

LETTER FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

For Years Senator Gorman Leader on Democratic Side--Place Difficult to Fill--Practical Joke of "Dave" Culberson.



WASHINGTON.—A wide gap was made in the Democratic ranks in the senate when Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, died a few days ago. There have been few more forceful characters among the Democrats in that body. He grew up with the senate; knew all its traditions and regarded it as the greatest legislative body in the world. For many years Mr. Gorman was the real, as well as titular, leader on the Democratic side of the senate. It was his genius that thought out political schemes and it was his management that secured for the Democrats the most there was in the situation. His place will be difficult to fill, as there are few men of his temperament and sagacity now on the minority side of the senate.

Mr. Gorman was almost born to the senate, as he first took service there at the age of 13. His rise from the humblest position in the senate, that of page, to the highest, that of leader, of his party on the floor, is another illustration of the possibilities ahead of young America. He always had an ambition to be a senator even when he scurried around the chamber as a little page running errands for the senators. He was a protégé of Stephen A. Douglass and learned his first political lessons from that distinguished man. By attention to his duties Mr. Gorman in 14 years that he was employed by the senate, became in turn a messenger and assistant bookkeeper, assistant postmaster and then postmaster of the senate.

Mr. Gorman was a baseball crank and in his young days belonged to the famous Nationals of this city. The Nationals were often called the "Old Patriots" because they were one of the first ball clubs in the country. Mr. Gorman was right fielder for the Nationals. An account of a game played between the "Pastimes" of Baltimore and the Nationals of Washington in 1863 gave great praise to young Gorman for his brilliant fielding and catching.

THE CULBERSONS, FATHER AND SON.



Senator Culberson inherits his phlegmatic temperament from his father, the late judge or as he was better known "Dave." Culberson who for more than a score of years was a member of the house from Texas. Old man Culberson was one of the rich and rare characters in the house, a man of great ability but averse to exercising it unless absolutely pushed into a contest. In his later years of service he was regarded as the mentor of young Democrats in the house and they all went to "Uncle Dave" for advice which he freely gave. The old man, however, was an inveterate practical joker and some of the young fellows had cause to repent following his advice at times.

A few years ago a young man came to the house from Alabama named Jesse Stallings. He was very anxious to make a name for himself by some fine oratorical effort on the floor. He asked Mr. Culberson to give him some suggestions and let him know when it was advisable for him to "butt in," as it were, in debate. One day Gen. Bingham, of Philadelphia, was in charge of a big appropriation bill in which there were some strong provisions in the interest of the old soldiers. Culberson called Stallings to his seat and said:

"There's your chance, Jesse. You hear Bingham talking about the old soldier? You just ask him what right he has to do so. Why he kept a grocery store in Philadelphia during the war and never smelled powder?"

This was Stallings' opportunity, and as soon as he got recognition he started the house by addressing Gen. Bingham thus: "What right have you to champion the old soldier? You who never smelled powder except as you sold it over a store counter? Let some man who has been to the front take up their cause—"

Here the house burst into a roar of laughter and Gen. Bingham, who was laughing louder than anyone else, walked over to Stallings with the congressional directory in his hand and pointed to his splendid war record as he said: "Somebody has been putting up a job on you, Stallings."

FLOODING CONGRESS WITH PETITIONS.



When John Quincy Adams retired from the presidency and took up service in the house of representatives one of his greatest achievements was to preserve to the people the right of petition. There was a disposition on the part of some members of congress to shut off this right, but through the efforts of Mr. Adams the privilege was retained and has been enjoyed ever since. Mr. Adams little thought at the time he was fighting for this right it would in the future be lightly regarded enterprise. There has been established right here in Washington agencies that undertake to flood congress with petitions on almost any subject. They send out letters to parties interested in public measures and offer "to circularize the country by letter or wire" for so much money.

The effects of these petition factories has resulted in millions of memorials pouring in on both houses, 95 per cent. of which are never signed by the men whose names appear on them. The labor organizations of the country are worked completely in the matter of petitions. A representative of some organization who is desirous of having a labor bill put through will send blank petitions to every lodge throughout the United States and the secretaries of those lodges simply write the names of the members upon the petitions without consulting them. The same game is worked in church and religious societies and through patriotic orders of various kinds.

