

Any fish will bite if you have the right bait.

A cigar in the pocket is worth a boxful in the store.

It is always safer to tell the truth if you are sure you can whip the other fellow.

Sir Tommy believes— But haven't we heard something to that effect before?

It would take a man all his life to learn the names of the different kinds of cloth women wear.

The American people drank more than \$70,000,000 worth of coffee last year, but slept fairly well in spite of it.

If Miss Pauline Astor winds up by marrying a man without a title it will probably be over the dead body of her father.

The Polish who refused to sell his title for \$100,000 was as idiotic as the perverted American who attempted to buy it.

Lucky Kentucky! The United States has paid its war claim amounting to \$1,400,000, and its bonded debt is only \$1,000,000.

Even wireless telegraphy has its drawbacks. It is being employed in chess matches between vessels many miles apart.

The name of the new British minister to Venezuela is Henry-Outram Bax-Ironside. Probably this is intended as an offset to Uribe-Urbe.

The South American republics propose to have a Monroe doctrine of their own. But there is none genuine without Uncle Sam's name blown in the bottle.

A novelist is to go on the stage to learn how to write plays. Now if some players would go some place to learn how to write novels the proper balance might be preserved.

Three hours from proposal to wedding is the record of a Chicago couple. The success of the experiment will depend on the length of acquaintance before the proposal.

A Moscow hustler who spent only four hours out of the twenty-four left \$100,000,000. Then there is hope for our baby! He is satisfied with four hours—in the daytime.

The German Emperor has ordered that fire engines need not stop on their way to a fire, even though they delay his progress. And yet there are people who contend that the world doesn't move.

It seems a great pity that many of the things that are the tutti-frutti of gift-edged perfection in theory often turn out to be the cold pancakes of stern reality when the attempt is made to put them into practice.

A physician has come forward with the startling statement that grip victims must not kiss one another. This prohibition seems to be wholly unnecessary, however, as most grip victims are sick enough without kissing.

According to vital statistics, the baby born in 1863 had three times as good chance of living as it would have had if born fifty years ago. However, the baby born fifty years ago, if still alive, will probably be satisfied with the chance that came his way.

So far the discussions of the race problem have contributed somewhat to the public understanding of its seriousness and in lesser degree to locating the responsibility. But in the main matter of finding a solution for the problem the field is still clear.

In view of the establishment of the Department of Commerce and Labor, it may be interesting to note that the internal commerce of the United States last year has been estimated by the government statistician at twenty billion dollars. Fifty years ago it was only two billion dollars. The manufactures of the United States are nearly double those of Great Britain and Ireland, and about equal to those of France, Germany and Russia combined.

Lord Cromer, speaking at Khartoum of the needs of the country, recently said, "Except sand, crocodiles and hippopotami, of all of which there appears to be a somewhat superabundant supply, there is not enough of anything in the Sudan." If the region could exchange its hippopotami, crocodiles and sand for railways, educated natives and "dust"—to use a colloquialism for money—it would be reasonably happy and prosperous. This is the problem of commerce the world over—to exchange what one does not want for what one needs.

For at least two thousand years the act of fighting against one's fellow countrymen has been called treason. The word the Romans used for traitor meant one who took up arms against the State. The law in force in England, which was passed in 1352, in the reign of Edward III, specified many crimes as constituting the crime of treason. Among them is this: "To levy war against our lord the king in his realm, or to be adherent to the king's enemies in his realm, giving them aid and comfort in the realm or elsewhere." The Constitution defines treason in the United States as "levying war against them or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." Statesmen have held that such laws are necessary. They used to believe that the punishment of traitors should include torture. Even when they did not advocate boiling in oil, or some other horrible penalty, they insisted that the punishment should be made as disgraceful as possible. But the enforcement of the death penalty has not been common in recent years. The last traitors hanged in England were the Cato street conspirators, who plotted the assassination of the members of the cabinet in 1820. Although the youth who fired at Queen Victoria in 1842 was sentenced to death, he was only imprisoned and later released. As there is no death penalty in Italy, the anarchist who killed King Humbert was imprisoned. These facts are interesting because of their bearing on the recent conviction for treason of Arthur Alfred Lynch, a British subject, who fought against his country in South Africa, who was elected to parliament from Galway while still in the enemy's service. It is generally believed that if he had not returned to England to take his seat in the House of Commons his conduct would have been overlooked. Although the law provides the death penalty and sentence of death was passed upon him, that sentence has been commuted to penal servitude for life. A century ago he would have been hanged without question. The temper of the times has changed, and governments which rest upon the popular will seldom find it necessary to enforce the laws made when loyalty and treason was directed toward an individual ruler rather than toward the people at large.

