

The best cooks make the poorest soufflages.

Some husbands talk in their sleep because it is the only chance they get at home.

Anyhow, a wife who is beaten by her husband cannot say she gets no attention.

'Tis harder to see, the older we grow, the incentive for glee in beautiful snow.

Prof. Jespersen says it doesn't make no difference if you do use two negatives in the same sentence; this is a free country.

Commander Peary thinks that the Wrights might fly to the pole. Take the Walter Wellman route and bear away a little to the left.

'You can't amuse the people of this world into the kingdom of God,' says a preacher. Neither can you send them there with a grinch.

To remedy the rather unusual condition of cheapness, or to prevent any further decline in price due to abundance, a cement trust has been started.

King Alfonso is said to be a tremendous eater. If his majesty is trying to fatten himself it is apparent that he will have to adopt some other plan.

New York stock manipulators are again busy making it plain that the lamb who doesn't wish to be shorn should look for pasture as far as possible from Wall street.

Such is fame. Dr. Cook's books on the ascent of Mt. Kinley, and the discovery of the north pole are being re-taken from the travel shelves to the fiction shelves of the public libraries.

Argentina is going to spend \$22,000,000 for two Dreadnoughts, but how can she hope to preserve peace with them if none of her neighbors decide to spend a like amount for a similar purpose?

Perhaps Edison was thinking of the steadily increasing cost of things to eat and wear when he announced a few days ago that the ordinary workman will eventually have to be provided with an income of \$200,000 a year.

The Rhode Island legislature proposes to enact a law intended to prevent hasty marriages. It will hardly have a noticeable effect as long as people may contract hasty marriages by stepping across the boundaries of that diminutive state.

Peary announces that he is ambitious to discover the south pole and plant the Stars and Stripes there. We guess the people of this country will be willing to try to worry along without calling for help while he is making the effort; but he should be warned now that the relief expedition business is called off.

Not so many years ago "farmer" was about as scornful a slang term as could be applied to anybody who blundered, stumbled or "got in bad." But what would the average man in the streets way-to-day if somebody shouted at him, "You farmer?" Wouldn't he throw his chest out and spring a smile as broad as if he owned a gold mine? He certainly would. The farmer doesn't wear his hayseed in his hair any longer. He sells it and buys an automobile. And when "doctor, lawyer, merchant, thief" point their fingers at him and say, "You're it," he merely throws in the speed clutch and smiles back along the wind.

Following the removal of the duty on hides and skins, the importation of these articles has increased by nearly one-quarter. The total importations for the year were worth about a hundred million dollars, or sixteen millions more than the greatest previous amount. Nearly a third in value was represented by goat skins. More than one-half of these came from the British East Indies, and more than one-half of the cattle skins came from Mexico and South America. But the large increase in imports has not been followed by any reduction in the retail price of shoes and other leather goods.

The evidence of the Brokaw separation suit is a disclosure of jealousy, of family bickerings, of suspicion, of espionage and of cocktails. It is a story of high life and of unhappy lives. The picture, as painted on the witness stand is dark and repellent and the trail of the dollar is over it all. The mechanic who has a steady job, at a fair wage and who occupies a modest and contented home with his family, gets a thousand times more pleasure and satisfaction out of life than the Brokaw outfit and is of more use in the world. Money can buy fine houses and fine mantels, expensive equipages, rich gaudies, liveried servants and other luxuries, but it can't buy happiness. Rightly used, wealth can serve great and noble purposes and do a lot of good, squandered and perverted, it can only build whitened sepulchres. Nobody who reads the Brokaw serial develops any envy for the Brokaw million. It shows that pleasure, when resting wholly on a foundation of cash and dealing in terms of the marketplace, becomes a mockery. The old proverb-maker who, thousands of years ago, declared that "better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith" knew his business.

