

STRIVING FOR EFFECT.

It is pitiful to watch the struggles of those who in their worldly lives try to be what they are not. To gradually pass from a poor condition of life into a better one is vastly different from rushing from one extreme to the other, and the spectacle of striving to keep up too high a pace is one of the most unedifying it is possible to observe, says the Charleston News and Courier. We gain nothing by such conduct unless perhaps it is the applause of those whose favor we may try to cultivate, but even then it often happens that those who praise are also our severest critics. It would seem that we strike the keynote of a happy life when we play our parts naturally, not as gaily attired puppets who dance and twirl for the amusement of others, but as sober-hearted, true-souled men and women who are content to be what they are and who only move across the stage of life for some good purpose. The only effects that are worth striving for are those that come to us naturally or by virtue of our best efforts in a worthy cause. They outlast all those other effects upon which we expend so much time and labor and which are at best merely artificial. They may not be so wonderful in their color schemes; they may not rush across our vision like birds of brilliant hues that flash across the blue, but they gather radiance with the passing years. Their colors never fade, their results last forever and they linger long in the memory of those who are so fortunate as to have beheld their beautiful vision.

There can be no two opinions on the proposition that China sorely needs a new language to replace the many and widely varying dialects that now serve to divide, rather than to unite her people. English, the language of trade and diplomacy in the east, is the most available. Educated Chinese, natural linguists that they are, have found little difficulty in mastering it. But how about the mass of the population? Will they find it just as easy? The day may come when English will be spoken quite generally in China, but that day is still far away. Presidential decrees may hasten its coming a little, if they are backed up by educational provisions. But in spite of all that can be done to promote it the change must necessarily be of very slow growth. The men who are taking this occasion to put forth the plan might more properly be called dreamers than progressives.

It is a curious fact that in the midst of winter on record the price of fresh eggs in New York should have mounted to an unprecedented height. But there's a reason—at least there is said to be. The cold storage men, it is stated, have in stock no fewer than three hundred million dozen eggs, some of which they have held for a long time. They are afraid of carrying this stock indefinitely in the present attitude of legislators toward cold storage. Therefore they are holding fresh eggs out of the market practically by putting a prohibitory price upon them, and thus creating a condition in which many people will buy "seconds" at figures that they would regard as extortionate at any other time. It's a great game—from the standpoint of shrewd business, not from the standpoint of fair dealing.

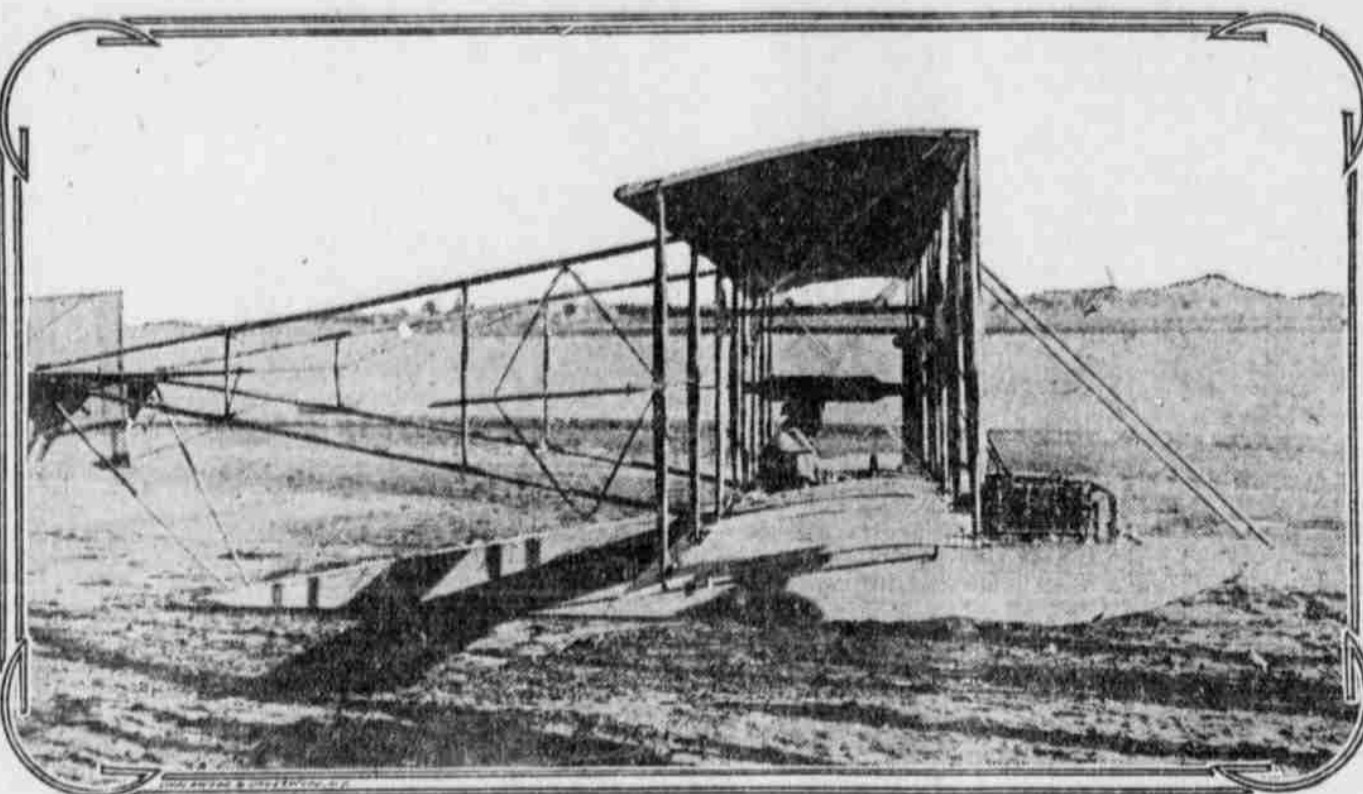
If buckwheat coal, which until a comparatively few years ago was thrown upon the cull banks of the anthracite mines as worthless, is to be boosted in price, as reported, it means just that much more clear profit to the producing companies and operators. From an economic standpoint the utilization of what was once a waste product is a good thing for both the public and the producers, as it tends to prolong the life of the anthracite regions, but it is hard to see what justification there can be in existing conditions for an advance in price. Doubtless the big companies, whose dividends range from 20 per cent. down to 6, need the money, and what more need be said?

