

Smoking isn't Pittsburg's worst habit.

The menus of meatless meals increase in number, but not in popularity.

China proposes to have the biggest army in the world, and, consequently, also the greatest yellow peril.

The story that a girl contracted leprosy from hair imported from Europe may be false. Teh hair certainly was.

A New York servant girl has left \$5,000 to the family by which she was employed for 32 years. Paste this in your kitchen.

Twenty girls lost their lives in a Chicago factory fire, and the building inspectors are now very busy looking over the place.

A Massachusetts woman can speak 54 languages, yet so profound a student must have but limited time for exercising her conversational powers.

Professor Lowell can logically reply that the people who don't believe Mars is inhabited have never succeeded in furnishing convincing proof that it isn't.

Among those who will take the crusade against the hatpin seriously is the man who has had the sight of one eye destroyed and wants to save the other one.

Food was recently found in an Egyptian tomb where it had been buried for 8,000 years. This an honor is rudely snatched from New Jersey's cold storage warehouses.

As to Confederate money, if you have some which a playful uncle gave you in your youth, look it over. A Confederate half dollar sold the other day for \$3,700 in real money.

Street beggars in Philadelphia complain that the big strike in that city has almost ruined their business. After all, it seems that something may now and then be said in favor of a big strike.

One of the professors says a laborer who received 5 cents a day in the year 1800 was more fortunate than the workman of the present time who receives from \$2.50 to \$6 a day. The professor has evidently been sent out by his wife to do the marketing for Sunday.

The new president of Brazil is Marshal Hermes Fonseca, formerly minister of war. He was nominated by a proclamation signed by a hundred and seventy-five members of the national congress, and not in a convention. Presidential nominations used to be made in this country by a "caucus" of congressmen.

When the corn produced on this rocky and infertile soil of New England can take the first prize at a national corn show in Denver, where it competes with the corn from the great west, no farmer should be discouraged by his acre. If he uses proper fertilizers along with some degree of intelligence, he can almost make his grow on thistles.

Slavery had other sides than that which was presented in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In Texas the other day there was a gathering of more than sixty former slaves and their descendants at the home of the aged man and his wife who used to own them. It was a joyful reunion, accompanied by a great feast for all and a night of dancing; and the great distance which many traveled in order to accept the invitation was proof of their loyal attachment to the beloved "ole massa," and of the happy condition of things on that particular plantation, and certainly many others, before the war.

After every war there is a lingering trail of claims, national and individual, to be adjusted. The commission constituted by act of Congress in 1901 to sit upon the claims of American citizens arising out of the war with Spain has now practically completed its work. More than five hundred cases were heard, involving the taking of an almost unprecedented amount of testimony in Cuba and at Madrid. The total of the claims presented exceeded sixty-one million dollars, but the final awards are only about one and one-third millions. This sum is paid to the successful claimants from the treasury of the United States, although in all cases the grievance of the claimants, nearly all of whom lived in Cuba, was against the Spanish government.

So many people suffer from sleeplessness and other real or imaginary affections of what we call our nerves; and so many who think they suffer also think they find relief in a certain cycle of hypnotic drugs, that the permanent effect of these drugs on health is a matter of even more importance than medical interest. The drugs in question are derived from the by-products of gas-making and oil refining, coke burning and the like. Science has utilized these unpleasant mineral smells as it has utilized the animal smells of the packing houses. These compounds are grouped together for the chemist by the fact that they approach the highly complex formulas of organic chemistry and for the vulgar world of apothecaries and patients by the fact that the names of most of them end in al. They differ from the opiates or narcotics formerly used to produce sleep in their direct effect upon the brain and nerves through the circulation. This effect is produced through an influence upon heart action against excess of which medical men warn patients and which observing patients are able to detect. This effect varies in different preparations and in different patients, according to their condition and susceptibility, all the way from a slight depression of vitality to complete heart failure and stoppage of life. Some drugs seem to

affect one person in this way and some another, but few persons are immune to all of them. It appears that medical men in the East are proceeding from individual warnings in relation to the use of these drugs to an organized campaign against any resort to them except on a physician's order and under his direction. They resemble other remedies in the respect that injurious results follow their abuse. Whether these results are so uniform and certain as to make it necessary to pay a doctor's bill every time one takes a dose appears still to be a matter of dispute.