James J. Hill rather acutely calls it the cost of high living, rather than the high cost of living. This, of course, does not settle the problem, but it may set people to thinking. The family

"Living" is a commingling of necessities and luxuries, very confused and well-nigh impossible of segregation. The old adage that the luxuries of yesterday are the necessities of today applies. A dozen years ago the telephone, for example, had become a business necessity. It adds \$15 or more a year to the house expense, or enough to clothe one of the younger children for twelve months, yet housekeepers don't see how they can do without the telephone. It does their marketing for them. It discharges many of their social obligations, and it keeps them in touch with their friends. The woman of the house would not be without the telephone, and wonders how her mother could. But her mother did and probably was a better housekeeper, because, instead of depending on quick ordering of dabs of necessities, she planned to buy her supplies in bulk and got better prices. The cost of high living, as Mr. Hill puts it, is worth the examination by every family. It will take some Roman virtue to draw the line between what is needed and what is wanted. The cost of schooling, for illustration, is increasing notwithstanding all that the state contributes. A generation ago the cost of books often drove promising and ambitious boys from school. Today it is not the cost of books, but crazy ideas we have how school children should dress, that cause grief. No individual can dogmatize for any family, but each family would do well to dogmatize for the subject for itself. It would not take much experimenting to reveal how little the luxuries contribute to family happiness in proportion to the anxieties they bring on, when the family income is compared with the family outgo at the end of the week or month.

A DINNER IN THE DESERT.

Those who travel in far countries sometimes have to put up with strange food. In a book by Mrs. Roland Wilkins, entitled "By Desert Ways to Baghdad," there is an account of a night in the desert when any kind of food would have been welcome to the author's companions and herself.

The cook came in with a pleasing expression. "What will you have for supper?" he said.

"What can we have?" we answered with the caution arising from long experience of limited possibilities.

"What you wish," he said, with as much assurance and affability as if he were presenting a huge bill of fare.

"Got a fowl?" I said.

"There is not one left," he answered.

"Eggs, then," I suggested, with a humor of desperation.

"No fowl, no eggs," he answered, with pitying superiority.

"Well, we will have what there is," I said.

"There is nothing," he answered, cheerfully.

Was there nothing left of our stores? I rummaged in the box which held them. Everything was wet and slimy; a few bags of chocolate were soaked in borrl, emanating from a broken bottle; two dirty linen bags contained respectively a little tea and rice; a disgusting looking pasta mess in what had once been a pasteboard box aroused my curiosity. Could it be? Yes, protein flour, eminently suitable for travelers, forming a delicious and sustaining meal when no other food is procurable.

"X," I said "shall we eat—"

"Don't talk about it," said X. "Cook everything together."

We put a can of water on the fire and threw in the rice and protein. The chocolate and borrl were added. With an air of pride, Haasan produced a small, round, grimy object, which he held aloft with pride.

"Onion!" we all shouted simultaneously in excited, ungovernable greed. He nodded gleefully, and then pulling a long, dagger-like knife from his belt, he cut the treasure into slices and let them fall into the bubbling pot.

When the moment of complete merriment seemed to have arrived, he lifted the pot off the fire and placed it between us and handed us each a spoon. My companion swallowed a few mouthfuls.

"We must leave some for the men," she said, with a look of apology, as she put the spoon down. I agreed cheerfully.

"Correct to a T."

Our earliest quotation for this or for the kindred phrases "to suit one to a T," is of 1693. Can any one help us? 'Tis of 1693. Can any one help us to an earlier example? No one of our many instances throws any light upon its origin. A current obvious conjecture would explain "a T" as meaning "a T square," but to this there are various objections. We have no evidence as yet that the name "T square" goes back to the seventeenth century, and no example of its being called simply "a T," and in few if any of our instances would the substitution of "a T square" for "a T" make any tolerable sense. The notion seems rather to be that of minute exactness, as it were "to the minutest point." But the evidence is mainly negative. If examples can be found of "T square" before 1700 or of its reduction simply to "T" or of earlier examples of "to a T" they may help to settle the actual origin.—London Notes and Queries.

Not the Cook's. Mistress (who has received a broad hint that an extra "evening hof" will be welcomed)—Cook tells me, Mary, that you want to go out with a young man this evening. Is it urgent? Mary—No, mum, it ain't. He's me own gent.—London Sketches.