Emotional women seldom bring hot-house flowers to the commonplace criminal who is in prison for stealing a cow or picking a pocket. These choice gifts are reserved for the higher class offender who commits a revolting murder.

The Chinese have been doing more fighting than straw braiding, and straw hats next summer may be high priced. No one, however, in midwinter cares about what is to happen in midsummer.

"Tips are not seriously objectionable until they take on the proportions of enforced bribes," says the Washington Star. Perhaps so; but the trouble is they do take on that aspect before they go very far.

FLYING BOAT WHICH GOES A MILE A MINUTE



THIS is the first photograph of a new amphibious craft built by Glenn H. Curtiss and just successfully tested at San Diego, Cal. It will swim over water at 50 miles an hour, or fly through air at 60 miles an hour, changing from one element to the other at the will of the operator. The "flying boat" is like the hydro-aeroplane only that it has two planes in its equipment. It is believed that it can easily be handled on board a battleship.

GUN MAN TO RETIRE

Bob Dean, Terror of Criminals, to Be Evangelist.

Arkansas Sheriff is Determined to Supervise Execution of Man Who Killed Marshal Before He Takes Up New Work.

St. Louis.—Bob Dean, known for years as a "bad man" and a dead shot, who has killed ten men in his time and has himself been shot thirteen times, who is acting now as deputy sheriff of Mississippi county, Arkansas, will soon lay aside his guns, give up his duties as officer of the law and go forth into Mississippi, his native county, and preach the gospel of peace and good will to the rough men who have known him hitherto only as a man ill to trifle with.

This change of life and front Bob Dean decided on Sunday night, December 17, at the close of a three weeks' revival service conducted by Rev. Chambers Mannering, who converted Dean early in the meetings. It was during the closing of the services that the deputy sheriff arose and said that he intended to lay down his pistols and take up the Bible.

There is only one reason for the delay. He is not ready to assume his role as preacher until he has closed his career as an officer of the law by officiating at the hanging of Henry Coates, now in jail at Osceola, Ark., awaiting execution. Last April Coates shot and killed Marshal R. L. Ferguson of this town, and so seriously wounded Bob Dean himself that he lay in a Memphis, Tenn., hospital for three weeks, his life hanging by a thread. By a special dispensation of the governor, at the request of Sheriff C. B. Hall, the latter official will relinquish his duty as sheriff on that occasion and allow Bob Dean to do the hanging of the man who wounded him.

So soon as his "ancient enemy" is hanged Dean will take up his ministrations. Coates was discovered a few miles from Osceola in the act of tying up his boat and taking on a cargo of whiskey. Upon the officer's demand to give himself up Coates had the boat push off and replied with a volley of buckshot from his shotgun. Both officers returned the fire, their shots

going wild. The second volley by Coates, however, felled Dean, and another instantly killed Ferguson, whose body pitched headlong into the river. Five days later the dead body of Ferguson was found 25 miles down the river, and on the following day came the news from the Tennessee side that Coates had been captured. The declaration of Dean that he will renounce his former life after springing the gallows on which Coates will hang has awakened much local curiosity, and that there will be an immense crowd present in Osceola when the hanging comes off is a certainty.

