

All royal roads now seem to include a run through America.

Some people put on airs because that is about all they have to put on.

J. Pierpont Morgan says poker is a wicked game. Pierp is a hard loser.

Self-interest is more likely to warp a man's judgment than anything else.

Most of us would prefer to have the dawn come without the dark hour in front.

The wings of riches enable them to fly up and roost on the highest branches.

One-half the world may not know how the other half lives—but it has suspicious.

Don't imagine a man belongs to the vegetable kingdom because he is a venerable sage.

The czar is going in for reform and the Cossacks will be given more target practice.

Lord Salisbury has refused a dukedom. How that man must be pitted by William Waldorf Astor.

Don't wait for great opportunities. A long, continuous walk will get over more ground than a short run.

A man who fights for freedom and wins is a patriot; if he fights and loses he is a pig-headed old imbecile.

Gossip avers that the boy king of Spain is acting like a bad boy; but gossip is responsible for many untruths.

That Vermont farmer who went away from home just before dinner thirty-nine years ago and has just returned deserved to find his dinner cold.

A woman's club recently debated this question: "How long should a wife submit to a beating before she leaves her husband?" That's easy. She should submit long enough to get hold of the iron poker.

The inhabitants of the Isle of Pines are uncertain as to their national status. Since the evacuation of Cuba by the American forces and the inauguration of the native government, they have been detached from the province of Cienfuegos and are now without machinery of administration, other than that of the little town on the south coast of the island. There are a number of American settlers on the island who object to their condition. They do not wish to be Cubans, but if they cannot be Americans they do not want to go without Cuban support for their schools. Cuba may not be inclined to agree to the exclusion of the Isle of Pines from the boundaries of the republic. It is only provided by the Platt amendment that the question of sovereignty over the island shall be settled by treaty. Cuba may consider that it has nothing to gain by giving the island to the United States.

Hate generally halts when its victim is on his deathbed. Yet the story that comes from St. Petersburg emphasizes the fact that the Slav is a little different from the ordinary man that we meet on the streets. He can hate even while death seems fighting for precedence in the household of his foe. It seems that Russia's world-plans contemplated a long-drawn war in the Transvaal. It meant almost the tying of the hands of the Bear's great rival in Asia. It meant that Great Britain's brains and steam and guns must be mobilized under Kitchener, lest another Majuba Hill put a period to English aspirations for ascendancy in the Boer land. And meanwhile the never-sleeping Slav could plot the Russianizing of Asia. But peace came to the weary warriors in the vales and on the kopjes. It meant happiness the world over, except in Russia. There Britain's hardships were counted gain, while her successes of any nature were cause for vain regrets. Indeed, so upset was the government at the unexpected victory of peace in Africa that its disappointment overcame its courtesy, and when King Edward lay, as thought, upon his dying bed, no word of sympathy was sent to the embassy of Great Britain at St. Petersburg. Of course, it might have been that some one forgot, but forgetfulness in diplomatic matters frequently leads to a request for passports. The Slavs are a queer lot. The world would not be too safe in their keeping.

General Weyler, he of the blood-stained reputation, has a king on his hands. Spain's Minister of War is nothing if not self-seeking. His ambition leaps high. The army he considered his private property. If he had his way all the gold lace in Spain would be decorating his uniforms. From ruler of the army to ruler of Spain seemed a not impossible leap. The Queen Regent be counted as an ally. In the young Alfonso he hoped to find a shrinking youth who could be coerced, if not coerced. But something sprung up in Alfonso's soul when the slinky words were said. A craving to be ruler in fact as in name. So, lately, when the pale was still shimmering, he has been in the habit of ordering a regiment of artillery out for review as a substitute for breakfast. He has paid the soldiers and men for their trouble,

and they are not at all displeased over playing soldier before their 'oy ruler. But Weyler is disgruntled. He sees that such performances weaken his monopoly on the applause of the army. He has no use for a king that does not breakfast in bed, and a king that orders the army out without consulting its head leads him to traitorous thoughts. But the world will bid Alfonso good fortune in his ambition to find out what a king in Spain can do. It means that he may the sooner and the more thoroughly learn what the King of Spain should not do. For Spain needs a king that knows and respects the people and their needs—one that will command and compel obedience, and one that will stop the plundering and start a renaissance. And if, incidentally, General Weyler is unhorsed, Spain will be advantaged and the world will applaud.

