

THIS MONKEY IS A FULL FLEDGED FARMER.

One thing New Jersey has which cannot be found elsewhere in the whole wide world, and that is a farming monkey. This monkey is a small gray beauty of the gentler sex and her age is 22. Her name is Mattie. She lives on Samuel Farren's farm, near Tremley.

Mattie is a trained farmhand. Under direction she feeds the swine and milks the cows, and helps to cultivate a good sized vegetable garden. She

thirty canary birds and the twenty white rats, which also sleep in eccentric Samuel Farren's cozy bed-chamber.

The angry protests of these smaller and less intelligent pets invariably arouses the sleeping farmer, and when he reproaches Mattie for breaking in on his morning slumber, she jumps up and down with a distressed expression of countenance, tapping herself on the chest with one finger, shaking

arms are not nearly so long. Her little hands are quick and strong, gentle and soft. She cannot carry away the milk pails, but this is done by two little girls—Mary and Flora.

On her way from the milking stool to the truck patch, Farmer Farren says, Mattie occasionally spies a stranger approaching through the grass-covered road, and this is so unusual that the little beast takes alarm at once and, rushing to the kitchen,



COUNTING HER WEALTH

MILKING THE COW



FEEDING THE CHICKENS

plants and hoes and picks the fruit, and even assists in packing it for shipment to market. And when the money comes from selling the produce, the result of the sweat of an honest monkey's brow, Mattie is given some of the coin. This, her owner says, she carefully deposits in an iron church savings bank, where Mattie has accumulated nearly \$200. And Mr. Farren says: "Were it not for Mattie's vanity and consequent love for fine apparel she would in time own her own farm."

Her cleverness and the things she does may be shown in a page from her daily life. Mattie sleeps in a small trundle bed near that of her master, Farmer Farren, in a picturesque, vine-covered cottage, surrounded by tall trees and flowers and ferns. She always awakes at exactly 5 o'clock in the morning, and takes a long, thin stick, which she keeps for that purpose, pokes it into the cages of the

her head from side to side and chattering violently.

She believes in eating, does Mattie, in food for man and beast, and for man and beast, too, for she likes her own share immensely. So she liberally fills the bucket for the chattering hogs and scatters grain for the myriad chickens and geese and for the beautiful carrier pigeons, which she greatly admires. While the carriers eat Mattie will stand within their coop, with arms akimbo and small head critically perched on one side, will regard them with evident pride and with high approval. Farmer Farren describes Mattie's day's work as follows:

"Then away to the cow pen, for there old Pretty and Brindle Betty are casting wistful glances over their shoulders, wondering when they will be milked. Mattie delights in milking cows. Her milking stool is higher than that of the average milkmaid, for Mattie is not one-third as tall and her

seizes the dinner bell and wields it with wildly clanging effect. And if the farmer is far away in the fields and does not hear the loud alarm and the two little girls are too busy at egg fluting Mattie takes it upon herself, with many a well-aimed stone, to chase the intruder away.

The vegetable garden is Mattie's special pride and pleasure. She loves to till the soil and to reap the reward of her labor. Mr. Farren says she glories in her wealth, and if you are an approved visitor at the Farren farm Mattie will, after a careful study of your physiognomy, to see whether she can trust you, take down the little iron church and open it. Then, he says, she will take out the pennies and nickels and dimes and quarters and pile them up in little heaps of uniform height so that you may more easily see how much she really has. Then you are expected to count out the money and express your surprise.

THE FAMOUS PLEIADES.

Why They Are Particularly Interesting to the Astronomers.

The problems presented by the group of stars known as the Pleiades are among the most interesting in astronomy. It can have been no mere chance that has massed them from among their fellow-stars. Men of ordinary eye-sight see but a half dozen distinct objects in the cluster; those of acuter vision can count fourteen, but it is not until we apply the space-penetrating power of the telescope that we realize the extraordinary scale upon which the system of the Pleiades is constructed. With the Paris instrument Wolf in 1876 catalogued 625 stars in the group; and the photographic survey of Henry in 1887 revealed no less than 2,326 distinct stars within and near the filmy gauze of nebulous matter always so conspicuous a feature of the Pleiades. The Pleiad stars are among those for which no measurement of distance has yet been made, so that we do not know whether they are all equally far away from us. We see them projected on the dark background of the celestial vault; and cannot tell from actual measurement whether they are all situated at the same point in space, but we may conclude on general principles that the gathering of so many objects into a single close assemblage denotes community of origin and interests. The Pleiades then really belong to one another. What is the nature of their mutual tie? What is their mystery; and can we solve it? The most obvious theory is, of course, suggested by what we know to be true within our own solar system. We owe to Newton the beautiful conception of gravitation, that unique law by means of which astronomers have been enabled