"OLD MRS. PITT."

Weariness of Pioneers in Early Work for Education of Women.

The preliminary sum with which Mount Holyoke Seminary was established was the direct result of Mary Lyon's personal work and contagious enthusiasm. The work once started, says Miss Ida M. Tarbell in the American Magazine, friends seemed to rise out of the ground. The very errors of the founders helped them.

A member of the committee wanted to call the school the Pangynaskan—"where all the Powers of Women are cultivated."—Seminary. A few editors hostile to innovations in women's education took up the unwieldy word for ridicule, but they really did much good. The first contribution of five hundred dollars came through a woman who had been attracted to the enterprise by the attack on the name.

Mary Lyon was persistent in presenting her cause; she rarely took even a stage ride that the passengers were not made acquainted with the subject. By the end of two years over sixty towns had been interested, and enough money pledged to begin a building costing fifteen thousand dollars. How large a part of this sum had come directly through the efforts or from the savings of hard working women nobody probably knows. Certainly a large part was due to them.

Mary Lyon was always wary about the impression she made in soliciting money, and constantly tried to avoid giving the idea that what was called "female greatness" was to be encouraged in her school.

There is an amusing example of the clandestine methods even men like Catherine and Harriet Beecher felt obliged to employ when they wished to influence public opinion. One of the Southern States was trying to drive out a tribe of Indians by methods which the Beechers felt to be "cruel and unjust." In 1829 Catherine wrote a letter, published anonymously, and addressed to "Benignvolent Women of the United States," in which she expressed her indignation, and suggested that public meetings be held and petitions prepared for Congress.

Through the aid of a few women pledged to secrecy this document was scattered over the country. To the great delight of the conspirators, their campaign worked marvelously, and a large public interest was aroused. There was much curiosity about the authorship of the circular.

Professor Silliman of Yale said it was "worthy of the elder Pitt," whereupon Harriet dubbed her sister "Old Mrs. Pitt."

Abbie Ben Adhem.

Abbie Ben Adhem (pretty as you are, and dressed as neatly as one ever sees), One day was absent when her friends began to turn such absent ones beneath their feet. "She hasn't" vowed one, and sadly shook her head. "She flirts!" another with a shudder said. "I've heard that so and so and so and so," a third declared, and all cried: "Well, upon my word!"

And so in half an hour poor Abbie's fame as well as reputation and once honored name were torn to tatters, and her friends declared. She was the sort by whom fool men were snared, and that if they were she they'd have more pride Than to give cause for rumors undeni-

In fact, they came to the conclusion then, That Miss Ben Adhem should not be again Held in their friendship as she once had been, But that she should be spurned with glances keen, And that while some reports might not be true, Of course, a person never really knew!"

The next day these same friends met to compile A list of those who should be asked to while Away an afternoon at tea and what, And each one then prepared her lengthy list, Suggesting who to ask and who to snub— For it, you see, was an exclusive club.

And who, think you, was most important guest? Lo, Miss Ben Adhem's name led all the rest. —Willbur D. Nesbit, in Life.

The Best She Could Do.

"We've got to cut down our expenses," said Woody. "We are living in a style that makes everybody think my income must be twice as big as it is."

"Well," his wife replied, "what more do you want, seeing that there is no chance for you to double your income?" —Chicago Record-Herald.

The Alternative.

Ascum (after the performance)—I shouldn't think you'd care to take part in amateur theatricals. Simmickton (one of the cast)—I don't; but if I didn't I'd probably have to sit in the audience.—Punch.

The Curious Fate.

Mrs. Rubba—I wonder why that woman keeps watching me so? Mr. Rubba—Perhaps she's trying to find out why you are staring at her. —Philadelphia Press.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who wouldn't wear any jewelry that was not solid gold?

