

Many a man curses his luck who never had any.

It takes a clever oculist to cure an egotist of his I trouble.

It has come at least. There is a new disease called aeropneumonia.

Nat Goodwin found Wall street almost as precarious, as matrimony.

Collector Loeb has certainly made himself unpopular with the people who can afford to pay.

The only people who really seem to enjoy living close to nature are those who don't have to.

When a young couple are married they are made one, but it takes some time to find out which one.

The discovery that chemistry can convert sage brush into valuable products is in line with the progress of the age.

History teaches us that the main object of mobs in monarchical revolutions is to depose the king and raise the deuce.

"De world," says your Uncle Eben, "is sumpin' like a lookin' glass. You're f'iner get better results if you smiles fan if you makes faces."

Quick marriages have been taboed in Rhode Island, but it is never any trouble to step into another State from any part of Rhode Island.

Mr. Roosevelt is being mentioned for a third term. But since he has made the acquaintance of the singing topi such talk may not sound like music to him.

A Boston surgeon thinks man can be made a thing of beauty by the use of the knife. But hasn't the barber, with his razor, been doing that for many generations?

There are 64,000 more people in the service of the United States than there were a year ago. This is another of the reasons why a good many people think the world is growing better.

The King of Sweden has recently been working as a stevedore for the purpose of finding out how the laborers of his country feel. He has taken a wise course. The quickest and surest way to find out how a laborer feels is to labor for a while.

Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, recently married a man and woman and purposely left out the word "obey" when he read the service. He explained that he did not wish to help make liars of people. Mr. Johnson is evidently an observer and a philosopher.

Agricultural schools for women are proving their usefulness in France and Belgium. The course is as a rule brief, and the schools are "ambulant" ones, that is, they move from one part of the country to another. There are lectures on agriculture and household economy, but special attention is paid to dairy work, the making of cheese, and putting up foodstuffs and preserves. In France the schools are under the Department of Agriculture.

Are not men in the mass more in-veterate gossip than women? Shakespeare's citizens do the real gossiping in his plays, even though he followed tradition in personifying rumor as a dame—"If my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word." You will find as much lively and laune chit-chat in any man's clubhouse as in any woman's. The hotel and theater lobbies teethe with the gossiping of men. No village sewing society or mite society can equal the incessant buzz at the grocery store, and when it comes to downright, earnest, unflagging dissection of reputation and pernicious little-tattle there is no body of women in the land that can hold a candle to the foolish adult chatterboxes at any political headquarters.

Not long ago it was the fashion to decry the woman's club as a place frequented by careless mothers and uneasy spinsters, who preferred discussing Browning and Ibsen and Meredith to keeping their houses clean and their men-folk happy. The ground has been cut from under that reproach by the practical work done by various clubs for the public good. Playgrounds for children, vacation schools, the promotion of health by improved water supply, by more thorough street cleaning, by more scientific systems of drainage, by better disposition of garbage, by protection against flies and mosquitoes, a vigorous campaign against hideous billboards, high buildings and the smoke nuisance, and the gain for beauty by the preservation of trees and the improvement of parks and lawns—these are but a few of the activities in which the eight hundred thousand club women have been engaged during the last year. Women are wonderfully fitted to take up the task of ameliorating modern conditions—that is, of contriving schemes by which the evils of modern life shall be reduced to a minimum and its blessings multiplied. The woman's club is a most convenient and powerful agency for such work. The club women of the country have the force of an army and the adaptability of an individual. Their good service for town and state is well begun, and promises to extend yet further in the solution of social, civic, sanitary and educational questions.