to reduce to perfect order the seeming tangle of planetary evolutions. The law really amounts, in effect, to this: All objects suspended within the vacancy of space attract or pull one another. How they can do this without a visible connecting link between them, is a mystery that may always remain unsolved. But mystery as it is, we must accept it as ascertained fact. It is this pull of gravitation that holds together the sun and the planets, forcing them all to follow out their proper paths. Why should not this same gravitational attraction be at work among the Pleiades? If it is, we must suppose that they, too, have bounds and orbits set and interwoven, revolutions and gyrations far more complex than the solar system knows. The visual discovery of such motion of rotation among the Pleiades may be called one of the pressing problems of astronomy today. We feel sure that the time is ripe, and that the discovery is actually being made at the present moment; for a generation of men is not too great period to call a moment, when we have to deal with cosmic time.—New York Post.

English Officialdom Trips Up.

The British peage is getting to be a sadly complicated thing. Even officialdom trips up not only occasionally, but frequently, in trying to get things right in the Court Circular. It is almost a regular occurrence to see in that interesting publication, and in other official documents a list of corrections which straightens out the errors in the titles of a lot of somebodies—or nobodies. It is possible that even the American newspapers are more uniformly correct in the spelling of the names of English royalty and nobility, and giving their titles, than the Court Circular.

EXCLUSIVENESS LOST.

Newport is in Danger of Being Overtaken by the Common Herd.

Social prophets are beginning to say that Newport will not long hold its own as the most exclusive of American summer resorts, although none of them has yet named a place likely to succeed it, nor indeed has that matter been touched on at all, says the New York Sun. They assert that the Rhode Island town will follow the example of Saratoga and Long Branch and thus lose its character through precisely the same causes that deprived these places of their former glory. They call attention to the fact that the number of newcomers every summer at Newport grows larger and larger. Villas formerly occupied by exclusive members of Newport society are rented and sold to wealthy families from other parts of the country and their owners either go abroad or retire to some other place. The other place has not yet been named sufficiently for any town to be named as a possible successor to Newport, so the present attitude of social prophets is destructive rather than creative. Opponents of this view assert that no similarity between Newport and its two predecessors—Saratoga and Long Branch—could ever exist. It is always the hotel life that has never been characteristic of Newport, for so many millions of dollars are invested in costly residences that the character of the town can never change entirely.

What Birmingham Manufactures. Birmingham, England, turns out every week 300,000,000 buttons, 4,000 miles of wire of different sizes, five tons of hairpins, 500 tons of nuts and 20,000 pairs of spectacles.



Those to whom the term "The Yellow Peril" has become familiar look upon it as a bugbear arising from the present situation, the idea that the despised Oriental might even in the course of a century become a dominating world power being considered not worth a second thought. Neither the phrase nor the idea, however, is by any means new. The words of Lord Wolsey, which are today taken almost as a text by students of international affairs, and upon which the novelists are busily building fanciful tales, were spoken nearly a dozen years ago, but in view of recent developments are more interesting than ever.