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

A leading theological seminary there has been delivered recently a series of six lectures upon the rural church and its future. The city church has its problems to face—intricate and complex problems, which engage the best thoughts of deep thinkers—but the country church is in itself a problem. The changing conditions in country communities in the past century have manifested in no way more than in their religious life. In the pioneer days in this country the church and school stood side by side in every new settlement—one church and one school, both well supported and well attended. Then came the difference of creed which split the one church into many. In numerous country communities this has meant several struggling churches, instead of one strong one; and in many others it has resulted in no church at all, where once one flourished.

Of late there has been a movement for consolidation and reunion—not in the non-essentials of creed and dogma, but along the broader lines upon which fair and well-meaning people have no occasion for differences when they assemble to worship God. In this movement lies the chief hope of the country church. Such unions, when they are possible, solve in the main the important financial problem.

It does not follow that the genuine religious spirit has been dying out among country people while the old-time denominational fervor has been disappearing. Country life on the whole was never more sweet and wholesome than it is to-day. In such an atmosphere the religious spirit cannot die, and the church cannot suffer more than a temporary eclipse of its activity and influence.—Youth's Companion.

WHOLESALE PUNISHMENT.

THE severe sentences imposed by Federal Judge Landis, at Chicago, upon violators of the federal law regulating the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine is likely to put a decisive check upon the industry of palming off the imitation as genuine butter. The offense of the convicted men was in mixing and coloring the imitation product and palming it off upon consumers as the genuine article. It was generally sold at butter prices, and hence was a fraud upon consumers as well as upon the producers of the dairy article. There is a genuine oleomargarine and buttermilk industry which may be pursued under the protection of the laws. We notice in this connection the advertisement of a dealer who announces that his product is sold in plainly marked packages and affords choice quality at honest value; that it is churned in pure milk and cream under government inspection. Such an article is no doubt healthful, and if people prefer it to butter at a lower price, because they can therefore effect a saving in their butter bills, that is their own business, and it is a legitimate transaction between them and the maker and dealer. But to impose it upon purchasers under false pretenses is an offense deserving of the summary justice dealt out by Judge Landis. The matter of the justice of the tax upon colored oleo is a question that can be argued upon its merits. The

tax was put on as a protection to the farming and legitimate dairy interests. It is asserted by these interests that it would be impossible to detect frauds if coloring of the imitations were permitted. On the other hand, the oleo manufacturers say that the tax is largely responsible for the high price of butter. This claim is hardly warranted, for if the limitation is not colored no tax on it is paid. There is nothing to prevent the consumer from coloring the oleo he consumes in his own family, if a butter color will add to his relish, and we understand that a harmless preparation for such coloring can be bought along with the "near" butter.—Minneapolis Tribune.

AUTOMOBILE AND COST OF LIVING.

HOWEVER that exceedingly intricate question in political economy, whether lavish expenditures for "luxuries" by the few tend to increase the cost of living for the many by diverting capital to the production of non-essentials or whether such expenditures are a benefit to the many by "keeping money in circulation" and affording employment, may be answered, and whenever the line may be drawn between "luxuries" and "necessities," there is no doubt that the ultimate effect of the general use of motor vehicles will be to lower the cost of living.

When perfected and adapted to agricultural needs they will facilitate the transportation of farm products to the consumer. They will help to make more accessible a large part of the nearly half a billion acres of arable land at present uncultivated. They will lessen the transportation rates of manufactured products by enabling the retailer to distribute his goods more cheaply.

Like all other useful inventions, which have substituted mechanical force for brute force, rendered easier the rough work of the world and brought comforts and luxuries within the reach of millions, the motor vehicle will in time effect economies in many branches of the great transportation and thus operate directly to lessen the cost of living.—Boston Globe.

THE LOADSTONE.

THE strategic position of the farmer is very attractive just now. He belongs to the one class which has no complaint at all to make of the high cost of living. He reaped big crops last year and obtained high prices for them. He is going to have a bigger acreage this season and there is no sign that prices will come down far enough to keep him from taking more than a comfortable income out of the ground.