After a man has been walked a while he does hate to walk down street with his wife hanging on his arm.

The trouble with cute children is they soon outgrow it, and become impudent.

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

STOP FUNERAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

YOUNG business man died unexpectedly, leaving a widow and three small children. For two years he had worked hard to establish a business, which was just beginning to pay well and gave promise of becoming highly profitable during the coming spring and summer. But his cash resources were small, his insurance was almost nothing, and, with his ability and hard work taken away, the business he left offered precarious support for the widow and children. All this his widow knew. Yet, with rent overdue, the doctor to pay, and her children and herself to look out for, she buried her husband's body in a \$150 casket, and the undertaker's total bill ran more than \$250.

The desire of the living to pay final tribute to the dead frequently outweighs the dictates of common sense and prudence, even to the point of violating the known wishes of the dead. Extravagance along this line is encouraged by undertakers, who suggest expensive funerals and offer long-time credit, as many a family knows to its sorrow.

In other countries societies, the members of which agree to keep all funerals under their direction within a certain cost limit, have done much to check extravagance. There is room for organizations to reduce funeral expenses in this country, and a movement in that direction should be encouraged.—Chicago Journal.

EXPENSIVE ERRAND BOYS.

THE American farmer in 1909 received \$300,000,000 for the egg crop. The American consumer paid \$540,000,000 for the same eggs. Who got the difference of \$240,000,000? The farmer raised the hens, took care of them, fed them, housed them, and paid about 50 cents apiece for the care of each one. It cost him not less than \$75,000,000 to keep the hens satisfied and prolific. So, all together, his earnings were reduced to \$225,000,000. But somebody else got \$240,000,000—which is \$15,000,000 more than the farmer received. From the time the eggs left the farmer to the time they reached the consumer the price on them was almost doubled. And the consumer, of course, paid.

Somewhere there is a leech in the egg market and the butter market and the meat market and the grocery market, and all the other markets, that is sucking away at the American consumer's pocketbook. Until this leech is found and beheaded prices of living will be tremendously high, and will grow higher, just so long as there remains anything in the pocketbook to be sucked out. It has not yet been shown that the leech is not the rail.

QUEER STORIES

England's first Sunday newspaper appeared in 1780.

It has been found in Nova Scotia that the lobster's chief enemy is not the dogfish but the lobster.

One of the tricks in the fur trade is to insert white hairs in foxes and sables to make "silver foxes."

The industry of making lukchucken, or honey cake, is worth to the German city of Nuremberg about one million dollars a year.

In Louisiana the law permits a widow to marry again only provided she has waited ten months after the death of her husband.

Sand is the curse of Portuguese East Africa. It blocks the rivers and harbors and stretches in a vast sea toward the interior, effectually cutting off the coast towns from the highlands. Besides, it makes the problem of transportation the bugbear of the planter.

Nearly \$1,000,000 worth of timber was imported into Natal in 1908. The country is practically treeless, so far as there is any commercial value in the timber.

Up to 1789 the chief water works of New York city was in Chatham street, now Park row. The water was carried about the city in casks and sold from carts.

It was so cold in New York part of the winter of 1779 that residents in the vicinity were compelled to cut down the tall trees that stood at what is now the head of Wall street to make kindling wood.

Yaddo, the Saratoga home from which Spencer Trask started on his fatal trip to New York, is one of the show places of the spa town. It derives its name from the utterance of a little daughter of the Trasks. When she crossed for the first time a rustic bridge over the picturesque sheet of water which lies near the home, she pointed and said: "Yaddo," which was as near as her baby tongue could get to the word "shadow," and she did not know that the childish utterance had given a name to the place.

"If I had my way," Dr. Macnamara once confessed to an interviewer, "I should be singing in 'Carmen' instead of making speeches from the treasury bench. But, unfortunately, the British public thinks a great deal more of a man who can make a bad speech than a man who can sing a good song."—Westminster Gazette.