The rich young man who will not work and who spends unprofitably and foolishly the money his laborious father left him is one of the favorite topics of the stern moralist, who usually has little to spend and who thinks he spends his little wisely. A professor at the University of Chicago enlivened and humanized his lecture on the dry subject of "Rent and Interest" by holding up to scorn the idle and extravagant sons of the rich. He branded them as "parasites," who should not be allowed to draw their interest. "It is," said the professor, "a crime to society to pay them interest on money which they did not earn and which they are not using for the good of the community"—as the "good of the community" is understood by political economists. They reprobate all expenditure for cakes and ale, fast horses, yachts and costly social functions. The "crime against society" which the professor deprecates is as old as society itself and will last as long as it does. Unless the possessor of unearned wealth is so madly extravagant as to warrant the appointment of a guardian, there is no way in which he can be deprived of his interest and forced to abandon the life of a drone for that of a toiler. The world must take the sons of rich men as it finds them—the bad with the good. When the unimpassioned statistician looks the matter up he will find that the percentage of the favorites of fortune who do not work and only spend is small, and the percentage of the sons of rich men who make a proper use of their money is large. The good which the latter do far exceeds the evil the former do. Unfortunately, the son of a rich man at his office desk is not so conspicuous as the son of the rich man driving furiously in his "sea green automobile" and the one gets little praise, while the other gets much censure. The "parasites" have their uses. What would the men who wish to point morals and adorn tales do without them? When the preacher, the censor of manners, or the political economist who objects to expenditure which is not reproductive needs a text or a "horrible example" he can always find a wealthy spendthrift to serve his turn.

Public attention is usually occupied with events that are of the day, and that pass. Great changes that are fundamental often go unnoted. To-day a great change, amounting to a revolution in farm life, is in progress. The rural telephone, rural free delivery, and the trolley lines are bringing so many of the advantages of the town to the country that the rising generation will never be able to realize how his fathers lived. The older men can still recall the old farm village, remote from railroads, where year after year everything centered about the petty affairs of an isolated community, neighbors' children marrying neighbors' children, and making new homesteads on the borders of the old. A day's journey by team was an extended trip, and a visit to the city an event of widespread interest. The railway and telegraph ruined this old-time village. But the revolution they worked a generation ago was nothing compared to the revolution that is now going on, a revolution that will in ten years make the farm the ideal home of the well-to-do. To-day more than 4,000,000 farmers in the United States have daily mail delivered at their doors. This is the report of the Assistant Postmaster General. As a result of this daily mail they are sending out an average of two letters where before they sent one. When rural free delivery was first proposed it was ridiculed as a fad, a new means of squandering the public money. It is now in operation in every State in the Union excepting Montana, where mountainous roads thus far have made it impracticable. Even in Alaska there is a route from Nome to Gold River. The department estimates that with the present month 8,900 routes will be in operation, averaging twenty-five miles in length. It is safe to predict that during President Roosevelt's term every thickly settled farm section will have its daily mail. The rural telephone is not so far along as rural delivery, and the trolley line is only being experimented with in the West. But who will venture that in ten years all the important farm roads will not be lined with wire and many of them laid with tracks? Hitherto it has been the dream of the farmer to save enough to enjoy at least the conveniences and luxuries of town life. Already the change may be noticed. They are building their new homes on the farm. With the facilities they now enjoy the town does not present so many attractions. The change is most fortunate.

We wish that we could take care of future ambitions as a girl speaks of getting married, and use "when" instead of "if."

and they are not at all displeased over playing soldier before their 'oy ruler. But Weyler is disgruntled. He sees that such performances weaken his monopoly on the applause of the army. He has no use for a king that does not breakfast in bed, and a king that orders the army out without consulting its head leads him to traitorous thoughts. But the world will bid Alfonso good fortune in his ambition to find out what a king in Spain can do. It means that he may the sooner and the more thoroughly learn what the King of Spain should not do. For Spain needs a king that knows and respects the people and their needs—one that will command and compel obedience, and one that will stop the plundering and start a renaissance. And if, incidentally, General Weyler is unhorsed, Spain will be advantaged and the world will applaud.

GOOD Short Stories

The Living Church quotes this extract from a Connecticut woman's diary, dated 1790: "We had roast pork for dinner, and Dr. S., who carved, held up a rib on his fork, and said: 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' 'Yes,' said Sister Patty, 'and it's from very much the same kind of critter.'"

General Horace Porter, the American minister to France, says that when he departed for his post five years ago, his parting words to Mark Twain, as he was about to board the steamer for the other side, were: "Mark, may the Lord be with you." "Yes," the humorist replied, with a slight cough, "and I hope He may occasionally find a leisure moment to pay some attention to you also."