Thousands of city folks are going to the country. They will expect far more than the most of them will ever gain. They will know discouragement and many of them failure. Yet if only a small percentage of those who will make the venture stick out the travail and despair they will have done much for their country. They will have been the pioneers for "back to the soil." Human nature is optimistic. If a few do well those who do poorly will be ignored. The few will be the loadstone to draw the many.—Toledo Blade.

the, a native of Nordhausen, born in 1832, and likewise a piano maker. "His father was Christian von Goethe, a native of Weimar, where he was born in 1790. He was the son of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, who was the great Goethe, or, if you please, the Goethe."

The great Goethe himself was born at Frankfurt on the Main in 1749. His literary genius won him the favor of the Grand Duke of Weimar. On the latter's invitation he went to Weimar, where he spent the rest of his life. It is strange that of all the lovers of Goethe in the world none have taken the trouble to learn of his descendants. Only a few of the Germans of this city know that Charles Albert von Goethe lives in their midst. They are for the most part brewers and drivers of brewery wagons, who live at Goethe's boarding house, run by the mother of Charles Albert. This boarding house was started four years ago when the father of Charles was still living.

Charles Albert, the last Goethe, is now in New York working at his trade. He has never touched pen for prose or poetry. He believes that his ancestors following the great Goethe might have achieved great fame in literature had it not been for their musical inclinations. Literature and music, he thinks, are two arts which cannot be pursued with success at the same time. One must give way to the other. Thus it has happened that little of the poetical temperament of the great Goethe has come down to his last male descendant.

"Down to my father," says Charles Albert von Goethe, "all the descendants of Goethe have been piano makers, but all of them, including my father, wrote at one time or another. Some ever wrote largely, but I believe they could have made a name in literature had they devoted their sole attention to it."

There does not seem to be any prospect that the Goethe family will again excel in literature. At least Charles Albert is doubtful. "As for myself," he declared, "I don't know. I have never tried. I like pianos."

SEES FAULT IN SCIENTISTS.

Thinkers of To-day Lack Imagination, According to Writer. Men of science, your faculties are weakened by the very exactitude which is your pride. You measure and weigh, and you are surrounded and overwhelmed by the limitations imposed by the experiences of your senses. You seek causes upon observing effects, or determine the effects resulting from given causes; but such analyses do not lead you into the realm of imagination. You are too material. If you had been Newton upon observing the apple fall, you would have thought, "The reason why it fell was because its stem became too weak to hold it." Newton, however, had imagination, and thereby he discovered the law of gravitation, declares a writer in Casier's Magazine. Columbus did not care to prove simply that the earth was round. His imagination fired him with a knowledge of benefits to mankind resulting from a possible (and, as it turned out, chimerical) northwest passage due to such roundness. His imagination inspired the discovery of a continent. And so it is with name after name in history, and so it will be with you and me. You may achieve some small measure of success by doing what our

LAST GOETHE LIVES IN BOSTON.

Descendant of the Great German Poet is a Piano Tuner.

Charles Albert von Goethe, the last male descendant of the great poet and philosopher, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, lives at Roxbury Crossing and earns his livelihood as a piano tuner, the Boston Post says.

He is now about 27 years of age and was born in Brussels, Belgium. He has traveled extensively in Europe and came to this country nine years ago with his parents. Both he and his father obtained employment as piano tuners and the son has followed the trade ever since. To a Post reporter he told the story of his family.

"My father was Ludwig Albert von Goethe, who was born in Berlin in 1857. He was a piano maker. His father was Ludwig Christian von Goethe,

fathers did before us, but our really big deeds will be offspring of our imaginations. Sometimes we see inventions accomplished by chance or a benefit opened to mankind by a stumbling footstep. Such are rare, and shiftless we should be did we count upon circumstances for success.

CIRCUIT RIDER IN AN AUTO.