Curious customs are noted among the Milus, a little known Asiatic race, by an explorer, who writes: "Though living on the borders of Tibet, no trace of Buddhism is found among them. Their religion is animistic and consists in the propitiation of the various spirits to whom sickness, failure of crops and such like calamities are attributed. The propitiation takes the form usually of the sacrifice of a fowl or a pig, a small portion being set aside for the spirit, the rest going down the throats of the offerer and his family."

Mr. Wu's Rules for Longevity.

The delightful Mr. Wu Ting-fang, lately ambassador from China to the United States, is described in Miss

road and the express companies. In 1909 the traction companies increased their indebtedness by \$1,015,000,000. The interest that is to be paid on this, of course, comes out of the public's pocketbook. And the express companies during the year paid dividends that ranked among the highest on the whole list of industrial institutions. They're expensive errand boys, the railroads and the express companies.—Cincinnati Post.

COST OF LIVING.

IN THE current number of Vogue is a most pathetic essay by Maria Scott on the successful management of a small income. Maria admits—though reluctantly—that a young couple may venture to begin life in a simple manner on \$5,000 a year. Realizing that this is a drastic saying and one that may be received with incredulity by the mass of the people, she goes on to apologize even for hinting that really "nice" people could live on so meager a sum, but is obliged to admit that by dint of a great effort it may be done in a way.

She asks what denials are necessary for those who contemplate living on \$5,000 a year, and then, seeing nobody rising to answer her, answers it herself by saying that great self-denial will be necessary to keep the wolf from the door.

The one consideration that forces itself on the mind after perusal of Maria's reflections is the tremendous amount of self-denial that is being practiced all over the country by persons who are living nobly on this small amount, not able to have more than one automobile and one short trip to Europe annually.—St. Paul Dispatch.

A ROAD THAT STANDS WEAR.

NEW JERSEY claims to have discovered that bituminous roads cost less than macadam and stand the wear of automobile traffic much better. The State has eighty-five miles of this road already and announces that it will lay no more of the old-fashioned kind. The objection to macadam is that it is picked up by the wheels of automobiles and scattered to the four winds of heaven. The wear on the good roads leading out from automobile centers like all of the large cities shows conclusively that an improved material is urgently needed. The bituminous road seems to serve the purpose because it has sufficient resiliency to meet the needs of traffic and at the same time is compact enough to prevent the particles from being picked up by rubber tires.—Nebraska State Journal.

a penetrating eye. "Thank you!" he said softly, and I hastened onward.

"In the shops it was horrible. Entering a drawer, the tall man in a frock coat who stood by the door would pounce on me and thank me before I could possibly ask for what I wanted to buy. I don't know what I was being thanked for much of the time, but those two words were thrown at me so often that it finally got on my nerves, and I felt like shouting, 'Don't—don't say it!'"

"The salesgirl 'thanked' me before I made my purchase, and 'thanked' me afterward," the cash boy 'thanked' me as he passed me by; and if, as I hurried out, I collided with any one I walking down the narrow aisle, I might beg their pardon in the clearest tones, yet ever the answer given to me was, 'Thank you!'"

"It was beyond analysis or explanation, and questioning was utterly of no avail. Once or twice I ventured to inquire as to the wherefore of the thing, but the answer made me shudder, and caused me to forbear. 'It has always been the custom, thank you!' And coming back across the sea I found relief at home, but sometimes even yet I toss feverishly in my sleep, and waking with a start, I think I hear, as if from some dim echo, 'Thank you!'"

WHAT HABIT WILL DO.

"It was a cold, misty morning in Liverpool, and urgent business required my presence in Sheffield at once, so I was in a hurry," says a young American girl who lately returned from England.

"I expected the unavoidable delay of the custom house, and sighed resignedly. An official opened my suitcase, ran his hand hurriedly about, closed it with a snap, and returning it to me, said politely, 'Thank you!' All in about two minutes! Joyfully I hailed a cab, and was driven to the railway station. As I paid my fare the cabman said distinctly, 'Thank you!' with emphasis on the 'you.' When I bought my ticket, the man at the window said emphatically, 'Thank you!'"