Among the interesting papers read at the convention of the American Civic Association at Cincinnati was one by a

woman landscape gardener, Mrs. McCrea, who has devoted herself to the beautifying of railroad stations and their immediate surroundings. "Art and the Railroad" was her topic—a strange one at first sight, but full of significance to those who happen to be conversant with the facts back of it. In a great city the railroad station as a "gateway" presents one set of problems, from which dignity and beauty of design and form are by no means excluded. In the small country town or village the station is apt to be looked upon as something useful rather than ornamental, and in thousands of places any shanty "decks" as the railroad "depot." Yet nothing is so pleasing and so sure to command admiration as a pretty, appropriate country station, with clean, well-kept grounds, grass and flowers. They seem to form part of the landscape, to proclaim the loveliness, peace and charm of the country. Such stations and grounds are a good investment for the railroads and the communities. And it is gratifying to know that in the Northwest hundreds of little stations have been transformed and beautified by trained landscape gardeners who are regularly employed for the work by the railroads. Undoubtedly the railroads, in spite of their smoke and dust, can do something for art in the regions far removed from picture galleries and monumental structures. They are undertaking more and more to teach scientific farming, and they can do something for landscape gardening and the cultivation of love of harmony and simple beauty.

TYPICAL FRENCH "ROULETTE." Source whence some of our World's Best Comedians Have Been Evolved. Do you know what a roulette is? In general, it means a gypsy caravan, but its scope has become enlarged and sometimes it means a whole traveling theatrical company. Some of the best comedians in the whole world have been evolved from the roulette, says Molly Seawell in Scribner's. That was Perinot's beginning. His roulette consisted of three long covered wagons. The rear wagon contained such rude and trifling stage accessories as Perinot's plays demanded. But Perinot, like Thespis in his cart, did not require much scenery. In this last wagon rode the Pollon brothers—very good actors, both of them, and handy men besides. Henri was tall and broad, while Gustave was so small, beardless and pretty that he could do women's parts extremely well. In the next wagon rode, with the bedding and trunks, that excellent woman, Mme. Toutant, with her husband and her son, Auguste. Mme. Toutant was stout and large waisted, but a capable actress. The audiences laughed at her when she waddled on the stage, but before long her comic antics made them forget her stout figure and double chin, and they saw only her fine eyes and heard only her rich voice. Toutant himself was a dull, respectable man, and Auguste, the son, was as near nothing as could be well imagined. He was beautiful beyond expression, perfectly obedient to Mme. Toutant, as, indeed, was Toutant himself, and his beauty was an excellent foil to the fascinating ugliness of Perinot. In the first wagon rode in state Perinot, the proprietor of the whole outfit. With him rode Columbine. She had another name, but it was generally forgotten by everybody, including herself. Columbine was picked up on the roadside one summer morning when she was 16 years old. She was in rags and her toes were peeping through her shoes, and she was weeping vociferously as she watched a regiment marching away to the next town. Constitutional Elm to Be Saved. The old elm at Corydon, under whose rugged limbs the State constitution was drawn up ninety-three years ago, and which for a while seemed doomed to destruction, has at last found a permanent caretaker in the Corydon organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution. This old elm, which has always claimed the attention of visitors to the first State capital and has been an object of reverence for loyal Hoosiers, is called the constitutional elm because of its connection with that important event in the history of Indiana. At present, it is in an excellent state of preservation, although there is evidence of some past neglect in carving for it. The trunk of the constitutional elm is five feet in diameter at the base and the branches have a spread of nearly 120 feet. A forestry expert recently estimated that the tree is now 250 years old and said that with proper care, barring destruction by the elements of course, the elm should flourish another hundred years.—Indianapolis Star.

England's Patron Saint. The story of England's patron saint is surrounded by a mixture of truth and fable which defies definite sifting. He is generally believed to have been born at Lydia, but brought up in Capadocia, and suffered martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian, A. D. 303. The legend of his conflict with the dragon may have arisen from a symbolical or allegorical representation of his contest with the pagan persecutors. When our crusaders went to the east in 1096 they found St. George elevated to the rank of warrior saint, with the title of the "victorious," and as they believed that they were indebted to him for aid in the siege of Antioch they adopted him as the patron of soldiers. Edward III. was thus led to make him patron of the Order of the Garter, and so gradually St. George became the tutelary saint of England.—London Mail.