DISOWNS CHILDREN TO WED

Eastern Widow Ships Four Little Girls to Idaho Foundling Institution.

Boise, Idaho.—Rather than miss a chance to remarry, a widow somewhere in the east put a shipping tag on her four little girls and consigned them to the Children's home foundling institution in this city. The name of the mother is withheld by Superintendent Christian of the home, but he learned after an investigation that she had spent \$1,800 life insurance and \$1,600 left to the children by their father, and wished to be relieved of their care, that she might get another husband. "To the Children's home—Please care for these children," she wrote, and pinned the note on the dress of the oldest girl, aged 11, as she bundled them onto the train. The youngest was four years old.

FROZE HIS TONGUE TO POLE

Missouri Boy Offered All Kinds of Aid by Crowd—Is Freed and Goes to Doctor.

Independence, Mo.—Albert Antoine Bundschu, nine years old, youngest son of A. J. Bundschu, an Independence merchant, has a sore tongue. It came about as a result of trying to test the adhesive power of cold iron in zero weather. With some schoolmates, young

Bundschu was passing a candy store on West Maple avenue. While some were in and bought candy, Bundschu stood on the sidewalk near an iron trolley pole. A sudden impulse seized the boy to apply his tongue to it.

He tried it. His tongue remained frozen to the iron, and all of his efforts to get it loose were fruitless. A crowd gathered. There were many suggestions. One man came running with a bucket of cold water, which he said was just the thing; "warm water would never do." Another from across the street snatched a teakettle full of boiling water from his stove and came to the rescue.

Finally F. A. Schweers, proprietor of the candy store, arrived with some lukewarm water which was poured on gradually, at the junction of the trolley pole and the boy's tongue. Gradually the tongue came loose. Then the boy went to the family physician for treatment.

MAN REGAINS HIS SENSES

Chandler Rogers, Who Puzzled Seattle Doctors, Tells Who He Is.

New Bedford, Mass.—Awakening to his real identity for the second time in fourteen years, Chandler Rogers of Seattle, Wash., "the man who forgot," found himself at the Emergency hospital here surrounded by a group of physicians, who are studying his strange case.

Fourteen years ago a man giving his name as Earl Keller drifted into Seattle, secured a position, courted many women, one of whom he subsequently married. Several months ago he was found suffering from pressure of the brain. Physicians trepanned his skull. The patient announced after the effect of the anesthetic had worn off, that his name was Chandler Rogers and that he was found that the previous fourteen years of his life was a blank. He could not even remember that he had ever been known as Keller.

On December 26 he went to Boston to visit his sister, Mrs. Florence W. Walling, whom he had not seen for fifteen years. A few days ago he made arrangements to enter the Seidts Institute at Portsmouth, N. H. Later he was picked up in the streets here and taken to the hospital where he was treated for 36 hours before he awoke to his real identity for the second time. His watch and money were missing and he believes he was robbed while he was suffering from his strange mental lapse.

CITY IS BOOK CENTER

Chicago Is Greatest Distributing Station in America.

Competition Not Only in Selling But Buying School Publications Has Caused Many Scandals in This Business.

Chicago.—Chicago's supremacy among cities in most branches of commercial utilitarian production it undertakes is so well known as to overshadow whatever excellence it may have in pure intellect. The municipality has had to struggle to extend its reputation of being artistically inclined, but even with the comparative success it has attained in that direction few persons know that Chicago has erudition to scatter about the country. Yet this city is known, in fact, as the greatest distributing center of educational books in America.

Publication of school books is a mysterious process, as far as the general public is concerned. In this business there is competition, and fierce competition, too, not only in selling, but in buying as well. Competition in selling has more than once occasioned scandal and formal investigation; in buying it is another thing entirely.

The Three R's company, for instance, persuades the authorities in Jonesville that the Alphabet company's school readers in use there are inferior to a new publication of the "Three R's." Therefore the latter gets the opportunity of selling its own readers in Jonesville, taking old and

dog eared Alphabet company readers in exchange, making therefore a discount of perhaps 20 per cent. on the price of the new books. At the same time the Alphabet company has ousted Three R's company's histories from the Smithfield schools, receiving the students' old textbooks in partial payment.