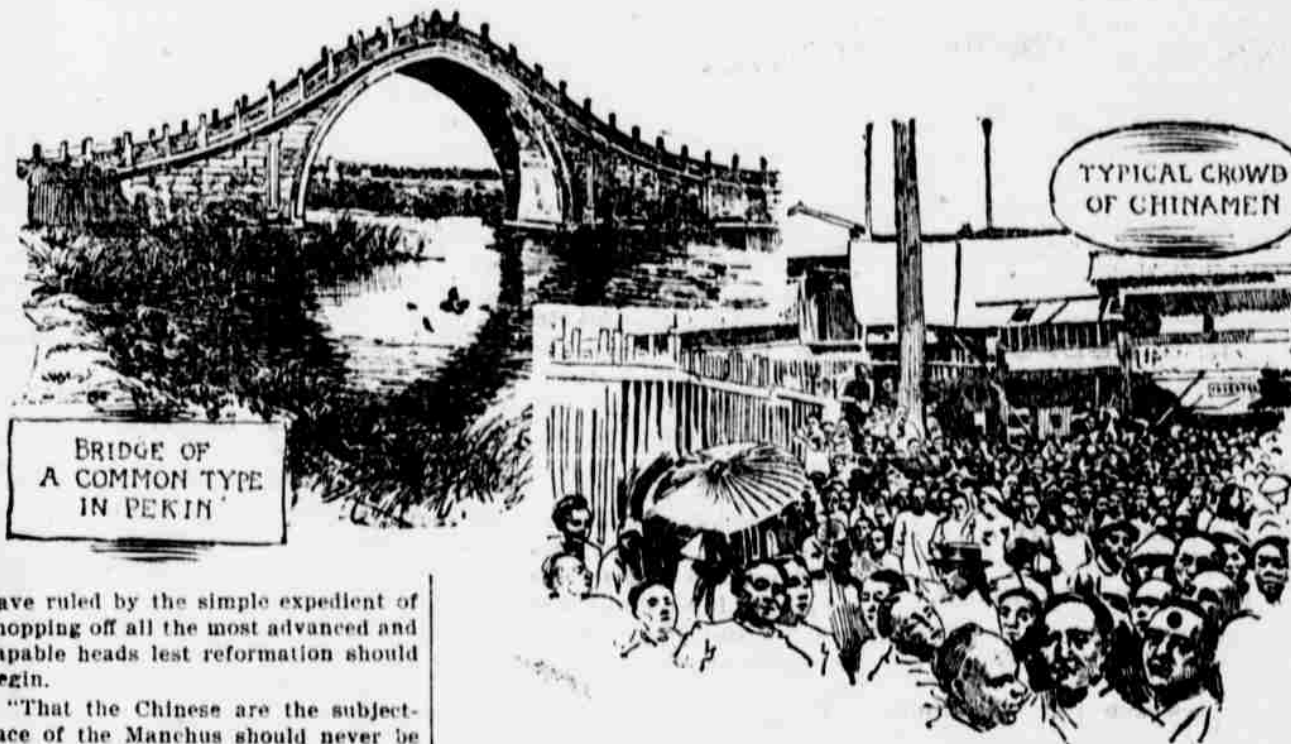
"A Yellow Peril menaces the world," he said. "The coming battle of Armageddon will be fought between the Anglo-Saxons and the Chinese. For 300 years past the Chinese have been under Tartar tyranny. The Manchus

"Then the Chinese armies will march westward. They will overrun India, sweeping the British into the sea. Asia will belong to them, and then, at last, English, Americans, Australians will have to rally for a last desperate conflict. So certain do I regard this that I think one fixed point of English policy should be to strain every nerve and make every sacrifice to keep on good terms with China. China is the coming power."

The German emperor considers this "yellow danger" a real and a great one, and his cartoon of a few years ago representing Europe at bay against the yellow race represents his opinions today as expressed in his recent speech before the Reichstag. "Chinese" Goddon, who perhaps knew the Chinese more intimately than any American or European, held them in high esteem, while admitting their defects. The latent possibilities of the 400,000,000 of Chinese he declared to be illimitable.

There is only one railroad and that I controlled by Russia and could be destroyed more rapidly than an army could move. The way is across a country of wild mountains and frozen plains that are almost unsettled, and that could not furnish food, shelter or provisions for an army, while the difficulties of transport would make it impossible to carry supplies.

"Russia is protected by the Ural mountains, the Caspian sea, Caucasus mountains and the Black sea. A few thousand men could defend the fords of the Ural river from hosts. To reach Europe through Constantinople would require vessels, which the Chinese would not have, and even if they had, the fleets of the nations assembled at the Bosphorus, and artillery in the forts at Constantinople could sink them as fast as they were loaded with troops. The possibility of the Chinese pouring down into India is to be dismissed. The entire boundary of India is defended by the Himalaya mountains and again by the vast rich table land of Tibet with another range of mountains to the north of



BRIDGE OF A COMMON TYPE IN PEKIN

TYPICAL CROWD OF CHINAMEN

have ruled by the simple expedient of chopping off all the most advanced and capable heads lest reformation should begin.