It-Timed. "Ever try this keep-a-smiling proposition?" "Tried it once, but with poor success. Unfortunately, I started the experiment on a day that the boss felt grouchily."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nevertheless, Women Is the Greatest Force for Good in the World. According to Judge Peter Grosscup, of the United States Circuit Court of Chicago, a woman never makes a real success of a business career unless by some kind of an accident. In fact, she never carries it through to

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE GRANDEUR IN CHERRY'S TRAGEDY. Let us reflect for a few moments on the splendid qualities in human nature. People are too prone to see its evils instead of its goodness. They become prejudiced purblind. They see only the little, the greed, the selfishness, the pushfulness, the greed, the avarice, the sensuality that are to be found more or less in all of us. They overlook the reverse side of the shield—the bigness, the self-sacrifice, the generosity, the heroism, the Godlike that are also to be found in all of us more or less. They see the bad and overlook the good. Color blind, they see the black and not the white. But human beings in the mass are not so bad. At Cherry, Ill., it was only a crowd of rough, uncouth, untutored miners who were penned up in the muck and the horror of the fire-swept mine. It was only another set of rough, uncouth men who attempted to quench the fires and to rescue those who were dying a horrible death. Now see what happened: Down there in the pit of terror were men managing to write farewell notes to their dear ones, commending them to the blessings of God, cherishing them with messages that they would meet death bravely, recording the unquenchable human hope that some day, somewhere under God's providence, they would meet once again with all tears dried, all sorrows purged away. Up above men were risking their lives by digging down into the mines to rescue their fellows, to restore sinned and maimed wrecks of men to their wives and babies. It was just the everyday heroism and goodness and unselfishness that was coming out into clear relief. The story of Cherry, Ill., is a very great tragedy, but even while it wrings all hearts, doesn't it make you just love human beings?—Pittsburg Press.

WHEN FACING DEATH. HE rescuers in the Cherry coal mine bring out the letters of farewell written by the imprisoned miners who were facing death. In one after another of these declarations, made under fear of death, occurs the assertion of confidence of an after-life. "We shall meet again," these poor miners write to wife or son or friend. The two Italians, who desired a brass band at their funeral, expressed the faith that life immortal awaits them on the other side. This faith, supreme and triumphant in the breasts of these poor miners, buried underground, menaced in the gloom by fire-damp, with death in its most grisly form touching them, is a fact, a truth, as much as is the cognition by the senses of a sound, a sight, a smell. And it is most clearly present to us mortals at the moment of our direst need. It visits every man in his extremity, even that one of us who fancies he has some philosophy that prompts him to deny validity to its inspiration, and who, in consequence, struggles upon his death-bed to resist its uplifting and consoling power. There is another life. That is the affirmation of those

who are about to die. The affirmation is quite as worthy of acceptance as the affirmation of any sense. What has the intelligence to do with it? Nothing at all. For sentient knowledge is confined to phenomenal impressions, and cannot, does not, go beyond, behind. The ego that receives the sense-impressions, that recognizes their existence, receives also the physical impressions, those which transcend the perceptive organs, even as the violet rays escape the sight, but alter, nevertheless, the body's chemistry. Faith better than knowledge, and differently, is capable of intimating the nature of the reality, of which phenomena are but attributes of one of many kinds. Faith rose majestic in those miners' consciousnesses at the supreme moment that must visit us—each one—and faith was justified.—Minneapolis Journal.

THE TEXAS RANGER'S FINISH. HE Texas ranger has lost his vogue. The most famous band of free lancers the frontier ever boasted is slated for oblivion. Kit Carson's scouts, next greatest in point of historic interest, are a fast vanishing memory. They had more picturesque figure for their leader than the rangers ever followed into the thick. Buffalo Bill's hunters and guides faded out of existence along with the buffalo herd they did so much to exterminate, but the redoubtable Buffalo Bill himself still lives to show us how it was done with rifle and lariar. In the days when Western Texas was the El Dorado of gun fighters, cattle thieves and malefactors of stolen wealth in general, the Texas ranger reached the zenith of his usefulness. His mission was the preservation of at least a semblance of law and order at any cost. At all times a mounted policeman, with a State commission, subject to orders from Austin, the glamour of the name Texas ranger attached to him a wider field of action than he filled. But what duty called to do sufficed to satisfy the longing for adventure in most men who were attracted to the command by the prospect. Roosevelt's regiment of Rough Riders, as is well known, was largely recruited from the rangers, or men who had belonged to that body. Their exploits in Cuba are a matter of history and anecdote.—Washington Post.