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The student of biology hears much of "adaptation to the environment." The phrase is useful not only in describing the process by which the lower species develops into the higher, but in characterizing men and women in the process of getting used to modern conditions. Two generations ago a woman's social duties were confined rather strictly to her own town. Her sympathies were called upon by the poor and suffering of her own church. Their sole extension was to the unknown person, for whom she packed a missionary box of books or barrel of clothing, and into those packets she poured a wealth of imagination in the effort to picture circumstances which she was never likely to see. As her children grew up and married, she made visits to their homes, where the daily routine was but a slight modification of that to which they had been bred. In a half century a miracle of change has been wrought. The morning paper brings to the breakfast table a famine in India, Armenian atrocities, a patriotic speech in Manila, or a fresh revolutionary outbreak in South America. The telephone, with its message from a distant friend, crowds upon the newspaper. Even the remote ranch attaches its instruments to the barbed wire fence, and brings its sixty-mile-away neighbors within speaking distance. All these and other things cause the demands of modern philanthropy to multiply daily, particularly in cities where the conditions of life to many of the inhabitants become more and more cruel. The activities of the church reach from the service of the altar to the care for the foundling and the criminal. The home itself is more exacting than ever, for the newly discovered laws of sanitation demand that the housemother shall know every crack and crevice of her house, lest she be responsible for some injury to her children. Finally, the stay-at-home has given place to "the globe-trotter." So life rushes on. Thus far the greater number of women have kept the pace set for them with a courage and persistence wonderful to see. How long they can do so is another question. Nature often helps silently in the process of adaptation, but in this case nature seems powerless to interfere. Women must do for themselves—by selection and by care—whatever is to be done. Evidently they may all join in Mr. Meredith's cry, despairing of any less potent remedy: "More brain, O Lord, more brain!"

For Peace Only. It is well known that the Friends have always been devoted to the principles of peace. As they had a controlling influence in the public affairs of Nantucket, there was no military organization on that island for several generations. How the matter was managed is told by the author of "September Days on Nantucket." Whenever military companies came to the island for a holiday, young women thronged the windows and waved handkerchiefs, but there was no rise of military ambition in the town. Once a coterie of young men formed a training company, and sent to Boston for equipments; but their elders compelled them to make the first article of their constitution read: "This company shall be disbanded immediately in case of war."

Both Were Defective. She—You make love like a novice. He—Then we're both defective. I ought to make love like an expert, and you ought not to know the difference.—Life.

People and Acres of Greece. Greece has as many people as Michigan and as many acres as West Virginia. The most natural thing in the world for a woman to do is to swim.

### GOOD Short Stories

A gentleman who was discussing with the late Dr. Parker the problem of a future existence exclaimed: "The fact is, sir, I am an annihilist. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me." "Thank God for that," Dr. Parker replied, as he showed his companion the door.

In his reminiscences of George Washington, Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells of the general's anger at Monmouth, when he met General Lee. Washington asked Lee why such a column was retiring, and Lee said that the American troops would not stand the British bayonets. Washington replied: "You d—n poltroon, you have never tried them!"

The appointment of Vice Admiral Lord Charles Beresford to the command of the English Channel squadron has brought to light a new anecdote. It appears that he consulted Sir Frederick Treves, whom King Edward considers the best doctor in the world. "Tell me the symptoms," said Treves. As the admiral enumerated them the doctor became more and more interested. "Excellent, charming, splendid," cried Sir Frederick, as the symptoms were unfolded to him, and when the list was completed, said: "My dear fellow, let me congratulate you. You have the rarest case of the century. You are the lucky dog that heretofore was thought to be extinct."

The chief wit of the laboratories of the Sheffield Scientific Schools of Yale University is a chemist who has an unrequitable affection for an ancient tan-colored "lab" coat that has long stood guard between sulphuric acid and its grateful owner; hence it is full of holes. Being criticised in a "joshing" bout on account of his "holly" coat, the reactionary but found an opening for one of his clever remarks. "Never you mind about the holes in my coat," said he, "these holes are all right and don't you make any mistake about it. They are the most useful things in a coat. If there were no holes in a coat, how the devil could you get into it, and those holes in particular, they are the most useful holes in the world; they save washing; all you have to do is to use 'em when you want to wipe your hands on your coat, and you don't get the coat dirty. If you had holes a-plenty you wouldn't need any coat at all."