An unlettered Irishman applied to the Philadelphia Court of Naturalization the other day, when he was asked: "Have you read the Declaration of Independence?" "No, sir," was the reply. "Have you read the Constitution of the United States?" "No, sir." "Have you read the history of the United States?" "No, sir," he repeated. "No," exclaimed the judge in disgust; "well, what have you read?" "Oj have red half on me head, your honor," was the innocent reply.

In a series of sketches, entitled "Lights and Shadows in a Hospital," Mrs. Terton tells of a melancholy man, depressed with rheumatism, in her cottage hospital, whom she wanted to cheer by reading. Ordinary hospital literature was no good. At last, said the nurse: "I shall read him 'Three Men in a Boat,' and if that doesn't amuse him, I shall give him up as hopeless." So she read, till finally "a reluctant smile came over his face, and he said, with slow satisfaction: 'I do think they be three rum 'uns.' That was the turning point in his illness. He recovered completely, and left the hospital a bright and cheerful man.

It is said that Senator Jones, of Arkansas, dropped into Mr. Hoar's committee-room to see what the Massachusetts Senator thought of Governor Davis' act in pardoning a negro on condition that he go to Massachusetts. "Why, I accept the governor's compliment for State," Hoar is reported to have replied; "while the negro was looked upon as a criminal, it seems that Governor Davis regarded him as a fit subject for Arkansas. But when he found that the negro was innocent and capable of good citizenship, he was directed to go to Massachusetts, where we have only good citizens. Please convey to the governor my thanks for his compliment to Massachusetts."

Senator Perkins says that once when he was a sailor, a tremendous storm came up, and it looked as if the vessel were doomed to go under. In the midst of the excitement a minister, who was one of the passengers, asked the captain if he could have prayers. "Oh, never mind about the prayers," said the captain; "the men are swearing too hard to stop for prayers, and as long as you hear them swearing," added the captain, "there is no danger." The minister went back to his cabin. A little while later, when the storm grew worse, the preacher went on deck to see what the sailors were doing. Then he went back to his wife. "Thank God," he said, fervently, "those men are still swearing."

SILK MANUFACTURE.

France First, United States Second in Value of Product. With the prominence that is being given in many quarters to the subject of child labor it is interesting to note that in 1870, according to the last census, 20.8 per cent of all the operatives of silk mills in this country were children, while in 1900 the number of youthful workers had diminished to 9.8 per cent. The decrease took place between 1870 and 1890. Since the latter year there has been a slight increase. New Jersey shows the greatest falling off of child employes, having dropped from 32.1 per cent to 5 per cent. In contrast to this, the proportion of child operatives in Pennsylvania has grown greater during the entire period, reports the New York Tribune.

America is second to France in the annual value of its silk production. In 1900 70 per cent of the silk used in this country was manufactured here—an increase of 57 per cent since 1890 and of 15 per cent since 1880. American now produces 85 per cent of the goods annually sold here. The silks now principally imported from Europe are high-class novelties, hand-made silk velvets and hand-made silk laces, which are not produced here to any appreciable extent, but which will, without doubt, be made in due time. Habutai and Katka silks, which, by reason of their extreme lightness in weight, are so popular for summer wear, come from Japan. In 1900 the value of the imports of silk manufactures was \$26,803,549; of the domestic product, \$107,266,258.

There is very little competition from abroad with domestic manufactures of sewing silk and machine twist. In fact, the United States product is universally acknowledged as superior in shades of purity and dye to that of any other country, because only the best Japan and China silures, dyed unweighted, are used. It is noteworthy that at the Paris exposition of 1900 the grand prix d'honneur, the highest award given, was awarded to an American exhibitor of this class of silks. More raw silk is sold annually in

New York than is consumed in France which is the largest raw-silk consuming country of Europe. As to the selling value of the product, the United States ranks second, being surpassed by France, which still dominates without serious competition, the world's markets in church ornaments and chasubles and Parisian specialties representing the supremacy of Paris fashions for women's wear. Many of these are made on hand looms, the quantities required in different patterns and styles being so limited that their production in the United States by power loom weaving would not be profitable.

MCKINLEY'S DOCTORS

Have Never Rendered Any Bills for Their Services. Not one of the seven local doctors who performed services in connection with the McKinley tragedy in this city last year, says a Buffalo correspondent of the New York Tribune, has received any compensation thus far. Neither has any of them any official or direct knowledge that he will get any compensation. Notwithstanding statements to the contrary, none of the physicians ever submitted bills for services, and the entire subject of compensation was left wholly to the Government. In the long time that has elapsed no Government official has ever consulted any of the doctors on the matter. The local physicians who were in personal attendance upon the President, or who were called into consultation in the case were Drs. Matthew D. Mann, Herman Minter, Charles G. Stockton, Roswell Park and Eugene Wasdin, the latter being in the United States Marine Hospital service. Drs. Henry R. Gaylord and Herman G. Matsinger performed the autopsy, assisted by some of the doctors named.