These two deadly rivals here find a common basis in protection against their enemy, the second hand dealer. Rather than have these books, acquired by exchange, sent through the dealer's hands to undersell new books in other cities, each company is willing to exchange with the other and to buy at a good price any copies that may be left over after the exchange. This price may be much larger than the discount given for the books in the first place.

But the second hand dealer is not to be put out of business in this way. Hundreds of thousands of new and used school books are brought yearly into Chicago by the five firms engaged here in that form of trade. They are acquired from retail dealers whose market has failed through a new decision of a local school board and from the smaller publishers who have taken books on a discount basis and have no exchange agreement with the original publishers.

30 Below, Man Wears Straw Hat. Minneapolis.—While the thermometer hovered between 25 and 30 below, R. W. Ricketson won a wager of 25 cents by wearing a straw hat. Ricketson was born in Alaska.

SPENDING A FORTUNE TO TELL OTHERS HOW TO GAIN WEALTH

This is a story of how a comfortable little fortune was spent in three weeks: It wasn't squandered, and in its way that fortune put potential wealth into the hands of more than 155,000 persons in Chicago.

To begin at the beginning: When the third Chicago Land Show was being planned the Union and Southern Pacific railroad companies began to plan also how they could attract their share of the hundreds of thousands that would visit the show, to their territory. Many things were discussed—the first being the idea of booths in which to display the products grown along the lines of the railroads.

"That won't do," said Gerritt Fort and Charles S. Fee, passenger traffic managers of the Union and Southern Pacific railroads. "We've got to have something different this year. Last year we showed what our farmers can do. This year we want to show what all of us can do."

Plan to Spend a Fortune. And right there began the plans for spending this fortune. After a dozen different suggestions had been thrashed out there was evolved the one used, that of having two moving picture palaces built into the Coliseum at Chicago and there showing stereopticon and moving pictures not only of farm life but of town and city life along the Union and Southern Pacific lines.

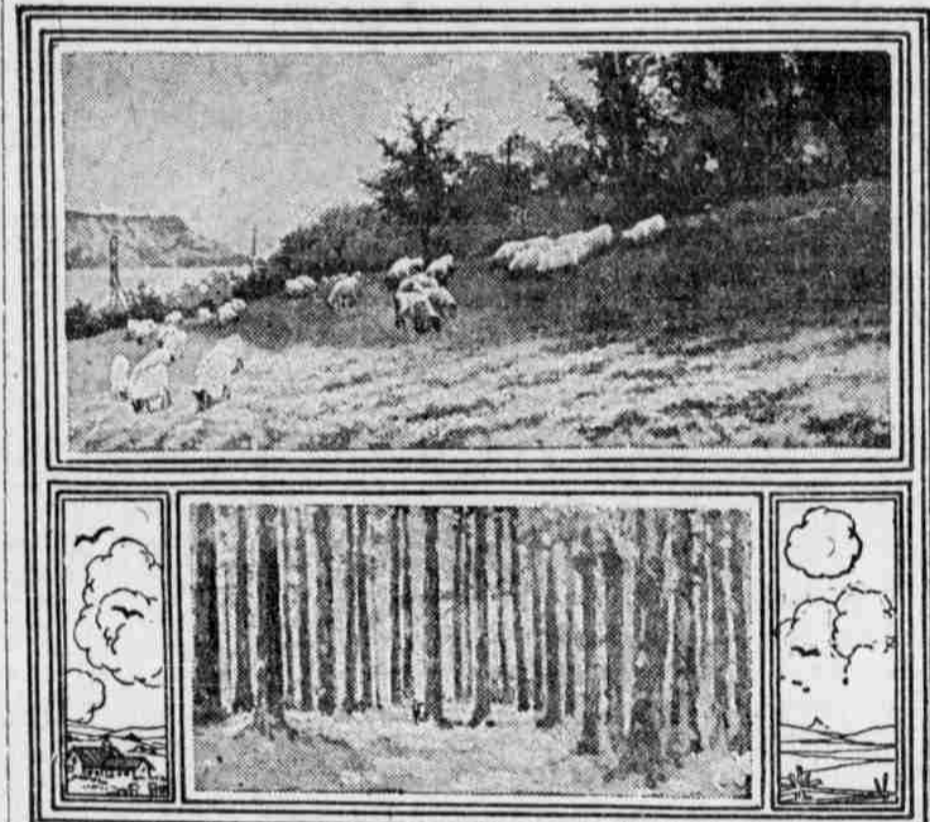
Twenty thousand dollars was the sum decided upon as necessary to make the display. The space at the Coliseum that was allotted to the railroads was put in the hands of a mov-

ing in the two theaters in the 22 days the Land Show was open—or an average of 23 lectures a day. Thirty different men and women from different parts of the country sent out the call for their particular sections; each presenting in his or her own way the advantages to be derived from residing there.