William E. Curtis says that when a certain new Senator delivered his first great speech in Congress, and was looking around for compliments he approached Senator John P. Jones, the venerable philosopher from Nevada, while the latter was smoking his post-luncheon cigar in the cloak-room of the Senate. "Did you hear my speech on the Philippine question?" inquired the Senator. "I certainly did," was the reply. "May I ask you what you thought of it?" "D—n good speech," ejaculated Jones. The young Senator's face lighted up with pleasure at the compliment as he resumed in a confidential way: "Senator Jones, you are the father of the Senate, and I am the youngest child, and I should like to ask your advice. Having heard my speech, you can see what I am capable of, and I would be grateful if you would be good enough to tell me whether, in your opinion, it would be better for me to speak frequently or hold myself in reserve?" "Young man," said the Senator, "you've got a d—n good vocabulary, and if you'll take my advice you won't make any more speeches until you have cultivated your intellect up to it."

### THE TUNE IS OUR OWN.

A Few Remarks Concerning our Patriotic Songs. Many Americans in visiting England have been surprised and flattered when a British military band has played the air of "America" and the English crowd has risen to its feet and doffed its hats. Similarly, English visitors to this country have got up and bowed as to a compliment when an American band has played the same tune. It has taken time in each case to convince the hearer that "God Save the King" and "America" have the same air. Of course, the Briton has become indignant over the theft of a national air, forgetting that the colonies, with their allegiance to a British king, had a claim to the melody and on their revolt could fairly set their own new words to it.

The charge of theft and of musical poverty in America has inspired a patriotic association in little Rhode Island to offer a gold medal to anybody who shall compose a new and "a better" air to Dr. Smith's inspiring words. Rhode Island denies that Great Britain is musical, and affirms that our own country (whose coon songs as played by Sousa's band have captured King and Queen, and become the burden of every whistling newsboy, coxter and clubman in London) has a degree of musical talent and culture which even Germany cannot rival. Therefore it is impatient under the charge of stealing the most venerated of British melodies.

It is vain, however, to hope for a popular acceptance of a new tune for "America." The present air has been sung on too many glorious and significant occasions to the words of our heart-filling hymn to be surrendered to the British. When we were forced to break loose from that oppressive mother we retained the common law, the language, the absurd system of

weights and measures and whatever seemed to our sires to be desirable. We retained "Yankee Doodle" and the air of "America," putting our own words to each. More than a century and a quarter has endeared to us these tunes, and we shall keep them. When General Sherman visited Ireland he found that the melody of "Marching Through Georgia" belonged to an old Irish song, but it has been hallowed to us by the camp-fires of thousands of Grand Army posts and is ours beyond surrender.

Cultured musicians have complained of the quality of our national airs, which include "America," "Hail Columbia," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" (which suggests that Columbia is an isle) and several war songs. Still, they have not been able to produce a melody of such conspicuous merit as to win instant popular admiration. It may be association alone which endears "America" to us, but there is no escape from the fact that we all love it and are stirred by it; and we shall cling to it in spite of any complaints from the unmusical mother country which undertook to spank us without provocation and lost us in consequence.—Philadelphia Record.

### BEEBLE DIGS GRAVES.

How and Why It Lurries Dead Birds and Insects. The grave-digger beetle was the subject of an interesting experiment that a young Philadelphian, a student of the biological department of the University of Pennsylvania, recently conducted, says the Philadelphia Record. He secured four healthy grave-digger beetles and put them in a wooden box filled with earth, along with a very small dead sparrow. The beetles no sooner perceived the bird than they began to dig alongside of it. For four hours they dug, and at the end of that time they had a hole made that was six or seven inches deep and three inches square.

Now they went around to the other side of the sparrow and gave, all together, a good, strong push. The bird dropped into the grave nicely and the beetles covered it over with loose soil. The young experimenter kept the beetles for a month. During the month they buried five birds, three grasshoppers, two butterflies and a young mouse. Their box came to resemble a cemetery.

"Why are these beetles grave-diggers? What is their motive?" To this question, which was put to him by many visitors, the student would reply:

"Grave-digging is their way of propagating their species. They get hold of some little dead thing, dig a hole beside it, lay their eggs in its flesh and bury it. The eggs, after a time, hatch into larvae. These larvae must develop under ground, and during their development they must eat. Well, thanks to their thoughtful parents, they are born in the midst of food—they have on all sides of them the carbon in which, as eggs, they were laid and buried—and thus they feed bountifully, and grow big and strong, so that on their emergence from the soil they are beetles to be proud of. And as soon as they emerge they become grave-diggers in their turn."