"None of the local physicians who attended President McKinley or who performed the autopsy have received any compensation," declared Dr. Mann this afternoon. "Neither has any of them been consulted in any way on the subject. It was agreed when the question of compensation was first agitated that no bills should be submitted, and the agreement was observed. The doctors simply permitted the Government to follow its own course. In consequence none of us know officially what has been done or what will be done. All we know is that an item of \$45,000 was put in the emergency bill. That information was derived from the newspapers; in fact, all that we know about the entire matter from the time our services were performed until now has been learned through the newspapers."

"Has any arrangement been made to divide the compensation if it is allowed?" "None whatever. We assume that, if the Government allows any money, the Government will arrange the apportionment among the physicians. As I understand it, Dr. Wasdin, because he is in the Government service, will not be included in this division. We are leaving everything to the Government."

A Question of Conscience. "Some folks," said the store clerk, "are too honest. Now I've had somebody come in to me when the boss was standing by, somebody that had bought something of me the day before, and hand over two cents and say: 'You gave me two cents too much change yesterday, and I've brought it back.' 'He couldn't rest, you see, that man, until he'd got that two cents off his conscience and returned it. But in getting rid of that load himself he simply shifted it onto me. Here's the boss standing by when that two cents is returned; and the boss says to himself, with his eye on me: 'Huh! If you make a mistake of two cents, you'd make one of two dollars; and so you see, that super-honest man's return of that two cents may do me a lot of harm. The meaning of which is, if I can make myself clear, that we don't want to be too honest. A man can be too honest and worry himself over trifles that he ought not to bother over. I should say that if the honest man must bring two cents back let him turn it in some time when the boss wasn't round.'—New York Sun.

Edison's Quick Repartee. There is a sparkling, even dazzling, quality in Edison's repartee, which is usually a surprise to strangers. People generally approach the heavy, self-contained looking figure expecting replies of ponderous technical importance; hence their surprise. The wizard was approached the other day by an enterprising lightning-rod agent anxious for some word of praise for his wares from the great man, Edison was non-committal. "Well," said the lightning-rod man at last, "do you approve of lightning-rods, anyway?" "It depends upon the building," said Edison. "But is it any good in any case? Would you advise their use on churches, for instance?" ventured the rod man. "Well," replied Edison, with a twinkle "they might be of use on churches. It does look as though Providence were a bit absent-minded at times."—Boston Journal.

Government of Journalists. Mr. Asquith, the English statesman, said in a speech at a recent press banquet that nearly every member of the present British cabinet, from the premier down, had worked for the press at one time or another.

Some people think things they don't say, and others say things they don't think.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Ascum—How on earth did you ever come to be engaged to Miss Malchanz? I thought you said you always got so bashful when you were alone with a girl that you couldn't speak. Staumnerz—That's just it; I couldn't speak, so she said, "Silence gives consent," and that settled it.—Philadelphia Press.

How She Got Him. "Where in the world did she ever get that ugly little lop-sided husband of hers?" "That's one of her finds." "One of her finds?" "Why, yes. Didn't you know she was a bargain fiend?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pretty Weak.



First Farmer (tasting it)—How much cider did you make this year? Second Farmer—Fifteen barrels. First Farmer—Well, if you'd had another apple, you might a-made another barrel.

A Lesson in Etiquette. The Caller—You are never naughty, are you? Margery—Well, I shouldn't think you'd ask me that! Mamma says it isn't good manners to hurt people's feelings.—Puck.

Her Rejoinder. "How you young women did chatter at your progressive euchre party!" exclaimed the United States Senator. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "one might have thought we were trying to select a route for an isthmian canal."—Washington Star.

Had Them to Burn. Being grievously afflicted with rheumatism in one of his legs the centipede went to the cutworm for relief. "I've stood it as long as I can," he said. "I wish you would amputate the ailing leg. It's along here somewhere on my left side." "They all look alike to me," said the cutworm, after making an examination. "Which one is it?" "How can I tell?" exclaimed the centipede, irritably. "Cut off five or six of them, and I'll tell you when you've got the right one."—Chicago Tribune.

The Jury's Sympathies. Stranger—You still have lynchings here, do you? Westerner—Only in the case of bad characters. When a fairly good citizen gets arrested for anything we always let the law take its course. "That's encouraging." "Yes, you see an average jury can always be depended upon to hang a good citizen if it gets a chance."—New York Weekly.