HOUSES ON WHEELS. WORCESTER bank man says his bank holds mortgages on seventy houses whose owners spend the proceeds of their notes on automobiles. Doubtless there are others. But if persons wish to go into debt for luxuries it might as well be for automobiles as anything else. At that, in many cases it is possible that the investment is a wise one, for which it will pay to hire money. On the whole, however, such transactions suggest the cynical sign of the saloonist: "If drinking interferes with your business, quit your business."—Lowell Courier-Citizen.

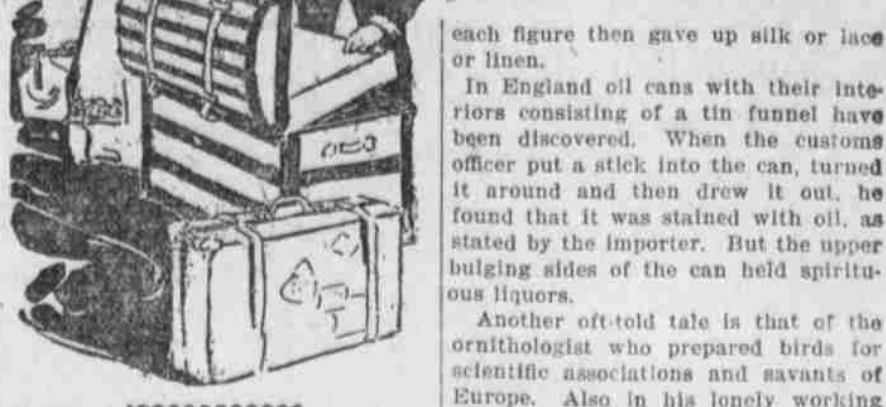
MAITLAND-Dougall makes no report of casualties to Superintendent Hussey, but private telegrams say firing was practically continuous from daybreak until noon. Despite the fact that the Canadian government has ridiculed the suggestion, residents of the north country apprehend serious trouble all along the Skeena as soon as winter sealed the waterways, the Indians nursing a grudge as to game laws and fisheries regulations, which they consider interferences with their bases of supplies, a Victoria (B. C.) dispatch to the New York Sun says. The trouble was fanned into flame by agitators, who have been preaching all summer the legal right of the Skeena nations to all the land along that river. Lately a conference with Special Commissioner Stewart and Indian Superintendent Vowell, the former sent from Ottawa, proved abortive, the extravagant claim being firmly adhered to by the chiefs of the 4,000 people of the Skeena nations that their country has never been won by conquest or alienated from its aboriginal possessors either by treaty or sale and that the whites have, therefore, no status of ownership. The government peremptorily dismissed petitions for the re-establishment of old tribal boundaries and cancellation of all reservations and Inspector Green and others in July and August last predicted an uprising with the advent of winter unless a strong force of the royal northwest mounted police was sent in. This suggestion, too, was ridiculed, although many residents sent out their women and children, fearing for their safety. Navigation on the Skeena had closed but two days before signs of impending eruptions became so obvious that the chief constable for the district determined to strike first. He swore in all the men of the country and attacked Kispiox, the stronghold and capital of the malcontents. Incidentally, it is reported that Gun-Ad-Noot, an Indian murderer, who, assisted by all the natives of the north country, has defied capture during three years, was prominent in a recent battle, although had he been among the prisoners Superintendent Hussey would undoubtedly have been so advised.

Another cause of trouble with those Indians has been the crossing of the native cemetery at Kispiox by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. The natives demanded compensation at the rate of \$500 for each chief, \$200 for each squaw and \$100 for each child's body removed. The government threw out the claim and granted the railway crossing rights on condition of a new cemetery being provided, the bodies moved with reverence and \$1,000 paid as lump consolation.

