.—Rev. H. F. Carpenter, Christian, Santa Clara, Cal. Position. Position gives power. It lends advantage. Position puts one where he can be seen.—Rev. Edw. Statham, Presbyterian, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Calumny. Calumny may be so insidious and so cowardly that it lies in the shadows and does its deadly work in the dark.—Rev. F. Hope, Baptist, Santa Clara, Cal. Receiptiveness. Man's understanding of spiritual truth would increase more rapidly if he were more receptive to the light.—Rev. W. P. Lyon, True Life Church, San Jose, Cal. Live in Christ. However large any man may be without Christ, he can be much larger and greater with Christ living in him.—Rev. M. S. Kaufman, Methodist, Norwich, Conn. Starved Soul. Man may grow into a perfect animal, possess a cultivated brain, be come carefully religious and yet carry in his bosom a starved soul.—Rev. Guy Arthur Jamieson, Presbyterian, New York City. Accuracy. The great want of Americans is accuracy. If a man is to be accurate he must be taught it in his childhood or he will never learn it.—Rev. M. C. Peters, New York City. Title of Nobility. To be a man of God is to have a title of nobility worn by the prophets of old—the highest expression that a man is capable of becoming.—Rev. C. R. Hemphill, Presbyterian, Louisville. Dying Poor. Our great political leaders are now expected to serve the public before their own pockets, and their glory in the future will be to be able to die poor.—Rev. G. C. Richmond, Episcopalian, Philadelphia. Platitude. We are leaving the ten commandments to preach and to teach a few platitudes which do not affect the consciences of men, and which make a flabby character.—Rev. C. E. Spalding, Christian, Colorado, Cal. What's in a Name. A crabbed bachelor and an aged spinster one day found themselves at a concert. The selections were apparently unfamiliar to the gentleman, but when Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was begun he pricked up his ears. "That sounds familiar," he exclaimed. "I'm not very strong on those classical pieces, but that's very good. What is it?" The spinster cast down her eyes. "That," she told him, demurely, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"—Cleveland Leader. Told by the Features. Men who succeed in commerce have alert faces, but no particular features. Clergymen who go up the ladder of preferment have faces that tell of self-repression—tight lips, eyes which look straight ahead, artists, on the other hand, have eyes which are all over the place and small, well formed chins. Politicians who succeed by their influence over men have all ways prominent noses.

CHINESE RAILWAY LOAN AND AMERICAN INTERESTS

SINCE the announcement of the desire of financiers of the United States, supported by President Taft, to participate in the proposed loan of \$27,500,000 for the financing of the Hankow-Szechuan Railroad line in China, much interest has been manifested by the banking and business world in the questions involved in this international relation of the oldest and newest of the world's great nations. From the beginning of railroad construction in China the aid of American financiers has been anxiously sought, and for some obvious reasons very decidedly preferred to that coming from less disinterested quarters. About six weeks before the opening of the line of railway between Canton and Fuzhou, constructed by the American-China Development Company, was characterized by the Colonial Secretary of Hongkong as an event of national and international significance, Prince Ching concluded with Sir Ernest Satow an agreement containing the following provision: "If China desires to construct a Hankow-Szechuan line, and her capital is insufficient, she will obtain all necessary foreign capital from Great Britain and the United States." This was on Oct. 1, 1903, and the understanding appears to have been formally renewed with Minister Conger in the following year. The death of the controlling spirit of the American-China Development Company, Calvin E. Brice, stopped negotiations for its proposed investment, and Belgian influence began to assert itself with the beginning of actual construction of the Hankow-Canton road. The Belgian and French interests purchased from American holders a sufficient majority of the shares of the American-China Development Company to give them control of the company, which was reorganized, with Charles A. Whittier at the head. The Chinese government did not like the change and served on the Department of State formal notice of revocation of the concession to build the Hankow-Canton Railroad. This move was met by the Secretary of State with verbal and written assurances from J. P. Morgan that 1,200 shares of the company had been acquired from their Belgian holders and that these, together with some 2,400 shares in securely American hands, had been placed in a voting trust calculated to guarantee the maintenance of American control of the road. It is, moreover, very much in the interests of China herself that a power so deeply concerned in maintaining the integrity of the empire, and so absolutely destitute of any desire for territorial aggrandizement at its expense, as the United States should be a party to negotiations which may have an important bearing on the future control of Chinese finances.

ALL CAN SMOKE ON MISSOURI.

State Produces 24,671,456 Cob Pipes in 1908. The statistics concerning Missouri's production of corncob pipes—styled the "Missouri Meerschaum," supply a good pipe story, though it is not a "pipe dream." According to the figures compiled by the Missouri State Bureau of Labor and Statistics for its annual report there were made in Missouri 24,671,456 cobpipes in 1908, seven factories being engaged in their production. Of this total number 23,268,096 were made in Franklin county alone. In addition there were turned out the same year 415,314 wooden pipes, 1,729,350 extra stems and 149,238 pipe cleaners. The value of the total product was \$431,810, of which Franklin county county produced \$401,543. The value of the raw material consumed was \$233,688, the capital invested in the seven factories was \$124,547, and the wages paid exceeded that sum slightly, being \$128,295. In the manufacture of these pipes there were employed 303 males and 63 females. Missouri made enough of these pipes last year to supply one to each man, woman and child in the State, and still have more than 20,000,000 left. Each head of a family in the United States could have been supplied with a Missouri made pipe, the product of a single year, and have left about 9,000,000 for export to foreign countries.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Mustache Is Religious. "The mustache has a religious significance," said a clergyman in a Lenten address. "It forms, you see, in company with the nose, a cross. In the time of the Moslem invasion of Spain mixed marriage rendered it impossible to tell a heathen from a Christian; so the Spaniards took to shaving all the face but the upper lip. Thus every Christian countenance bore a cross—a cross part flesh and part hair. From its religious the mustache has come to have an elegant significance purely. Men now wear it not to proclaim their faith, but to magnify their beauty. Its source, however, is in Christianity. Before the Spanish invasion men either wore full beards or went clean shaved."—Los Angeles Times. In order to do a thing once some people have to do it twice.