"That the Chinese are the subject-race of the Manchus should never be forgotten. The day of the Tartar tyranny must reach its tether. A Chinese Mohammed or Napoleon, a great lawgiver or general, will arise, rouse the Chinese hundreds of millions from their three centuries' slumber, and lead them forward and onward. They will take to the profession of arms, and then will hurl themselves upon the Russian empire. Before the Chinese armies—as they possess every military virtue, are stolidly indifferent to death, and capable of inexhaustible endurance—the Russians will go down or will join forces with them in the capacity of leaders.

In contrast to these views is the opinion of Capt. Herman Hauptman, of Germany, who has made several trips to China and has had excellent opportunities to study the question from every point of view: "The idea that the Chinese could overrun Europe," he says, "is rank nonsense. It might perhaps be a possibility, but there are several reasons why it could not occur—especially without the help of Russia.

"It is 4,000 miles from Peking to the Russian frontier, a distance greater than the breadth of the United States.

that. There would be only a few mountain passes, at most, to defend.

"The only way in which the Chinese could ever overrun Europe is by the slow process of migration, and that could come only by the decay of the white races. In other words, the Chinese must first overtake us in point of civilization and become mentally and practically our superiors, before ever they could crowd us out and rule in our places. But if Russia should become allied with China and Japan? Ah, that is another question. That day will never come."

Head of League of American Mothers.

Mrs. Lida H. Hardy, who is to lead the League of American Mothers as its president for the coming year, is well fitted for the position. Not only has she three sturdy youngsters of her own, but for several years past she has been deeply interested in the wom-

the small fry and shoe-string gamblers," giving a monopoly to those who pay their fines regularly.

The Peril of Electricity.

This has been called the electric age. The praises of the mysterious fluid which now does so much work for man have been sounded by orators and poets. Civilization, it is declared, has been advanced a hundred years by harnessing the forces of the lightning. Now come calmer minded men to point the other side of the picture. For if electricity has done much to relieve man of labor and to make life easier, it is also responsible for much destruction both of life and property. Every new electric invention adds one more danger to the many which now beset the residents in crowded cities, where such inventions are chiefly used. Statistics on the subject, recently gathered, are fairly startling.

Falcon Island Reappears.

Falcon Island, in the Pacific ocean, which originally emerged from the sea after the eruption of a submarine volcano near Truga, and remained above the surface for precisely thirteen years before vanishing two years ago, is reported by the British cruiser Porpoise to be reappearing and to be a serious menace to navigation. It was nine feet out of water at the end of May and may be a mountain now, for all anybody knows.

Peck's Son in Trouble.

Ferdinand W. Peck, Jr., son of the United States commissioner general to the Paris Exposition, got into a fistic altercation with an army officer in a cafe chantant the other night, and has ever since been trying to recollect the details of the dispute, says a Paris cablegram. In conjunction with Arthur Brackett, son of Major Brackett, also of Chicago, young Peck has been doing his best to show Parisians how to have a real "hot time." Down the brilliant boulevards the jolly pair has marched as "Lords of Creation," flinging money to the four winds in



F. W. PECK, JR.

dier, wearied of the pantomime, at last rushed over to the gay young man and ejected a choice vocabulary of French profanity. Then there was a fight. Glasses, plates, knives and forks flew like a hailstorm, and the Americans landed on the sidewalk with a half dozen waiters on top. They were arrested and when their identity was discovered the police politely released them.

The fifth centenary of the death of Chaucer occurs on Oct. 25, and an attempt is being made in London to induce the Court of Common Council to erect a statue to the poet in the Guild Hall. Chaucer was born in London, but no suitable memorial has ever been erected there.

The Prince of Wales has been presented by a British officer with the sword which General Cronje wore during the early part of the Boer war.



MRS. HARDY.

en's work connected with the church of Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, at Topeka, Kan.

To License Gambling.

Kansas City is to license gambling, and this without any state law or local ordinance. The newspapers of that city announce that the mayor and chief of police have decided that it is impossible to prevent the playing of draw and stud poker in rooms adjoining hotels. They have decided therefore to permit the violations of the law to continue, although they will draw the line at faro and crap shooting. The licensing is to be done by a system of fines. Once a month the keepers of all poker rooms will be arrested and brought before the police justices and fined \$50 each. No attempt will be made to seize the paraphernalia of the gambling rooms, as is required by the law. The gamblers are naturally well content with the system, inasmuch as it will, as they say, "keep out