Assurance. "Sir, you offer me, you say, a fortune, but before I accept you I must be assured it is clean money. Is it?" "It ought to be madam; I made it in soap."—Baltimore American.

When some people say of others: "He's a lucky dog!" that is their way of complaining.

Smugglers and Smuggling



In the days of the Georges smuggling was so popular a calling in England and the smuggler so popular a gentleman even with some of the landed gentry, in whose ancient country mansions special chimney recesses have been found especially constructed to shield from detection the imported brandies which had slipped into the country without reporting to the king's customs officers, that even the seafaring and high-minded Scotchman, Adam Smith, classified the contraband traffic as a trade albeit one of great hazard. That the smuggling of the eighteenth century had reached a high degree of perfection is shown in the laws aimed at those engaged in the practice, writes H. B. Chamberlain, in the Chicago Record Herald. Vessels carrying undeclared goods were forfeitable, as were the goods; high informants were offered to informers who would betray their fellow workers; persons named in arresting smugglers were entitled to a reward of £50; informers guilty of sordid, selfish treachery were given the same amount for each person convicted on their testimony and the informers were granted immunity. Smugglers were whipped and transported to the plantations. In 1746 assembling to run contraband goods was made punishable by death as a felony. As the offenses multiplied and the popularity of the smugglers made it difficult to capture them, counties were made liable for their deeds. But the smuggler of that period is no longer extant. Like the Indian scout, the buffalo and the desperado of the Western plains, he has been crowded out by a complicated civilization. He could flourish only in a thinly populated country, with a coast offering to him filets and harbors where he could in safety land his cargo. In these days of the wireless and populous cities and great trans-Atlantic steamers he must assume another form and pursue different methods. Cunning rather than strength or knowledge of waves and winds is the requisite qualification of the modern smuggler. Hence women are as well able to engage in it as men, and indeed, the facts prove that they seem to have an especial aptitude in this line. The false-bottomed trunk is so old a device that the unsophisticated wonder why anyone should trust to it. For surely every inspector knows of this contrivance for concealing goods. But, as has been shown by the wholesale dismissal of employes from the customs service in New York, inspectors have not been obstreperously efficient in guarding the interests of their country. In these days smuggling on a large scale invariably produces the suspicion that there has been collusion with the government officials. This was shown to be true in a case at New York. Early in November a member of a cheese importing firm, was sentenced to a year in prison and to pay a fine of \$5,000 for defrauding this government of duties by misstating the weight of cheese imported. To carry out this fraud it was necessary for the government weigher to falsify his report to fit the figures of the false invoice sent by the exporter from Europe. Four government weighers turned state's evidence and told how this had been done, and evidence gathered from the books and records of purchasers corroborated the stories of these informers, who were offered immunity from prosecution and retained in the customs service. The culprit testified that the frauds had been suggested to him by the government weighers who shared with him the money thus kept from the government. The \$2,000,000 which the sugar trust has fraudulently withheld from the government by means of an ingenious device applied secretly to the scales for weighing the sugar and operated by employes of the company is an example of the large scale on which evasion of payment of duties can be practiced in this century and country of large things. When souvenir spoons were more popular than now, women returning from Europe sometimes fastened them to the waistbands of their inner skirts or made extra pockets for carrying them. Women's garments have always offered good hiding places and it is a delicate matter to ask a woman passenger who appears refined and gentle to submit to an inspection. Mistakes are sometimes made and then what is the indignation. As long ago as 1731 the English customs officers were instructed, when they suspected "women of fashion" carrying customary goods to call in the services of a female searcher "in whom they could confide." Now women are regularly employed for the purpose of searching women suspected of carrying about their person dutiable goods which they have not declared. On the continent of Europe, a French Mrs. Jarley traveled from France into the adjoining countries with her display of wax figures. She had done this often, but on one of her trips one of the figures fell, was broken, and disclosed its contents to be fine lace. So