Prosperity of Kansas Preacher Who Put On a Long Face. A faithful old horse that has served his time in carrying the Rev. W. R. Stevens around to the half dozen country villages in Reno County will be turned out to grass as soon as spring arrives, a Hutchinson (Kas.) correspondent of the New York Sun says.

Mr. Stevens is a Methodist Episcopal circuit rider of the old school. For years he has visited the churches in this and other counties where he has been stationed by the conference, always traveling horse-back and carrying in his old-fashioned saddlebags his Bible, hymnbooks and religious tracts. His assignment out of Hutchinson covered more territory than his old horse was able to get over.

Three years ago when Mr. Stevens came to this charge he took an accounting of his life and its opportunities and decided that there was no good reason for a minister of the gospel to put on a long face and be content with the pittance handed out to the average circuit rider preacher. He determined that it was his duty to become a part of the business world and to follow some occupation when not attending to his charges or visiting his people.

The sale of Kansas farm lands was a business that appealed to Mr. Stevens, and he decided to try his hand at selling farms to new settlers. The extent of his prosperity was not realized until the other day, when he appeared on the streets driving a big automobile which cost him \$2,500. Then he told his friends about his farm land business which he had carried on as he preached the gospel and made pastoral calls in the country.

"I simply could not get along with the old horse," he said. "The automobile will enable me to cover my circuit easily, and it will be useful in the calls I make on members of my congregations."

"It will also be valuable in my farm land business and will enable me to add many hundred dollars each year to my income. During the past three years I made \$12,000 in addition to my salary as circuit rider, and I expect to double that sum during the next two years."

So far as known Mr. Stevens is the only minister in Kansas who owns an automobile, and he believes he is the only circuit rider in the United States who is using a touring car in spreading the gospel.

Flapjack Daps.

How dear to my heart are the flapjacks and bacon That mother constructed in the days long ago. And how I would eat till my food shop was aching And swallow each jack till the flap didn't show; The coffee and rolls and the fritters that she made, The cat that sat meowing for scraps now and then— Oh, you may have breakfast served up in three courses, But give me the flapjacks and bacon again. —St. Louis Star.

IS OLD-FASHIONED LOVE-MAKING OUT OF DATE?



THE OLD WAY.

Love-making, according to diagnosticians, is a lost art. The modern lover meets a young lady Monday, invites her to the theater for Tuesday, dines at her home on Wednesday, proposes on Thursday, asks papa Friday, and is married on Saturday. Next week the novelty is gone, the curiosity appeased—another affinity appears—then a few tears, a few harsh words—a parting—"No flowers, please."

Even the stage lover has changed. The Fechter—the Wallack—the Coghlan have gone and no successor in evidence, even that high priestess of the erotic drama and osculatory octopus, Olga Nethersole, affirms that in her entire career only one leading man really knew enough about love-making to cause her to "act up to him," and he was a Saxon. Think of it! With all the varied nationalities who have made love to ebullient Nethersole, only one came to the ideal—and she ought to know, for the fiery words of passion have been showered upon her most bountifully, and she, in turn, has impersonated more women with a "temperamental tint" than any other living actress. In fact, love-making is her piece de resistance, and its art to her is a religion, as she is to-day recognized as the greatest disciple of the realistic drama.

Here are pearls of confession, culled from the close-mouthed oysters of professional confidence: The Saxon race make the best lovers. They are more responsive, more reliable and are dominated more by their brains than their passions. The Gallic lover is impulsive, inquisitive, dominating and insanely jealous; loves with the fervent ardor of an ideal Romeo for a time, then assuming the frigidity of the frozen North. The Celt is amorous, dangerously sincere and altogether too impressionistic. His love-making is as sacred as his creed. The Teuton is stoical, unbending and patronizing. His love-making is bestowed by personal favor, not by unanimity, and reciprocity of emotion to him is unknown. Hebrews make good husbands, but poor lovers. —Utica Globe.

SUDDEN DEATH IS HEREDITARY.

So Say Two French Physicians Who Have Investigated the Subject.