Cause for Apprehension. Mrs. Hornbeak—Ezry, I'm afraid your ma is losin' her mind. Farmer Hornbeak—What makes you think so? I ain't noticed any particular signs of it. Mrs. Hornbeak—Why, she's got so's she don't 'pear to think everybody that comes to the house is anxious to hear all about her gran'children.—Judge.

Social Prestige. "But I can't see why you folks cater so much to this Mr. Symples. He has neither brains, wealth nor blood to recommend him." "Oh," explains the villager, "but he owns the thermometer that registers higher than all the others in summer and the lowest in winter."—Detroit Free Press.

Her System. He—Mrs. Wise seems to understand how to manage her husband pretty well. She—Yes. She lets him have her own way in everything.

Flow. "Were there enough young men to go around?" asked Erma, speaking of the mountain resort. "Yes," said the girl who had not been hugged, "but they were too bashful to go around."

The Feminine View of It. "But it takes two to make a bargain, you know," said the man in the case. "Of course it does," replied the maiden fair. "A dollar article isn't a bargain unless one can purchase it for two cents less."

Wordless Thoughts. "Remember, my son," said the old man to his offspring, who was going forth into the world to do for himself and to do others, "that there are times when it is best to saw wood and say nothing." "That's right, dad," replied the wise innocent. "If a fellow was to say what he thinks while sawing wood it might affect his standing in the church."

Her Martyrdom. Sylvia—I'm surprised to hear that Isabel married young Washington, after declaring that he wasn't good enough for her. Phyllis—Yes, but later she declared that he was too good for any other girl, so she married him out of sheer sympathy.

Forced Them Out. "There is a man who made everyone get out of that big apartment house." "Does he own it?" "No; he just rents a hall room. You see, he started to clean his last year's straw hat with sulphur fumes."

Save Him the Trouble. Sleek—My wife wanted me to buy her a pug dog for a pet, but I bought her a groundhog instead. Meeks—Why did you do that? Sleek—Because a groundhog digs its own grave. See?

Out at First. Softleigh—I aw—had a most delightful dream—last night, dencher know? Miss Cutting—Indeed! Softleigh—Yaws. I—I dreamed that we were mawwed, dencher know. Miss Cutting—Had I dreamed that I should have classed it as a horrible nightmare.

Doubtful Consultation. Young Wife—I'm so unhappy. Girl Friend—Why, dear? Young Wife—I'm beginning to realize that my husband married me for my money. Girl Friend—Well, it ought to be some consolation to know that he isn't as big a fool as he looks.

Two of a Kind. "I see you are wearing stripes now," said the window blind. "Yes," replied the awning, "and you would be wearing them also if you had what's coming to you." "How's that?" queried the blind. "You are a daylight robber, same as I am," answered the awning.

What! "Well, we're having a taste of it our selves, now." "What?" "The water cure."

Rebaked. Customer—When was this chicken killed? Waiter—We don't furnish dates with chicken, sir. Only bread and butter.

The Place to Show It. Tess—I suppose she'll go to the mountains this summer, as usual. Jess—Oh, no! She has become quite plump, and has developed a good figure. Tess—Well? Jess—She'll go to the seashore, of course.—Philadelphia Press.

Cruel Cuckoo. "Ah, Miss Breeze," began the romantic young man, "I adore the beautiful, I am a lover of poetry. I am a—" "Cuckoo!" interrupted a small voice in the clock. And then the romantic young man bit his tongue.

Chance for a Divorce. He—I understand young Simkins and his wife are not living happily together. She—What seems to be the trouble? He—Incompatibility of temper. She—Which is at fault? He—Both. He furnishes the incompatibility and she supplies the temper.

She Was Charitable. Miss Younger—Do you know, dear, I have often wondered why you never married? Miss Elder—Indeed! Well, to tell you the truth, I—er—that is—Miss Younger—Oh, never mind telling me, if it is at all painful. Doubtless you have often wondered at it yourself.

Crushing Blow. "I think I never saw Squibb so utterly crushed as he was when his first poem appeared in the Daily Bread." "What was the matter? Some typographical error in the poem?" "No; that wasn't it. What crushed him was that the paper was sold for 2 cents a copy that morning, just as usual."—Chicago Tribune.

The Husband Knew. City Editor—See here, in your obituary of this prominent club woman you say she "is a good wife." You mean "was" of course. Reporter—No, I mean "is." Mr. Henpeck, her husband, told me if I wanted to be absolutely truthful that was the way to put it.—Philadelphia Press.

Their Idea. "Just think of those scientists climbing up those volcanoes and peeping down into their centers," shrieked Mrs. Feedick. "They wished to get an inside view of the situation," explained Mr. Feedick.