Governor's day at the Land Show was November 28, and on that day the Union-Southern Pacific companies threw open their theaters to the governors of ten western states, welcomed them there, and it was there that the messages of these states were told to Chicago. Other distinguished visitors were invited, and they also talked to thousands. On the special days of the states represented at the exposition the programs were given, as a usual thing, in one of these theaters.

Men stood at each door of the two theaters all day long with counters in their hands, and every person that entered was ticked off on the little watch-like machines they held. At the end of each day the total was taken from each and they were set back to zero again ready for the next day. In this way accurate count was kept of the 155,000 men, women and children who were told the message of the west.

Message Straight to Hearts. "We found that we sent our message straight into the hearts of the land hungry," said an official of the railroads who was present during the land show. "They came into our little theaters with their eyes and feet



ing picture architect—a specialist in the designing and building of motion picture houses—and he was told to go ahead and build two of the best ones he ever planned.

The result more than repaid the planners. When the theaters were turned over to the railroads they were fully up to expectations. The entrances to foyer of the two was from the main body of the Coliseum and the two wide doorways were brilliantly lighted with electric signs. The foyer ran the full length of the Coliseum Annex and was wide. Under foot was a soft carpet, and on the walls were scenes of farm and home life in the west.

Theaters Are Resting Place.

The theaters themselves also were reached by two broad doorways each. Inside they were carpeted and fitted with comfortable wide armed opera chairs that furnished the graded resting place to the thousands that had been "looking around" in the big Coliseum and standing about on the concrete floors until their feet ached. The walls of the theaters also were covered with paintings of western scenes. In addition to the farm scenes were views of several of the immense irrigation projects, and a number of the scenic wonders of the world.

The "cages" for the moving picture operators were fireproof, so that in case of accident no flame could reach out into the body of the house. The ceilings of the two halls were beamed and paneled and the interior decorations were equal to those of any theater in Chicago. In the front of each room was the platform on which the lecturers stood, and to the left of this was the screen on which the pictures were thrown. This was one huge sheet without seam to mark or mar it, and the reflections cast were as clear as it was possible to make them.

Five Hundred Lectures Given. Five hundred and six lectures were

tired from the sights they had seen and the hard floor they had tramped. They sank down into our comfortable seats, rested their feet on our padded floor, and just listened. Then when the lights were lowered and the beautiful colored stereopticon pictures were thrown on the screen, their eyes were rested by the soft colors of the flowers, the waving grain and the handsome homes shown them. In the motion pictures they were shown the methods of farming, the scenic wonders of our lines, and the many cities which we reach. Altogether, I believe that we reached the people in this way better than we could in any other."

Thousands Get Literature.

As the throngs passed from the theaters after each lecture they were sent out through the front of the rooms, into a wide hallway between the auditoriums. On one side of this hallway was a long counter where literature descriptive of the Union-Southern Pacific territory was handed them, and tens of thousands also registered their names and addresses. These will be turned over to the committee in the railroads' territory for their benefit in order that they may get into direct touch with persons seeking new homes.

The cost of space, fitting up and operating the two theaters was a heavy one, and at the end of the 22 days of the exposition the men behind the exhibit discovered that their little fortune of \$20,000 had been spent.

With the close of the land show workmen tore out all the handsome paintings, and the chairs and other comfortable fittings, and within a few hours nothing was left except that which the railroad men wanted—the memory, planted deep in the minds of tens of thousands of persons, of their part of the West and its opportunities.

Sun a Lamplighter.

In the acetylene burning lighthouses along the Panama canal will be installed copper cylinders exposed to the sun. When the sun rises in the morning and the rays fall upon these cylinders they will expand and close valves that admit gas to the burners. As night approaches and the sun's rays diminish in power the cylinders will contract and again turn on the gas, which will be ignited by small pilot jets.—Scientific American.

Signs of a Winner.

"Does your wife win at bridge?" "I don't know for sure," replied Mr. Meekton, "but I think so. The women all look as if they disliked her very much, but they keep on inviting her to play."

Quite the Contrary.

Being anxious as to his prospects in one of the early attempts to enter parliament, Herbert Samuel consulted his agent, who said the chances were not good, because he was a "carpetbagger." Mr. Samuel thereupon promised to live in the division if he were successful, and bills were immediately passed that "if Herbert Samuel is returned next Tuesday he will come to live here."

Some of the other side, however, posted one of these bills on a pigsty. Mr. Samuel did not win the election.—London Telegraph.

The true man is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a good purpose.—Scott.