"This time I noted the oddly rising infection and long drawn lingering on the last word. The guard who examined my ticket closed the compartment window with a bang, but I caught a faint 'Thank you!' as the train started.

"Arrived in Sheffield, I registered at the station hotel, and the young man at the desk said 'Thank you!' as I signed my name. I took a tramcar up-town, and gasped in amazement as the conductor collected my fare. 'Thank you!' he said, earnestly, as he punched a little ticket receipt for the half-penny which I gave him. 'Let me off at High street, please.' 'Thank you, I will,' he replied. Presently I thought he nodded as he looked at me, and as I started to my feet, I asked, 'High street?' 'No, thank you,' he answered, 'not yet.'

"I inquired the way of a passer-by, and as he directed me he said, 'Thank you, good afternoon!' This was really making me dizzy, and my mind reverted to an entertaining habit of my childhood, when I would repeat the same word over and over until it lost all meaning to my brain.

"As I stepped out of the creeping thing which they call a 'lift' over there, the elevator boy fixed me with

As He Struck Pat. Father Flynn—Your daughter seems far from robust, I notice, Patrick. She looks rather fan-faced.

"O'Brien—Beggorra, yer rivrence, an' is it two-faced ye'd want her to be lookin'!"—Boston Herald.

His Use of Love. "Let us confess our love," murmured the heroine, "and live for love hereafter."

"Suits me," responded the hero. "I'm about out of epigrams."—Washington Herald.

Even a truth-loving detective gets a shadowy reputation.

OUR NATIONAL GREATNESS.

Some Records, Such as Fire Losses, Not to Be Proud Of. Our national habit of boasting, while it has no more grievous result than to make us appear ridiculous, amounts to a species of self-deception which is both ludicrous and reproachful, says the New York Mail. To say that we are the richest nation in the world is merely stating a single fact. To say that we are the most wasteful, is stating another truth which is equally important, even though it be less pleasing to the national pride. We are wasteful—almost, criminally wasteful—not only of our great natural resources such as timber and coal, but of human life itself. The record is more than a record—it is an indictment.

Take the story of fire losses by way of illustration. The census bureau in a report concerning fire departments and fire losses in 158 leading American cities in 1907 states that the losses in those municipalities amounted to more than \$48,000,000, on which there was \$42,000,000 of insurance. William H. Tolman, director of the New York museum of safety appliances, states that the per capita fire loss of the United States in 1907 was \$2.58, which was twice as great as the average among the great nations of Europe. It is estimated by recognized experts that due care and the use of approved preventive measures would effect a yearly saving of \$160,000,000 worth of property in the United States.

Consider the cost of protection from fire in this country. The per capita average in the 158 cities covered by the census report was \$1.65 in 1907. The per capita in Berlin is 24 cents a year. In London it is 19 cents, and in Milan only 17 cents. In the 158 American cities that had \$48,000,000 of fire losses in 1907 the taxpayers were assessed \$38,000,000 for the maintenance of their fire departments. The protection was costly and it protected only in a limited degree.

Legal Information

A person who waits for a street car at a proper cross walk, sees the car coming, and is struck and injured by it through his own negligence, is held, in Wood v. Omaha & G. B. street railway company (Neb.), 120 N. W. 1121, 22 L. R. A. (N. S.) 228, not to be entitled to recover damages on the sole ground that the motorman failed to sound the gong.

That a sidetrack of a railroad cannot be regarded as for public use, where it reaches a private factory, and the railroad company has connected it through his own negligence, is held, in Wood v. Omaha & G. B. street railway company (Neb.), 120 N. W. 1121, 22 L. R. A. (N. S.) 228, not to be entitled to recover damages on the sole ground that the motorman failed to sound the gong.

The liability of a master for injury to an employe because of a defective railroad track, which he had promised to repair, upon complaint by the servant of its defective condition, is held, in Morgan vs. Rainier Beach Lumber Co., 61 Wash. 335, 98 Pac. 1120, 22 L. R. A. (N. S.) 472, not to be affected by the fact that the repair was not to be made until the happening of a future event, such as the return of a section boss, which had not occurred at the time of the injury.