Speaker Cannon probably receives more petitions than any other man, not excepting the president. Appeals are made to him as the one potent factor in legislation. When these machine-made petitions come pouring in "Uncle Joe" scarcely gives them a thought, but when a letter or a telegram bearing the stamp of individuality reaches him he is sure to give it his consideration. The telegram form of petition is overworked also, and when 200 or 300 couched in exactly the same language reach the speaker from different portions of the country he knows at once that they have been inspired from the same source and are probably paid for by one man. This destroys their efficacy.

THE SUICIDE OF REPRESENTATIVE ADAMS.



The recent suicide of Representative Adams, of Pennsylvania, is the first instance, so far as is known, of a member of the house taking his own life. A few years ago Representative Chickering, of New York, was found lifeless on the sidewalk outside a hotel in New York city having fallen from his bedroom window. It was always a doubt whether he fell by accident or threw himself out with suicidal intent. There was no doubt, however, about "Bertie" Adams' act and it stands unique in the history of congress. Away back in time Senator Lane, of Kansas, committed suicide during a recess of congress, but aside from his case and that of Mr. Adams there is no authentic record of any other member of either house having taken his own life.

The deliberation with which Mr. Adams went about his suicide is still the wonder of his associates in Washington. He was the last man on earth who would have been suspected of contemplating such an act. He was the last man also who anybody would have thought had the nerve to decide upon this act before hand. His whole life here in Washington had been of such a butterfly character and so at odds with the gruesome idea of shooting his brains out, that the first report of his suicide could scarcely be credited. It was not believed he had the courage to fire a bullet into his head.

In the opinion of Speaker Cannon and many who knew Mr. Adams his suicide was an extraordinary courageous thing to do. He had exhausted all there was in life, was a bankrupt and was slated for defeat in seeking a renomination and was threatened with cancer. He had nobody dependent upon him and nothing evidently to live for; so that he was not shirking any responsibilities in shuffling off this mortal coil. Looking at it in this way his friends consider that their old associate displayed real courage in taking himself out of the way.

MARCONI VERSUS SLANG.

Phrases That Have Sprung Into Use Through Use of Telegraphy.

"To wire" in the sense of "to telegraph," is a phrase rapidly passing into disuse. "I said an electrician." "Where ten men used to stay they'd wire," all but one have dropped the new word in the last ten years and gone to the old word "telegraph" again.

"What is the cause of that change in our speech? What is the cause of the decay of a verb so terse, direct and charming as 'to wire'?" Marconi, young Guglielmo Marconi, is the cause. "Since 1895 more and more telegrams have been sent without wires. More and more firmly has the word become convinced that in the future wires will be practically useless in telegraphy, just as sails are already almost useless in navigation." "Because the wire is no longer the essential factor of telegraphy, the verb 'to wire' has begun to disappear."

CONCERNING DRESS

LOOK OUT WELL FOR HEALTH—ABOUT DAININESS.

A Schoolgirl's Thin Waist That Invited Pneumonia—If You Would Have Soft, Beautiful Hair, Go Without Hats in the Hot Months—Change Your Out-of-Door Shoes for Others as Soon as You Are Indoors—Dainty Underclothing Characterizes the Refined School-girl.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In order to be healthful, the dress we wear must be suited to the season, the weather and the business we have in hand. We are now in the midst of spring with soft airs, sudden showers, bright sunshine, and every other delightful thing that belongs to the most charming part of the year. But last December, although we had what is called an open winter, there were piercing winds and sudden skies, and much of the time the temperature was somewhere in the neighborhood of the freezing point.

A friend of mine had occasion to take a train one December afternoon from New York to Albany. Midway on the journey the train stopped and among the passengers who stepped aboard was a pretty girl with a jacket over her arm, no hat on her head, and protected from the weather only by a thin shirt-waist, with short sleeves. The shirt-waist was dainty and pretty and trimmed with lace and embroidery, but, nevertheless, on that day and in that atmosphere, the girl's dress was an invitation to gripe or pneumonia.

All last winter, any one who chose to look might see beautiful New York girls walking on Fifth avenue, in the afternoon, with furs around their necks while their feet were shod with low shoes and their short skirts left visible the most elaborate open-work stockings. This was certainly not a healthful style of dress. I trust not a single school-girl left her mother's home garbed in so stupid a fashion.

Now that warm weather is here, the problem has less difficulty and the element of protection from cold is eliminated. You are rather better off without hats than with them in summer, unless the sun is blazing and you need to be screened from its direct rays.

If you would like to have thick, soft and beautiful hair, you will run about without a hat whenever you can. Mornings and evenings a jacket may be necessary and a golf cape in the mountains or at the shore is a very comfortable addition to a girl's wardrobe. When sitting out of doors on a summer evening, it is always well to have a wrap and either a golf cape, a railway rug or one of those sensible cloaks with hoods and pockets made so neatly by our Shaker friends, will fill the need to perfection.