### American Prose Style.

A number of American journalists have indorsed the prediction of Prof. Brander Matthews that American writers are destined henceforward to set the standards of prose style for the English-speaking world, says the London Daily Graphic. The reason given—that there are so many of them—certainly will not bear examination. It might as plausibly be argued that the standard of purity for water should be set by the water of Lake Superior because there is such a lot of it. If American prose ever becomes a model for writers of prose, it must be because the best prose is written in America—and that is not a state of things to which the process of literary evolution seems at present to be tending. For, curiously enough, American prose has got worse rather than better since the days of Emerson and Hawthorne. Its present note is fluency rather than distinction, and the voluminous sentences of such stylists as W. D. Howells and Henry James seem the work of students laboriously experimenting with the language, and not of masters of their material instinctively molding it to its proper uses.

### Wise Toad of Worcester.

Among the favorite stories of Senator Hoar is a tale of a remarkable toad, possessed of an intuitive knowledge of antidotes. "I was out in my garden one day," said the senator from Massachusetts, "and noticed a toad hopping along toward the veranda. At the edge of the low flooring was a spider's web straight across his path. Mr. Toad didn't observe it, and plump, he landed squarely in it. This unceremonious and burglarious entrance naturally provoked the resident spider, who was strongly of the opinion that his home was his castle. Accordingly, he proceeded to give the toad a most vicious bite. Instantly the toad hopped back on the lawn, found a bit of plantain leaf and chewed it. Then back he hopped and bit the same obstruction, with the result that he got another bite. Seven times he repeated the attempt, each time going back to the plantain for an antidote for his wounds. At last he succeeded in demolishing the spider's web and hopped on his way rejoicing."—New York Tribune.

Never draw a sight draft on a blind man.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

### Hints for Housekeepers.

"In my one-servant establishment," says a housekeeper, "I have discovered by experimenting that the weekly wash is lessened by the use of a bare table at breakfast and luncheon. Square linen plate doilies are at each corner, two larger ones, also square, lie diamond-wise through the center of the table. Between their points is a smaller round or square doily upon which stands the centerpiece of ferns or other growing plants. I buy the hem-stitched doilies for both the plates and centerpiece, as they are much easier laundered than the fringed ones, keeping, however, one set of the latter, which are prettier, for use if a friend spends the night or drops in to luncheon. In this way one tablecloth lasts about five days, which allows only three in two weeks to be laundered. The small doilies are more easily laundered than a tablecloth, and more satisfactorily turned out at the hands of the inexperienced laundress. To protect the table I have cut from sheets of asbestos, pieces round, square or oblong, as the case may be, to fit under the various doilies. A little rubbing of the table with a flannel cloth twice a week keeps it in perfect condition, and the arrangement is much liked by the household. A housekeeping friend has made herself for the same use two or three sets of blue denim plate mats and centerpieces. The plate mats are round and are finished with a white buttonholing. The centerpiece is a large enough diamond to cover the whole center, and is similarly buttonholed around the edge. For the glass water pitcher a round lacquer tray which just holds it is used.—Margaret Hamilton Welch in Harper's Bazar.



Bridal wreaths of orange blossoms were first used by the Arabs. As the orange bears fruit and flower at the same time it is considered to be an emblem of prosperity.

A Roumanian girl on seeing the new moon invokes her thus: "New queen! In health thou hast found me, in health leave me. Thou hast found me unwept, leave me with a handsome husband."

In Toledo the Board of Aldermen has made a rule that henceforward women shall be "debarred from employment as clerks or stenographers in the service of the city. The places are wanted for voters.

The first needle used in England was made in Queen Mary's reign by a negro, who unfortunately died before imparting the secret to any one. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the art of needlemaking was rediscovered by a German, who imparted it to an Englishman.

Housewives in Florida scrub their floors with oranges. In almost every town in the orange-growing district women may be seen using oranges for scouring. The fruit is cut in halves and the exposed pulp is rubbed on the floor. The acid of the orange cleanses thoroughly and after the application the boards will be as white as the most particular critics could desire.

### To Enlighten Chinese Girls.

To Miss Martha Berninger, of Catawissa, Pa., has fallen the honor of being appointed the first secretary to China by the Young Women's Christian Association. Her work will be principally among the 20,000 girls employed in the silk and cotton mills of Shanghai. These girls receive 10 to 15 cents a day for their work. In one village alone there are 7,000 of these girl mill workers.