each figure then gave up silk or lace or linen. In England oil cans with their interiors consisting of a tin funnel have been discovered. When the customs officer put a stick into the can, turned it around and then drew it out, he found that it was staked with oil, as stated by the importer. But the upper bulging sides of the can held spirituous liquors. Another oft-told tale is that of the ornithologist who prepared birds for scientific associations and savants of Europe. Also in his lonely working hours he talked to his pet parrot. When polli had been up to some naughty prank he must have inadvertently threatened her, for once when he was passing the customs house this parrot cried out: "Oh, Polli, when you are dead I shall stuff you with lace." And so it was discovered that all his birds were thus stuffed. Last month two fashionable dress-makers of Boston were arrested charged with smuggling women's apparel from France. The customs officials say this is the beginning of the exposure of one of the cleverest and boldest smuggling conspiracies ever hatched to slip valuable imports into this country. The method followed was to leave trunks unexamined on board the ship with the understanding that they would go back to Europe with their owners unopened. Then these trunks were quietly slipped off the ship after the customs house officials had inspected the other baggage. That a widespread rottenness has tainted the customs service at New York is shown in the shake-up recently given by Collector Loeb. It may be that inspectors, frightened by the discharge of their fellows, may now give honest attention to their work. But a high and complicated tariff offers a temptation to smuggling which is difficult to offset.

NOTES ABSENCE OF HONESTY. Few Articles Forgotten in Cars Are Turned in by Passengers. The man in the rabbit hutch was talking.

"It's wonderful what a difference the pay-as-you-enter makes with lost articles," he said. "I guess we turn in about one-tenth the stuff we used to pick up in the cars before we were confined to this box. You see, we used to walk through the cars for the fares, and if there was an umbrella or a grip, or anything of that sort, left in one of the seats we ran a good chance of seeing it and restoring it to the owner. Now we can't do that. We have to stay here at the rear, and we have hardly any chance at all to pick up anything left on the car."

"But the passengers turn in some of the things they find, don't they?" I asked. There was a great and sad knowledge of human nature in the conductor's smile.

"Do they? Not much," he said. "Ask the man who has charge of lost articles over at the De Ballviere station. He'll tell you that we handle almost nothing there now, whereas we stored quantities of stuff to the owners under the pay-when-discovered system."

My eye, but what thieves we are! "Why, I used to pick up an umbrella or two on my car every day, and now there is not one handed over to me in seven days," he resumed.

Here, then, is a valid objection to the pay-as-you-enter—one, we have never thought of: It is making all of us thieves.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

SWISS TRAMPS FEW. A Poor Place for the Man Who Doesn't Want to Work. Switzerland is not a place for tramps, because the man out of employment and who makes no effort to find work is not tolerated for a moment in that country. The district authorities will secure him a job at hard labor and little pay, and such an offer can be refused only under the penalty of going to a penal workshop. These institutions are under military discipline, the work severe, the wages a penny or threepence per day, and release is granted only upon the advice of those in charge. No difficulty is experienced in determining between beggars and unemployed, because all legitimate laborers have papers given them by the district in which they live containing information concerning the position they have held.

In every part of Switzerland are established "relief in kind" stations for the exclusive use of respectable unemployed. Only those are admitted who have had regular work during the previous three months and have been out of employment for at least five days. These men must be on the lookout for work and accept any situation that is offered, because the chronic loafer is soon detected by the police and his papers are marked so that he can never again seek refuge in a "station."—Exchange.

How to Know the Twins. The Beverly twins, Fred and Frank, were such exact counterparts of each other that none of the neighbors could tell them apart, and even their mother sometimes had her doubts. The resemblance is accentuated by the fact that they are dressed exactly alike. "How in the world can you yourself tell which is which, Mrs. Beverly?" asked a caller one day. "To tell the truth," she answered, "I can't always; but if I hear a noise in the pantry, and I call out, 'Fred is that you?' and he says, 'Yes, mamma,' I know it's Frank, and that he's in some kind of mischief."

QUEER STORIES

Jap children are not allowed in school until after their sixth year. The number of postoffices in operation in Canada during the fiscal year ended March 31, 1909, was 12,479. European distributors of sponges are heavily overstocked, and a considerable drop in prices is expected before long.