A school-girl's dress should be well fitting and its weight hanging from the shoulder, should never be allowed to become an impediment. An elderly lady whose girlhood was passed 60 years ago, in a southern state, tells me that she remembers when every girl's mother did her best to squeeze her daughter's waist into very small compass, and that a girl sometimes wore tied around that slender waist eight or nine very stiff starched petticoats at the same time. It was small wonder that the girls of those days too often went into a decline and early faded out of existence. Those who survived were delicate and fainted away at any slight shock, had very precarious appetites, and would have been amazed at the rude health of the girls of our time.

Whatever you do, girls, be sure that

you have ample room to breathe. Any form of dress that contracts your powers of breathing is unhealthy and far from beautiful. For all-round wear, few fashions exceed in common sense the loose costume insisted upon in the gymnasium; with a little more length in the skirt than is permissible when one is playing basketball, running or jumping, this dress is ideal for the schoolroom. For walking, and every school-girl should take a long walk every day as a matter of course, the only healthful dress is one that easily and thoroughly clears the ground.

You girls who read this possess a great advantage over girls who lived a century ago. I suppose it is hard for you to realize that women who, were more than a century old, were once girls like yourselves. They had pretty hard times under the regime then in vogue, for they often had to spend hours lying flat on their backs, strapped fast to a board in order that they might be perfectly straight and, when they did not recline in this tortured fashion, they were equally compelled to sit or walk with a stiff board fastened to their shoulders. In the end, most of them gained what is a great beauty for any girl—a flat back and a graceful carriage of the head—but they did not usually have such health as you are born to possess.

They wore wretchedly thin shoes with soles like paper, pointed toes and pointed heels. The roads in those days were muddy and the girls were afraid to go out when it rained. Their dresses were of muslin, close and clinging, with baby waists that ended under the arm-pits, and in the house and out most of them wore either turbans or caps of muslin and lace trimmed with flowers, velvet and ribbon.

Your fashions are less picturesque, but are really finer and better adapted to your tramping out of doors in rain and sun, and to your varied occupations when in the house.

A girl who would like to be splendidly well must always wear shoes that are neither too loose nor too tight. A shoe that wobbles about and does not nicely fit the foot, is as little to be desired as one that distorts it by cramping and pinching and crushing the toes together, or otherwise deforming one of the prettiest features of the body.

A chiropodist told me one day that in his opinion nearly all dealers in shoes hired lunatics for salesmen.

I said: "Isn't that an extreme statement?"

"Not at all," he said. "If you could only see the feet that I do, the young girls who have bunions and corns and hobble about in shoes never intended by Nature for their wearing, the old or women whose feet were ruined before they were 16, you would understand what I mean. Of course," he added, "if everybody had sense enough to adopt hygienic shoes, with broad soles and low heels, I should have to choose another profession, for my vocation would be gone."

Never neglect to change your outdoor shoes for indoor ones when you come in, expecting to spend the evening at home. The shoes last longer and the feet feel better if this precaution is regarded.

I have not said anything about underclothing, because most girls wear what is most agreeable to the skin, and are influenced in their choice by the judgment of their mothers. Whatever you adopt, notice that it should frequently be changed and be careful to have it good of its kind. Dainty underclothing is one of the characteristics in dress of refined and fastidious girls.

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THE BACK-YARD PROBLEM.

First the Soil Must Receive Attention, Then Cover Unightly Fence with Lovely Vines.

The first gardening problem to tackle in an ordinary back yard is the soil, and it is generally true last to receive honest attention and a "square deal." It is probably full of bricksbats and other builder's rubbish and almost devoid of available plant food.

The first year or two a part of the garden allowance should surely be put into compost, which should be thoroughly mixed with the soil when it is spaded. Don't give up the most stubborn, sour-looking soil. If it will grow a pig weed the chances are that it will grow something more desirable. The finer the soil is made the better. Wood ashes, lime and manure will all help the soil in texture as well as in the line of plant food.

Next, the fence and ugly out-buildings must be hidden. Vines will do this. The rear elevation of the house deserves the same careful treatment. On the permanent vines Boston Ivy is best for stone and brick. Virginia creeper for wood. Wistaria is excellent for great cities, but seldom, if ever, blooms there. Its foliage is worth the cost. It needs iron rods for support.