There are records extant of families a majority of whose members of several generations have died suddenly and from more or less obscure causes. In some instances the fact that sudden death "runs in the family" is so well recognized that it is expected by immediate relatives, calmly or in terror, according to the individual habit of mind. Such deaths are popularly ascribed to heart disease, even when physicians refuse to make any such diagnosis.

"My father had a weak heart," some one will say, "and I suppose I shall drop dead in my tracks, just as he did." Yet in many cases of such sudden death it is certain that absolutely nothing is the matter with the heart.

Two French physicians who have been looking up this odd subject are quite convinced, the Indianapolis Star says, that there exists a sudden-death "diathesis," or constitutional tendency, just as there exists an arthritic or gouty "diathesis," and many other similar tendencies, all of which are handed down from father to son. This tendency betrays itself by many symptoms. Those who possess it are apt to be subject to fainting fits, to nose-bleeds, to asthmatic attacks, and so on.

In particular they have one unpleasant habit which in certain conditions brings on the sudden exit for which they are peculiar. It is an acute local swelling, which may appear, without any warning, on any part of the body, affecting sometimes a very small spot, sometimes an entire limb, and lasting from a minute to two or several hours. Now, when this swelling attacks the throat it may press against the windpipe and choke its victim to death. In a few minutes the swelling may subside and leave nothing to tell how life was lost.

That many mysterious deaths are thus to be accounted for is the opinion of the French investigators. It is surely rather gruesome to think of the members of a doomed family waiting to be caught unexpectedly and savagely by the throat by such a relentless enemy as this. One is tempted to hope there may be some mistake—and yet the mysterious deaths remain to be accounted for.

USEFUL PATENTS ARE SHOWN.

Wuerttemberg Exhibits Common Utensils Made to Save Labor.

The kingdom of Wuerttemberg has the credit of arranging a most interesting exhibition of inventions and patents, a St. Louis Globe-Democrat Stuttgart correspondent says. The spacious building in Stuttgart occupied by the 1,500 exhibits does not contain any revolutionary or epoch-making inventions. But the exhibition is none the less interesting, because it deals with everyday life and the improvements in existing articles and utensils treated from a practical point of view. Introduced into daily life they will be time and labor saving.

Thus, for instance, a fruit gatherer is attached to a pole and armed with cutting teeth and a small bag into which the fruit slides. A new simple contrivance for tightening wires is so very simple that it is surprising no one ever thought of it before. A modified beehive, with a special method for automatic ventilation, will be a

A PRISON HORROR.

Awful Fate of a Russian Political Offender.

David Soskice writes in McClure's Magazine of the horrors of the Schlusselburg, Russia's political prison. "Grachevsky, unable to stand his life any longer," says he, "struck a guard in order to be executed. But the commandant of the fortress declared him to be insane and therefore exempt from punishment."

"Then," said Grachevsky, "it remains for me but to kill myself." He was taken to the "stable" and kept there under most vigilant watch.

"One night," related Ludmilla Volkenstein, "a terrible, inhuman shriek was heard. Footsteps hurried toward Grachevsky's cell. Feeble groans followed, and it was evident that something terrible had happened to him. Smoke and the smell of burnt clothing and flesh pervaded the building and hung about it till the following day. We then knew that Grachevsky had burnt himself alive. He had soaked his clothes and bedding with the oil from the little night lamp and, rolling himself up in his blanket, had set it on fire. For several days beforehand had disarmed the suspicions of his guards, so that they had relaxed their watchfulness a little and enabled him to commit the dreadful deed."

"Oh, doctor, he growled so savagely I was sure he was mad even before he went on in such a biting way."

"I beg pardon, madam, but is it your large dog or your small pet one you are speaking of?"

"Law, doctor, it isn't my dog I am talking about. It's my husband."

Baltimore American.

Ireland's wheat yield is 37 1/2 bushels an acre, which is nearly five bushels an acre better than that of Great Britain.

If you are contented, you are pretty well off without an auto and a man-sion.