The women of Allington, Conn., have organized for the protection of their village from fire. They are to hold a country fair, the proceeds of which will be used to buy apparatus. They will also form a woman's brigade of the fire department. The tobacco grown in the United States is of two general types or classes: (1) cigar tobacco, and (2) chewing, smoking, snuff and export tobaccos. In 1908 something more than 150,000,000 pounds of cigar tobacco was grown in the United States and nearly four times the amount of the other types.

About the most onomical correspondents I've heard of," remarked Assistant Postmaster Ray Floyd, "were two women who stopped at a window downstairs the other day and wanted to know if they could be all right if they both were to write to a friend on the same postal card and thus save a cent."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The cigar tobaccos are grown mostly in New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Wisconsin, though there is a considerable and rapidly increasing production of this type in Georgia, Florida and Texas. The tobaccos used for chewing tobacco, snuff and export are produced heavily in Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia and South Carolina. Dr. Gertrude Halley, a graduate of the medical department of the Melbourne University, has been reappointed medical officer of the public schools in Tasmania. Dr. Halley is the first woman to occupy such an office, and is reported to have given such satisfaction that a movement has been started to appoint women to all such offices to the exclusion of men.

To get rock for the Morena dam in southern California one of the biggest blasting operations on record has just been successfully carried out. A tunnel 125 feet long was first driven into the face of the granite. In this chamber was placed 35,500 pounds of powder and dynamite. This was exploded by electric fuses, and dislodged 120,000 cubic yards of rock.—Engineering Record.

SHE CANNOT REASON. Nevertheless, Women Is the Greatest Force for Good in the World. According to Judge Peter Grosscup, of the United States Circuit Court of Chicago, a woman never makes a real success of a business career unless by some kind of an accident. In fact, she never carries it through to

a finish. Listen, ye business women, to the words of the learned judge. "Woman," he states impressively, "has neither the patience nor the capacity for gathering great masses of detail. She will not properly assort, classify, and permanently distinguish the separate items. If she gets any amount of detail together the next thing you know she is down with a headache from puzzling over it, and instead of making it serve her purpose she gets tangled up in it and it floors her. The only correlation of detail that she knows is the relation of a feather to a hat, of a velvet band to the bottom of a skirt, of the relation of red to lavender in a color scheme for costuming. "She does not appreciate values and she has no respect for abstract principles. If a woman loves a man he can do no wrong. If the laws of the universe interfere with her own ends the laws must be modified or set aside. This being the case, she cannot possibly have a place in the profession of the law. What kind of a judge would a woman make by the time two lawyers had got to work on her heart and sympathies? The last thing that would have any weight with her in the decision would be the law and justice." That sounds just a wee bit grouchily, doesn't it, but the Chicagoan doesn't mean it that way in the least. In fact, that's just his method of leading up to the following nicely-expressed opinion: "Woman cannot reason, but she is not inferior to man on that account. As a matter of fact I think man and woman equal, but if there was any difference it would be in favor of woman as the superior. It is woman who administers to the sorrow and the neglect of this world. She is the force that makes for culture, for comfort, for good cheer, for preservation of the conventions and morality, and for sentiment. All of the heroes of this world are such because women have idealized them and lifted them to the pinnacle of being heroes. No man was ever intrinsically a hero. Only women make him so. "She has her greatest justification in the inspiration she affords to man. He goes forth to accomplish something, and he knows that he will find all of his own joy in accomplishment, all of the appreciation which his being demands reflected in some woman. It is this joy in his joys, exultation comparable with his own exultation that keeps him keyed up to any sort of accomplishment."

BATTLE WITH SKEENA INDIANS. Kispiox Village and Chiefs Taken by Canadian Border Police. After a five hours' battle which began at daybreak a force of fifty special police under Chief Constable Maitland-Dougall and embracing virtually all the male inhabitants of Hazelton, on the Skeena river, captured the Indian village of Kispiox and made prisoners seven chiefs of the tribes who have been inciting the related nations of the Skeena to war upon the whites, obstructing railway construction and seizing supplies and stopping provincial road work. Chief Constable