MISS BERNINGER. It is planned to establish an association house there and conduct night schools on the same plan as that which has proved so successful in this country. Miss Berninger will leave for China at once.

### Little Faults in Social Life.

A fault in the young is to form some feverish admiration for one or two particular friends, often of a so-called superior social standing. These are referred to constantly; they are held up as patterns, oracles and patrons. In private circles and public places their names are loudly mentioned in the hope of and desire of impressing bystanders. At bazars, in the lobbies of theaters, at railway stations, in railway carriages, and, indeed, wherever the company may be described as mixed, this distressing form of what is known as brag is very much in evidence. The shouting of nicknames and Christian names at moments when, in ordinary intercourse, one would not be addressing anybody, is also done in order to advertise some small degree of intimacy with the well known.

In contrast to these offenders, there is the less aggressive type who is herself the leader of a little knot of followers who are not so accomplished, or so happily situated—not so popular and less authoritative than herself. In all these cases one finds that the leader speedily degenerates into a prig or a tyrant, and the followers, from being devotees, become, by normal stages, critics, malcontents, secret rebels, and, eventually, defiant enemies. In the early stage of the formation of one of these social coteries, the followers sit around an idol, and giggle or stare during her encounters with any person not of that curious circle. A wise mother would check the beginnings of this practice, which can be seen even at little children's parties, where nurses, governesses and fond elders apparently combine to distort the sweetness and the innocence of their young charges into mixing pretentiousness.—John Oliver Hobbes, in Success.

### To One Woman.

You say that you are but a woman—you who are so very wonderful to me. You tell me there is little you can do. Little, indeed, that all the world can see.

There are not battles on the open plain That you can fight as I, a man, can fight; But who shall say your life is lived in vain, If all my darkened days you have kept light?

Oh, little woman-heart, be glad, be glad That you are what God made you! Well I know How you have served me when the day was sad.

And made me better—yea, and kept me so! Be very glad that you in your white place, Your little home, with folded hands can be

A silent influence to whose source I trace The little good there ever was in me.

To be a woman! Is there any more That you have need to be from day to day?

How wonderful to have your heart, your store Of purity and goodness and to say "One that I love is nobler since I came; One that loves me is better for my sake."

A woman! Oh, there is no greater name That ever on the mortal tongue shall wake! —Winsor Magazine.

### The Healthful Turkish Bath.

Turkish baths are out of the reach of poor people, who, perhaps, need them more than their richer neighbors. Superfluous flesh can be kept down by a weekly Turkish bath and many afflictions like rheumatism and neuralgia will sometimes disappear in its warmth and moisture. For women with weak circulation there is nothing like it, and the feeling of light-heartedness and renewed strength is never duplicated until after the next bath.

The skin is capable of a high polish and the boast of our English sisters is the beauty of their skin. To secure it they discard sponges and soft clothes, and substituted coconut fiber and rough towels.

Even the flesh brush was brought into use, or rough mittens, which forced the blood to the skin surface. Perhaps this could not be done all at once, because feminine bodies had been pampered and the skin was tender.

But the polishing process, which was begun with a soft towel, did the work of toughening it, and then rough treatment was all the kind that was enjoyed.

### An Untidy Petticoat.

For a petticoat that has frayed around the bottom, cut off an inch all round, bind with velvet binding to match, and just above put a couple of rows of narrow ribbon velvet of the same color, and it will look as good as new. When making a petticoat, it is a good plan to get an extra piece that can be used for a new frill to put around the bottom when the petticoat is half worn.

### Health and Beauty.

A daily bath is a great protection from infectious disease. Hartshorn will relieve irritation or pain caused by the stings of insects. The immediate application of cold over the site of a blow will lessen or prevent discoloration. Raw meat, as steak, will have a similar effect.

In case of cuts wash the part, draw the edges together and cover with adhesive plaster. In the case of a finger, toe or other part easily so treated, encircle it with the plaster. Then bandage and keep the dressing on for some days.

Keep in your kitchen or in some other handy place a bottle of liniment for use in case of burns or scalds made of equal parts of linseed oil and lime water, shaken together. It should be applied immediately the accident occurs. Saturate a piece of lint or soft linen in the liniment, lay it smoothly on the injured part and cover well with cotton wool to exclude the air. This treatment will soon cause the pain to cease and if the dressing be undisturbed healing will soon result. In case of severe burns or scalds always send at once for a doctor, but you will do well to use this remedy while awaiting his coming.