Annual vines of many sorts will cover the fences the first year or so and pay their way in cut flowers. Nasturtiums, scarlet runners, wild cucumbers, morning glories, are all good and cost little. There are more seeds in some packets than you can use. Divide with your neighbors. Hall's honeysuckle can be grown from seed if necessary for economy's sake, but nursery-grown plants give quicker results. They eventually climb high on verandas and will make beautiful hedges if they have a framework of woven wire fencing. Their white and straw colored blossoms make fragrant and graceful table decorations.

WILHELM MILLER.

EGG-PLANT RECIPES.

There Is No More Tender Vegetable Nor More Toothsome When Properly Prepared.

EGGPLANT WITH ONIONS.—Cut an eggplant into thin slices lengthwise; dust over with salt, and let remain until the bitter liquor is drawn out. Then place in a frying-pan with olive oil and butter, whichever preferred, and brown over a brisk fire. Take them out of the pan and lay them at the bottom of the baking dish. Peel four medium-sized onions, cut them in slices and put them in the frying-pan; add more butter if required, and fry until browned. Lay the onions over the eggplant, season with salt and three teaspoonsful of sugar, pour in one teaspoonful of water and half that quantity of vinegar, and set the pan over a slow fire. When the moisture is nearly all absorbed, arrange the eggplant and onions on a hot dish and serve.

BROILED EGGPLANT.—Peel the plant and cut into half-inch slices, roll in flour, put into a pan which has already been supplied with melted butter or sweet oil if preferred. Let broil, turning as needed, for five minutes. Take off and serve with a gill of maître d'hôtel sauce.

EGGPLANT FRITTERS.—Boil in salted water flavored with a little lemon juice; when tender, skin, drain and mash into a pulp. To every pint of pulp use a half breakfast cup of flour, beat up and add two well-beaten eggs; season with salt and pepper to taste. Shape into any form chosen, and drop in boiling fat, and fry both sides until brown.

BOILED EGGPLANTS.—Remove the skin, cut into moderate-sized pieces, put into a saucepan of boiling water, pinch of salt, little parsley and an onion. Boil until tender. Prepare sauce as follows: Place one ounce of butter into a small stewpan with one-third of a tablespoonful of flour and mix it over the fire, then stir in a small bottle of catsup and keep on stirring until it boils, season with salt and pepper. When cooked drain the water off and serve with the sauce.

FRIED WITH CHEESE.—Peel the plant, cut into quarters lengthwise, scoop out the seeds and cut into convenient lengths. Rub garlic over the stewpan and put in a large lump of butter, melt it, then lay in the strips of eggplant, season with salt and pepper, and small quantity of nutmeg, grated Parmesan cheese and more butter if necessary. When quite tender turn the eggplant into a hot dish and garnish with buttered toast.—N. Y. World.

A Correct Diagnosis.

George—Eh? You got engaged last night, Gus, my old, my dear friend, tell me how you did it.

Gus—Really, I hardly know myself. Couldn't help it. It just like falling downstairs. I was on the edge of a proposal, she gave me a push, and there I was engaged.

"Well, I haven't had any such experience. Every time I try to start, my knees knock together, and my teeth chatter, and my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. I've tried a dozen times to pop the question to Miss De Pink, and slumped every time." "And did she let you slump?" "Yes." "You are courting the wrong girl."—N. Y. Weekly.

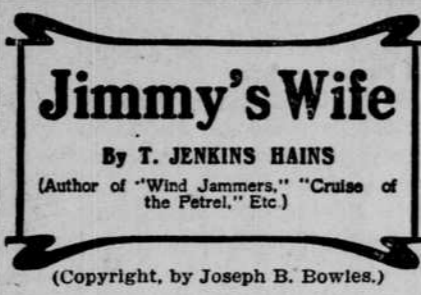
Fishing for a Compliment.

"She said you were fishing for a compliment the last time you were up at her house, but that you didn't get it."

"Why, I don't recall having said anything that she could have construed that way." "Well, she says you did." "Did she say what it was?" "Yes; she said that you asked her if she considered monkeys intelligent."—Houston Post.

Wicker Furniture.

Unvarnished wicker furniture that has grown unsightly can be made to look very nice by enameling, preferably white. Another way is to dye them some color, red being particularly effective. Wet the wicker work with clear, hot water before dyeing, so it will color evenly.



By T. JENKINS HAINS

(Author of "Wind Jammers," "Cruise of the Petrel," Etc.)

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We were about 50 miles south of Cape Horn, hove-to in a high, rolling, northwest sea which made the main deck uninhabitable.