An innkeeper is held, in Rockhill vs. Congress Hotel Co., 237 Ill. 98, 86 N. E. 740, 22 L. R. A. (N. S.) 576, not to be relieved from liability for the value of jewels forming part of the contents of a handbag of a guest, which is lost while in the actual possession of his servant, by a statute requiring him to keep a safe and post notices that he will not be liable for the "valuables not delivered for deposit therein, and upon compliance therewith he shall not be liable for loss unless it shall occur by a servant employed by him in the inn.

The constitutionality of the law providing increased penalties for habitual criminals was assailed in State vs. Le Pitre, 102 Pacific Reporter, 27. The Washington Supreme Court decided that while the habitual criminal statute was a thing of modern creation, and there are many rules of law which may seem inconsistent with its purpose and the procedure adopted to compass it, it is nevertheless sound in principle and sustained by reason. Aside from the offender and his victim, there is always another party concerned in every crime committed—the state—and it does no violence to any constitutional guaranty for the state to rid itself of depravity when its efforts to reform have failed. The act is not ex post facto. It does not deny the right of trial by jury. It does not put the offender twice in jeopardy. It does not inflict a double punishment for the same offense, or inflict a cruel or unusual punishment, or impose a penalty for a crime committed outside of the state. It merely provides an increased punishment for the last offense. The spirit of the law is in keeping with the acknowledged power of the legislature to provide a minimum and maximum term within which the trial court may exercise its discretion in fixing sentence, taking into consideration, as it should always, the character of the person as well as the probability of reformation; or the legislature may take away all discretion and fix a penalty absolute.

Justification. The old darky had driven his fare to the hotel and was now demanding a dollar for his service.

"What!" protested the passenger, "a dollar for that distance? Why, it isn't half a mile as the crow flies."

"Dat's true, boss," returned Sambo, "with an appealing smile, 'but ye see, sah, dat old crow he ain't got free wings an' ten chilluns to support, not to mention de keep fo' de boss.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Marriage is either a success, a failure or a compromise.

Old Favorites

The Mariner's Dream. In slumbers of midnight the sailor-loy lay;

His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind, but, switchwork and weary, his cares flew away;

And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind. He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,

And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn; While Memory stood aside, half covered with flowers,

And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn. Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,

And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise; Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,

And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes. The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,

And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall; All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,

And the voices of loved ones reply to his call. A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;

His cheek is impaled with a mother's warm tear; And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite

With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear. The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;

Joy quickens his pulses—all hardships seem o'er, And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest;

"O God! thou hast blessed me; I ask for no more." Ah, what is that flame which now bursts on his eye?

Ah, what is that sound which now 'lurns on his ear?' 'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky!

'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere! He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck!

Amazement confronts him with images dire; Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—

The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire! Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;

In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save; Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,

And death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave! O sailor-boy, woe thy dream of delight!

In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss. Where, now, is the picture that Fancy touched with light—

Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss? O sailor-boy, sailor-boy, never again

Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay! Unblessed be the morn, when down deep in the main

Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay. No tomb shall e'er plead to rememberance for thee,

Or redeem form or frame from the merolous surge; But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,

And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge! On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid;

Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow; Of thy fair yellow locks, threads of amber be made;

And every part suit to thy mansion below. Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,

And still the vast waters above thee shall roll; Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye,

O sailor-boy, sailor-boy, peace to thy soul! —William Dimond.

Hard to Get Rid of Guest. Jerrie McCartie was often the guest of friends on an account of his pleasant ways extended to him that sort of old Irish hospitality which enabled a visitor in my own family who came for a fortnight to stay for six years, says London Tit-Bits.

In McCartie's case the visit stretched to nearly doubt that time. After eight or nine years, however, his kinsman got a little tired of his guest and let him know of his old mansion's proposed renovation, saying that he had signed a contract for having it painted from garret to cellar.