In the dog-watch the carpenter took mercy on Gantline and myself and allowed us to share his room in the forward house for an after-supper smoke. We had started forward when the man on lookout hailed. Through the gloom of the flying drift and twilight a shadow bore down upon the ship, grey-white above black. Then there suddenly loomed along under t'galant sails dead before the gale.

Then in an instant she was gone. The drift had closed upon her as she swept astern before anyone could read her name. She had vanished as quickly as she had appeared, passing on into the dismal sea behind us like a salt-streaked mystery.

We stood gazing at the whirling drift in the gloom astern for some minutes, and then we followed Chips into his room. Gantline could not recall the vessel by her shape or rig and asked the carpenter about her.

"Do I know her?" he hissed fiercely. "Would I be apt to forget her?" And he thrust out an arm, pulling up his sleeve until a long livid scar showed clear to his elbow. "It isn't



WE SAVED HIM.

likely anyone would forget the Morning Light if they ever sailed in her. Man! I'd know her in the depths of perdition, the deepest hole in devil-dome, where she'll sail in the hereafter—"

"No, I didn't intend to ship in her. Jimmy Turner an' I got into her after we left the navy. When we went broke a fellow wanted hands for the Morning Light, Cap'n Sam Smith, master. We hadn't heard of any particular Sam Smith, so on we signed with shaking hands an' dry throats, willing to go anywhere or do anything for enough grog to keep alive.

Jimmy had gone in the navy, because he couldn't live ashore. He'd married and was sorry for it—made a mistake. But he'd never said anything to me about his wife or family, and I never asked. Nobody asks questions of anybody aboard men-o'-war.

When we dropped down the bay a tug came alongside and Cap'n Smith went to the rail to greet a little hatchet-faced fellow who jumped aboard. He was with a woman.

"Sammy Smith an' niece," said an old shellback standing on the forecastle head, "I thought so."

"What's the matter?" we asked. "Matter! Don't you know that fellow? That's Morrell, the worst thing in man's image that ever trod a deck plank. Come it on us as Sammy Smith! Man, if ye can get ashore, swim fer it afore it's too late. I'm too old." But Morrell didn't ship men to have them do the pier-head jump. We were in for a western ocean cruise in one of the packet ships who'll leave her memory a black and bloody track in the minds of sailor men.

Before we'd crossed the stream, Morrell had begun on us. But—well, never mind. It would make the tales of old-time horror seem like play to tell one-half of what took place in a week. Save ye, Gantline, I could sit here and tell you things till morning—and each one would make you shiver. We had five men "missing" before the voyage was half over. Jimmy and I came in for some of it but even that tiger-shark aft knew when he had reached the limit—and we were men-o'-war's men.

"One night there was a row aft and there were cries of a woman. Jimmy heard them and started out on deck with his sheath knife, but we held him, and four of us got the marks of the knife to remember how we saved him.

"After that Jimmy was quiet and ugly. He never spoke to anyone. There were no more 'men' in the crew, only square-heads and Dutchmen, and they never go aft.

"I wouldn't consent to go alone when Jimmy gave me a look that told his game. Soon I noticed he wouldn't turn in at night and then I knew it was coming. I stole aft to see the end. I found him standing close under the break of the poop, talking in a whisper to some one. Then I caught the glint of a skirt and recognized the voice of the woman.

"It's no use, Jim, let me live it out," she said. "It won't last long. Her voice was like that of the dying."

"Then Jimmy answered her slowly and quietly. His words came deep and low like the smothered roar of the surf on the shore. Man, it was like the great sea rolling over an outlying reef, bursting, gathering again and then rushing with that mighty power to the end. When he stopped she was choking, gasping for breath. Man, it seemed like her heart would break. I couldn't help listening, but Jimmy never for what she'd done, but Jimmy pay for blamed her, no, not he.

"Jimmy stood there waiting for his answer."

"Go—go! Go and forget." She was choking, but it came plain and dis-

unct. There was a long silence, and I looked hard into the gloom. She had gone. Jimmy was standing there swaying in the night like an unstayed mast and I led him forrads, his head hanging down and sagging like he was asleep.

"The next day it came on heavy from the northwest. Jimmy was sent aloft to put an extra gasket around the bunt of the cro' jack where it had been blown out by the gale. Something went wrong with the foot-rope. Looked like a clear case of cutting, for it was all right when we furled the sail a few hours before.

"Jimmy fell with the dull wallop that generally means death, and he landed right across the cabin skylight. It was a long fall and he was still. Morrell was watching his ship and saw the fall. He started rushing on deck and flung herself upon the poor fellow. I reached his head and started to raise him. The woman was sobbing and calling for him to speak just once more to her; and, man, it was terrible to hear her what she said.

"Morrell stood looking on, and then burst into a laugh. "So that's him, is it? Ho! ho! ho! So that's the fellow?" And he went to the dying man.

"She was upon him before he knew it, striking him a blow that sent him reeling. Then he went mad and had his pistol out firing and cursing like a maniac. It was all over in a minute."

Here Chips stopped awhile and cut some fresh plug for his pipe.

"Before the morning watch I had talked Heligoland over, and he talked to a Dutchman named Langter. Anderson finally joined, but Jacques was afraid to go without his watch behind him. There were just four of us started aft out of that crew of 20 men.

"Heligoland took the starboard side, and I took the port, both getting into the mizzen channels when the watch was called. The rest were to rush when they heard firing.

"The second mate bawled for his watch to clear up the mizzen lower topsails, as it was now snoring away worse than ever and the short seas were coming aboard us. This was our signal.

"We crawled along the deck straks outside the rail, holding on like lead with our fingers tips. Morrell was nearest to me. When we were near enough to get behind our men, Heligoland gave a cry and jumped over. I followed. The next second I had broken my knife short off in the blackest-hearted captain that ever cursed a ship's deck. He jumped back and ran forward, I after him, trying to close before he could get out his pistol. He dodged about the mizzen and fired at us swung. The shot hit me there on the arm and split it to the elbow. Then something flung out of the darkness to leeward and there was a dull smash. That was all. Heligoland stood leaning upon his hands while I picked up the pistol.

"The day dawned upon a storm-torn ocean, all grey-white, and a hove-to ship staggering off to the southward with her lower topsails streaming in ribbons from her jacks. As the blow wore down toward evening we could hear the piteous cries of a dying woman calling for her husband—"

Chips waited for a few minutes and puffed hard at his pipe. Then he went on in a low voice I could hardly hear: "We buried Jimmy and his wife the next day. Old Jacobs sewed them up together and weighed them. All hands uncovered as they went to leeward. I didn't know any service, and there wasn't any such thing as a Bible aboard. 'Good-by, Jimmy,' I said—and let him go."

There was a long silence. Gantline stood up and then sat down again. He seemed to want to ask a question, but would not. Chips watched him.

"Yes," he went on, "we got five years apiece for that. Five long years behind the bars, where the memory of the blue water and the hope I would get out again kept me from going mad. It is likely I'd forget the Morning Light!"

EXPORTS TO SOUTH GROW

Sales of Argentina Will Be \$10,000,000 More This Year Than They Were Last.

Washington. — Commerce of the United States with Argentina aggregates over \$40,000,000 per annum and is growing very rapidly. In the fiscal year 1905, ending June 30, the total was \$39,000,000, in the calendar year 1905 the total was \$45,500,000 and in the eight months of the fiscal year 1906, for which the department of commerce and labor, through its bureau of statistics, has presented figures, the total of \$34,233,500 seems to justify the prediction that for the full fiscal year which ends June 30 it will reach \$50,000,000.

Notwithstanding the rapid growth in the trade of the United States with Argentina, the percentage of its imports supplied from this country is comparatively small, being but about 13 per cent. of its total imports, while we supply 36 per cent. of those of Venezuela, 29 per cent. of those of British Guiana, 25 per cent. of those of Ecuador, 18 per cent. of those of Peru and 15 per cent. of those of the Dutch West Indies. The South American countries whose percentages of imports from the United States are less than that of Argentina are: Brazil, which takes but 8 1/2 per cent. of her imports from us; Chili, 8 per cent.; Uruguay, 8 1/2 per cent.; Bolivia, 6 2/3 per cent., and Paraguay, 3 1/2 per cent. The total imports of all South America are, in round terms, \$450,000,000, of which the United States supply about 13 per cent., and the total exports of all South America are \$630,000,000, of which the United States take about 22 per cent.

Naturally the United States take a small percentage of the exports of Argentina, since the products of that country for exportation are largely of the same character as those of the United States.

Pope Uses Gramophone.

The gramophone has been chosen by his holiness Pius X. to illustrate the sacred music described by his celebrated "Montu Proprio." His grace, the archbishop of Westminster, also allowed the gramophone to be used as a means of personally addressing the whole of the Catholic laity on the momentous question of religious education in the schools.